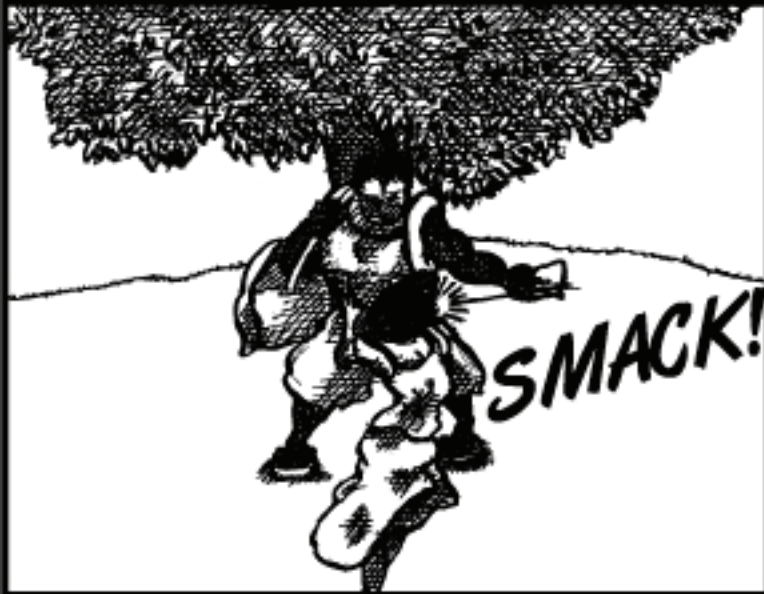
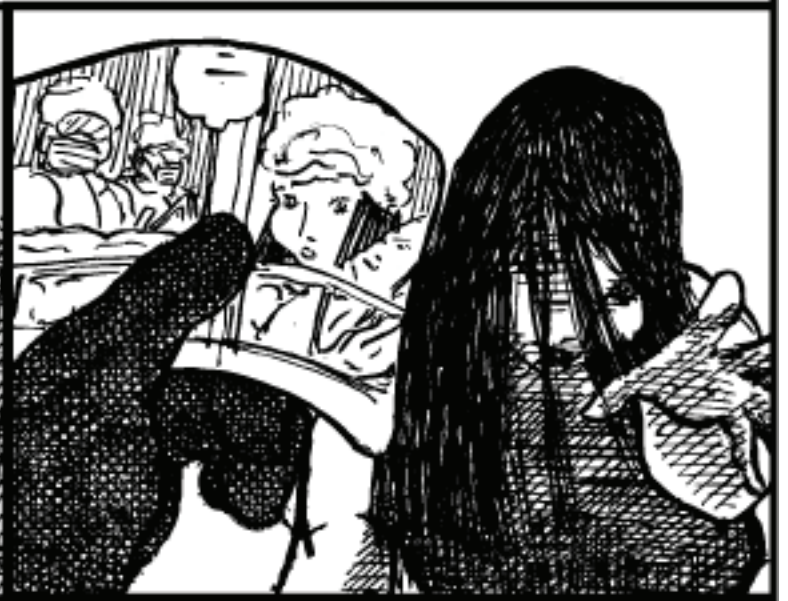


# FOOM







**And it was in the Heraion that the story of Zeus's first betrayal, origin of all vendettas, began. To betray Hera, Zeus chose one of her priestesses, the human being closest to her, since it was she held the keys to the shrine. Her name was Io. In looks and dress it was Io's duty to re-create the image of the goddess she served. She was a copy endeavoring to imitate a statue. But Zeus chose the copy; he wanted that minimal difference which is enough to overturn order and generate the new, generate meaning. And he wanted it *because* it was a difference, and *because* she was a copy. The more negligible the difference, the more terrible and violent the revenge. All Zeus's other adventures, all Hera's other vendettas, would be nothing more than further heaves on that same wheel of necessity Hera set rolling to punish the woman most like herself.**

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Translated by Tim Parks • Alfred A. Knoff • New York • 1993**