

## THE SILVER GIRL

### Writing About the Goddess

#### APHRODITE

I guess she chose me or we mutually chose each other. It was a soul-experience for both souls to at some stage notice each other. In some subtle sphere. Rational language seems limited to describe a partly invisible experience in the first place. Perhaps I am only a manifested fragment of 'my' soul and she is a manifested fragment of 'her' soul, a bit like Randolph Carter is only a manifested fragment of the Carter Archetype. So the soul mating was felt in this plane when the sorcerer took a certain set of tarot cards for me, and the interpretation was like announcing what was happening above. About three weeks before the actual physical manifestation of this soul mating, she took a tarot card which was announcing me so to speak, and then in the afternoon before the erotic evening of that fateful day, she took the Ace of Cups and I wrote an inspired text on love-making. Then we combined both our bodies and, I guess, our psyches. The relation wasn't 'love' as such but 'desire'. I found this word appropriate to name the experience we had: a desire relationship or perhaps a soul desire relationship, for the energies were awesome and the situation was intense. Thus how, from the ego point of view, can I speak of the freedom of mating with someone from the opposite gender, when what is and/or was happening was a manifestation of real mating, but on the soul level? A genuine erotic experience links to the sphere of Venus and/or Freya according one's practised tradition and one's belief (the professed belief manifests a soul reality, and more rarely a spirit reality). Then I guess a genuinely erotic life and realisation leads right to this or those spheres of love and desire, right at the feet of the Goddess in one of Her different manifestations in such and such a differentiated sphere and/or plane. We know of course those spheres of Freya belong to Samsara, the producer—ruled by Freya—rarely goes further than this plane because of the producer psyche in need of tangible and stable realities, whereas the pure warrior—

due to his/her giving up of everything but Fight and Victory—is potentially more apt to reach the Samsara-above planes. Desire implies the wish to re-experience it on this earth plane or in the sphere of Freya and it isn't as near to the One Source as the warrior-accepting plane is, for the warrior would have relinquished most attachments and then made him/herself ready for the planes above Samsara.

Whenever the ego interferes in eroticism and gender-mating, it is likely to be a disaster, everything being reduced to the narrowed and separatist view of the ego. The ego wants things and situations for it is jealous to not have what other creatures might possess and/or be; moreover, it knows consciously or unconsciously it is transient, so it fears dying whenever it takes over one's personality, and so fortifies itself in the delusion of horizontal power and illusory ownership. The ego follows the horizontal way of master and servant morality. So in terms of erotic experience, ego-controlled people will reduce any gender-mating experience to a common and soulless act of consumerism. An eroticism, when prisoner of capitalistic consumerism, becomes pornography, being thus reduced to a debasing democratic consumption and where ego-controlled people exercise their 'right' to possess avidly the gender-opposite mate, whereas the real thing is decided above in the invisible plane, whenever a genuine erotic and soul-mating experience takes place on this lower plane. The subtle side of love-making requires contempt for both sex-consumerism and puritanism. The former misses half and probably more than half (of) the picture, the second denies and demonises the sexual question, obliging—due again to its democratic tendencies—the larger mass of people to follow what is normally a volunteering act from a small portion of 'elected' individuals, i.e., chaste Buddhist monks.

Due to the democratic depravation now in vigour and the nature and conditions of the next Age to take place, when the Times are right, Love-making will be probably banished or forgotten for a while, for one needs iron discipline to survive among the nuclear debris and prepare for the Glorious Tribe of Aquarian folks. But when the forest will grow again and the Capricorn Age will dawn on this generation of Adam to come, then Love and love making will come again as an expression and a gift of the

god(s) and the goddess(es).

## THE SOUL: CONNECTIONS AND RELATEDNESS

The mind connecting psychically is actually using the female capacity of passivity, which hasn't got to be confused with submission. Somehow the logical mind is acting forcefully using the male arrogance of the ego to get its way through. Being passive within means to listen to one's intuitions. The mind then switches on the psychic apparatus. A sense of wonderment usually accompanies the experiencing. Basically one can almost connect ad infinitum on a psychic level with every plane related to the cosmic psyche. Events manifest through synchronicity and a natural understanding quasi-visualised can be done. The logical mind deals only with the physical (and the mental sphere related to it) and that's usually the reason why rationalism appears dry and cold. Too, the logical mind cannot grasp the reality of more subtle sciences for the simple reason it is actually cut off from the psychic elements. For instance, the logical mind will try to understand astrology on a cause-and-effect basis, visualising absurd cosmic rays influencing the person at birth. Astrology deals with meaning and nothing else. Somehow there is a correspondence between a given individual being borne and the position of the planets at the same time. The planets express only significance, which the individual has to decipher and learn using the language of.

The logical mind being then disconnected off the psychic reality tries to get its way through forcefully because it sees only half the picture. It sees obviously itself as separate and views everything as being non-related. Hence it uses the Darwinistic logic of eating one's neighbour. It uses power on a very limited and gross basis. Psychic seeing adds understanding to power and therefore refines the said power.

We don't need to show the disastrous effects of this civilisation and its raping effects on the world. The reality of these present times is pretty repellent and one could almost wonder if the actual increase of rape cases isn't a manifestation of the chauvinistic male collective ego refusing the partial emancipation of women. The male ego somehow refuses to acknowledge women's individual realities and still sees them

as objects to be possessed. It is like a cancerous contagion spreading everywhere trying to engulf everything in its own suicide. One doesn't mess unpunished with Kali!

The myths related to the Goddess should offer a better picture of what femineity is about; also the woman psyche isn't only confined to the Virgin Mary archetype, but also to Artemis, Aphrodite, Morgan, Hecate, Eris, Kali, Freya, and many others. The Greek orthodox included in their theology the goddess SOPHIA (Wisdom) possibly taken from the Gnostic, whereas the Catholic ecclesiastical establishment had more than often been embarrassed with the Female. The Protestants went drastically into worshipping that old tribal and chauvinistic god of the Old Testament, cutting themselves off from their Euro-paganism more or less conserved in Catholic areas. Probably in the pre-Christian world women in Nordic societies were far from being oppressed to the extent in which they were in Mediterranean societies. A former reasonably balanced patriarchy—because it actually acknowledged, and still does in Scandinavia, the female component—was thus debased into an unbalanced patriarchy because it repressed the female elements. For instance, the Middle-Ages until the XIIIth century celebrated the Lady: the King Arthur Mythos presents the Goddess under various archetypes such as Morgana, the Lady of the Lake, Arthur's wife. It is only in the Mythos of later making that Morgana was seen as 'evil'. *LA MORTE D'ARTHUR* was written at the ending edge of the Middle-Ages. The Renaissance brought about an increase in Greco-Latin interest and Europe quit her Celto-Germanic Middle-Age to enter the patriarchal classical Renaissance. The situation of women was by then degraded and we had to wait until the end of the XIXth century to see some beginnings of improved condition. The case with Protestant countries is that they adopted a more 'Judaic' religion than their Catholic opponents. Catholic Europe was/is dominated by classical chauvinism and Protestant Europe by 'Judaic' chauvinism. Curiously enough, Greece went actually chauvinistic when the country adopted their form of Athenian democracy. A certain kind of assumed 'progress' seems very chauvinistic in nature and deed. With Carl Gustav

Jung's psycho-analysis it was possible to re-discover the deep role played by the Unconscious within the human fabric. Symbolism, intuition, and dreams were back again on the fore. To a certain extent Jung was a priest of the Goddess...

## HOW DOES AN ECOFEMINIST PERSPECTIVE DIFFER FROM OTHER TYPES OF FEMINISM?

First Wave Feminism, Second Wave Feminism, Radical Feminism, Marxist Feminism, Liberal Feminism, Eco-Feminism, etc. Here it is Eco-Feminism which interest us. Ecological Feminism. Let's see what Green Feminism consists of.

Let's start to see what eco-feminism is not, relatively speaking, when compared with other feminism, although we have to bear in mind that the categories and frontiers are more blurred than not.

In *INTRODUCING FEMINISM* (Watkins, Rueda, Rodriguez, 1992/99, pp. 120-21) there is a good summary of three of the main tendencies of Feminism.

“Radical Feminists see the problem as PATRIARCHY—a whole system of male power over women. Male rulers [...] reinforcing—and reinforced by—the power of individual men over women and children within their families. [They] stress women only campaign and demonstrations, building a women's space and a women's culture.”

Radical Feminism can on occasions be lesbian and separatist.

"Socialist Feminists see the problem as a combination of male domination and class exploitation [...] Real liberation is impossible as long as power and wealth in the world is monopolized by a tiny minority [...] put more emphasis on making alliances with other oppressed groups and classes."

"Liberal Feminists [state that] the system needs to be corrected, not overturned.

What we need is more equal-rights legislation [...] They are a smaller group [concentrating] on lobbying governments for pro-women reforms and trying to influence the decision makers."

In *INTRODUCTION TO THEALOGY* (Raphael, 1999, pp. 103-4) it is said that what

"unites ecofeminists is the belief that the patriarchal exploitation of the earth and of women are connected. A long history of anthropocentrism and androcentrism has rendered nature subordinate to human (predominantly) male needs and to the creation of human meaning. Furthermore, the patriarchy view that nature/women represent the lower, bodily qualities of the material world, and that the male soul or mind represents the higher, ordering qualities of culture and divinity has structured a dualism which permits men to subjugate nature/women for the sake of human and cosmic harmony and, more than that, it traces the roots of all oppression and exploitation to this pervasive dualism. Eco-feminism would dissolve such dualism and would entirely re-vision the relationship of humanity to all other forms of being."

Whereas radical, socialist, and liberal feminisms argue about the oppression and exploitation of women within society, eco-feminists state that it is indissociable from the exploitation of the earth. Certain feminists would criticize eco-feminists as being essentialist by associating women with nature, whilst the green women liberation movement would celebrate the closer links of women—as opposed to men—with nature by/through their bodily rhythms (menstruation, period, etc.). Spiritual eco-feminists would argue that the worship of distant sky-gods—whether Aryan or Semitic—created a dichotomy between earth and heaven, and that the former has to be exploited to the benefit of the latter, as shown by Protestant capitalism. Indeed, "Western Protestant Capitalist culture is arguably the most woman-hating that has ever existed, and it is certainly the most bellicose" (*THE WISE WOUND*, Shuttle and Redgrove, 1994)

Eco-feminists can also see a magical dimension to the earth, finding in neopaganism a religious expression of this dimension.

It can also be said that eco-feminism can be either radical, liberal, and/or socialist. The only real boundary that can be established is between eco-feminists and the feminists—whatever their schools of thought—who don't care about the environment.

Mary Mellor has written a book, *BREAKING THE BOUNDARIES: TOWARDS A FEMINIST GREEN SOCIALISM* where, as indicated by the title, eco-feminism can be socialist.

Not all male-dominated religions, even though insisting on the primacy of heaven upon earth, are necessarily exploitative of nature, as can be seen in Mahayana Buddhism, which emphasises the interconnectedness between all sentient beings (gods, angry gods, humans, animals, hungry ghosts, hell beings) and in which killing is the first of ten negative actions. The Dalai Lama is extremely concerned about the environmental disaster caused by Chinese colonial power in occupied Tibet.

Critics of eco-feminism could say that women as well as men contribute to the degradation of the environment by being consumerist in a nature-destroying capitalist society. Eco-feminism might reply that those women have been brainwashed through centuries of patriarchal religion and capitalism, their horizon being limited to the material satisfaction of their narrow 'feminine' ego.

Men are not necessarily excluded from eco-feminism as a minority of them, listening to their feminine side, find refuge in a female-promoting philosophy which defends the earth against the suicidal tendencies of patriarchal separatism.

The point of eco-feminism is not to go back in time but to inaugurate a new era where the Goddess—symbolised by the earth—is the refuge and sacrality is established in all forms of life.

Eco-feminism could be seen, as opposed to differ, to permeate, at least potentially, most kinds of feminism. As such one cannot see why ecology should be

separate from the socialist, liberal, and radical feminist critic of Patriarchy. There are even (semi?) separatist sections within eco-feminism. They sometime practice Dianic Wicca, a female-only neo-paganism, now and again described as witchcraft.

In our opinion, there may be a kind of feminism that is potentially an enemy of eco-feminism, and that is the feminism which advocates the 'technologification' of human reproduction; among other things, denying women's heterosexual means of potential motherhood in the name of scientific liberation. The question is, who has created modern technology—mostly inimical to nature—on the whole, men or women?

There seems to be also a cyber-feminism. "Cyberpunk is an eclectic hotch-potch, but in essence it welcomes the intrusion of technology into human lives [...] Cyberpunk feminist writers, such as Kathy Acker (1947-97) are celebrating a virtual world where disembodied subjects see gender-positioning as optional" (*INTRODUCING POST-FEMINISM*, Phocca, Wright, 1999, p. 145).

Divorced from our bodies, we would end up 'living' in a virtual world, our eyes mesmerised by the computer screen, whilst the outside world would get grimmer and more artificial. The satanic, caricatural character of cyberspace is well described in Mark Slouka's *WAR OF THE WORLDS: THE ASSAULT ON REALITY*.

At the other end of the spectrum, spiritual eco-feminist Monica Sjoo says in *NEW AGE AND ARMAGEDDON: THE GODDESS OR THE GURUS* (1992, pp. 111-13) that

"There is a connection between electricity, allergies and the psychic dimension. We are now living in a technological society in which there is a total and polluting overload around the Globe [...] We are fed more and more information about less and less, just as we are given more and more 'choice' in buying artificial and useless products. There is a desire to replace and reduce the role of humans [...] Computer technology emerges from a reductionist scientific philosophy that sees everything as physical and where nothing has meaning."



Perhaps a development of eco-feminism could lead to a harmonisation between technological development and the need to preserve the sacrality. It has to be remembered that this technological development is a very recent thing in the long history of humans, and that to assume that it will go on for ever is to forget that other 'advanced' societies like the Roman Empire died long ago in the decay of their monuments.

To summarize, eco-feminism differs from other feminisms by associating the liberation of women, men, and nature with the liberation of nature from the deadly hands of patriarchal capitalism and others. Eco-feminism can be either radical, lesbian, socialist and/or liberal feminist. It often emphasises the sacrality of the earth, thus rejoining the point of view of Native Americans, Vajrayana and Shivaism.

As a conclusion we will quote Ynestra King, herself quoted by Mary Mellor in her already mentioned *BREAKING THE BOUNDARIES* (1992, p. 53):

"The brutalisation and oppression of women is connected with the hatred of nature and with other forms of domination, and with ecological catastrophes. It is significant that feminism and ecology as social movements have emerged now as nature's revolt against domination plays itself out in human history and non-human nature at the same time."

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#### THE DEATH OF FREYA BUT SHE RETURNS

they all have plotted

To act against the lady—She is their Mother.

They have flooded

Their mind(s) with atrocious fantasy. Killing their Father.

Why am I asked

To produce such an atrocity?

The malevolent entity

won't win the fight.

No one wins against Freya.

The Queen of battle asked

To produce fire from Hela.

You have not beheld Her might.

The Maleficent one. Was he Loki?  
The Baleful one, was He the same  
Who precipitated the collapse of Midgard.  
But I see the Aesir on their guard.  
They try to tame  
The Spirit of Subversion. Endless fancy...

The death of Freya  
Was the Winter for everyone.  
I am a lost some-one  
Wandering after the lady  
Now gone. The soil in white  
With deadly ice and snow.  
Before the Dark mistress I bow.  
"Listen to my tale boy-in-white  
I know where is FREYA."

"She is resting with Her consort  
Frey is now the Lord of death.  
She will be back to bring comfort  
To Her fellows and discomfort  
To her foes. She transcends death."

And then I knew the Legend  
She's still there travelling  
By night free and flying.  
The Moon, Luna of Legend.  
Frey is Rudra. She is Kali.

She returns. A new green land.  
The demons are destroyed. On the sand  
lies a Lady taking my hand.  
My ego dies for her. Wonderland.

## IMAGINATION

I am meant to access the realms of Imagination and stroll about with the silver girl who is waiting for me on the other shore of the higher astral ocean. The silver girl is waiting for me. She is a messenger of Maya. She is to take me home, i.e., within the arms and scents of the Queen of Heaven. The silver girl is piloting those curious spherical crafts. I have been awaiting her craft to land on some piece of countryside, next to an empty-looking farm. The farm is not empty as I am living here temporarily it seems. The farm is either situated in the USA, Canada or Ireland. The silver girl triggered something within me, which is Imagination. Imagination is our home. I was an androgynous being before to be re-borne on this earthly plane. The silver was my cosmic mate and my soul lover. Her and I were charmed by the prose of Sappho and Lesbos. Actually Lesbos is one of my names when I put on the girlie dress.

I got into some serious trouble with some friends involved in the current of wizardry. They hypnotised me with the upside down Scorpio and showed me the Neptunian land of Greater Promise. This vision is still with me, but it was tainted because of my involvement in the current of wizardry. The short cut to access Maya was more like a cosmic rape than anything else. One doesn't enter Her Temple in a spirit of efficiency and time-saving. The silver girl warned me but I dismissed her sound advice. The Mauve Zone was conspiring against the Queen of Heaven, but those cosmic residues which are the demons of the Mauve Zone were no match to the Compassion of Maya. I realised too late who and what they were. And I was cast away in the struggle with the Children of Isis. I was scared and scarred by the foulness of those false friends. The silver girl couldn't rescue me from the downwards

cosmic vortex but she interceded with Maya and then I was born on the shore of Atlantic Europe in the earthly plane.

The memory wasn't dead as I always dimly recollected the silver girl. I have never managed very well to acclimate myself in the earthly plane as I know I come from a higher realm. My task is to win back the favours of Maya after the purgatory session. One would be wiser to suggest DURING the purgatory session. The Mauve Zone is also after me as they want to use my various skills to plot vainly and nastily against the cosmic process. They tempt me with nebulous promises of vision and power, conquest and hatred. They have never been able to accept the redeeming energy of the Lady. They have never surrendered to Her queenly love as they are too frightened to realise the futility of their aeons-lasting schemes. Hence they perpetuate in a vicious circle to overthrow the Children of Isis, and this is how the Mauve Zone was created.

I have to stumble in some deluding dead ends, pull myself together and set my arrow on the right target. I have to be able to formulate the right question, the right prayer and the right expression of the request before being admitted within the cosmic intimacy of Dana. I have to create a master piece which will glorify the queenhood of Maya and help spread Her vibrations on the earth plane. I have to access Imagination to find the material with which to shape the never-seen-before statue representing Maya, be the statue musical, lyrical, colourful, psychedelic, etc. The silver girl is here to help me and I am here to love her. She still travels immensely beautiful spaces within the realms of Imagination in her spherical craft.

One day it seems fairly sure I will access her, or should I say she will allow me to access her, revealing herself in her silver aura and nakedness coming down the ladder of her craft, in this eerie farmland, during the waxing Moon. The silver girl is waiting for me to abolish my fears and she helps me in that direction. With shame I now remember I have almost cut off the link between me and her, when I was being seduced by the suggestions of the Lord of Righteousness, this military-minded god who wants to turn the cosmos into a gigantic Valhalla, a spiritual fortress in which St.

George would reign forever, refusing to submit to the Queen of Heaven, which he sees as a dragon to be slain or submitted. The angels of the lord of Righteousness are keen to assimilate the Children of Isis with the Mauve Zone. May I never serve the Lord of Righteousness as the only soldiery I could join would be the Holy Guard of Her Majesty, the Squad of Love.

So I am communicating with the silver girl and I am watching the sky and seeking the farm, next to which is located the field which will witness the landing of the silver girl's spherical craft. I am in ecstasy.

FIDELITY TO HER ISIS THE MIGHTY TENDERLY DANA

Metaphysics for the girl

Have I been crude in my attempt to seduce you/Thee O Tender Queen?

(She answers me:)

Who knows and does it matter although it does matter? My little beetle, I am more concerned over your attempts to overstretch your efforts to reach Me without doing anything real. You wish to take the short cut but there is no short cut. I will reveal Myself to you within my mysteries when I see it convenient for you, my little beetle. Pray and talk to Me. I am your Friend, Sister, Mother and I LOVE YOU. Just trust the process and know that the transcendence of pain brings treasure of a heavenly nature. I shall stop communicating now through this channelling as you must be back with your self and the girl within you.

There is no short cut. Hence it is up to the Sun in Aries and the Sagittarius Ascendant to learn to be patient with the qualities of Earth (Moon and Venus in Taurus, Mercury in Pisces and Jupiter in Cancer). Metaphysics for a girl will consist in diminishing the value of crude externalisation to the benefit of tender

internalisation and gracious outer expression. First there is no belief system true in its rationality as they are all true in their rationality. Hence the need to feel and sense. Obey the instinct and surrender to the play of the Universe. Metaphysics for a girl entails one to listen to the child and the presence of Sophia within oneself, for is there anything more appropriate than the smile of the girl to describe the elements and externalisation of Wisdom? Metaphysics for the girl entails Kad lesbos is kad Lesbos and that the androgyne is the key to successful healing. I am within you says the little girl who turns into a gigantic female pirate. She shows me combat isn't incompatible with play and love when nothing harmful is wished to the other.

Do not refuse yourself to the joy of love but learn to surrender to the play of the Universe and dedicate yourself to the cultivation of the girl within meeting with the gladiator redeeming himself by surrendering to the force of Venus, i.e., Love.

Metaphysics for the girl entails trust. Yes there is fog en route to the secret abode of the Queen and yes there are traps for the unworthy and gentle deterrent for the mistaken ones. But I have chosen you says the silver girl. You may have to surrender to the idea of pursuing me through Eternity 'til Eternity, and that is the opposition between Venus in Taurus and Neptune in Scorpio, where the particular is at odds with the Universal. The tension between those opposites manifests a need to marry and harmonise both options. So what? It is fascinating to be lured into the vortex of spiritual quest. Enfin you must resign yourself to the karmic conditions which brought you here to serve me and in serving me the one and many-aspected all immanent and for ever transcendent Queen of heaven and Mother of the world. Yes there is delusion on the way to Me, but each delusion being met means more wariness vis-à-vis those illusions and less infirmity in seeing Me as I truly am.

Metaphysics for the girl implies listening to the silver girl and the spherical craft is for ever in your time scale the promise of a journey to the stars of Isis.

Metaphysics for the girl will have this final-for-now recommendation: Love is here and now, as the missed opportunity may take aeons to return to the vexed soul. So love here and now in the mystics of the lady and study with joy the metaphysics

for the girl.

## THE WISDOM OF THE MIRROR

I look at my face in the mirror. "I'm learning to trust him." My eyes fixedly staring at my eyes learn to love the stared object. I love I, for in loving I, I transmit the love of HER, the VIRGIN MOTHER, MARY ISIS, to touch and redeem I. The mirror becomes an instrument of meditation and mediation. I meditate on loving I. Love is an energy coming from the Mother. I is a conductor of the Love energy of the Mother. All I love are touched and blessed by the Goddess as I am a conductor of Her Love energy. In loving the shadow, I allow the Love energy to redeem it and save it. I wholeheartedly love I, wholistically, wonderfully as I am a creation and creature of the Mother. To hate me is to hate the work of the Mother which I am, hence I commit an offence against Her. In not loving me entirely, wholistically, I allow parts of my whole being, heart and body, to be untouched by the Love energy of the Goddess. Those parts might grow as a living shadow infecting my cosmic skin like the spatial cancer on my heart. Hence I am now in the position of loving "me just as I am." My defections and qualities, my failings and my successes, my past, present and future. Everything pertaining to I who am a wave on the Ocean which is the Mother. I am reconciled with myself and my heart, with my body and my gender. I mediate the Love energy on to I, through my eyes and using the mirror. I serve the Virgin Mother, eternally pregnant, giving continual birth to the Cosmos. And I spread Compassion on to all sentient beings. I follow the footsteps of Dion Fortune with Inspiring Breath of Sophia. I serve the Wisdom of the Mother permeating all (of) Creation. I undertake to become the embodiment of that sageness. I am wise and know I am deeply ignorant of the Cosmos which I love as it the Child of the Goddess. She is both transcendent and immanent. She is the One beyond the One. SHE IS.



## A WITCH IS IN MY HEART ...

One of those days ...

In a book-shop somewhere in Albion...

My eyes are caught in the spell of seduction and I gaze at the female body walking towards the exit. She turns her head and stares at me, straight into my eyes. I try to avert her intense and penetrating gaze but cannot.

She has green eyes and a sun-tanned skin, some dark hairs and a tall body. She is not thin but she is not plump. Voluptuous she is. In charge of herself she appears to be. Nay, she affirms to be.

Exit. She is gone.

I stand alone among the individuals strolling about in the book-shop. I do not understand the feeling. An irresistible urge seizes my soul and I see myself running out of the shop pursuing an enigmatic woman. She has enchanted me through her shamanic eyes. Where is she?

Pondering. Erring among the aimless crowd. I take a street to the left of the coffee-shop and I see her sipping some tea. I cannot resist. I enter the coffee shop and sit next to her. She doesn't look directly at me but, somehow and Heaven knows how, manages to let me know she has noticed me. She sips her tea meditatively and craftily, cunningly smiling while her eyes sparkle with psychic intensity.

'You seem intent on following me', she says.

'I ... I ... must say ... huh ... Sorry if I ...', I mumble.

'Sorry? What for? Are you ashamed of the natural feeling of sexual attraction?', she asks.

To be frank, she was frank.

'I don't admit losing control over my reactions', I answer.

'Ah. Your ego seems to be in charge. Afraid of losing ground? Of letting Nature guide you towards the unexpected', she teasingly states.

'I ... I don't accept that I could be annoying you with ...', I embarrassingly say.

'Annoyed? Sweetness. I WANT you', she replies.

Silence. Flabbergasted. To be honest, she was honest. Speechless I remain and her eyes penetrate my timid and awkward soul. She smiles.

'Come', she tenderly orders.

We walk some streets, past the crowd and the buildings and she holds my right arm. I am still speechless. Self-assertive she definitely is. All kinds of thoughts invade my mind. Fantasy after fantasy. Some infantile. Others more mature. Can a fantasy be ever adult, mature? Does maturity kill the fantasy? Are fantasy-less people adult, zombie-like individuals? I am troubled. Maybe I am in trouble. What are those feelings of wanting to merge with a total stranger? Does love at first sight really exist or am I experiencing lust confused with and tainted by sentimentalism?

We enter what appears to be a Victorian house, a neo-Gothic folly. The lounge is big enough and decorated with statues of what appear to be goddesses, mythological motifs and exotic objects. At first her living-room looks like an oriental bazaar not particularly tasteful but the aura dominates everything. The aim is not aesthetic but atmospheric. She invites me to sit in the sofa and steps towards the hi-fi. She plays some Miles Davis and offers me a glass of Jack Daniels with ice, as required, while she sips like an expert some claret. Cliché. I feel like being in a silly US movie.

Conversation about mundane things. Nothing worth the excitement. I mumble timid words and half-broken sentences. She expresses her stream of thought. It is not about something in particular but neither is it about everything in general. Hypnotic. The spell seems really cast on me. I listen and dream visions of an erotic but vague content. Suddenly her tongue caresses mine. I surrender to desire and embrace her body. My movements are uncertain and lack the self-assertiveness of my host. She

directs the concerto and manipulates my mind, body and spirit. It is both tender and raw. Her hands are possessed with passion but there is something motherly about her touch. The fantasy of a man. Is it sad or wonderful?

She unbuttons my shirt and trousers while our tongues carry on the wordless love conversation. I let myself be taken over by her will. She strips me naked and she keeps her clothes on. A mixture of shame and relief seizes my heart. She hesitates between adopting a frank non-missionary position and the continuing of her caressing embrace. We fall off the sofa. Her strength overcomes mine but she is not intent on imposing a unilateral domination although she is refusing the role of vassal. By then, the manhood is fully activated and her hands capture the organ. I attempt to explore her crotch.

'No', she says.

'Huh', I answer.

'When I will tell you, you will do it', she concludes the conversation.

She is then on top of me. She undertakes a slow exploration of my body with her hands and tongue. I am motionless, passive and in a state of surrender. Minutes are passing by. I realise I don't know her name.

'What is your name?', I ask.

'What is your name?', she answers.

'Kevin', I reply.

She concludes the conversation with a smile and directs my hands to her buttocks. She silently orders me to caress her backside. I timidly suggest some clumsy strokes. Her hand firmly holds mine and I get the message. My hands become more self-assertive in the dialogue between them and her buttocks. The music stops. She gets up, changes the CD and plays something electronic mixed with ethnic themes. It is hypnotic and sensual while avoiding the trap of gross materialism.

'My name is Melissa', she states.

She then proceeds to an authoritarian French kiss that gradually relaxes in a more

tender kiss-touching. It goes on for a while.

'I think you may be the one, or one of the ones', she whispers.

'What do you mean? ', I clumsily ask.

I will have to content myself with her cunning smile.

'If you are the one, then you need to confront your "Lilith" before embracing the silver girl', she suddenly drops.

'What are you saying? ', I, bemused, inquire.

'It doesn't matter what I say. To me belong both comprehension and experience. To you belongs the ordeal and the initiation, if you pass the test', she seriously announces.

'What ... What the hell? ...' I, annoyingly puzzled, ask.

Her answer consists of slapping me with an unsuspected strength. Darkness.

I regain consciousness. I am naked, lying on my back and tied up. The lounge has acquired the flavour of a heathen chapel. Candles and occultist symbols, goddesses and angel statues, a dead bat and a picture of the moon and many other ingredients. I hear somebody coming. Melissa appears with a black cap and her naked breast. She wears black pants to which are attached an artificial erect penis. Barefoot, she climbs up my body and mumbles some sort of hocus pocus incantation.

'The Goddess is going to reveal if you are one of the ones or if you are merely an unconscious impostor. Lilith, deadly queen of the night, may this confrontation be under your auspices and may the truth come out of the ordeal', she proclaims.

Then she forces me to swallow a nauseous drink. Melissa now attempts a loose form of dancing and she tries to screech and hurts my ears in doing so. She runs to fetch a bucket and throws its contents on my non-consenting body. Some kind of liquid—it may or may not be blood—flows down the side of my naked body. I feel my perception being gradually magnified. Anxieties invade my mind and she then throws tomatoes at me. Tomato after tomato. It is hurting in a kind of way.

She covers my body with all kinds of cookery products: custard cream, ice

cream, some burgers and a few others. In a frenzy, Melissa is using my body as a plate and eats the gastronomic mayhem spread over my torso, face, legs and genitals. A kind of despair and hatred pop in my heart and I wish I could strangle her. I feel so humiliated. She slaps me again and I fall back into darkness.

Waking up lying on my belly with a substance magnifying my perception and thoughts. I sense her forcing into my backside with that artificial thing. It aches and I don't know if I feel pain or pleasure, hatred or love. I surrender to the event and gradually her behaviour changes from brutality to tenderness. She unties me and I lay in the nude receiving her kisses. Time passes by and I don't know if it is night-time or day-time.

In an odd fashion, Melissa is lying naked with me, having relinquished her Amazonian armour. I look at her eyes and she contemplates mine. She and I smile. I caress her breasts and body and we close our eyes. To her belong the comprehension and to me the initiation. The witch is in my heart.

## CALLING FORTH THE SILVER GIRL

The mist is around me and I enter into an altered state of consciousness. Howling in the background is heard. What does it signify? Anxiety and a sense of danger take over my mind. I fear the unknown and stop giving attention to the present moment. Fear separates one from the rest of Creation and has to be overcome. Ancestors fears impede my advancement due to the vibrations running in my blood. A certain dysfunctionality in contemporary individuals results thus from this ancestral fear merging with the modern day's anxieties. I refuse to accept the message of fear that is given by modern society through its media and education as it prevents to fully connect with the higher beings. I aspire to reach and reintegrate with the higher self as the lower self is too limited without the guidance of its essence. The present worldview of society focuses on the three-dimensional perception of the outer. If the truth is out there, it is also in there. I intend to re-empower myself. I intend to live an

existence based on love and not on fear. I intend to explore the unknown that is the morrow without fear and with full acceptance. I intend to activate the expansion of my awareness and this includes the others, not only material but subtle too. One of the reasons I want to contact the higher beings is to shatter my elements of doubt and scepticism regarding the subtle and the spiritual. I need to KNOW I am not alone and that I am helped by invisible friends. I do need to draw the line, i.e., due to my anterior exploration of the dark side, I do not wish to connect with beings of a lower and malevolent order. In the world of dualities, I choose the side of the Goddess and love, *expansion* of awareness against *restriction* of awareness. If my quest starts from a self-centered perspective, I do not wish my exploration to become selfish as I wish to include others but not to my expense and neither to theirs. There is a guide who is waiting for my call. The silver girl in the craft is patiently monitoring my progress. It is now time that I consciously connect with her in order to connect with the Goddess and the higher self as well as travelling courageously and lovingly in different dimensions. I call upon you, silver girl. I am calling forth your being, you lady of the stars, gateway to dimensions, messenger of the Goddess, signpost to and living embodiment in the subtle realm of higher awareness. I am feeling your invisible and etheric presence. Your beauty is of the moon and your suit is silver grey, translucent and peaceful. Your blond hair verge towards hazel and your eyes are smiling with compassion and a taste for play. Can you teach me how to play without hurting as it is decreed: DO WHAT THOU WILT BUT HARM NONE. Likewise it is written: DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW; LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL; EVERY MAN AND WOMAN IS A STAR. Silver girl, permit me to travel with you into the higher dimensions of existence through inspiration, visitation and vision. I am calling forth the silver girl, the beauty of the stars that inspires the song in my heart. May I be ready to receive you with all due honour, courtesy and a sense of play and humour.

I am now ready. I shall not say: I am not ready. I say, state, declare and intend: I AM READY TO RECEIVE THE SILVER GIRL. To her is the liberty to

contact me whenever and wherever she esteems appropriate.

O silver girl, in facing adversity and challenges, please guide me towards patience, strength and compassion. Please help me to remember to smile without contempt in the face of enemies and obstacles. Stressing out helps nothing at all. I want to expend, expend, expend. Please help me accept and process my karma with humour, humility and compassion. Thank you o silver girl.

Everything seemed to have been reduced to a 3-D vista. Anger and fear steal my energy. Love is the answer but it seems a difficult one to realise. Is that difficult or is it just the fear of practising it? O silver girl, I want to expend, expend, expend. O silver girl, I want to love, love, love. O silver girl, I want to forgive, forgive, forgive and forget, forget, forget. The access to higher dimensions seems sometimes impossible, due to the stubborn arrogance of the ego based on fear and a refusal to change. O silver girl, I have made a commitment to re-program myself-myselfes. How to seize the opportunity in the crisis occurring? How to stop the old reflexes based on fear and take a deep breath? Take a deep breath, take a deep breath, take a deep breath. I wish it was easy but it is not. Still, I have to persist in the effort, persist in the effort, persist in the effort. It has been a time of emotional confusion and contradictory loyalties. My self/selves was/were like being pulled apart. I need to re-center my soul and heart on the Mother Goddess. O silver girl, I ask you to assist me in re-centering myself/selves on KALI MA.

The question of self-honesty and honesty to others appears to be a complex one. If different impulses and loyalties pull one apart, how can one be honest if one doesn't know the most legitimate of one's loyalties? Love and compassion, love and compassion, love and compassion have to be my guiding principles and then the honesty will—Goddess willing—develop naturally. To maintain the focus on the Mother Goddess remains a priority. Humility is necessary and arrogance must be

defeated. The difficulty resides in the belief that I am right in a given situation when in fact I am only arrogant. Then one is deluded even though one sincerely believes to be right. There is a clue to solve the problem. Arrogance seems to narrow the heart's perspective to a 3-D one; i.e., the ego is engrossed in itself and doesn't see the other point of view. Therefore one must be able to put oneself in someone else's shoes and in doing so aggrandize the vision. Then access to higher dimensions becomes more feasible. O silver girl, please assist me in freeing myself/selves from the limited vision held by the lower self and help me access the guidance and the vision of the higher self.

The fairies, if I am correct, detest dishonesty and appreciate a good sense of humour and play. When I am engrossed in my ego, I am heavy and a pain in the neck. When I am more detached from my lower self, I am lighter and more beneficial to others. The modern ego is so serious and when it laughs, it seems to be often a cynical and bitter laugh. I must be light, light, light and playful, playful, playful. Light and playful like the silver girl.

I must never tire, stress and /or betray the beloved. I ask the silver girl to assist me in helping the beloved heal herself, as that would help heal myself among other things. But the most important thing is that love entails caring for the beloved. Laugh can be healing and, if the relationship is serious, its expression can be fun. May I never become a bore to the beloved. I know this year will be a time deciding whether we will stay for a long time, perhaps 'til death, or whether we will break up. If we do break up, may it be done in grace and friendship as I don't want the beloved to fall again into the dark pit of depression. If we are meant to stay together, then may this relationship be an opportunity for healing and getting closer to God/Goddess. Together we have the potential to access higher dimensions and get ready for the crucial time of December 2012. The beloved has dark secrets haunting her, bleak memories from her childhood, so it seems. I would love to see her recognising those memories so that she can integrate this material by forgiving herself and everyone else



and then forgetting about it. There is no need to indulge in processing one's painful recollection when it is integrated as one has to move on towards one's expansion of awareness. This is a time of individual and collective change. I do not want to remain stuck in dysfunctional and worn out behaviour patterns. I want my awareness to expand, expand, expand. A mind, body and spirit awareness in constant expansion. Grounded in my/our roots and reaching for the stars. Silver girl, please help me/us make this dream come true.

I feel now that the silver girl has something to tell me. Let's channel the silver girl so that her wisdom shines on me for the betterment of everyone/everything involved. Let's open to the words of the silver girl to assist in the healing of the mind, body and spirit being: 'I am watching you with delight and amusement, yet sometimes I am bemused by your ability to create situations in which you experience a drama that has not been processed. Remind yourself that you are not alone. Invisible friends are here helping you. There is so much you can do. You have started to re-program your selves and that is good. Yet, there is so much to do. If you do want to access the higher dimensions, you have to persevere in extending your selves to others. Let love fill your heart and let that Arian energy propel you to the peak of the mountain. Do not neglect, do not neglect, do not neglect your beloved. Yes it is her personal karma that is presently forcing a severe lesson on her. But too it also your personal karma that has attracted you to this difficult situation. The Aries must become patient and focused. There is so much energy at hand. Do not imprison your selves in petty situations. Yet do draw the line but with elegance and consideration. I know you will meet many challenges and that in them resides an opportunity for further spiritual progress. I am in the craft, in your dreams, in your heart, in your body and yet you mistreat that body by relying on polluting your lungs to relieve your anxieties. I will give you the impulse to quit this nefarious habit but you may regret it if you persevere in this destroying addiction. Love your self and your body. You have so much to give but do laugh, do laugh, do laugh and stay humble as humility allow one to access higher dimensions. I am the silver girl of the moon and

my craft traverses the planes and the situations. I shall talk to you later.'

Thank you o silver girl for your message.

Sun in Aries (IV) enthusiasm (home, the beginning and the end), Sagittarius ascendent (I) = direction (the personality), Mars in Libra (X) = balanced energy launching (not stressing out in career-related situations), Saturn in Aries (III) containment of the initial enthusiasm (enthusiasm channelled towards method-based/more methodical communication). The source is female/grounded and emotionally activated in the female is JMA's Moon in Taurus in V indicating creativity/creation. The expansion (Jupiter) happens through the Mother (Cancer). Enthusiasm forced to become methodical in communication (Saturn in Aries in III) fed by connection with the subtle in the immediate environment that (seeks to) communicate that content in order to share it, heal it, love it (Mercury conjunct Chiron in Pisces in III). The pleasures are quite materialistic (Venus in Taurus) but are pulled towards dissolution in death and regeneration (Neptune in Scorpio) resulting in a tension as the material sense of pleasure is stubborn. Anyway, the source and the goal are feminine but the way and vehicle are masculine. Thank you o silver girl for this inspiration. I am a messenger of the Goddess expressing her message in a warlike fashion. The expression of the feminine is masculine. From the mother to the mother through the son via a mother-controlled father.

An upside-down period sees the unorthodox becoming the orthodox and the orthodox becoming the unorthodox. The New Age (movement) has/must have elements leading to salvation (wholeness).

Everything is permitted because nothing can defeat the Spirit.

In our period of time, the land of SIN is also (potentially) the land of SALVATION (the USA, Canada and Mexico).

After the bursting of insights, the silver girl asks me to retreat into silence or at least relaxing sound, be it music or other: 'Be silent and contemplate an image of your

choice, the one your heart feels attracted to. Breathe in deeply and never mind about the thoughts as they arise and dissolve. It is important you start meditating by focusing on the picture of your choice and the taking of the deep breath. After a time of letting the mind relax take an instrument and play some music or hum with the voice. It must be peaceful. Fairies do not like very much electric guitar when it is plugged to the speaker. Take a deep breath and focus on the image. Take a deep breath and focus on the image. Take a deep breath and focus on the image. You must cultivate the space of peace in your mind, body and spirit. Let yourself go. Relax, relax, relax. Let those feelings come and go but do not lose your poise. I am the silver girl who carries your mind to higher dimensions. I am the daughter of the moon and the princess of the stars. I love my Mother and carry out her instructions. I am here to assist you and others to reach the higher self, to listen to its guidance and to merge with it. I am your higher self. I am your higher self. I am your higher self.'

The silver girl will return soon to assist my task of self-improvement.

Let the sound of the music take you to the higher realms. See the beauty of the lights harmonizing with the vibrations travelling from the stars. Geometric patterns play and create shapes and other forms. The lights bubble and turn into a vortex and the vortex becomes still. The presence of the Mother is felt and all stand still listening to the silence, lost in adoration and all aspiring to merge with Her mystery. Some will. Some will not. Some will return to the denser planes for a mission that the Mother has assigned to them. Some will fail. Some will succeed. Others will get half-way. The Mother knows all the secrets and all know they fulfill Her will. Then the lights dance again and the cosmos resounds with a subtle sigh of worshipping love.

'Listen to me, Yann-Vari. Listen to me. Listen to me. Let the thoughts fade away and open for a moment to your heart. You just have to sit still and let my voice speak to you in feelings, visions and vibrations. Other impressions will come to you but you must first learn to be still, be still, be still. I am the silver girl and I like the sound of the harps, the sound of the flutes and the voice of the woman crying for her

beloved to take her home. Likewise I like the voice of the man weeping for his beloved to dissolve his hard heart. Yann-Vari, let go, let go, let go. In time you will learn. But do not rush, do not rush, do not rush. Go with the flow and trust my guidance.

The silver girl has spoken.

The fairies speak. 'Hi there. We are here to take you to the dance which never stops and never ends. Our lords, masters, ladies and mistresses have allowed us to speak to you. Why don't you let yourself be taken by the fairies' vortex and experience the joy that we cultivate. Do not fear for there is nothing to fear. Actually, we are repelled by fear. Yes we know your heart's desire to join with us and play with us. But yet, there is this fear. This is why you have to be with a full open heart. Fear creates doubts and doubts turn into thoughts that clutter your mental and emotional space. Why are humans so lost in their thoughts, as if they were the sole beings in Creation to think for the Creator? The Creator resides in every atom, every vibration, every soul and every spirit that compose and contain Creation. We fairies like the sound of our Mother calling us to be nourished with her milk that takes on many shapes. We fairies like to dance, sing and play. We make love in the green vibrations of spring time and detest the false union that humans call love, but it is carnal lust without any feelings involved. This is no play. This is awfully serious. We love love-making and we love playful intimacy. We love to merge with the vibrations of animals and humans making love and we love the pollen of the flowers engendering a symphony of life in the green meadows of Mother Earth. So Yann-Vari will you join us to the dance?'

I will, the best I can. So did I state.

Times of cleaning. As physical pollution intensifies, so does psychic contamination. A climate of fear is created and maintained through the media, among other things. Films, advertising, TV programs, the Internet, etc. carry all kinds of information apart from the one they are officially meant to convey. Those bits of information get

implanted in the human psyche which reinforce the victimhood mentality of present humanity. One has to read between the lines and see between the images if one does not want to stay trapped in present consensus reality. A lot programming goes on collectively. Times of cleaning. Cleaning the mind. I realised very recently how much debris I have accumulated by watching fear-reinforcing media. That kind of reality is on its way out for a few awakened ones while it gets denser for the rest. The crucial period we are in living now may see the gulf increasing between those who want to create their own reality as creators and those stuck in their repetitive drama based on victimhood. Silver girl, daughter of the moon, please assist me in becoming a creator and stopping the game of victimhood. I am ready to open my heart. I do not want to play anymore the drama of four-dimensional agencies. I want to access the fifth dimension and expand mind, body and spirit to the sound of love, play and creativity.

Children playing. Birds singing. Wind blowing. Snow falling. Wood growing. Elementals re-creating. Souls expending. Spirits flying. Bodies burning. Water cleansing. Blood living. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies dance the vision of the elementals and protect the treasures of nature. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies sing the beauty of the moon and weave the threads of magic. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies play the music of the spheres and there are located on Earth in the vibrational dimension. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies haunt the old stones and attract the visitor to be introduced to the ancestral memories. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies wonder about the distortion present in mankind and pray to the Goddess to protect them from the fury of humans. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies like to play on the moor, in the woodlands, in the fields, by the cliffs, near the sea, on the hills, in the mountains. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies always remember the Gods and transmit messages from them to the destined recipient. Air, Fire, Water, Earth. The fairies welcome the silver girl and drink the celestial beverage with her. The silver girl plays with the fairies before travelling back to the moon.

Dimensions as exposed by the Pleadian goddess Satya through her vehicle

Barbara Hand Clow are another word for states of minds/moods. The fifth dimension seems well expressed by classical music. Sexual love is another way to express the fifth dimension. Words like 'plane', 'state', 'sphere', 'dimension' appear to be interchangeable. I have the Pleiades conjunct my Venus in Taurus. If it definitely is the case, then it seems to be a good placement. The silver girl is guiding me and I thank her with all my heart.

The silver girl speaks to me: 'It took all those years to finally realize you can chant those prayers to our Mother. Who were you believing a mechanical repetition would do the job. Come on! Chant! Sing! Free your heart! Open your heart! With your placement of the Moon in Taurus and Venus in Taurus conjunct the Pleiades, you have enough potential to be able to sing. It is so simple: singing! Get lighter, my baby! Get lighter, my disciple! Get lighter, my dear one! The weight of your intellect will not carry you to the fifth dimension if you do not free your heart with the music of the sphere and the song in your heart. Listen to the song in your heart! Listen to the song in your heart! Listen to the song in your heart!

The silver girl has spoken. Thank you, you the song in my heart and may I help and love and live with the song of my heart.

An altar of the four directions and the first dimension, Gaia: Let's set up this altar, it may already be established. If it is, then let's expend it. East/Air, South/Fire, West/Water, North/Earth. Let this altar be a place within my heart and soul. I attune to the iron crystal of Mother Gaia. Mother, please receive me and guide me.

The second dimension, the Elementals. Air, what do you wish? Light up an incense, my friend, and take a deep breath. Fire, what do you wish? The candles are my gift from you. Now revere the Sun in Aries and the Sagittarius rising sign. Transmute that challengingly aspected sun of yours into a guiding light and a fire of transformation. Do not be a patriarch but become a visionary. Abandon the wars of contingency for the battle within. Light up like a knight of the round table. Be brave for the Lady. The Sun is exalted in Aries. The planet of the heart, potentially, functions at its best in the sign of the ram. Get on with it! Water, what do you

wish? Drink some water, feel it and listen to the music. Your expansion lies in the water element as your Jupiter is in Cancer in the eighth house, the house associated with Scorpio. Your Jupiter is trine Mercury conjunct Chiron in Pisces and Neptune in Scorpio. Also, your Jupiter is sextile Venus conjunct the Pleiades in Taurus and Uranus in Virgo. Listen to and trust your feelings, my baby. Earth, what do you wish? Feel the stones my friend. Why don't you wear a crystal? Come on my friend, get yourself a crystal and wear it. Do not neglect the best of your sensuality. Enjoy wisely the pleasures implied by your Taurus placement. That way, you are more likely to help your beloved heal. Give her a lot of good sex and she appreciates your massages as you like doing it. Those are the best gifts you can offer me my friend.

Thank you Elementals, children of Gaia. May I always remember you to the best of my abilities as we mammals and humans are made of the four elements: the Air we breath, the Fire of digestion, the Water in our blood and saliva and the Earth providing the solid material in our bones, organs, flesh, skin, teeth and hair. Equally, you make up our astrological signs and houses.

Archetypal teachers, would you like me to play some pipe and percussion instrument? The coin has said 'yes'. I even sung a poem written by Anna Shaw<sup>1</sup> titled 'Brighde': She makes a song/With wild birds./Her music can never/Be assumed known./Wind and sun's flame/Dance round/And through her,/A timeless harmony./She gather words/Like wild flowers./Her music can never/Be assumed known/Tides rocks moon/Wash round/And through her,/A timeless harmony.

I want to offer you a new singing. I will use another poem of the same writer.

'Women': Weak and wounded/From too long/out in the wilderness,/Bewailing those lost,/Whispering brave words,/Putting flame to the wick,/Whistling into dark winds/That sweep them clean,/Working and watching,/Always waiting/Till they become witches -/Wilful, wild,/Wanton and wooing. and 'Chant': My will is

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<sup>1</sup>Offerings, New Avalonia Design Publication, Glastonbury, England, 1986.

strong/Endurance long/Facing what's wrong/I live on a song/And now I dare/To show I care/Freely share/With anyone there.

Thank you Archetypal teachers for requesting me to sing.

The fourth dimension is the dimension of feelings. Open yourselves and do not feel ashamed. I will guide you and rescue you for I am the silver girl. Quand je pense ou vois une femme, il ya beaucoup de sentiments qui s'animent. C'est difficile des fois parce que les sentiments semblent contradictoires. Quelque fois, c'est tres sexuel, d'autres fois, c'est de l'adoration. De temps en temps, c'est de la colere et puis vient l'amitie et la joie d'etre avec elles. La Deesse, la dame, je sais qu'elle existe. Je l'aime. je l'adore. Des fois je la hais et puis je regrette la colere parce que ca separe. Pourtant j'ai une mere et elle m'aime. Mais j'ai un pere blesse et ca fait mal, bien que, dieux merci, il est beaucoup mieux maintenant. Et puis il y a Jo et la ca semble contradictoire. L'amour vient, est la puis est recouvert par du ressentiment. Pourtant, si on est ensemble, c'est que ca fait partie du plan des dieux. Je ne comprends pas les petites filles. Je ne veux pas devenir un monstre mais je veux comprendre l'essence du sentiment derriere. Est-ce qu'elles m'evoquent les fees ou autre chose? Il semble y avoir l'attraction du jeu feminin et enfantin. Peut etre que l'enfant interieur est reveille. Mais mon enfant interieur semble etre blesse. Peut etre que je suis attire par leur spontaneite. Mais je ne veux rien de pollue. Je ne veux pas des images d'Epinal qui me font errer. je dois integrer ces sentiments, les reconnaitre et les accepter. Mais je ne veux faire de mal a personne. J'ai deja assez galere dans le cote sombre de la vie. Je veux l'epanouissement de mon coeur, de mon ame et de ma conscience. C'est difficile les sentiments. Pourtant il me faut de les reconnaitre et de les aimer sans pour autant indulger dans leur jeux au detriment de la conscience que j'ai du divin qui se manifeste pour moi dans la forme de la Deesse. O Mere, apprends moi a integrer mes sentiments et a diriger ces sentiments vers ta hauteur car tu es la Source, le Chemin et le But.



The fairy card symbolising my deepest feelings is Geeeeooo the Slooow representing the balance of natural cycles that never rush. Take a deep breath and don't rush.

Aries and Sagittarius, be grounded in the Moon in Taurus conjunct the North Node in Taurus. Allow the feminine to guide and ground you. Let the earth envelop you and feed you. And then your fire will be mature and directed, shining and creative, a fiery expression of adoration to the Goddess who is the source, the way and the goal.

Contemplate the Singer of the Chalice as it is the way to the Bright Mother. There is no need to return to the Bodacious Bodach. Let the hurt child be healed and redeemed by the Mother of all.

The Singer of the Chalice: I sing for the Mother. I sing, sing, sing for the chalice. I am of the chalice and the chalice is I. The Singer of the Chalice you should become. 'Trust. Joy. Patience. creativity. Hope. Miracles.' Open your heart. Free your heart. Take a deep breath. See you later.

Qu'est-ce-qu'il s'est passe aujourd'hui? pourquoi tant de ressentiment envers la bien aimee? C'est parce que tu as peur pour ton integrite. Ne te laisse pas submerge par les peurs qui ne sont que des pensees. Sens, FEEL, Ouvre ton coeur, open your heart, liberares ton coeur, free your heart. I am going to sing a song to the Dark Lady.

Dark Lady

In the winter of my heart

I feel the pain

Yet I must ease it

Teach me Dark Lady

To redeem the darkness

The darkness within me

In the fear of my soul

I fear the loneliness  
Being homeless in the cosmos  
Yet I must find home  
Within myself  
Help me Dark Lady

In the prison of the mind  
I resent letting go  
Yet I must let go  
For how can I love  
If both of us are not free  
Free me, free us, Dark Lady

Behind the clouds  
Is the eternal sky  
Behind the thought  
Is the unaffected silence  
Receive us Dark Lady  
Let us love you

And now a song for the Singer of the Chalice

Singer of the Chalice  
Eloquence of the stars  
Raise the waters  
The waters of love  
Joy and trust  
You take me home

Singer of the Chalice  
Peace is within  
The voice of the stars  
Harmonics, harmonics  
You take me home  
The moon is home

Singer of the Chalice  
Beauty is your essence  
Through dimensions  
Right here on Earth  
You take me home  
Venus is home too.

The silver girl speaks: The song of your heart will always remain the song of your heart, so please little earthling, do activate the sextile between Mercury conjunct Chiron sextile Venus conjunct the Pleiades. Sing, sing, sing as I am the song in your heart.