

## A Mythraic Banquet for Future Radiance

We must prepare our banqueting hall. To reach an enlightened place, we must wrestle ourselves from the fossilised sediments of old regimes and declare our freedom from the dark evils of ossified minds. This banqueting hall must be radiant, with proud signs of our struggle and eventual vanquishing of our demons. It must have a banqueting table of great length, enough to accommodate all of our followers and atop, be adorned with the matted pelt of the beast that subjugated us and forced us into servitude. But this banqueting hall must not proclaim itself to the other great giver of light; the Sun. It must therefore be hewn from the very bedrock beneath our feet and exist subterranean; close to the raging belly of Mother Earth herself and far from the towers that scar the heliosphere.

Now we may convene. Through the coexistence of earthly sustenance and Godly sensations, we can commune and praise the radiance of good defeating evil. Now we can progress our egalitarian values and humanist warmth, obtained through the diffusion of our respectfully prepared meal and repaid through our gratitude to restored balance of fairness in all women and men.

The banquet shall include:

Colchester oysters, lightly dusted and seasoned with coastal salt and woodland herbs, deep fried in bull's lard, served on a bed of bladderwrack and old school ties.

Ox marrow cornetto dressed with eel oil, asset foam and riverbank greens collected from the source of the Thames.

Horse head broth with black carrots, red parsnips, charred chard and the crumbled ashes from the burnt remains of the letters of Milton Friedman.

Filletts of Ocean Sunfish warmed slightly by the overpowering of a laptop, combined with wilted shoots and thwarted radicals, served under a cloche of lint taken from the laundries of the insanely rich.

A brodetto of slaughtered lamb and spring blossom, with wild rye dumplings and shredded dossiers.

Assorted 'net-trapped' migratory birds, stuffed with out-of-season herbs, roasted over a blazing fire so hot that nothing remains of the dish when served to the table.

A radiant stracotta of powerful bull parts in a rich blood and wine sauce with a cut-and-cover of steamed vegetables gathered from the rolling lands of yesteryear.

Bergamot and gooseberry sugar ice with cocaine infused slips of paper bearing the promise of payment.

A foul salami, cave aged for ten years and sliced crudely by rapidly and angrily shunting a filing cabinet drawer back and forth.

Cockle and apricot cake with cappuccino, caper and canary dead in a gaseous release from the water cooler, served over crumbled caramel and quince coulis quills.

Crows baked in bread.

We drink sweet spring water and complete our ingestion with a digestivi of distilled hazel bark, battery seepage and earthy rain.

And how we shall decorate this banqueting hall is partly recorded by the ancients. The subterranean banqueting hall must be lit by the rendering of energy from the sun hitherto stored in the fat of earth's land dwelling creatures. This light, from myriad small sources, will ensure a warmth by releasing only the red notes of full sunlight. Around the walls we find depictions of our triumphant release from a calciferous entombment and heroic images of great battles against the many axes of evil. The dagger plunges through the hide of the beast, spilling blood onto the parched soil. An arrow splits a crevice in a bolder and cooling water gushes forth, washing away the blood. A scythe cuts through the Ethernet cables and the Internet of things weakens its grip on thingness.

But also we find posters printed in simple colours prophesising a new age, where the disenfranchised become empowered and the meek find their voice. Strident proclamations assembled from simple wood-block letter forms tick-tack out in staccato oratory a chorus from the banquet guests. New initiates bravely utter the words with governed volume and humbled delivery.

The floor of our banqueting hall is marked with the signs of enlightenment. From the technology of mindless following, through the realisation of materiality to the point of fully

understanding the joyous light of the sun. A mosaic of redundant mobile phones glistens and we catch glimpses of radiance like retinal after-images from the sun.

The banquet over, all that remains is the miasma of feasting, the odour of culinary transubstantiation. Echoes of frenetic jaw movements, of incisors cutting, of tongues manoeuvring, of molars grinding, of mastication, gulping and engorging all fade into the stone walls leaving no trace. Sentient, the banqueting hall evacuates its diners by contracting and relaxing its stone-clad walls, a peristaltic seismology that releases a barely audible low-frequency chant; “the world is ours”.