

# Behold the Man by Michael Moorcock



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Anybody who has read *The Passover Plot* will see what is going on here quickly enough. This story won the Nebula award in its category. It deals with a man who travels through Time in search of the Christ. He is, in a very strange way, successful in his quest. On first reading, if you're of the Christian persuasion, this story may seem blasphemous and irreverent. Well, maybe it is. Maybe the author is an iconoclast. Say that. Then again, maybe you're an atheist, and a sophisticated one, and you might say that the author is kicking a dead dog. Say that. Christian or atheist, though, if these be your initial reactions, consider the story a bit more closely. It may just be that both reactions are wrong. Michael Moorcock is a wondrous man, twice the size of any of us, with a beard like Father Time and the ability to practically kill himself for that which he loves and believes in. He edits the British periodical *New Worlds*, which has been the vehicle for some very fine tellings since he took it over. He is a good editor, and a man who would literally give you his shirt, if you were to stop him on the street and demonstrate that you really needed it. He is a professional human being. What more can I say? Plenty. I've met Michael Moorcock a couple times, and because of this I know what I am saying when I say that there are very few people who could spend an afternoon with him and not come away liking him. Read his story very carefully, please.

## BEHOLD THE MAN

Michael Moorcock

He has no material power as the god-emperors had; he has only a following of desert people and fishermen. They tell him he is a god; he believes them. The followers of Alex- r; s Nebula Award, Best Novella 1967 ander said: "He is unconquerable, therefore he is a god." The followers of this man do not think at all; he was their act of spontaneous creation. Now he leads them, this mad- man called Jesus of Nazareth. And he spoke, saying unto them: Yeah verily I was Kari Glogauer and now I am Jesus the Messiah, the Christ. And it was so.

The time machine was a sphere full of milky fluid in which the traveler floated, enclosed in a rubber suit, breathing through a mask attached to a hose leading to the wall of the machine. The sphere cracked as it landed and the fluid spilled into the dust and was soaked up. Instinctively, Glogauer curled himself into a ball as the level of the liquid fell and he sank to the yielding plastic of the sphere's inner lining. The instruments, cryptographic, unconventional, were still and silent. The sphere shifted and rolled as the last of the liquid dripped from the great gash in its side. Momentarily, Glogauer's eyes opened and closed, then his mouth stretched in a kind of yawn and his tongue fluttered and he uttered a groan that turned into a ululation. He heard himself. The Voice of Tongues, he thought. The language of the unconscious. But he could not guess what he was saying. His body became numb and he shivered. His passage through time had not been easy and even the thick fluid had not wholly protected him, though it had doubtless saved his life. Some ribs were certainly broken. Painfully, he straight- ened his arms and legs and began to crawl over the slippery plastic towards

the crack in the machine. He could see harsh sunlight, a sky like shimmering steel. He pulled himself half-way through the crack, closing his eyes as the full strength of the sunlight struck then). He lost consciousness. Christmas term, 1949. He was nine years old, born two years after his father had reached England from Austria. The other children were screaming with laughter in the gravel of the playground. The game had begun earnestly enough and somewhat nervously Karl had joined in in the same spirit. Now he was crying. "Let me down! Please, Mervyn, stop it!" They had tied him with his arms spreadeagled against the wire-netting of the playground fence. It bulged outwards under his weight and one of the posts threatened to come loose. Mervyn Williams, the boy who had proposed the game, began, to shake the post so that Karl was swung heavily back and forth on the netting. "Stop it!" He saw that his cries only encouraged them and he clenched his teeth, becoming silent. He slumped, pretending unconsciousness; the school ties they had used as bonds cut into his wrists. He heard the children's voices drop. "Is he all right?" Molly Turner was whispering. "He's only kidding." Williams replied uncertainly. He felt them untying him, their fingers fumbling with the knots. Deliberately, he sagged, then fell to his knees, grazing them on the gravel, and dropped face down to the ground. Distantly, for he was half-convinced by his own deception, he heard their worried voices. Williams shook him. "Wake up, Karl. Stop mucking about." He stayed where he was, losing his sense of time until he heard Mr. Matson's voice over the general babble. "What on earth were you doing, Williams?" "It was a play, sir, about Jesus. Karl was being Jesus. We tied him to the fence. It was his idea, sir. It was only a game, sir." Karl's body was stiff, but he managed to stay still, breathing shallowly. "He's not a strong boy like you, Williams. You should have known better." "I'm sorry, sir. I'm really sorry." Williams sounded as if he were crying. Karl felt himself lifted; felt the triumph. . . . He was being carried along. His head and side were so painful that he felt sick. He had had no chance to discover where exactly the time machine had brought him, but, turning his head now, he could see by the way the man on his right was dressed that he was at least in the Middle East. He had meant to land in the year 29 A.D. in the wilderness beyond Jerusalem, near Bethlehem. Were they taking him to Jerusalem now? He was on a stretcher that was apparently made of animal skins; this indicated that he was probably in the past, at any rate. Two men were carrying the stretcher on their shoulders. Others walked on both sides. There was a smell of sweat and animal fat and a musty smell he could not identify. They were walking towards a line of hills in the distance. He winced as the stretcher lurched and the pain in his side increased. For the second time he passed out. He woke up briefly, hearing voices. They were speaking what was evidently some form of Aramaic. It was night, perhaps, for it seemed very dark. They were no longer moving. There was straw beneath him. He was relieved. He slept. In those days came John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judaea, And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey. Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan, And were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins. (Matthew 3:1-6) They were washing him. He felt the cold water running over his

naked body. They had managed to strip off his protective suit. There were now thick layers of cloth against his ribs on the right, and bands of leather bound them to him. He felt very weak now, and hot, but there was less pain. He was in a building or perhaps a cave; it was too gloomy to tell lying on a heap of straw that was saturated by the water. Above him, two men continued to sluice water down on him from their earthenware pots. They were stern-faced, heavily-bearded men, in cotton robes. He wondered if he could form a sentence they might understand. His knowledge of written Aramaic was good, but he was not sure of certain pronunciations. He cleared his throat. "Where is this place?" They frowned, shaking their heads and lowering their water jars. "I seek a Nazarene Jesus. . . ." "Nazarene. Jesus." One of the men repeated the words, but they did not seem to mean anything to him. He shrugged. The other, however, only repeated the word Nazarene, speaking it slowly as if it had some special significance for him. He muttered a few words to the other man and went towards the entrance of the room. Karl Glogauer continued to try to say something the remaining man would understand. "What year doth the Roman Emperor sit in Rome?" It was a confusing question to ask, he realized. He knew Christ had been crucified in the fifteenth year of Tiberius' reign, and that was why he had asked the question. He tried to phrase it better. "How many years doth Tiberius rule?" "Tiberius?" The man frowned. Glogauer's ear was adjusting to the accent now and he tried to simulate it better. "Tiberius. The emperor of the Romans. How many years has he ruled?" "How many?" The man shook his head. "I know not." At least Glogauer had managed to make himself understood. "Where is this place?" he asked. "It is the wilderness beyond Machaerus," the man replied. "Know you not that?" Machaerus lay to the southeast of Jerusalem, on the other side of the Dead Sea. There was no doubt that he was in the past and that the period was sometime in the reign of Tiberius, for the man had recognized the name easily enough. His companion was now returning, bringing with him a huge fellow with heavily muscled hairy arms and a great barrel chest. He carried a big staff in one hand. He was dressed in animal skins and was well over six feet tall. His black, curly hair was long and he had a black, bushy beard that covered the upper half of his chest. He moved like an animal and his large, piercing brown eyes looked reflectively at Glogauer. When he spoke, it was in a deep voice, but too rapidly for Glogauer to follow. It was Glogauer's turn to shake his head. The big man squatted down beside him. "Who art thou?" Glogauer paused. He had not planned to be found in this way. He had intended to disguise himself as a traveler from Syria, hoping that the local accents would be different enough to explain his own unfamiliarity with the language. He decided that it was best to stick to this story and hope for the best. "I am from the north," he said. "Not from Egypt?" the big man asked. It was as if he had expected Glogauer to be from there. Glogauer decided that if this was what the big man thought, he might just as well agree to it. "I came out of Egypt two years since," he said. The big man nodded, apparently satisfied. "So you are a magus from Egypt. That is what we thought. And your name is Jesus, and you are the Nazarene." "I seek Jesus, the Nazarene," Glogauer said. "Then what is your name?" The man seemed disappointed. Glogauer could not give his own name. It would sound too strange to them. On impulse, he gave his father's first name. "Emmanuel," he said. The man nodded, again satisfied. "Emmanuel." Glogauer realized belatedly that the choice of name had been an unfortunate one in the circumstances, for Emmanuel meant in

Hebrew "God with us" and doubtless had a mystic significance for his questioner. "And what is your name?" he asked. The man straightened up, looking broodingly down on Glogauer. "You do not know me? You have not heard of John, called the Baptist?" Glogauer tried to hide his surprise, but evidently John the Baptist saw that his name was familiar. He nodded his shaggy head. "You do know of me, I see. Well, magus, now I must decide, eh?" "What must you decide?" Glogauer asked nervously. "If you be the friend of the prophecies or the false one . we have been warned against by Adonai. The Romans would deliver me into the hands of mine enemies, the children of Herod." "Why is that?" "You must know why, for I speak against the Romans who enslave Judaea, and I speak against the unlawful things that Herod does, and I prophesy the time when all those who are not righteous shall be destroyed and Adonai's kingdom will be restored on Earth as the old prophets said it would be. I say to the people, 'Be ready for that day when ye shall take up the sword to do Adonai's will.' The unrighteous know that they will perish on this day, and they would destroy me." Despite the intensity of his words, John's tone was matter of fact. There was no hint of insanity or fanaticism in his face or bearing. He sounded most of all like an Anglican vicar reading a sermon whose meaning for him had lost its edge. The essence of what he said, Karl Glogauer realized, was that he was arousing the people to throw out the Romans and their puppet Herod and establish a more "righteous" regime. The attributing of this plan to "Adonai" (one of the spoken names of Jahweh and meaning The Lord) seemed, as many scholars had guessed in the 20th century, a means of giving the plan extra weight. In a world where politics and religion, even in the west, were inextricably bound together, it was necessary to ascribe a supernatural origin to the plan. Indeed, Glogauer thought, it was more than likely that John believed his idea had been inspired by God, for the Greeks on the other side of the Mediterranean had not yet stopped arguing about the origins of inspiration whether it originated in a man's head or was placed there by the gods. That John accepted him as an Egyptian magician of some kind did not surprise Glogauer particularly, either. The circumstances of his arrival must have seemed extraordinarily miraculous and at the same time acceptable, particularly to a sect like the Essenes who practiced self-mortification and starvation and must be quite used to seeing visions in this hot wilderness. There was no doubt now that these people were the neurotic Essenes, whose ritual washingbaptism and self-deprivation, coupled with the almost paranoiac mysticism that led them to invent secret languages and the like, was a sure indication of their mentally unbalanced condition. All this occurred to Glogauer the psychiatrist manque, but Glogauer the man was torn between the poles of extreme rationalism and the desire to be convinced by the mysticism itself. "I must meditate," John said, turning towards the cave entrance. "I must pray. You will remain here until guidance is sent to me." He left the cave, striding rapidly away. Glogauer sank back on the wet straw. He was without doubt in a limestone cave, and the atmosphere in the cave was surprisingly humid. It must be very hot outside. He felt drowsy. II Five years in the past. Nearly two thousand in the future. Lying in the hot, sweaty bed with Monica. Once again, another attempt to make normal love had metamorphosed into the performance of minor aberrations which seemed to satisfy her better than anything else. Their real courtship and fulfillment was yet to come. As usual, it would be verbal. As usual, it would find its climax in argumentative anger. "I suppose you're

going to tell me you're not satisfied again." She accepted the lighted cigarette he handed to her in the darkness. "I'm all right," he said. There was silence for a while as they smoked. Eventually, and in spite of knowing what the result would be if he did so, he found himself talking. "It's ironic, isn't it?" he began. He waited for her reply. She would delay for a little while yet. "What is?" she said at last. "All this. You spend all day trying to help sexual neurotics to become normal. You spend your nights doing what they do." "Not to the same extent. You know it's all a matter of degree." "So you say." He turned his head and looked at her face in the starlight from the window. She was a gaunt-featured redhead, with the calm, professional seducer's voice of the psychiatric social worker that she was. It was a voice that was soft, reasonable and insincere. Only occasionally, when she became particularly agitated, did her voice begin to indicate her real character. Her features never seemed to be in repose, even when she slept. Her eyes were forever wary, her movements rarely spontaneous. Every inch of her was protected, which was probably why she got so little pleasure from ordinary lovemaking. "You just can't let yourself go, can you?" he said. "Oh, shut up, Karl. Have a look at yourself if you're looking for a neurotic mess." Both were amateur psychiatrists—she a psychiatric social worker, he merely a reader, a dabbler, though he had done a year's study some time ago when he had planned to become a psychiatrist. They used the terminology of psychiatry freely. They felt happier if they could name something. He rolled away from her, groping for the ashtray on the bedside table, catching a glance of himself in the dressing table mirror. He was a sallow, intense, moody Jewish book-seller, with a head full of images and unresolved obsessions, a body full of emotions. He always lost these arguments with Monica. Verbally, she was the dominant one. This kind of exchange often seemed to him more perverse than their lovemaking, where usually at least his role was masculine. Essentially, he realized, he was passive, masochistic, indecisive. Even his anger, which came frequently, was impotent. Monica was ten years older than he was, ten years more bitter. As an individual, of course, she had far more dynamism than he had; but as a psychiatric social worker she had had just as many failures. She plugged on, becoming increasingly cynical on the surface but still, perhaps, hoping for a few spectacular successes with patients. They tried to do too much, that was the trouble, he thought. The priests in the confessional supplied a panacea; the psychiatrists tried to cure, and most of the time they failed. But at least they tried, he thought, and then wondered if that was, after all, a virtue. "I did look at myself," he said. Was she sleeping? He turned. Her wary eyes were still open, looking out of the window. "I did look at myself," he repeated. "The way Jung did. 'How can I help those persons if I am myself a fugitive and perhaps also suffer from the morbus sacer of a neurosis?' That's what Jung asked himself. . . ." "That old sensationalist. That old rationalizer of his own mysticism. No wonder you never became a psychiatrist." "I wouldn't have been any good. It was nothing to do with Jung. . . ." "Don't take it out on me. . . ." "You've told me yourself that you feel the same—you think it's useless. . . ." "After a hard week's work, I might say that. Give me another fag." He opened the packet on the bedside table and put two cigarettes in his mouth, lighting them and handing one to her. Almost abstractedly, he noticed that the tension was increasing. The argument was, as ever, pointless. But it was not the argument that was the important thing; it was simply the expression of the essential relationship. He wondered if that was in any

way important, either. "You're not telling the truth." He realized that there was no stopping now that the ritual was in full swing. "I'm telling the practical truth. I've no compulsion to give up my work. I've no wish to be a failure. . . ." "Failure? You're more melodramatic than I am." "You're too earnest, Karl. You want to get out of yourself a bit." He sneered. "If I were you, I'd give up my work, Monica. You're no more suited for it than I was." She shrugged. "You're a petty bastard." "I'm not jealous of you, if that's what you think. You'll never understand what I'm looking for." Her laugh was artificial, brittle. "Modern man in search of a soul, eh? Modern man in search of a crutch, I'd say. And you can take that any way you like." "We're destroying the myths that make the world go round." "Now you say 'And what are we putting in their place?' You're stale and stupid, Karl. You've never looked rationally at anything including yourself." "What of it? You say the myth is unimportant." "The reality that creates it is important." "Jung knew that the myth can also create the reality." "Which shows what a muddled old fool he was." He stretched his legs. In doing so, he touched hers and he recoiled. He scratched his head. She still lay there smoking, but she was smiling now. "Come on," she said. "Let's have some stuff about Christ." He said nothing. She handed him the stub of her cigarette and he put it in the ashtray. He looked at his watch. It was two o'clock in the morning. "Why do we do it?" he said. "Because we must." She put her hand to the back of his head and pulled it towards her breast. "What else can we do?" We- Protestants must sooner or later face this question: Are we to understand the "imitation of Christ" in the sense that we should copy his life and, if I may use the expression, ape his stigmata; or in the deeper sense that we are to live our own proper lives as truly as he lived his in all its implications? It is no easy matter to live a life that is modeled on Christ's, but it is unspeakably harder to live one's own life as truly as Christ lived his. Anyone who did this would . . . be misjudged, derided, tortured and crucified. . . . A neurosis is a dissociation of personality. (Jung; *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*) For a month, John the Baptist was away and Glogauer lived with the Essenes, finding it surprisingly easy, as his ribs mended, to join in their daily life. The Essenes' township consisted of a mixture of single-story houses, built of limestone and clay brick, and the caves that were to be found on both sides of the shallow valley. The Essenes shared their goods in common and this particular sect had wives, though many Essenes led completely monastic lives. The Essenes were also pacifists, refusing to own or to make weapons yet this sect plainly tolerated the warlike Baptist. Perhaps their hatred of the Romans overcame their principles. Perhaps they were not sure of John's entire intention. Whatever the reason for their toleration, there was little doubt that John the Baptist was virtually their leader. The life of the Essenes consisted of ritual bathing three times a day, of prayer and of work. The work was not difficult. Sometimes Glogauer guided a plough pulled by two other members of the sect; sometimes he looked after the goats that were allowed to graze on the hillsides. It was a peaceful, ordered life, and even the unhealthy aspects were so much a matter of routine that Glogauer hardly noticed them for anything else after a while. Tending the goats, he would lie on a hilltop, looking out over the wilderness which was not a desert, but rocky scrubland sufficient to feed animals like goats or sheep. The scrubland was broken by low-lying bushes and a few small trees growing along the banks of the river that doubtless ran into the Dead Sea. It was uneven ground. In outline, it had the appearance of a stormy

lake, frozen and turned yellow and brown. Beyond the Dead Sea lay Jerusalem. Obviously Christ had not entered the city for the last time yet. John the Baptist would have to die before that happened. The Essenes' way of life was comfortable enough, for all its simplicity. They had given him a goatskin loincloth and a staff and, except for the fact that he was watched by day and night, he appeared to be accepted as a kind of lay member of the sect. Sometimes they questioned him casually about his chariot the time machine they intended soon to bring in from the desert and he told them that it had borne him from Egypt to Syria and then to here. They accepted the miracle calmly. As he had suspected, they were used to miracles. The Essenes had seen stranger things than his time machine. They had seen men walk on water and angels descend to and from heaven; they had heard the voice of God and His archangels as well as the tempting voice of Satan and his minions. They wrote all these things down in their vellum scrolls. They were merely a record of the supernatural as their other scrolls were records of their daily lives and of the news that traveling members of their sect brought to them. They lived constantly in the presence of God and spoke to God and were answered by God when they had sufficiently mortified their flesh and starved themselves and chanted their prayers beneath the blazing sun of Judaea. Karl Glogauer grew his hair long and let his beard come unchecked. He mortified his flesh and starved himself and chanted his prayers beneath the sun, as they did. But he rarely heard God and only once thought he saw an archangel with wings of fire. In spite of his willingness to experience the Essenes' hallucinations, Glogauer was disappointed, but he was surprised that he felt so well considering all the self-inflicted hardships he had to undergo, and he also felt relaxed in the company of these men and women who were undoubtedly insane. Perhaps it was because their insanity was not so very different from his own that after a while he stopped wondering about it. John the Baptist returned one evening, striding over the hills followed by twenty or so of his closest disciples. Glogauer saw him as he prepared to drive the goats into their cave for the night. He waited for John to get closer. The Baptist's face was grim, but his expression softened as he saw Glogauer. He smiled and grasped him by the upper arm in the Roman fashion. "Well, Emmanuel, you are our friend, as I thought you were. Sent by Adonai to help us accomplish His will. You shall baptize me on the morrow, to show all the people that He is with us." Glogauer was tired. He had eaten very little and had spent most of the day in the sun, tending the goats. He yawned, finding it hard to reply. However, he was relieved. John had plainly been in Jerusalem trying to discover if the Romans had sent him as a spy. John now seemed reassured and trusted him. He was worried, however, by the Baptist's faith in his powers. "John," he began. "I'm no seer. . . ." The Baptist's face clouded for a moment, then he laughed awkwardly. "Say nothing. Eat with me tonight. I have wild-honey and locusts." Glogauer had not yet eaten this food, which was the staple of travelers who did not carry provisions but lived off the food they could find on the journey. Some regarded it as a delicacy. He tried it later, as he sat in John's house. There were only two rooms in the house. One was for eating in, the other for sleeping in. The honey and locusts was too sweet for his taste, but it was a welcome change from barley or goat-meat. He sat cross-legged, opposite John the Baptist, who ate with relish. Night had fallen. From outside came low murmurs and the moans and cries of those at prayer. Glogauer dipped another locust into the bowl of honey that rested between them. "Do you plan to lead the



people of Judaea in revolt against the Romans?" he asked. The Baptist seemed disturbed by the direct question. It was the first of its nature that Glogauer had put to him. "If it be Adonai's will," he said, not looking up as he leant towards the bowl of honey. "The Romans know this?" "I do not know, Emmanuel, but Herod the incestuous has doubtless told them I speak against the unrighteous." "Yet the Romans do not arrest you." "Pilate dare not since the petition was sent to the Emperor Tiberius." "Petition?" "Aye, the one that Herod and the Pharisees signed when Pilate the procurator did place votive shields in the palace at Jerusalem and seek to violate the Temple. Tiberius re-buked Pilate and since then, though he still hates the Jews, the procurator is more careful in his treatment of us." "Tell me, John, do you know how long Tiberius has ruled in Rome?" He had not had the chance to ask that question again until now. "Fourteen years." It was 28 A.D. something less than a year before the crucifixion would take place, and his time machine was smashed. Now John the Baptist planned armed rebellion against the occupying Romans, but, if the Gospels were to be believed, would soon be decapitated by Herod. Certainly no large-scale rebellion had taken place at this time. Even those who claimed that the entry of Jesus and his disciples into Jerusalem and the invasion of the Temple were plainly the actions of armed rebels had found no records to suggest that John had led a similar revolt. Glogauer had come to like the Baptist very much. The man was plainly a hardened revolutionary who had been planning revolt against the Romans for years and had slowly been building up enough followers to make the attempt successful. He reminded Glogauer strongly of the resistance leaders of the Second World War. He had a similar toughness and understanding of the realities of his position. He knew that he would only have one chance to smash the cohorts garrisoned in the country. If the revolt became protracted, Rome would have ample time to send more troops to Jerusalem. "When do you think Adonai intends to destroy the unrighteous through your agency?" Glogauer said tactfully. John glanced at him with some amusement. He smiled. "The Passover is a time when the people are restless and resent the strangers most," he said. "When is the next Passover?" "Not for many months." "How can I help you?" "You are a magus." "I can work no miracles." John wiped the honey from his beard. "I cannot believe that, Emmanuel. The manner of your coming was miraculous. The Essenes did not know if you were a devil or a messenger from Adonai." "I am neither." "Why do you confuse me, Emmanuel? I know that you are Adonai's messenger. You are the sign that the Essenes sought. The time is almost ready. The kingdom of heaven shall soon be established on earth. Come with me. Tell the people that you speak with Adonai's voice. Work mighty miracles." "Your power is waning, is that it?" Glogauer looked sharply at John. "You need me to renew your rebels' hopes?" "You speak like a Roman, with such lack of subtlety." John got up angrily. Evidently, like the Essenes he lived with, he preferred less direct conversation. There was a practical reason for this, Glogauer realized, in that John and his men feared betrayal all the time. Even the Essenes' records were partially written in cipher, with one innocent-seeming word or phrase meaning something else entirely. "I am sorry, John. But tell me if I am right." Glogauer spoke softly. "Are you not a magus, coming in that chariot from nowhere?" The Baptist waved his hands and shrugged his shoulders. "My men saw you! They saw the shining thing take shape in air, crack and let you enter out of it. Is that not magical? The clothing you wore was that earthly raiment? The talismans

within the chariot did they not speak of powerful magic? The prophet said that a magus would come from Egypt and be called Emmanuel. So it is written in the Book of Micah! Are none of these things true?" "Most of them. But there are explanations" He broke off, unable to think of the nearest word to "rational." "I am an ordinary man, like you. I have no power to work miracles! I am just a man!" John glowered. "You mean you refuse to help us?" "I'm grateful to you and the Essenes. You saved my life almost certainly. If I can repay that . . ." John nodded his head deliberately. "You can repay it, Emmanuel." "How?" "Be the great magus I need. Let me present you to all those who become impatient and would turn away from Adonai's will. Let me tell them the manner of your coming to us. Then you can say that all is Adonai's will and that they must prepare to accomplish it." John stared at him intensely. "Will you, Emmanuel?" "For your sake, John. And in turn, will you send men to bring my chariot here as soon as possible? I wish to see if it may be mended." "I will." Glogauer felt exhilarated. He began to laugh. The Baptist looked at him with slight bewilderment. Then he began to join in. Glogauer laughed on. History would not mention it, but he, with John the Baptist, would prepare the way for Christ. Christ was not born yet. Perhaps Glogauer knew it, one year before the crucifixion. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth. John bore witness of him, and cried, saying. This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me; for he was before me. (John 1:14-15) Even when he had first met Monica they had had long arguments. His father had not then died and left him the money to buy the Occult Bookshop in Great Russell Street, opposite the British Museum. He was doing all sorts of temporary work and his spirits were very low. At that time Monica had seemed a great help, a great guide through the mental darkness engulfing him. They had both lived close to Holland Park and went there for walks almost every Sunday of the summer of 1962. At twenty-two, he was already obsessed with Jung's strange brand of Christian mysticism. She, who despised Jung, had soon begun to denigrate all his ideas. She never really convinced him. But, after a while, she OQ had succeeded in confusing him. It would be another six months before they went to bed together. It was uncomfortably hot. They sat in the shade of the cafeteria, watching a distant i cricket match. Nearer to them, two girls and a boy sat on the grass, drinking orange squash from plastic cups. One of the girls had a guitar across her lap and she set the cup down and began to play, singing a folksong in a high, gentle voice. Glogauer tried to listen to the words. As a student, he had always liked traditional folk music. "Christianity is dead." Monica sipped her tea. "Religion is dying. God was killed in 1945." "There may yet be a resurrection," he said. "Let us hope not. Religion was the creation of fear. Knowledge destroys fear. Without fear, religion can't survive." "You think there's no fear about these days?" "Not the same kind, Karl." "Haven't you ever considered the idea of Christ?" he asked her, changing his tack. "What that means to Christians?" "The idea of the tractor means as much to a Marxist," she replied. "But what came first? The idea or the actuality of Christ?" She shrugged. "The actuality, if it matters. Jesus was a Jewish troublemaker organizing a revolt against the Romans. He was crucified for his pains. That's all we know and all we need to know." "A great religion couldn't have begun so simply." "When people need one, they'll make a great religion out of the most unlikely beginnings." "That's my point, Monica." He gesticulated at

her and she drew away slightly. "The idea preceded the actuality of Christ." "Oh, Karl, don't go on. The actuality of Jesus preceded the idea of Christ." A couple walked past, glancing at them as they argued. Monica noticed them and fell silent. She got up and he rose as well, but she shook her head. "I'm going home, Karl. You stay here. I'll see you in a few days." He watched her walk down the wide path towards the park gates. The next day, when he got home from work, he found a letter. She must have written it after she had left him and posted it the same day. Dear Karl, Conversation doesn't seem to have much effect on you, you know. It's as if you listen to the tone of the voice, the rhythm of the words, without ever hearing what is trying to be communicated. You're a bit like a sensitive animal who can't understand whafs being said to it, but can tell if the person talking is pleased or angry and so on. Thafs why I'm writing to you to try to get my idea across. You respond too emotionally when we're together. You make the mistake of considering Christianity as some- thing that developed over the course of a few years, from the death of Jesus to the time the Gospels were written. But Christianity wasn't new. Only the name was new. Christianity was merely a stage in the meeting, cross-fertilization metamorphosis of Western logic and Eastern mysticism. Look how the religion itself changed over the centuries, re-in- terpreting itself to meet changing times. Christianity is just a new name for a conglomeration of old myths and philoso- phies. All the Gospels do is retell the sun myth and garble some of the ideas from the Greeks and Romans. Even in the second century, Jewish scholars were showing it up for the mish-mash it was! They pointed out the strong similarities between the various sun myths and the Christ myth. The miracles didn't happen they were invented later, borrowed from here and there. Remember the old Victorians who used to say that Plato was really a Christian because he anticipated Christian thought? Christian thought! Christianity was a vehicle for ideas in circulation for centuries before Christ. Was Marcus Aurelius a Christian? He was writing in the direct tradition of Western philosophy. That's why Christianity caught on in Europe and not in the East! You should have been a theo- logian with your bias, not a psychiatrist. The same goes for your friend Jung. Try to clear your head of all this morbid nonsense and you'll be a lot better at your job. Yours, Monica. He screwed the letter up and threw it away. Later that evening he was tempted to look at it again, but he resisted the temptation. IU John stood up to his waist in the river. Most of the Essenes stood on the banks watching him. Glogauer looked down at him. "I cannot, John. It is not for me to do it." The Baptist muttered, "You must." Glogauer shivered as he lowered himself into the river beside the Baptist. He felt light-headed. He stood there trembling, unable to move. His foot slipped on the rocks of the river and John reached out and gripped his arm, steadying him. In the clear sky, the sun was at zenith, beating down on his unprotected head. "Emmanuel!" John cried suddenly. "The spirit of Adonai is within you!" Glogauer still found it hard to speak. He shook his head slightly. It was aching and he could hardly see. Today he was having his first migraine attack since he had come here. He wanted to vtfmit. John's voice sounded distant. He swayed in the water. As he began to fall toward the Baptist, the whole scene around him shimmered. He felt John catch him and heard himself say desperately: "John, baptize me!" And then there was water in his mouth and throat and he was coughing. John's voice was crying something. Whatever the words were, they drew a response from the people on both banks. The roaring in his ears increased, its

quality changing. He thrashed in the water, then felt himself lifted to his feet. "The Essenes were swaying in unison, every face lifted upwards towards the glaring sun. Glogauer began to vomit into the water, stumbling as John's hands gripped his arms painfully and guided him up the bank. A peculiar, rhythmic humming came from the mouths of the Essenes as they swayed; it rose as they swayed to one side, fell as they swayed to the other. Glogauer covered his ears as John released him. He was still retching, but it was dry now, and worse than before. He began to stagger away, barely keeping his balance, running, with his ears still covered; running over the rocky scrubland; running as the sun throbbed in the sky and its heat pounded at his head; running away. But John forbade him, saying, I have need to be baptized of thee, and earnest thou to me? And Jesus answering said unto him. Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness. Then he suffered him. And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: And lo a voice from heaven, saying. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. (Matthew 3:14-17) He had been fifteen, doing well at the grammar school. He had read in the newspapers about the Teddy Boy gangs that roamed South London, but the odd youth he had seen in pseudo-Edwardian clothes had seemed harmless and stupid enough. He had gone to the pictures in Brixton Hill and decided to walk home to Streatham because he had spent most of the bus money on an ice cream. They came out of the cinema at the same time. He hardly noticed them as they followed him down the hill. Then, quite suddenly, they had surrounded him. Pale, mean-faced boys, most of them a year or two older than he was. He realized that he knew two of them vaguely. They were at the big council school in the same street as the grammar school. They used the same football ground. "Hello," he said weakly. "Hello, son," said the oldest Teddy Boy. He was chewing gum, standing with one knee bent, grinning at him. "Where you going, then?" "Home." "Heouwm," said the biggest one, imitating his accent. "What are you going to do when you get there?" "Go to bed." Karl tried to get through the ring, but they wouldn't let him. They pressed him back into a shop doorway. Beyond them, cars droned by on the main road. The street was brightly lit, with street lamps and neon from the shops. Several people passed, but none of them stopped. Karl began to feel panic. "Got no homework to do, son?" said the boy next to the leader. He was redheaded and freckled and his eyes were a hard gray. "Want to fight one of us?" another boy asked. It was one of the boys he knew. "No. I don't fight. Let me go." "You scared, son?" said the leader, grinning. Ostentatiously, he pulled a streamer of gum from his mouth and then replaced it. He began chewing again. "No. Why should I want to fight you?" "You reckon you're better than us, is that it, son?" "No." He was beginning to tremble. Tears were coming into his eyes. "'Course not." "'Course not, son." He moved forward again, but they pushed him back into the doorway. "You're the bloke with the kraut name, ain't you?" said the other boy he knew. "Glow-worm or somethink." "Glogauer. Let me go." "Won't your mummy like it if you're back late?" "More a yid name than a kraut name." "You a yid, son?" "He looks like a yid." "You a yid, son?" "You a Jewish boy, son?" "You a yid, son?" "Shut up!" Karl screamed. He pushed into them. One of them punched him in the stomach. He grunted with pain. Another pushed him and he staggered. People were still hurrying by on the pavement. They glanced at the group as they went past. One

man stopped, but his wife pulled him on. "Just some kids larking about," she said. "Get his trousers down," one of the boys suggested with a laugh. "That'll prove it." Karl pushed through them and this time they didn't resist. He began to run down the hill. "Give him a start," he heard one of the boys say. He ran on. They began to follow him, laughing. They did not catch up with him by the time he turned into the avenue where he lived. He reached the house and ran along the dark passage beside it. He opened the back door. His stepmother was in the kitchen. "What's the matter with you?" she said. She was a tall, thin woman, nervous and hysterical. Her dark hair was untidy. He went past her into the breakfast-room. "What's the matter, Karl?" she called. Her voice was high-pitched. "Nothing," he said. He didn't want a scene. It was cold when he woke up. The false dawn was gray and he could see nothing but barren country in all directions. He could not remember a great deal about the previous day, except that he had run a long way. Dew had gathered on his loincloth. He wet his lips and rubbed the skin over his face. As he always did after a migraine attack he felt weak and completely drained. Looking down at his naked body, he noticed how skinny he had become. Life with the Essenes had caused that, of course. He wondered why he had panicked so much when John had asked him to baptize him. Was it simply honesty something in him which resisted deceiving the Essenes into thinking he was a prophet of some kind? It was hard to know. He wrapped the goatskin about his hips and tied it tightly just above his left thigh. He supposed he had better try to get back to the camp and find John and apologize, see if he could make amends. The time machine was there now, too. They had dragged it there, using only rawhide ropes. If a good blacksmith could be found, or some other metal-worker, there was just a chance that it could be repaired. The journey back would be dangerous. He wondered if he ought to go back right away, or try to shift to a time nearer to the actual crucifixion. He had not gone back specifically to witness the crucifixion, but to get the mood of Jerusalem during the Feast of the Passover, when Jesus was supposed to have entered the city. Monica had thought Jesus had stormed the city with an armed band. She had said that all the evidence pointed to that. All the evidence of one sort did point to it, but he could not accept the evidence. There was more to it, he was sure. If only he could meet Jesus. John had apparently never heard of him, though he had told Glogauer that there was a prophecy that the Messiah would be a Nazarene. There were many prophecies, and many of them conflicted. He began to walk back in the general direction of the Essene camp. He could not have come so far. He would soon recognize the hills where they had their caves. Soon it was very hot and the ground more barren. The air wavered before his eyes. The feeling of exhaustion with which he had awakened increased. His mouth was dry and his legs were weak. He was hungry and there was nothing to eat. There was no sign of the range of hills where the Essenes had their camp. There was one hill, about two miles away to the south. He decided to make for it. From there he would probably be able to get his bearings, perhaps even see a township where they would give him food. The sandy soil turned to floating dust around him as his feet disturbed it. A few primitive shrubs clung to the ground and jutting rocks tripped him. He was bleeding and bruised by the time he began, painfully, to clamber up the hillside. The journey to the summit (which was much farther away than he had originally judged) was difficult. He would slide on the loose stones of the hillside, falling on his face, bracing his torn hands and feet to stop himself from

sliding down to the bottom, clinging to tufts of grass and lichen that grew here and there, embracing larger projections of rock when he could, resting frequently, his mind and body both numb with pain and weariness. He sweated beneath the sun. The dust stuck to the moisture on his half-naked body, caking him from head to foot. The goatskin was in shreds. The barren world reeled around him, sky somehow merging with land, yellow rock with white clouds. Nothing seemed still. He reached the summit and lay there gasping. Everything had become unreal. He heard Monica's voice, thought he glanced at her for a moment from the corner of his eye. Don't be melodramatic, Karl. . . . She had said that many times. His own voice replied now. I'm born out of my time, Monica. This age of reason has no place for me. It will kill me in the end. Her voice replied. Guilt and fear and your own masochism. You could be a brilliant psychiatrist, but you've given in to all your own neuroses so completely. . . . "Shut up!" He rolled over on his back. The sun blazed down on his tattered body. "Shut up!" The whole Christian syndrome, Karl. You'll become a Catholic convert next I shouldn't doubt. Where's your strength of mind? "Shut up! Go away, Monica." Fear shapes your thoughts. You're not searching for a soul or even a meaning for life. You're searching for comforts. "Leave me alone, Monica!" His grimy hands covered his ears. His hair and beard were matted with dust. Blood had congealed on the minor wounds that were now on every part of his body. Above, the sun seemed to pound in unison with his heartbeats. You're going downhill, Karl, don't you realize that? Downhill. Pull yourself together. You're not entirely incapable of rational thought. . . . "Oh, Monica! Shut up!" His voice was harsh and cracked. A few ravens circled the sky above him now. He heard them calling back at him in a voice not unlike his own. God died in 1945. . . . "It isn't 1945 it's 28 A.D. God is alive!" How you can bother to wonder about an obvious syncretistic religion like Christianity Rabbinic Judaism, Stoic ethics, Greek mystery cults. Oriental ritual. . . . "It doesn't matter!" Not to you in your present state of mind. "I need God!" That's what it boils down to, doesn't it? Okay, Karl, carve your own crutches, just think what you could have been if you'd have come to terms with yourself. . . . Glogauer pulled his mined body to its feet and stood on the summit of the hill and screamed. The ravens were startled. They wheeled in the sky and flew away. The sky was darkening now. Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. And when he had fasted forty days and forty night, he was afterward anhungered. (Matthew 4:1-2) IV The madman came stumbling into the town. His feet stirred the dust and made it dance and dogs barked around him as he walked mechanically, his head turned upwards to face the sun, his arms limp at his sides, his lips moving. To the townspeople, the words they heard were in no familiar language; yet they were uttered with such intensity and conviction that God himself might be using this emaciated, naked creature as his spokesman. They wondered where the madman had come from. The white town consisted primarily of double- and single- storied houses of stone and clay-brick, built around a market place that was fronted by an ancient, simple synagogue outside which old men sat and talked, dressed in dark robes. The town was prosperous and clean, thriving on Roman commerce. Only one or two beggars were in the streets and these were well-fed. The streets followed the rise and fall of the hillside on which they were built. They were winding streets, shady and peaceful: country streets. There was a smell of newly-cut timber everywhere in the air, and the sound of carpentry, for the

town was chiefly famous for its skilled carpenters. It lay on the edge of the Plain of Jezreel, close to the trade route between Damascus and Egypt, and wagons were always leaving it, laden with the work of the town's craftsmen. The town was called Nazareth. The madman had found it by asking every traveler he saw where it was. He had passed through other towns Philadelphia, Gerasa, Pella and Scythopolis, following the Roman roads asking the same question in his outlandish accent: "Where lies Nazareth?" Some had given him food on the way. Some had asked for his blessing and he had laid hands on them, speaking in that strange tongue. Some had pelted him with stones and driven him away. He had crossed the Jordan by the Roman viaduct and continued northwards towards Nazareth. There had been no difficulty in finding the town, but it had been difficult for him to force himself towards it. He had lost a great deal of blood and had eaten very little on the journey. He would walk until he collapsed and lie there until he could go on, or, as had happened increasingly, until someone found him and had given him a little sour wine or bread to revive him. Once some Roman legionaries had stopped and with brusque kindness asked him if he had any relatives they could take him to. They had addressed him in pidgin-Aramaic and had been surprised when he replied in a strangely-accented Latin that was purer than the language they spoke themselves. They asked him if he was a Rabbi or a scholar. He told them he was neither. The officer of the legionaries had offered him some dried meat and wine. The men were part of a patrol that passed this way once a month. They were stocky, brown-faced men, with hard, clean-shaven faces. They were dressed in stained leather kilts and breastplates and sandals, and had iron helmets on their heads, scabbarded short swords at their hips. Even as they stood around him in the evening sunlight they did not seem relaxed. The officer, softer-voiced than his men but otherwise much like them save that he wore a metal breastplate and a long cloak, asked the madman what his name was. For a moment the madman had paused, his mouth opening and closing, as if he could not remember what he was called. "Karl," he said at length, doubtfully. It was more a suggestion than a statement. "Sounds almost like a Roman name," said one of the legionaries. "Are you a citizen?" the officer asked. But the madman's mind was wandering, evidently. He looked away from them, muttering to himself. All at once, he looked back at them and said: "Nazareth?" "That way." The officer pointed down the road that cut between the hills. "Are you a Jew?" This seemed to startle the madman. He sprang to his feet and tried to push through the soldiers. They let him through, laughing. He was a harmless madman. They watched him run down the road. "One of their prophets, perhaps," said the officer, walking towards his horse. The country was full of them. Every other man you met claimed to be spreading the message of their god. They didn't make much trouble and religion seemed to keep their minds off rebellion. We should be grateful, thought the officer. His men were still laughing.

They began to march down the road in the opposite direction to the one the madman had taken. Now the madman was in Nazareth and the townspeople looked at him with curiosity and more than a little suspicion as he staggered into the market square. He could be a wandering prophet or he could be possessed by devils. It was often hard to tell. The rabbis would know. As he passed the knots of people standing by the merchants' stalls, they fell silent until he had gone by. Women pulled their heavy woolen

shawls about their well-fed bodies and men tucked in their cotton robes so that he would not touch them. Normally their instinct would have been to have taxed him with his business in the town, but there was an intensity about his gaze, a quickness and vitality about his face, in spite of his emaciated appearance, that made them treat him with some respect and they kept their distance. When he reached the center of the market place, he stopped and looked around him. He seemed slow to notice the people. He blinked and licked his lips. A woman passed, eyeing him warily. He spoke to her, his voice soft, the words carefully formed. "Is this Nazareth?" "It is." She nodded and increased her pace. A man was crossing the square. He was dressed in a woolen robe of red and brown stripes. There was a red skull cap on his curly, black hair. His face was plump and cheerful. The madman walked across the man's path and stopped him. "I seek a carpenter." "There are many carpenters in Nazareth. The town is famous for its carpenters. I am a carpenter myself. Can I help you?" The man's voice was good-humored, patronizing. "Do you know a carpenter called Joseph? A descendant of David. He has a wife called Mary and several children. One is named Jesus." The cheerful man screwed his face into a mock frown and scratched the back of his neck. "I know more than one Joseph. There is one poor fellow in yonder street." He pointed. "He has a wife called Mary. Try there. You should soon find him. Look for a man who never laughs." The madman looked in the direction in which the man pointed. As soon as he saw the street, he seemed to forget everything else and strode towards it. In the narrow street he entered the smell of cut timber was even stronger. He walked ankle-deep in wood-shavings. From every building came the thud of hammers, the scrape of saws. There were planks of all sizes resting against the pale, shaded walls of the houses and there was hardly room to pass between them. Many of the carpenters had their benches just outside their doors. They were carving bowls, operating simple lathes, shaping wood into everything imaginable. They looked up as the madman entered the street and approached one old carpenter in a leather apron who sat at his bench carving a figurine. The man had gray hair and seemed short-sighted. He peered up at the madman. "What do you want?" "I seek a carpenter called Joseph. He has a wife Mary." The old man gestured with his hand that held the half-completed figurine. "Two houses along on the other side of the street." The house the madman came to had very few planks leaning against it, and the quality of the timber seemed poorer than the other wood he had seen. The bench near the entrance was warped on one side and the man who sat hunched over it repairing a stool seemed misshapen also. He straightened up as the madman touched his shoulder. His face was lined and pouched with misery. His eyes were tired and his thin beard had premature streaks of gray. He coughed slightly, perhaps in surprise at being disturbed. "Are you Joseph?" asked the madman. "I've no money." "I want nothing just to ask a few questions." "I'm Joseph. Why do you want to know?" "Have you a son?" "Several, and daughters, too." "Your wife is called Mary? You are of David's line." The man waved his hand impatiently. "Yes, for what good either have done me. . . ." "I wish to meet one of your sons. Jesus. Can you tell me where he is?" "That good-for-nothing. What has he done now?" "Where is he?" Joseph's eyes became more calculating as he stared at the madman. "Are you a seer of some kind? Have you come to cure my son?" "I am a prophet of sorts. I can foretell the future." Joseph got up with a sigh. "You can see him. Come." He led the madman through the gateway into the cramped courtyard of



the house. It was crowded with pieces of wood, broken furniture and implements, rotting sacks of shavings. They entered the darkened house. In the first room evidently a kitchen a woman stood by a large clay stove. She was tall and bulging with fat. Her long, black hair was unbound and greasy, falling over large, lustrous eyes that still had the heat of sensuality. She looked the madman over. "There's no food for beggars," she grunted. "He eats enough as it is." She gestured with a wooden spoon at a small figure sitting in the shadow of a corner. The figure shifted as she spoke. "He seeks our Jesus," said Joseph to the woman. "Perhaps he comes to ease our burden." The woman gave the madman a sidelong look and shrugged. She licked her red lips with a fat tongue. "Jesus!" The figure in the corner stood up. "That's him," said the woman with a certain satisfaction. The madman frowned, shaking his head rapidly. "No." The figure was misshapen. It had a pronounced hunched back and a cast in its left eye. The face was vacant and foolish. There was a little spittle on the lips. It giggled as its name was repeated. It took a crooked step forward. "Jesus," it said. The word was slurred and thick. "Jesus." "That's all he can say." The woman sneered. "He's always been like that." "God's judgment," said Joseph bitterly. "What is wrong with him?" There was a pathetic, desperate note in the madman's voice. "He's always been like that." The woman turned back to the stove. "You can have him if you want him. Addled inside and outside. I was carrying him when my parents married me off to that half-man. . . ." "You shameless" Joseph stopped as his wife glared at him. He turned to the madman. "What's your business with our son?" "I wished to talk to him. I . . ." "He's no oraculo seer we used to think he might be. There are still people in Nazareth who come to him to cure them or tell their fortunes, but he only giggles at them and speaks his name over and over again. . . ." "Are you sure there is not something about him you have not noticed?" "Sure!" Mary snorted sardonically. "We need money badly enough. If he had any magical powers, we'd know." Jesus giggled again and limped away into another room. "It is impossible," the madman murmured. Could history itself have changed? Could he be in some other dimension of time where Christ had never been? Joseph appeared to notice the look of agony in the madman's eyes. "What is it?" he said. "What do you see? You said you foretold the future. Tell us how we will fare?" "Not now," said the prophet, turning away. "Not now" He ran from the house and down the street with its smell of planed oak, cedar and cypress. He ran back to the market place and stopped, looking wildly about him. He saw the synagogue directly ahead of him. He began to walk towards it. The man he had spoken to earlier was still in the market place, buying cooking pots to give to his daughter as a wedding gift. He nodded towards the strange man as he entered the synagogue. "He's a relative of Joseph the carpenter," he told the man beside him. "A prophet, I shouldn't wonder." The madman, the prophet, Karl Glogauer, the time-traveler, the neurotic psychiatrist manque, the searcher for meaning, the masochist, the man with a death-wish and the messiah-complex, the anachronism, made his way into the synagogue gasping for breath. He had seen the man he had sought. He had seen Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary. He had seen a man he recognized without any doubt as a congenital imbecile. "All men have a messiah-complex, Karl," Monica had said. The memories were less complete now. His sense of time and identity was becoming confused. "There were dozens of messiahs in Galilee at the time. That Jesus should have been the one to carry the myth and the philosophy was a coincidence of history. . . ." "There must have been

more to it than that, Monica." Every Tuesday in the room above the Occult Bookshop, the Jungian discussion group would meet for purposes of group analysis and therapy. Glogauer had not organized the group, but he had willingly lent his premises to it and had joined it eagerly. It was a great relief to talk with like-minded people once a week. One of his reasons for buying the Occult Bookshop was so that he would meet interesting people like those who attended the Jungian discussion group. An obsession with Jung brought them together, but every- one had special obsessions of his own. Mrs. Rita Blen charted the courses of flying saucers, though it was not clear if she believed in them or not. Hugh Joyce believed that all Jungian archetypes derived from the original race of Atlantides who had perished millennia before. Alan Cheddar, the youngest of the group, was interested in Indian mysticism, and Sandra Peterson, the organizer, was a great witchcraft specialist. James Headington was interested in time. He was the group's pride; he was Sir James Headington, war-time inventor, very rich and with all sorts of decorations for his contribution to the Allied victory. He had had the reputation of being a great improviser during the war, but after it he had become something of an embarrassment to the War Office. He was a crank, they thought, and what was worse, he aired his crankiness in public. Every so often. Sir James would tell the other members of the group about his time machine. They humored him. Most of them were liable to exaggerate their own experi- ences connected with their different interests. One Tuesday evening, after everyone else had left, Head- ington told Glogauer that his machine was ready. "I can't believe it," Glogauer said truthfully. "You're the first person I've told." "Why me?" "I don't know. I like you and the shop." "You haven't told the government." Headington had chuckled. "Why should I? Not until I've tested it fully, anyway. Serves them right for putting me out to pasture." "You don't know it works?" "I'm sure it does. Would you like to see it?" "A time machine." Glogauer smiled weakly. "Come and see it." "Why me?" "I thought you might be interested. I know you don't hold with the orthodox view of science. . . ." Glogauer felt sorry for him. "Come and see," said Headington. He went down to Banbury the next day. The same day he left 19J6 and arrived in 28 A.D. The synagogue was cool and quiet with a subtle scent of incense. The rabbis guided him into the courtyard. They, like the townspeople, did not know what to make of him, .but they were sure it was not a devil that possessed him. It was their custom to give shelter to the roaming prophets who were now everywhere in Galilee, though this one was stranger than the rest. His face was immobile and his body was stiff, and there were tears running down his dirty cheeks. They had never seen such agony in a man's eyes before. "Science can say how, but it never asks why," he had told Monica. "It can't answer." "Who wants to know?" she'd replied. "I do." "Well, you'll never find out, will you?" "Sit down, my son," said the rabbi. "What do you wish to ask of us?" "Where is Christ?" he said. "Where is Christ?" They did not understand the language. "Is it Greek?" asked one, but another shook his head. Kyrios; The Lord. Adonai: The Lord. Where was the Lord? He frowned, looking vaguely about him. "I must rest," he said in their language. "Where are you from?" He could not think what to answer. "Where are you from?" a rabbi repeated. "Ha-Olam Hab-bah . . ." he murmured at length' They looked at one another. "Ha-Olam Hab-bah" they said. Ha-Olam Hab-bah; Ha-Olam Haz-zeh: The world to come and the world that is. "Do you bring us a message?" said one of the rabbis. They were used to prophets, certainly, but none like this one. "A message?" "I do not know,"

said the prophet hoarsely. "I must rest. I am hungry." "Come. We will give you food and a place to sleep." He could only eat a little of the rich food and the bed with its straw-stuffed mattress was too soft for him. He was not used to it. He slept badly, shouting as he dreamed, and, outside the room, the rabbis listened, but could understand little of what he said. Karl Glogauer stayed in the synagogue for several weeks. He would spend most of his time reading in the library, searching through the long scrolls for some answer to his dilemma. The words of the Testaments, in many cases capable of a dozen interpretations, only confused him further. There was nothing to grasp, nothing to tell him what had gone wrong. The rabbis kept their distance for the most part. They had accepted him as a holy man. They were proud to have him in their synagogue. They were sure that he was one of the special chosen of God and they waited patiently for him to speak to them. But the prophet said little, muttering only to himself in snatches of their own language and snatches of the incomprehensible language he often used, even when he addressed them directly. In Nazareth, the townsfolk talked of little else but the mysterious prophet in the synagogue, but the rabbis would not answer their questions. They would tell the people to go about their business, that there were things they were not yet meant to know. In this way, as priests had always done, they avoided questions they could not answer while at the same time appearing to have much more knowledge than they actually possessed. Then, one sabbath, he appeared in the public part of the synagogue and took his place with the others who had come to worship. The man who was reading from the scroll on his left stumbled over the words, glancing at the prophet from the corner of his eye. The prophet sat and listened, his expression remote. The Chief Rabbi looked uncertainly at him, then signed that the scroll should be passed to the prophet. This was done hesitantly by a boy who placed the scroll into the prophet's hands. The prophet looked at the words for a long time and then began to read. The prophet read without comprehending at first what he read. It was the book of Esaias. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. And he closed the book, and gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all of them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him. (Luke 4:18-20) V They followed him now, as he walked away from Nazareth towards the Lake of Galilee. He was dressed in the white linen robe they had given him and though they thought he led them, they, in fact, drove him before them. "He is our messiah," they said to those that inquired. And there were already rumors of miracles. When he saw the sick, he pitied them and tried to do what he could because they expected something of him. Many he could do nothing for, but others, obviously in psychosomatic conditions, he could help. They believed in his power more strongly than they believed in their sickness. So he cured them. When he came to Capernaum, some fifty people followed him into the streets of the city. It was already known that he was in some way associated with John the Baptist, who enjoyed huge prestige in Galilee and had been declared a true prophet by many Pharisees. Yet this man had a power greater, in some ways, than John's. He was not the orator that the Baptist was, but he had worked miracles. Capernaum was a sprawling town beside the crystal lake of Galilee, its houses separated by large market gardens. Fishing boats

were moored at the white quayside, as well as trading ships that plied the lakeside towns. Though the green hills came down from all sides to the lake, Capernaum itself was built on flat ground, sheltered by the hills. It was a quiet town and, like most others in Galilee, had a large population of gentiles. Greek, Roman and Egyptian traders walked its streets and many had made permanent homes there. There was a prosperous middle-class of merchants, artisans and ship-owners, as well as doctors, lawyers and scholars, for Capernaum was on the borders of the provinces of Galilee, Trachonitis and Syria and though a comparatively small town was a useful junction for trade and travel. The strange, mad prophet in his swirling linen robes, followed by the heterogeneous crowd that was primarily composed of poor folk but also could be seen to contain men of some distinction, swept into Capernaum. The news spread that this man really could foretell the future, that he had already predicted the arrest of John by Herod Antipas and soon after Herod had imprisoned the Baptist at Peraea. He did not make the predictions in general terms, using vague words the way other prophets did. He spoke of things that were to happen in the near future and he spoke of them in detail. None knew his name. He was simply the prophet from Nazareth, or the Nazarene. Some said he was a relative, perhaps the son, of a carpenter in Nazareth, but this could be because the written words for "son of a carpenter" and "magus" were almost the same and the confusion had come about in that way. There was even a very faint rumor that his name was Jesus. The name had been used once or twice, but when they asked him if that was, indeed, his name, he denied it or else, in his abstracted way, refused to answer at all. His actual preaching tended to lack the fire of John's. This man spoke gently, rather vaguely, and smiled often. He spoke of God in a strange way, too, and he appeared to be connected, as John was, with the Essenes, for he preached against the accumulation of personal wealth and spoke of mankind as a brotherhood, as they did. But it was the miracles that they watched for as he was guided to the graceful synagogue of Capernaum. No prophet before him had healed the sick and seemed to understand the troubles that people rarely spoke of. It was his sympathy that they responded to, rather than the words he spoke. For the first time in his life, Karl Glogauer had forgotten about Karl Glogauer. For the first time in his life he was doing what he had always sought to do as a psychiatrist. But it was not his life. He was bringing a myth to life a generation before that myth would be born. He was completing a certain kind of psychic circuit. He was not changing history, but he was giving history more substance. He could not bear to think that Jesus had been nothing more than a myth. It was in his power to make Jesus a physical reality rather than the creation of a process of mythogenesis. So he spoke in the synagogues and he spoke of a gentler God than most of them had heard of, and where he could remember them, he told them parables. And gradually the need to justify what he was doing faded and his sense of identity grew increasingly more tenuous and was replaced by a different sense of identity, where he gave greater and greater substance to the role he had chosen. It was an archetypal role. It was a role to appeal to a disciple of Jung. It was a role that went beyond a mere imitation. It was a role that he must now play out to the very last grand detail. Karl Glogauer had discovered the reality he had been seeking. And in the synagogue there was a man, which had a spirit of an unclean devil, and cried out with a loud voice, saying. Let us alone; what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art; the