

THE LILITH ARCHETYPE

This essay is going to explore, with a feminist approach, the depiction of female characters in four horror films: a) *Vampire Circus*, b) *The Howling*, c) *The Truth About Demons*, and d) *The Craft*. The intellectual school of thought that inspires this attempt is spiritual feminism. The films were chosen to an extent arbitrarily and also because it felt right to do so. We will try to establish that (some) horror films were cast in the mould of patriarchy and that now some of them sound post-patriarchal. This essay is going, among other things, to explore the portrayal of women as witches, something I would call the Lilith Archetype.

'[...] Lilith is Adam's first wife, created at the same time and of the same substance as he. She recognises her full equality, and symbolises it in her demand that during sexual intercourse she should not always be expected to assume the inferior position. [...]
Lilith becomes split off from Adam, cursed by God, and banished to the bottom of the Red Sea. There she brings forth myriads of demons and vents her jealous rage against Eve and all the children of Eve.' (1)

Lilith could be a former sort of 'tantric' goddess cursed by subsequent patriarchies, be they Babylonian and/or Judaic. But the twelfth-century Spanish Cabbalist, R. Isaac Hacoen, writes that "Lilith is a ladder on which one can ascend to the rungs of prophecy". (2) Perhaps Lilith could symbolise the single free woman who become revengeful when cast away (Folly) but, when she is accepted, shares her knowledge (Wisdom).

Vampire Circus

Vampire Circus is a typical Hammer movie that came out in 1971. It tells the story of a woman exiled from her Central European village, in the nineteenth century, because of her adulterous love for her vampire lover who is also the local count. The vampire burial brings a curse upon the village. The woman comes back years later as the head of a vampire circus. Typically, she is gypsy-type, as she is taken to be in the film, in other words, the free woman is foreign as if she cannot be a village white middle-class lady. Although she is not depicted as a witch casting magic circles, there are elements of spell-casting in the film. She is the matriarch of the vampire circus and commands the males and females in the circus. Among the circus characters are a dwarf, a giant shape shifter who turns into a black panther, and two other shape shifters who turn into bats and who are also the seemingly twin children of the circus matriarch. Shape-shifting can be associated with shamanism, the old religion of the old matriarchal order. There is also a woman who transforms into a tiger. Here the free woman is a foreigner associated with the bizarre embodied in the odd characters of the circus. A free and single woman cannot belong to the patriarchal small town. The 'abnormality' of her situation is incarnated in the outsiders' circus. Furthermore, the free woman challenges patriarchal authority as suggested by her adulterous love and the sacrifice of her daughter to her vampire lover. Although the matriarch could also be said to have sold out to another form of patriarchy, i.e., the aristocratic type embodied in the vampire count, she is definitely in charge when it comes to the circus and she comes with a vengeance. Perhaps she sacrifices her daughter because the offspring was patriarchally conceived. She does show mother feelings when she laments the death of her shape-shifting son and daughter. The count lives in the shadow of the village; he is buried under the earth. The vampire is associated by some with menstruation. (3)

The taboo of menstruation and the old matriarchal religion—symbolised by shape-shifting vampirism—live in the shadow/unconscious (the vampire's grave and the night-time) of patriarchal consciousness. The vengeance is the re-emergence of the witch archetype (the circus matriarch) threatening the fragile order of the consciousness of the day and light associated with the father god. Penelope Shuttle

and Peter Redgrove write: 'Dracula opened the permissive sixties with his chorus of happily bleeding women, with broad hints about sexual menstruation'. (4) So, if this theory of the vampire as a metaphor for menstruation holds good, then the power of menstruation, when it runs free, goes hand in hand with the liberation of women who can only, by their very emancipation, threaten the patriarchal order, who sees the free woman as 'evil'. The circus matriarch is single, thus challenging marriage and rules over the beasts and people of her circus, i.e., the fringe in relation to patriarchal order who nearly collapses if it was not for the annihilation of the vampire circus. The circus matriarch bent on revenge incarnates fairly well the demonic side attached to Lilith.

As to the other women, i.e., the village females, they are seen as good but typically don't seem to do much without their husbands. These patriarchal women would more than likely incarnate docile Eve.

The Howling

'When a female news reporter is sent to a strange Californian community to recover from a sexual trauma, she is unaware that most of her fellow inmates are werewolves.' (5) Here the two 'good' women are freer than their counterpart of *Vampire Circus*. The setting occurs in the early eighties in the USA. The TV news reporter (she is blonde), seemingly against the approval of her husband, goes to meet a sexual assaulter while being monitored by the police. It is as if she was going to encounter her sexual nightmares, but the end-result traumatises her as she becomes a poor creature relying on the men (the police, her husband, the doctor of the back-to-nature werewolf community) to help her recover. However, she still exercises her free-will when she shows at the end of the movie what the 'gift' consists of to the TV audience: she is becoming a werewolf and that's a warning. She sacrifices herself for the sake of patriarchal urban order so to speak. She does challenge that order at the end when she reads her script as opposed to the TV news script, but only to reinforce 'normal' society. The other woman exercises her own free will as well, coming to the Californian community to save her female friend (the TV news reporter), investigating

with her male partner the former whereabouts of the male werewolf who (nearly) assaulted sexually the reporter. Here the patriarchal order is not as strong as in *Vampire Circus*. It is still oppressive enough for the women as the TV reporter, in the Californian community, tells the doctor she is happy not to bother with hair and make up for the news, implying that patriarchy requires its female TV reporters to present themselves in such a way and not the other. Perhaps, the 'gift' (becoming a werewolf, being in touch with one's unconscious pre-patriarchal sexual instincts) is too much for the TV reporter who cannot break completely free from patriarchy. Her sexuality was patriarchal and she could only be traumatised by the werewolf—the old matriarcho-shamanic religion's—sexuality. The werewolf could embody old instincts, shape shifting and shamanism, the old matriarchal order closer to nature before the patriarchal conceptualisation of it.

The bad woman in *The Howling* is a dark-haired, single and fearless female. She takes the initiative in sex, and rules over and protects her brother. There is an association between the free woman and untamed nature: the werewolf state, beautiful landscape settings, a sort of back-to-nature community. One could almost say there is a (conscious? unconscious?) ecological theme in the film with the werewolves being so surrounded by humans and urbanism they have to adapt to modern human habits. The werewolf would be a species on the verge of extinction. I think it is easy to speak of the female werewolf in this film as a witch possessing the gift, i.e., the capacity to become a werewolf, perhaps symbolising an ability for humans to act in a non-conceptual fashion, a 'natural' way. Werewolf involves shape-shifting, a reminder of the old shamanic religion and the wolf, if my knowledge is correct, was a kind of totem animal in some Red Indian societies seen by some as matriarchal of some sort. *The Howling* is perhaps not as dualistic as *Vampire Circus*. I don't escape the feeling that the good-and-bad-guys pattern in this film is not that strong. So the 'evil' woman shows protective affections that can manifest in an assertive fashion. She 'protects' her werewolf brother against the influence of the doctor's book, challenging his (patriarchal?) authority and knowledge. She challenges him again at the end

denouncing his diplomatic scheme for the werewolf community that ends up following her instead of the doctor.

She is fond of the TV news reporter's male partner. She initiates him—perhaps against his will but with his—so did I feel—emotional, passive agreement—in the 'gift', taking the sexual initiative. The sexual act, the biting (that is also a form of spell-casting) are all part of the initiatic ritual set in the woods at night. There are again associations between the free, single woman, nature, night, the moon, associations that radical feminist pagans like Monica Sjoo see as potentially women-empowering. The werewolf is perhaps a shape-shifting relic of a matriarcho-shamanic order living in the shadows (nature and the night) of patriarchal consciousness (the day and the city). One could nearly wonder if the out-of-tune-with-nature manners of urban patriarchy causes the perversion of instincts, becoming destructive in an urban environment, as possibly suggested by the male werewolf being a sexual assaulter in the early stages of the film.

The Truth About Demons

In *The Truth About Demons* (2000), patriarchy seems incarnated in the Sorcerer, the male leader of a satanic cult addicted to power in its sadistic form. There is no affection in this satanic sect, only the lust for power. His daughter, Benny or Penny, challenges his authority by escaping the cult, becoming a kind of white, punk-looking witch and protecting the male persecuted by the sect, of whom she is fond. Here, satanism could be a metaphor for unrestrained patriarchal power that, when unchecked, can only become destructive and sadistic, going round the circle of 'horizontal' domination. The witch again is single, dark-haired, 'sexy' and initiates sex. male-persecuted Harry, victimised by the satanic sect because he didn't take them seriously, has a sort of spiritual gift that, if I understood the plot correctly, witch Benny or Penny tries to awaken in him. Her father, the patriarchal leader of the satanic cult, lies whereas she tells the truth, perhaps symbolising a feminist attempt to

debunk the claims of patriarchy. Whereas the white witch has empathy for Harry, while certainly animated with revenge against evil patriarchy, i.e., her satanic daddy, the satanic sect is only selfish. Harry's blond wife turns out to be a member of the cult. The blonde patriarchal wife or partner lives in the material comforts of capitalistic patriarchy, whereas the single female witch lives on the fringe of that order. Harry's' blond wife seems only attracted to the man who wields the strongest power, first the Sorcerer, then Harry himself. On the other hand, Benny or Penny risks her life for Harry, whom she seems to nurture. The values of an emancipated motherhood are an alternative that radical feminists propose against the rule of the fathers. The witch is also playful and funny, unlike her daddy very serious in his quest for power. The only pleasure he gets seems to reside in sadistic sessions, which is not really 'fair-play'.

The Craft

In *The Craft* (1996), three rebellious, problem-afflicted teenage girls introduce an unexperienced and guilt-eaten (because of the death of her mother) natural witch into their coven, completing the four directions and casting revenge-spells against dysfunctional males. Here the only 'functional' male entity is a male-categorised source of supernatural power called Manon residing. He manifests, among other things, via wind and thunderstorms, suggesting he is a god of the natural elements. There is an older and wiser witch who warns the witchcraft apprentices against the law of threefold return, i.e., whatever you do comes back to you times three. Here, apart from Manon, all the males are dysfunctional (a seemingly weak father, a date-rape student, a wife-battering lazy husband, a tramp holding a snake). The main protagonists are all female. Sarah, the natural witch, is (starting to be) initiated in the Craft and Manon in the proper fashion by the New Age older witch (she runs a New Age shop). She reveals to Sarah her dead mother was a witch herself. Sarah's fondness for her mother seems to keep her grounded as opposed to Nancy, her teenage witchy colleague, obsessed with revenge and finally surrendering to power, her

ego becoming inflated to the extent she loses empathy, i.e., she is completely alienated (she ends up in the 'lunatic farm') which is the consequence of patriarchal politics running amok, inflating the sense of one's own importance to the detriment of empathy with the other. Sarah, to become a fully functional witch, has to surrender to the higher power under the advisement of the older witch. At first, Sarah doesn't want to surrender. She has to confront her fears and her guilt over her mother's death, personified in the form of snakes and activated by Nancy. On the verge of dying, she is granted full initiation by her dead mother who thus erases Sarah's guilt. She lets go so to speak and confronts Nancy, binding her from doing harm to others and herself, a thing that Nancy cannot accept and sends her threefold-blasted straight to the 'lunatic farm'. The two other witches seem like average people, morally neutral/luke-warm in a manner of speaking. Sarah is blonde and Nancy has hair of dark complexion, which, to an extent, reinforces an annoying and old cliché about the personification of good and evil. Having said that, I would consider *The Craft* to be a post-patriarchal movie where the religion and morality are post-Christian, (neo-)pagan and feminist. The fathers' rule is now irrelevant. Indeed, the redemption comes from Sarah's mother, physically dead but alive in the spirit world.

One last thing about *The Craft* to illustrate our Lilith theme concerns Sarah's partial motivation to her training in witchcraft. She, seemingly, enters the coven because of the humiliation brought to her by the 'date-rape' student on whom she casts a love spell; but then the law of three-fold returns strikes when the student nearly rapes her. Repentant, so to speak, she asks the New Age witch for advice and warns Nancy not to abuse her power. About Lilith, Brian Egg also writes:

'The howling desert storm demoness is also the Whore Wisdom, crying on rooftops, and the hairy repentant harlots and holy women like Mary Magdalen and Mary the Egyptian. Repentance is metanoia, change of mind, a stage in understanding that amounts to a transformation of habitual attitudes'. (4)

Doesn't it sound like the story of Sarah in *The Craft* that (nearly?) makes that movie a religious and/or spiritual film?

As a summary and conclusion, *Vampire Circus* treats the theme of the Lilith-like single female witch and/or matriarch from a hostile patriarchal point of view, whereas *The Craft* deals with the topic from a seemingly post-patriarchal and feminist stance. In between stand *The Howling* and *The Truth About Demons*.

Notes

(1) Ean Begg, *Myth and today's Consciousness*, London, Coventure Ltd, 1984, pp. 84–85

(2) Ean Begg, *Myth and today's Consciousness*, London, Coventure Ltd, 1984, p. 85

(3) See Shuttle and Redgrove's chapter “The Mirror of Dracula” in their book *The Wise Wound—Menstruation and Everywoman*, London, HarperCollins Publishers, 1994, pp. 225–259

(4) Penelope Shuttle and Peter Redgrove, *The Wise Wound—Menstruation and Everywoman*, London, HarperCollins Publishers, 1994, p. 253

(5) Joe Dante, *The Howling*, back cover of the video tape, Avco Embassy Pictures, 1981

(6) Ean Begg, *Myth and Today's Consciousness*, London, Coventure Ltd, 1984, pp. 84–96

Filmography

Dante, Joe (director), *The Howling*, Avco Embassy Pictures, 1981

Fleming, Andrew (director), *The Craft*, Columbia Pictures, 1996

Standring, Glenn (director), *The Truth About Demons*, D.E.J. Productions Inc., 2000

Young, Robert (director), *Vampire Circus*, Hammer Film Productions Ltd, 1971

QUESTGIRL

I walk, I am the girl who has lost the key to uncover the memories of netherland. I walk, I am the girl who tries her best to reach the bliss promised by the revelation of Wisdom. I walk, I am the girl who has been walking for ages in territories that are known only to obscure medieval scholars. I have walked for too long. Exhausted, I fall on the ground and fall into sleep. I dream, there are beings watching over me. I am afraid, I don't know if they are the result of an over-excited imagination or whether they have an objective identity in the realms of conceptual thought.

I remember the boyfriend. My lover was talking to me in this restaurant. He was appreciative of my inner soul and did not want to hurt my heart. He spoke flattering words that were not flattering as they were the expression of the truth contained in his heart. In this restaurant, I remember the affectionate face he was showing. I had to go to the toilets. I left him at the table and the picture of his lovable face stayed in my mind and my heart. I couldn't resist playing with myself in the toilets. His face was so intoxicating. I commenced to forget myself in playing with myself. Then the tremor occurred. I lost my stance and fell head against the wall. I re-gained my composure and went back to the table by the restaurant window where was sitting my lover. Still dazed, I could notice that the window was broken,

shattered, disintegrated. Body parts were lying everywhere and the table was no more. Broken fragments of wood remained instead. My lover was no more. Something happened. A tremor? A bomb? Where is my lover? He lays shattered, broken, dis-membered. I do not believe my eyes. I scream. I screamed. I cry. I cried. I fall on my knees. I fell on my knees. I faint. I fainted. I forgot the carnage and travelled to another land. That land was not material. I don't know. I saw creatures, beings, shapes, colours, geometrical designs, gases, vapours, symbols. Then the memory came back. I saw the body of my lover, or his soul, or his heart, or his spirit, imprisoned in a being of fire that tormented him. He screamed in agony, but the sound was non-tangible. He wept, but the tears were not material. He struggled with the entity, but the body was not a physical structure. 'No! No! No!' I yelled. But my voice was not a voice. I lost him and regained consciousness.

I woke up. The hospital was busy with journalists and a frenzy rendered maniac by the presence of the police. I recollected my dead lover and I sunk into a hopelessness that was ruthless. The doctors spoke to me, so did the nurses, the police, the journalists, my parents, my sister and my two brothers. I did not react, answer or move. I remained inert, as if I was deprived of stimulation. I stayed at my parents for an indefinite period, alone in the bedroom and having lost my flat. The picture of my dead lover appears before my eyes, but the picture was mental. I wept and wept and wept and wept. It is not right that my beloved has gone away, was gone, will never return. Silent moments seeming timeless and sterile accompanied my loneliness and my grief. I do not realise the duration. It is data-less. My mother has come into my room. She carries a candle as the power went off. The candle. The light. The fire. My lover was prisoner of the being of fire. I yelled and fell unconscious.

I recovered. I left. I took everything useful I could take and I ran away. 'Over there!' said the thought, or the voice, or the message, or the angel, or the fairy, or the girl. It was an inner communication and the power of compulsion attached to it was unparalleled. I left. No address, no message, no 'good-bye!' I left. Train tickets and

coach tickets and plane tickets were purchased and I went towards the direction that was indicated by the voice saying; 'Over there!' Where is 'over there'? I don't know. The compulsion animated my being. My motivation was also not mine.

I am somewhere in a city I don't know. I have no money left and depression is attacking me. The recollection is all terrible. A group of men came and saw me. They pursued me as I guessed their unwholesome intention. They caught me. They tore my clothes apart. They punched me and forced their evil penis in my vagina. I relinquished any will to survive or to die. I became an animation-less puppet. The toy of some human beast blinded by the compulsion and the libido. Then the voice came back and said: 'Over there!' An upsurge of energy took over my numbness and I reacted. I punched and kicked back! I yelled and moved my limbs in all directions. I scratched and bit the flesh and it became red. I don't know for how long the slaughter took place. I heard a series of desperate 'No's' in terrified male voices. I don't know how long the pitiful men were in agony in their hellish pain; the castration finished the work started. They died. They lay in this dark lane poorly lit and they were bitten, beaten, slain, their clothes in tatters, stained with blood and their manhood lying next to them in disorderly arrangement. I yelled and ran away.

I ran in streets joining lanes joining roads joining streets. I stopped for a while, for many moments, and re-composed myself. Then I sat somewhere in the city I did not know and fell asleep. I saw my boyfriend tortured by the being of fire. He displayed in immaterial terms a face exploding, scattered, beaten, eaten, lacerated. He suffered unbelievably extreme sorts of flagellation, dismemberment, isolation, intoxication and the axe tore him to pieces. And the sequence recommenced. I screamed and screamed and cursed and puked and fainted. I felt the breath. It was warm and cool and I saw her, the being dressed in silver, silvery-blond, silvery-hazel, silvery dark. Silvery blue eyes, silvery green eyes, silvery brown eyes, silvery black eyes, silvery grey eyes, silvery pink eyes, silvery red eyes, silvery purple eyes, silvery violet eyes and the eyes made of rainbow in the silvery firmament healed my inner and outer pain. I felt comforted, protected, guided, looked after, nourished,

trusted, estimated, appreciated, taught, corrected and loved. The silver being, the silver girl, emitted lights and a light that was electric, immaterial, dreamlike and objective. I felt in a time and place where time and place are different. I felt re-constructed, re-born, taken away and brought back. The silver girl takes my hand and we enter the vehicle of light.

I saw spaces, suns, stars, beings, landscapes and the triangle above the triangle. One is upright. One is pointed downwards. And they merge and they become a circle. The circle was a sphere of warmth and coolness and loveliness and gaiety and love. I was taken away and brought back. I saw angels and angles, fairies and landscapes, thoughts and ideas, designs and patterns. I saw the night becoming day and the day becoming night. And they turned into darkness and they turn into light. And the darkness was luminous and the luminosity was dark with an impossible mystery that was neither this or that, or that or this but the synthesis and the source of that and this and this and that. The silver girl in her silent smile communicated to me encyclopedias of information, of qualities within the ether, of past stations of existence and future modes of living. The silver girl imparted to me a sense of unity that was nowhere and everywhere, above and below and beyond above and below. The sense of unity was the smallest and the largest quantity, quality, summary, introduction, alpha and omega of everything and things change and do not change. And the patterns that seek to achieve independence formulate angles and angular designs that cut and tear apart. And the ideas that seek to fulfill the completion of interdependence create circles and spheres and bathe in the watery bliss of personalities in communion. And the silver girl displayed a spectre of reality in which I caught immaterial sight of my lover prisoner of the being of fire. 'Over there!' repeated the voice and I forgot the kaleidoscope of visions and insights.

I woke up in the dark lane and walked, travelled, strolled, was carried, was transported, was dropped off and I walked. I do not know when I crossed an aspect of existential reality for another aspect of fictional reality. I wrote a book to try to locate my lover but the muse deserted my pen. I walked and searched for a lover

entangled into a mass of living fire that was cutting through the sharp angles and penetrated deeper into unlit darkness. I walked and crossed deserts and rivers and lakes and seas and oceans and plains and valleys. I caught a glimpse of my lover in the night, during daylight, by a lake, on the road, in a vehicle of mauve light, chained to a tunnel of vapour and fire. I walked and walked. 'Over there!' repeated the voice and I walked.

Finally I am here somewhere, exhausted, thirsty, hungry, angry, desperate, bewildered. I lost the key. Where is 'over there'? I wept and relinquished any hope of finding my lover. The moment of oblivion seemed everlasting. And I felt her breath. And I saw her. The silver girl with the silent smile and the vehicle of light pointed her finger in an unknown direction. I followed the immaterial line starting from the finger and saw a whirlpool of fire and vapour. 'Over there!' said the voice and I ran, I ran, I ran. Fire and smoke getting nearer, closer, more intimate and menacing. I did not fear. I only ran. At last I was able to look at him, my lover, in a deadly agony of laceration by red light sharp as a knife. I did not step back. I penetrated the pattern of red lights sharp as a sword and lacerated my body, my mind and my spirit. But I went on advancing. I suffered endless pains but I continued stepping forward 'til I was within reach of my disintegrated lover and I kissed him. And I loved him and I love him. And I caressed him and I brought him back.

I am in the toilets playing with myself and the voice says 'Over there!' I do not know. I did not know. But now I know and I knew. I panic and am cool. I suddenly put my pants back and walked out of the toilets, walking and running, approaching my lover sitting by the table of the restaurant next to the window. I seize him and force him to leave his chair. He wants to protest but cannot utter any word. We walk outside. We run outside and the lorry approaches. We run outside and the lorry comes closer to the window of the restaurant. There is an open door. We go inside the house and hear the conflagration. Smoke and fire. Metal and flesh. Broken glass and broken bones. Why have we been saved? I do not know. Why was I warned of the fire kidnapping my dead lover? I do not know. All I know is that we

both cry and thank and laugh and weep. I vaguely see a silvery being looking like a mature girl and the light disappears.

THE RISE OF THE FEMININE AND THE DECLINE OF PATRIARCHY IN THE WEST

As we approach the end of the Millennium, a wind of uncertainty seems to blow through the Western World. Environmental damages, what is perceived as the decline of the family, accelerated changes in everyday life, the perceived failure of materialism to nourish spiritual needs, etc. have caused some minds to question the present situation and seek for alternatives to the present model. Other (starts of) social changes have questioned patriarchy in its perceived essence and manifestation. The bourgeois-consolidated patriarchy seems incapable of supplying us with remedy to calm down our present anguish. The rise of the single mothers suggests that more children are brought up in the presence of an active mother model, supplying both the resources and the love. Albeit circumstances force in many cases the situation of single mothers, and that housing estates in many single mother cases doesn't help in the upbringing of children, it can be argued that many a heterosexual family fails to provide the children with an adequate upbringing, through interconnected cases such as rows, alcoholism, abuse of whatever sort and everything connected with the dark side of the family. The failure—or should we say the exhaustion of a type—of patriarchy in the secular West suggests the only alternative left to us is the revitalisation and the (re) empowerment of the Feminine. If more women than men do experience a Mind, Body and Spirit (MBS) unity as opposed to the possibly and extensively male-experienced split between mind and body, then through the guidance of the Mother, the West could start collectively a healing process whereas the mind would be again united with the body, and a reconciliation between the West and Nature would commence, directing us to begin towards a more environment-friendly technology and more correct attitudes with regard to the non-human world. As a more

holistic approach would take place, the West would then find its connection with Nature, and humankind would be perceived as being an integral part of Gaia, resulting in the psychological healing of our consciousness as the split between mind and body would cease. In many cases, the mind is connected with humankind and body with Nature; in some extreme cases mind/humankind is identified with man and body/Nature with woman. The reconciliation between the West and Nature would allow for humankind to reconcile with itself. It is possible the need for such a change has started in the collective unconscious, forcing the emergence of new social patterns such as the single mothers through circumstances at first sight 'accidental' but possibly 'directed' by the collective unconscious. Such a rebirth of the Mother would inevitably compel us to a re-assessment of maleness in connection with the female re-empowerment. It can also be argued that female direction is not alien to our roots, at least in the Celtic West, as our ancestors were living in a world where there was more balance between male and female, and where the power of the mothers was greater than it is now. Celts and Germans were more respectful of Nature than was the urban (Greek) Roman Empire to a degree, and as the West's cultural and intellectual roots come from Greek and Rome, it might be argued that predominantly patriarchal Greek–Latin culture may be lacking in potential to heal our civilisation. The rise of the Feminine might go along a re-discovery of our Celtic heritage, and perhaps further back, the re-discovery of the Neolithic civilisation which was controlling most of Europe before the Indo-Europeans.

The Mother taking care of the child. Then with the rise of the mothers our attitudes would become more caring towards ourselves and in the environment. Possibly single fathers are 'forced' to adapt for themselves a more motherly attitude in the sense they are the only ones to provide the children with a mother model; in the same way some single mothers may have to be more fatherly towards their children, as they are both father and mother in educating the children, and in the sense that they themselves come out of a patriarchal world whereby the single mothers' father figure is still bourgeois. Further evolution of the situation would dismantle that father figure

and replace it with a reborn mother figure. A more matriarchal society would not need to borrow authoritarian patriarchal attitudes as the manifestation of motherhood would be by nature radically different from bourgeois fatherhood. Men would then redefine their fatherhood lest they lose touch with the new evolution taking place, causing further frictions to take place between gender in some cases. Men also would be influenced naturally by the mothers and the fathers' activism would be then cooled down under the guidance of the mothers. Although many men can be touched by the rise of the Feminine, it is obvious women will have to be the first consulted; however, it has to be kept in mind that women also suffered from the infection of decadent patriarchy and that the majority of them is not yet completely freed from patriarchy. Adopting the role traditionally occupied by men is not enough without MBS healing taking place. A co-operation between genders has to then occur. Possibly the changes brought about by Feminism will lead the way towards the adaptation which has to take place. For the changes to be more efficient and effective, Feminism would have to become more spiritual and aware of depth psychology. The MBS unity could allow us to re-discover a sacredness about our lives. A new religious approach could gradually arise among humans as the link between mind and body, humankind and Nature, men and women would allow for that religion of Gaia to take place, keeping in mind the word 'religion' comes from a Latin root implying a link. Women are potentially and naturally more empathic than men as the woman carries the baby for nine months in the womb, the baby being to a degree and seen under a certain angle an extension of the mother. Women's connectedness with the body and the child is among the reasons why the mothers' civilisation would be more caring than bourgeois patriarchy, ruled by the split between mind and body, hence the enmity between mind and body, humans and Nature, men and women. Matriarchy being defensive as opposed to being aggressive like patriarchy, the army would be reviewed in a strictly defensive context. Margaret Thatcher in doing war to safeguard the Falklands against the Argentinians was only defending U.K. territorial integrity.

A reconciliation with ourselves under the guidance of the mothers would make

possible a healing of our sexuality. Feminism advocates the play of intimacy (a mutual exploration of the bodies and the feelings associated with) and the valorisation of sexuality as opposed to the love-making reduced to the coitus (the man triumphantly penetrating/subjugating the woman) and the devalorisation of sexuality through either Puritanism, pornography or the strictly procreative option. Our sexual misery reveals the depths of our patriarchal spiritual void. The current promiscuity is like trying to fill through coitus alone the gap felt by the absence of intimacy. In many cases love-making is only having sex. The collapse of Protestant taboos has not healed our sexuality. From a strictly procreative and puritanical option, the West has adopted a pornographic one. Sex, in the past repressed, is now for sale, like a vulgar washing machine. The play of intimacy advocated by Feminism would allow the coitus and the procreative option to be integrated within a holistic sexuality, causing the mind to be filled with the feelings and the emotions resulting from the gentle play of intimacy as the body would be revalorised and then become the living temple of Eros and Psyche. The rise of the mothers would gradually replace a mechanised, anonymous and promiscuous sex with a holistic sexuality putting the play of intimacy at the heart of love-making.

Feminism can thank the two World Wars for having helped to start the emancipation of women. The women on the weapons production line could contest the arrogance of men wanting them to stay in the kitchen. Also, the Wars brought about the discredit of bourgeois patriarchy, discredit and decline which paved the way for the emergence of Feminism. From a subjective point of view, one could believe bourgeois patriarchy, seeing itself exhausted, prefer to commit suicide through the Atom Bomb rather than leaving the way for a more healthy, mother-centred, system. The Bomb has left the West and humankind with a psychic scar. The Bomb discredited the arrogance of patriarchal science and that was probably the main factor in pushing people towards an ecological awareness.

Feminism should look to merge with ecology. Feminism is not enough when women supplant men within the framework of a patriarchal system without

questioning it. The system needs to be changed. It has no choice but to evolve towards eco-feminism. Since the sixties, the seeds are sown for the evolution of the West towards an eco-feminist society. A revolution is going on before our very eyes, but the resistance to change is strong. Rapes and pornography, the Christian right backlash, the patriarchal mind who, in order to survive, is seeking whatever ways, whether post-modernist, cynical, free market, perhaps even trying to annex Feminism in order to neutralise it through the media portrayal of a certain kind of alleged feminism, one which doesn't challenge the status quo, solely satisfied with equal opportunities within bourgeois patriarchal society without questioning the essence of the system, maintaining the division of class and refusing to change Western Behaviour from A to Z.

My experience of the Feminine comes partly from a feeling that sexuality is a holy thing. Lately I came to understand the whole experience of love-making is religious in its essence and manifestation, a spiritual and sacred range of experiences permitting the couple to reach a Mind, Body and Spirit integration. From the one night stand up to the life marriage, love-making can be a living experience of mutual exchange and co-operation. There is no conquest here. Conquest may arise in the experience of having self-gratifying sex, which results in only the taking, as opposed to the giving. Love-making is about giving and receiving. The partner finds his/her pleasure in giving something to his/her love companion. In my view, woman can be the guide and man the adept and vice-versa, but because of her stronger integration of Mind, Body and Spirit, she takes the priority in the love-making experience whereby she can help the man to get in touch with his feelings and body. An integrated sexual experience can lead to healing and help in bringing out better aspects of the personality. "All acts of love are my rituals" says the Goddess in the Book of Shadows. The point of love-making is to feel the Spirit animating and sanctifying Matter. The bedroom is a temple and love-making becomes an act of worship. In Vajrayana Buddhism, "Nirvana equals Samsara and Emptiness equals Form", that is behind the evergoing play of appearances lies the Spirit; this form of Buddhism has

integrated sexuality as a everyday spiritual path in which can occur the experience of living the "Emptiness equals Form" metaphysics. The woman has often a central aspect as in some forms of this tantric Buddhism she is seen as better equipped than the man for spiritual realisation, via this route of sacred sexuality. In this view Puritanism and its offspring pornography are an offence, the self-grasping "lover" always trying to fill his/her sexual hunger through endless and deceptive conquests. Psychologically it is important for men to get in touch with their anima, their feeling side in order to integrate the feminine part of their psyche. Men have to befriend the woman within in order to relate positively to women. In the same way women have to befriend their animus, the male side of their psyche, the man within so to speak. Men have to claim their feelings back and women their power back. In a possible mother-centred society in which the emphasis would be on Mind, Body and Spirit living unity, the implications of this psychology are deep indeed. There is potential healing involved and women can be the guides and teachers in this process of reconciliation.

Dancing can be another way of reconciling Mind, Body and Spirit. The rave experience can, in the best cases, allow the dancer to be at one with the music and crowd dancing. The taking of MDMA, although illegal, can bring a feeling of empathy and surrender to the experience. Although the artificiality of it and the escapism of many dancers can lead to long-term psychological damages, it has resulted in some peoples taking on a spiritual path. Rave experiences in the countryside may help the Rave adept to get in touch with the earth. It is a strange paradox whereby Industry-born technology can allow for a Mind, Body and Spirit experience and even operate in the service of the earth.

UFOs AND THE MOTHER MIND

The so-called aliens and the UFOs are not just a figment of imagination, even if the latter seems to play a part in the manufacture of flying saucers.

Certainly there are, associated with the UFOs, much hysteria and mass projection. Born—it seems—out of the World's greatest civil war since Atlantis, the UFOs started 'officially' their interference with us in 1947, alongside with the Cold War and its attendant paranoia.

Indeed, the World was split in two blocks, that is, the U.S. empire and the Soviet one. The UFOs were like a cosmic metaphor for the American's obsessive fear of communism infiltrating America. America's shadow side was the Soviet Union mythologised in the invading extra-terrestrial alien.

The flying saucer, obviously round-shaped, was like a mandala to Jung, a symbol of wholeness probably coming on time to heal the World's split psyche. Then the alien turned green and peace loving and the Space Brothers were the space answers to the Hippies's messianic and psychedelic hopes. Certainly Hawkwind is a musical manifestation of this space hippy trend.

Meanwhile the UFOs are what everybody makes of them. One of the common features seems to be the prevalence of 'secret services—sounding' languages and the presence of psychic phenomena.

The UFOs seem really a mass projection responding to the present collective anxiety, i.e., we are messing too much with this planet so that we can only hope that a much higher material civilisation, and in our worldview from space, will take us out of trouble. That says a lot about the present maturity of mankind, little chaotic kids dressed up as adults.

So, in that sense the UFOs are manufactured from the collective imagination, and more accurately from the capitalistic-liberal scientist imagination. The Western World is used to the idea of Martians since Jules Vernes and HG Wells's 1938 Sci-Fi radioshow.

As said above the alien first represents the invading shadow and in the '50s, that means the Soviet menace transposed as an extraterrestrial alien, but the Hippy movement proved that the Americans were as bad as the Soviets, discrediting thus the idea that the Russians were the only bad guys, and the alien-looking shadow turned into the alien-looking messianic hope.

So, that short exposé shows us that Aliens appear differently to us as we 'progress' in our disorganised evolution. The latest trend links, directly or indirectly, according to one's opinion, the UFOs to the Mother Goddess via the crop circles, themselves supposedly manufactured by the flying saucers, and the crops, growing from the soil in a field to end up later on in our stomachs, are mythologically connected with the Goddess of the Field, the Corn-Mother, Demeter and Persephone, in other words, what is now worshipped by the greens as the Earth-Mother, the concept and perception of which came to us partly through the late '60s Hippy movement.

The UFOs have undergone a quite rapid transformation in our diseased imagination, from space demons to space messiahs and space gardeners. But are they just an immaterial piece of our imagination, 'immaterial' here used in the sense that it cannot affect the psycho-physical environment because it comes only from the immateriality of OUR minds?

What if there was a material in a way external to mankind's collective mind, material which would provide the substance out of which the UFOs and their pilots are made?

This material could be made of spirits and astral substance for lack of anything else to describe them and, although the said spirits are in a way external to us, they are also affected by our psychic life. For example, the fairies disappeared gradually from the West's consciousness from the 18th century onwards, cut off from our perception by the rationalo-materialistic shell imposed upon us by the 'Enlightenment'. So now, in our spaceships and atomic devices-dominated culture, the spirits took on the look of aliens, as if they were like 'psychic parrots', or 'astral monkeys', whichever way

you want to describe their copying function, influenced as such by our present technological culture.

But if they—the spirits—are astral or psychic, how can they manifest in our physical world? Maybe, there are gates between this world and the other, possibly opened with the first atomic explosions, as seems to be suggested by Kenneth Grant, or else by the call downstairs to the subconscious and the right of the irrational via psychoanalysis and surrealism. And once the 'space spirits' are in this world, they cannot but operate in a physical way, however transient this process may be, transience which manifests by the usual radical disappearance of the UFOs. From a state of (semi)physical matter, they return to a state of psychic substance. Perhaps also, the present advanced physics view on matter allows the spirits to interfere more often with us, as the present concepts of matter are not so solid as they used to be in the 18th and 19th centuries. These concepts of a not-so-solid matter seem to allow for a psychic element to be reckoned, via the influence of the observer (the physicist) upon the observed (sub-atomic matter), and what characterises the influence—the expectations one might say—of the observer if not his/her particular belief system which precisely belongs to the psychological—psychic—sphere. But what can we expect then from the 'messianic' quality of these UFOs if those are only spirits appearing to us as we want them to appear to us, that is according to fashionable fancies? Some authors also suspect a non-intelligence behind the UFOs, intelligence whose motives might not be so altruistic.

Another possibility is that the spirits come indeed from alien star systems, but not from the physical stars and, in that case, they originate from the subtle—animic—reality of those stars. In this sense there could inhabitants on Venus, but not on physical Venus as they would live on psychic—subtle—Venus.

But that yet doesn't determine the hostile or friendly character of those space spirits. They could possibly be two kinds, the good and bad guys (and possibly a third kind, that is the neutral ones) as the psychic world is made of dualities and dualisms. The bad reputation of the Grays and the UFOs-related vampirism on cattle

in parts of the USA doesn't look very good. Moreover, the trauma abductees seem to suffer from after an abduction doesn't look good either, although contact with the spiritual can also be traumatic (e.g., Mohammed after his encounter with God). Others who had an encounter with the third kind seem to develop artistic and healing abilities, finding a kind of balance and creativity which they didn't express before. So in that case the UFOs are not malefic as they allow an individual's creative potential to unfold.

But the UFOs at the end of the day don't seem able to offer us an effective kind of transcendence, despite the pretension of some to annex Jesus Christ or Maitreya as the Alien Messiah. Then what useful lesson can we get from the UFOs?

It could be that the spirits are linked to us via the space of imagination. In other words, we are not alone and we are linked to other intelligences. Ultimately we are part of the Whole, this whole originating from a both immanent and transcendent unity, that is the MOTHER MIND. Also the psycho-physical reality is impermanent, as shown by the rapid evolution of our perception of the UFOs and what they are or are not. Manifested reality being unstable like a dream, there is only the invisible essential reality to rely on, the Wisdom-realising Emptiness embodied in the Goddess Prajnaparamita.

27/5/98

WORSHIP OF THE GODDESS AND RIGHTS OF MAN

There is unmistakably a revival of Goddess worship in the West nowadays. The failure of both Christianity and a certain type of patriarchy, the concern about the environment, the feminist claims and other factors have helped bring about this revival. Metaphysically, the worship of the Goddess amounts to the worship of Nature or Maya, the World(s) of Appearance(s). Now this Nature extends far more than the limits reductionist contemporary thought gives her. Nature comprises the

spiritual planes of gods and angels, the psychic planes of demons and fairies, the physical planes of 'manifest' matter, the world of minerals, vegetables, animals and mankind. The goddess has many aspects: the Mother as represented by the earth, the solar aspects as represented by the Sun, the obscure aspects as represented by the Moon (symbolising Maya too due to Her changeableness), the Love and relation aspects as represented by Venus, etc. The philosophy behind the worship of the Goddess is a (w)holistic approach to Life and Nature. It has implications which seem ignored by contemporary Anglo-Saxon paganism, except perhaps in the Teutonic expressions of this neo-paganism. As there is a political correctness, there is also a 'spiritual correctness'. In India the worship of Kali is complete, combining both terrible and gentler aspects. It is fortunate that there is this country still in possession of her native paganism to act as a beacon of light in the spiritual darkness of nowadays. The people of India are less polluted by the separatist and anti-holistic philosophy of the Rights of Man. This philosophy, born out of Protestantism, is a misinterpretation of red-Indian philosophy and degenerated Greco-Latinism such as expressed by the French Revolution. The Rights of Man were useful justification for the Bourgeoisie to rape, exploit and industrialise Nature and the Earth-Mother. Deforestation and present-day pollution are a consequence of this philosophy. Along with that, there is a devaluation of Sexuality expressed both through puritanism and pornography, that is sex being used as a mere promiscuous commodity such as washing powder and washing machine. D.H. Lawrence has perfectly understood the Protestant mechanisms of this alienation. His *Apocalypse* (Penguin Books) is probably one of the most important works published on pagan philosophy, surpassing easily Aleister Crowley and Rosenberg. That alienation started, among other things, in the Judaic rejection of goddess worship within Judaism, barely surviving as the Shekinah in the intellectual and urban Quabalah. So the problem of contemporary Goddess worship is that it is usually (self-proclaimed) left wing (as if nature could be left wing or right wing), polluted by political correctness, sentimentalism, and a certain (deviated) feminism (all those groups projecting their

shadow on to their politically non-correct fellow humans, and vice-versa). For instance, many feminists plunged into a conception of active women imposed upon them by men since the 17th century rise of the Bourgeoisie. Before that disastrous era called by some the Male (and female) Betrayal, men were men and women were women (unlike their Victorian and 20th century pale copy), at least among the non-degenerated peasant classes.

The Bourgeoisie need for order and security feared insanely the apparently chaotic world of Nature, Instinct, Sex and Woman. The fact is that nature is Dynamic order, as opposed to the static (and consequently false) order of Protestantism. False Order imposed upon us by an (collective) ego-based fear of Death and Living. Now, we are emasculated, this emasculation leading to the reductionism of common fascism and Marxism. Goddess worship could offer us a way of escaping from this dire situation. But as long as the Goddess is seen without her terrible (demon) destroying aspects, we will fall into the heresy of worshipping an idol, that is an IDEALISED and un-realistic image of the Goddess created by the prejudiced human mind. And, as D.H. Lawrence pointed out, idealism, born from the mind, goes against the body-instinctive-intuitive consciousness, at least in the West.

So, the philosophy of the Rights of Man must be envisaged in a (w)holistic context. It implies duties vis-à-vis our relation to the Environment, the reduction of our rights to do whatever we like, a greater sense of spiritual, psychological and material responsibility. We may be top guest on this planet, but that's all we are. If we behave as delinquents, well Nature has many reasons to get rid of us through natural cataclysms or the implantation of ideas in men's minds leading to their destruction (see the case of Oppenheimer, Karl Marx, Freud, Luther and others for example). The left, by ignoring those issues, leaves the latter to be the *chasse-gardée* of fascism. Also, Goddess worship is not an exclusive prerogative of feminism. As such it is the prerogative of nobody. We are the prerogative of the Goddess if we may say so. We are not gods, but we may become like gods, providing we acknowledge the supremacy of the Mother upon us if we choose to remain within the Spheres of

nature. Our fear and denial of Nature has brought forth, due to our separation from natural and cosmic rhythms, terrible demons nowadays; the superstition associated with the Rights of Man, our artificial sentimentalism, biocide industrialism, virtual reality, the politically correct attitude to crime, the biological suicide of the West and blind arrogance of its civilisation, the democratisation of homosexuality (in India homosexuality has a caste function beyond procreation as normal people are meant to have babies) are all demoniacal results, outcomes of our belief to have the rights to do whatever we like... contrary to Goddess-Nature. In India Kali was 'created' by the Gods to destroy the demons or Asuras.

O Greatest of all Goddesses, O Dana

You who make no difference among all creatures

And for/to Whom night and day are equivalent

Make me consider men as insects and insects as men

The Whole as Nothingness.

Free me from Evil, that is to say, from the belief that something must be avoided

And thus from fear and scruples.

Free me from Good, that is to say, from the belief that something may be desired

And thus from envy, jealousy, cupidity and pride/arrogance.

Give me the freedom of the Wind.

Prayer to Dana from the *Ordre Hermetique de l'Hermine d'Argent*

THE ALL-GIVING ONE

I was able this week (31/10/97 Samhain) to understand the importance of learning to give: as the Goddess gives everything of Herself to sustain Creation, hence She receives eternal praise from Creation. The Law of the Goddess is: DO WHAT THOU WILT BUT HARM NONE AS EVERYTHING IS REAPED 3-FOLD.

Everybody must take responsibility for what they reap. The Goddess is the All-Provider, She is the Source of all supplies. Ask and you get. Ask for evil and you get evil. Ask for good and you get good. The formulation of the demand is also important as the answer will be given according to the way the question is formulated. Everybody and everything are the Goddess' children. If you sow evil you receive evil in a 3-fold way as this is the law of Karma, *la loi du Choc en Retour*. The Goddess is the Prime cause, the Instigator of Karma. Karma originates from Her and returns to Her at the final Parousy. Whatever is imagined is actually sowed in the astral plane to manifest later in 3-dimensional reality. The thought form is a seed which will yield a 3-dimensional flower. If you visualise defeat, you get defeat, hence if you visualise love, you receive love.

Kados, you are either from Venus or en route to Venus but your vehicle is made of fire (Aries and Sagittarius). Your raw material is fire, energy. You must balance this energy, channel the Mars energy, give everything to Venus, hence you have Mars in Libra. You are here to build the foundations of Goddess love. Balance everything with love, balance Venus and Neptune, although you are from Venus en route to Venus. Learn to be gentle, softer in appearance and dealing. You don't need to create something ugly and brutal. You can create a masterpiece. Saturn is here to help you realise everything must have a form in order to perform one's duty. But everything must be beautiful (Venus in Taurus). If you use your fire unreasonably you help create opposition and are likely to get trouble with the authority (Sun/Mars opposition). You have perished in dreadful circumstances in your previous life-cycle hence the fear which oppresses you. You were taken from your spiritual home. Your spiritual home is the temple of Venus. Give and you receive. This is Mars in Libra in the 10th house. You are here to master yourself because you must become a perfect channel for the Goddess energies. Understand this: you can spread your love of the Goddess onto others as it comes from the Goddess. You are not just here to love Me on your own. You must share this love with others. You must quest for the Goddess

(Sagittarius ascendant). You must benefit your friends and relatives (Jupiter in Cancer) through the art you create. Learn to direct yourself (Sagittarius, the arrow being focused onto the target) in balance (Mars in Libra) to create the masterpiece of beauty (Venus in Taurus) channelling my spiritual energy (Neptune in Scorpio). You have no right to keep this spiritual knowledge just for yourself. You must make it manifest (North Node, Moon and Venus in Taurus). It is important for the salvation of souls (Neptune). You must help people and beings realise they must return to Me the Goddess willingly and in love, otherwise they will return to Me but into my bowels and abysses. Why do they choose to know the realms of Hela when they can know the delights of Freya?

Your thirst for expansion and abundance (Jupiter in cancer) must benefit other (Jupiter trine Neptune in the 11th house) as the quality of your giving will be given 3-fold in the expansion of your mind, heart and body. DO WHAT YOU WILT BUT HARM NONE AS MY LAW IS JOY ON EARTH AND LOVE ONTO ALL BEINGS. Worship me. This Samhain and the New Moon. This is the Celtic New Year coinciding with the New Moon. It is a start for you, Kados. I am the Goddess communicating to you beloved child. Times are urgent, you must help in the salvation of souls before the times of erosion. Communicate my love onto all beings. Worship Me.

Channelled by JMA

MANTRA

It is recommended to recite continually as best as one can a prayer or a mantra for one's salvation. In case one suddenly passes away, the recitation of the prayer leads discarnate consciousness to visualise the paradise implied in the prayer. Thus someone constantly reciting the ONA Priere a la Nature, the Rosary or the OM MANI PADME HUM is likely to be reborn in favourable circumstances as opposed to the unfortunate enough to be non-religious and prayer-unaware who, when passing

away violently, is likely to become an earthbound spirit (poltergeist in some cases) or be reborn in some inferior state of being till the final Parousy. Fortunately for them, the Buddhisattvas will always try to enlighten them, albeit this is more likely to occur during a Piscean age. The one dying during an orgasm is likely to end up in Eros or Aphrodite paradise. The well established traditions shape the mind of the believer to be ready to visualise the right thing when passing away.

Misfortune for the confused syncretist: he/she will end up disintegrated or in some grey astral zone, unless the syncretism is harmonious and then the beyond resting place will be agreeable enough.

As to us we desire to be in the arms of the Goddess when we depart from this world. We wish to be drawn to the right tradition in which we will be able to visualise the Goddess when departing, unless She wants us to manufacture a harmonious syncretism. We wish her to reveal to us the right prayer to be constantly recited and to help us serve Her in all our actions and thoughts.

Mother

Humbly and with Love

Do We aspire

To be in your arms

When we finally depart

To sing your Glory

And meditate

On your Feminine Mystery

For Eternity

11/9/97

THE LADY OF ALBION

The Lady of the Lake has given Escalibur to King Arthur to repossess it when the mythical king was carried to Avalon the Otherworld. Is Britannia a personification of the Lady of the Lake and is the latter the Lady of Albion?

Arthur being given the sword of Escalibur is really transmitted the blessings of the Mother, the origin of everything and everyone. Why was Arthur chosen in the first place, because he was the god and/or the embodiment of the consort of the Mother? She needs an overseer to supervise her earthly kingdom, that is to say, Britannia. The Eternal is betrayed in the ongoing motion of the Existential, hence the Golden Age as the manifestation of the Celestial Jerusalem is a fleeting moment, like a loving union between two lovers, and yet Eternity is reached within that not sizeable moment. Eternity is realised, not possessed. Eternity is lived as opposed to conceptualised. In the film *Escalibur*, Arthur asks Merlin whether evil has been defeated. Arthur asking that very question thus starts to conceptualise, to try to contain within words what is beyond words. The reasoning marks the end of the Arthurian golden age. Reason apparently autonomous, is veiling the living and lived mystery of Eternity. Doubt and a dualistic, truncated vision of life clouds the minds of Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. The focus has been lost because it has been obscured by words. Merlin answers Arthur that there is no good without evil. Indeed the wheel turns and can only but turn. Eternity transcends good and evil. It is not imprisoned by words and the fleeting golden age is replaced by the wasteland. The poisons of reason have cut the magic harmony between the people and the land. The psychic atmosphere has been polluted by words. Silence has been obscured by noise.

The Lady of the Lake did leave a remedy to cure the wasteland. The knights now are looking for the Grail. They have to exhaust their inferior possibilities, get rid of concepts and surrender to the Mystery. They can listen without distracting

prejudices to the question: Whom does the Grail serve? Perceval answers correctly the second time, as the first time, he was doubting of his abilities to answer the question: Whom does the Grail serve? His doubting of himself shows the words still holding a last bastion of resistance against Enlightenment and surrender to the higher powers. The doubt is made of words who debate endlessly and fail to act. Perceval does answer the question. The Grail serves King Arthur as/because the Land and King Arthur are one. There is always this oneness. It is eternally unaffected by the cloud of separation because this oneness is Eternity Itself and dualism exists, among other things, in the perception of the beholder. If the vision does not reach the eternal-light-that-is-not-the light-of-Maya, then the percipient only sees the conflicting appearances forgetting that the polarities arise from and return to the oneness. The land and the king are one. The king is a projection of/from the land in order to have a manifested overseer and the land is a projection of the king in order to have a territory to govern. There is no king without a land and no land without a king. Arthur is thus cured by Perceval having found the answer to the question: Whom does the Grail serve? The wandering king of the wasteland has been brought back to the centre of things and Guinevere gives him back Escalibur which she has kept 'til the right time to come. Arthur, as a manifestation of the consort of the Mother, had to pass away, but not before having defeated the fruit of his sins, the deformed progeny of his doubts, that is to say Mordred. Arthur having paid his debt to the Land thus is carried to the Isle of Avalon 'til his return to save again the land.

Guinevere is an earthly manifestation of the Mother and thus is and yet is not the Goddess. She is only her partial manifestation who, 'naturally', starts to gravitate towards Lancelot when the initial, concept-free focus of Arthur started to fragment into words. She is among the 'sinful' protagonists and yet, she can only act as she does because she is a pawn on the chess-game of existence. Her keeping Escalibur in the holy privacy of the nunnery is the Goddess always spinning the web of existence. Eternity may appear to disappear behind the motion of existence but Eternity is, always. The sword of Escalibur is a symbol of the invisible centre, that is to say,

Avalon. The fertile land and the wasteland are only two sides of a sphere and their apparent mutual difference resolve in the realisation that there cannot be one without the other. Escalibur is visible during the time of the fertile land and invisible during the era of the wasteland, but the sword is always there.

Britannia is the writer of the play, the play itself and the stage on which the play is acted. Great Britain and Brittany are the stage. Yet, they are also the manifestation of the Lady of Albion and yet, they are not her. Albion is both the land of Britain and is the essence of the land. Albion is also the spirit of the land. Male, it is and manifests as Arthur. Female, it is and manifests as Britannia. Yet, it is neither male nor female.

Why was I made a percipient and a writer, however inadequate in the attempt to communicate, of Britannia H/herself? I do not know. And yet, I know I am a pawn of Britannia. My very birth in Brittany and my Breton bloodline is the physical manifestation of this curious destiny. So here I am writing of and about Britannia, questing after Britannia. The Moon in Taurus conjunct to the North Node denotes a rooted mother. The Sun in the Fourth House denotes a rooted father. Jupiter in Cancer in the Eighth House indicates the mysterious connection between the transcendent JMA and the puzzling land of the Ancestors. A special but not exceptional connection with Death is also there. The perception of the sunset, potentially misleading yet beautiful, reflects the connection with the Otherworld, the beyond. There reside the Ancestors and Britannia herself as Queen of Avalon. She is also Dana of the marshes where the mist can both veil and reveal. As the Moon-Mother she rules Cancer the sign of the mother. She is the gateway to the Ancestors. Brought up in a former Gaulish island surrounded by marshes, i.e. Vue, I was introduced to Sainte Anne, goddess Ana herself in a Christian vestment. Sainte Anne is the patroness of Brittany and the mistress of the marshes. The river Loire ending in the Atlantic Ocean is a place of departure to the beyond. As there is a place of pilgrimage of/to Sainte Anne in Vue, located in the marshes south of the river Loire estuary, so

there is a town called Sainte Anne des Marais in the swamp north of the estuary. This zone of marshes is called la Briere. Ana rules both sides of the estuary and Cancer/the fourth house is associated with marshes. Cancer is strongly implanted in both my father and my brother. As to my Mother she is from the town of La Roche Bernard south of the estuary of the truly Breton river Vilaine.