



Persephone's Dog
A photo essay

All photos by Fiona Walsh

This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



Welcome sign



The quarry site



Two narrators tell us in English and Greek: Demeter is the mother of Kore. Hestia is Persephone's auntie and Hekate is Kore's grandmother. Gaia is Kore's grandmother too. Pan has goats and a dog who Pan sends to Kore. It becomes her dog.



Across this earth, I have seen broken places, like this quarry, where old ceremonies were performed – then lost. The grace of places ruined by madmen and artillery shells. I wrote this story because of that ruin.



Three Graces and the Kore Dance honour Mother Daughter in the world.

This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



We pass the earth's treasures from mother to daughter. These skirts show peleponese, pomegranate and harvest prints designed by great grandmother, Cleopatra Katsoolis, and granddaughter, Sia Cox.

This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



In our ritual libation, goat milk is offered to honour fire and earth.



Pythia, the primal oracle, turns like smoke in the wind. The Snake turns her eye to Kore. The python calls “Kore, look at this place. Open your eyes, open your breath to the smoke.” Pythia’s mouth opens. Inside her jaws Kore sees the world beginning...



“This is pomegranate,” Demeter said. “Open it Kore! See the red seeds shine in the sun. Touch the juice. I am the womb of the world. Take it; eat this in remembrance of me.”



The foods shared at the picnic... spanakopita, tzatziki, olives, pomegranate, ouzo. Pomegranate will nurture us.



Hestia chides, “The humans don’t know how to cook. They have to learn to make hot coals. They have to learn to roll and bake the bread.” “I’ll help,” said Demeter. “We’ll make the people happy.”



Demeter is travelling. She came from the south. Down through the mountain. Two women, mother and daughter travelling... Demeter showed Kore things. Eyes formed in the body of Kore. Hearing formed in the body of Kore...



The Dog sat back on its haunches and said, “Does your mother think I don’t see what she does? Where yellow flowers grow, there she stops for a piss. Where red poppies grow, she bled. Where trees grow strong in quiet places; she stopped to shit.”



Demeter marks out a line between the mountains. The shining mountains, she calls them. She makes the line deep. It cuts through her body. She cuts a long cut between her breasts. "Water runs always along this cut. Down this line a river will run," she says.



The lines Demeter draws are the lines we should not change. These places hold the world in balance. The rocks, the ranges, the valley, the river, the flow of clear water. She says, "I love this place. We love this place."



“What is this?” said Kore, “I have never seen this before. What is death?” She carried her dog in her arms. She followed her dog. She walked down, down into the rocks and the darkness.



This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



So Kore comes up against the ending that is part of all living things. In her grief she follows the spirit of her dog into the underworld. The world of Hades.



“The walls are black with smoke. There are drawings.” said Kore. “These are to teach you,” replied Hades. “Drawings of bison, gazelle, goat... Here are the roots of things, the seedbed... All these things die. And begin again. I am the continuing of things.”



This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



“You are very dark,” Kore said, “I can hardly see you. Your hands move along the rocks and disappear.” “I am very dark,” Hades said, “You can hardly see me. You can feel me. My hands move along your skin and disappear.”



Wedding guests came. Hades placed wine before Persephone. "Take this. Drink this and remember me."



This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



For a long, long, long time Persephone forgot her mother. That was how it happened.

This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



“People tell you different stories but no one saw them, only me – lizard on the rock. What happened to Kore? Nothing like you say. Pretty girl, stupid girl, followed her dog down. That black man grabbed her hair, snapped her like a fly. Took her away...”



Demeter went looking for Kore. Where she walked, the plants died behind her. She was trying to see the face of the one who took Kore away. She went to her relatives, to Kore's father, Zeus. "You seen that slut of a daughter?" Father defended daughter, "My daughter – she's no slut!"



This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



Demeter searches, sees people by a little fire. They let her into their fire “We got nothing to eat. My milk dries up, my baby’s sick – he might die.” Those people do not know that Demeter has lost her baby, brought the cold, stopped plants growing.



Demeter struck the rock, splitting the rock like a fruit. She kept on singing for Kore. Her words rippled with water through the ground. Demeter's words soaked through the ground; down, down, seeds stirred.



Persephone reached for the fruit Hades had placed near the bed. She reached for the pomegranate. She split the hard shell of the red fruit in the way her mother split the fruit so long ago. She was lying there dreaming about her mother.



Through a crack in the rock, Persephone comes up.

This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



*The world springs back to life. People sing. They go back to work in field and orchard. They harvest vines. They eat.
They have fiestas.*

This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.



This paper is strictly for educational use and is protected by United States copyright laws. Unauthorized use will result in criminal and civil penalties.