



*Articulating the dynamic in-betweenness of
Gasterian daily practice 1510 AD - 1575 AD*

[an appendix]

appex.1

The Banished Priest

As the old proverb goes, *‘the closer the ladder to God, the better the province will feast’* and for the Southern Province, that is certainly true. The people of this shire are a rational, prideful folk whom produce much of the kingdom’s finest cider and, whilst they might not be know for their lavish feasts (they are a practical sort, who have no appetite for excess) their pockets are indeed, lined with gold. It is often said that a man could make his fortune from the gold littered amongst the southern orchards that had been spilled forth from the pockets of folk a top their ladders. You would be warned however to spend too much time beneath the gaze of the height-y folk, for their skyward living has left them with great disdain for anyone who chooses a shaded life

so close to the muck of Gods lowly beings.

To show thanks to the shire that filled his cup, the King sent a priest to bless the orchards in Gods name. It was to be the greatest spectacle, to take place a top a golden ladder on the tallest tree in the orchard. The shire watched from the canopies as the priest ascended. There was a look of great strain on the holy man's face which as grew wet with sweat the higher he climbed. The Southern Folk grinned down him, mistaking his struggle to ascend for a look of grave concentration,

‘up up up he goes’

they called like mothers do to children who are just learning their ladders. But, as the priest began to sway and moan, their cries of encouragement caught in their throats and looks turned wary as a child, horrified, called out

‘Vertigo!’

Now, there is little that can fill the rational folk of the Southern Shire with horror, but the accusation of vertigo haunts children's dreams and can send a man to despair. A Vertigo is a man is a man shunned by God, cast from His canopy and reduced to the lowly muck and the folk drew

away from the sinned priest, for fear it should catch. Suddenly, the golden ladder pitched sidewise, sending the priest tumbling to the ground. For a moment there was silence, as the Southern folk slid down their ladders just enough to see the crumbled body of the priest. Cries ruptured from the fearful folk ‘

the Vertigo's dead! 'God struck down the Vertigo!'

When the priest didn't get up to deny their cries the Southern folk flew from their branches he drag the priest from their orchard. The children hackled with glee as the white skirts of the priest became soiled with mud for even a child with muddy knees is sure to receive a lashing from his father. It is custom of the Southern Folk to cremate their dead and scatter the remains over the apple trees, if the ashes caught in the wind, the spirit ascended to heaven but if they settled on the earth the deceased would be banished to hell. The folk would take no chances with the priest, his punishment deserved the gravest fate, burial. An eternity in the under-land, unable to ascend to God. The women of the Shire dug a bit beneath their turnip patch whose crop they fed to fatten the Shire pigs and the town rejoiced as the soiled priest body was flung in the unmarked grave.





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Image 1: Whilst 'The Banished Saint' originates in the sky worshipping Southern tribes, the central characters' demise became a reoccurring motif in Gasterian iconography, as seen here in the central panel of the 'Quilt of Descent'

Image 2: A reconstruction of a petroglyph discovered in Gasterian Caves. The form is referenced in the bottom centre panel of the quilt and depicts the Gut God's form.