

GYN/ECOLOGY

THE METAETHICS OF RADICAL FEMINISM

MARY DALY

Beacon Press : Boston : 1978

This document contains:

- Preface
- Introduction
- The First Passage – Processions
 - Prelude to The First Passage
 - Chapter One – Deadly Deceptions: Mystification through Myth

PREFACE

This book voyages beyond *Beyond God the Father*. It is not that I basically disagree with the ideas expressed there. I am still its author, and thus the situation is not comparable to that of *The Church and the Second Sex*, whose (1968) author I regard as a reformist foresister, and whose work I respectfully refute in the New Feminist Postchristian Introduction to the 1975 edition.

Going beyond *Beyond God the Father* involves two things. First, there is the fact that be-ing continues. Be-ing at home on the road means continuing to Journey. This book continues to Spin on, in other directions/dimensions. It focuses beyond christianity in Other ways. Second, there is some old semantic baggage to be discarded so that Journeymen will be unencumbered by malfunctioning (male-functioning) equipment. There are some words which appeared to be adequate in the early seventies, which feminists later discovered to be false words. Three such words in BGTF which I cannot use again are *God*, *androgyny*, and *homosexuality*. There is no way to remove male/masculine imagery from *God*. Thus, when writing/speaking “anthropomorphically” of ultimate reality, of the divine spark of be-ing, I now choose to write/speak gynomorphically. I do so because *God* represents the necrophilia of patriarchy, whereas *Goddess* affirms the life-loving be-ing of women and nature. The second semantic abomination, *androgyny*, is a confusing term which I sometimes used in attempting to describe integrity of be-ing. The word is misbegotten – conveying something like “John Travolta and Farrah Fawcett-Majors scotch-taped together” - as I have reiterated in public recantations. The third treacherous term, *homosexuality*, reductionistically “includes”, that is, excludes, gynocentric be-ing/Lesbianism.

Simply rejecting these terms and replacing them with others is not what this book is about, however. The temptation/trap of mere labeling stops us from Spinning. Thus Goddess images are truthful and encouraging, but reified/objectified images of “The Goddess” can be mere substitutes for “God”, failing to convey that Be-ing is a Verb, and that She is many verbs. Again, using a term such as *woman-identified* rather than *androgynous* is an immeasurable qualitative leap, but Spinning Voyagers cannot rest with one word, for it, too, can assume a kind of paralysis if it is not accompanied by sister words/verbs.

The words *gynocentric be-ing* and *Lesbian* imply separation. This is what this book is about, but not in a simple way. In BGTF I wrote:

For those who are ... threatened, the presence of women to each other is experienced as an absence. Such women are no longer empty receptacles to be used as “the Other”, and are no longer internalizing the projections that cut off the flow of being. Men who need such projection screens experience the power of absence of such “objects” and are thrown into the situation of perceiving nothingness ...

In this way, then, women's confrontation with the experience of nothingness invites men to confront it also. (REF)

The primary intent of women who choose to be present to each other, however, is not an invitation to men. It is an invitation to our Selves. The Spinners, Lesbians, Hags, Harpies, Crones, Furies who are the Voyagers of *Gyn/Ecology* know that we choose to accept this invitation for our Selves. This,

our Self-acceptance, is in no way contingent upon male approval. Nor is it stopped by (realistic) fear of brutal acts of male revenge. As Marilyn Frye has written:

Male parasitism means that males *must* have access to women; it is the Patriarchal Imperative. But feminist no-saying is more than a substantial removal (re-direction, re-allocation) of goods and services because access is one of the faces of power. Female denial of male access to females substantially cuts off a flow of benefits, but it has also the form and full portent of assumption of power. (REF)

The no-saying to which Frye refers is a consequence of female yes-saying to our Selves. Since women have a variety of strengths and since we have all been damaged in a variety of ways, our yes-saying assumes different forms and *is* in different degrees. In some cases it is clear and intense; in other instances it is sporadic, diffused, fragmented. Since Female-identified yes-saying is complex participation in be-ing, since it is a Journey, a process, there is no simple and adequate way to divide the Female World into two camps: those who say “yes” to women and those who do not.

The Journey of this book, therefore, is (to borrow an expression from the journal *Sinister Wisdom*) “for the Lesbian Imagination in All Women”. It is for the Hag/Crone/Spinster in every *living* woman. It is for each individual Journeyer to decide/expand the scope of this imagination within her. It is she, and she alone, who can determine how far, and in what way, she will/can travel. She, and she alone, can dis-cover the mystery of her own history, and find how it is interwoven with the lives of other women.

Yes-saying by the Female Self and her Sisters involves intense work – playful cerebration. The Amazon Voyager can be anti-academic. Only at her greatest peril can she be anti-intellectual. Thus this book/Voyage can rightly be called anti-academic because it celebrates cerebral Spinning. If this book/Voyage could be placed neatly in a “field” it would not be this book. I have considered naming its “field” Un-theology or Un-philosophy. Certainly, in the house of mirrors which is the universe/university of reversals, it can be called Un-ethical.

Since Gyn/Ecology is the Un-field/Ourfield/Outfield of Journeyers, rather than a game in an “in” field, the pedantic can be expected to perceive it as “un-scholarly”. Since it *confronts* old moulds/models of question-asking by being itself an Other way of thinking/speaking, it will be invisible to those who fetishize old questions – who drone that it does not “deal with” *their* questions.

Since Gyn/Ecology Spins around, past and through the established fields, opening the coffers/coffins in which “knowledge” has been stored, re-stored, re-covered, its meaning will be hidden from the Grave Keepers of tradition. Since it seeks out the *threads of connectedness* within artificially separated/segmented reality, striving “to put the severed parts together” (REF), specious specialists will decry its “negativity” and “failure to present the whole picture”. Since it Spins among fields, leaping over the walls that separate the halls in which academics have incarcerated the “bodies of knowledge”, it will be accused of “lumping things together”.

In fact *Gyn/Ecology* does not belong to any of their de-partments. It is the Department/Departure of Spinning. Since the Custodians of academic cemeteries are unable to see or hear Spinning, they will attempt to box it out or to box it in to some pre-existing field, such as basket weaving. Cemetery

librarians will file and catalogue it under gynecology or *female disorders*. None of this matters much, however, for it is of the nature of the Departure of Spinning that it gets around. Moreover, it is of the nature of Women's Movement that we are on the move. Eventually we find each other's messages that have been deposited in the way stations are scattered in the wilderness.

The cerebral Spinner can criticize patriarchal myth and scholarship because she knows it well. Her criticism has nothing to do with “jumping over” tough discipline of the mind. The A-mazing Amazon has no patience with downward mobility of the mind and imagination. She demands great effort of herself and of her sisters^{*} 1. For she must not only know the works of The Masters; she must go much further. She must see through them and make them transparent to other Voyagers as well. To borrow an expression from Virginia Woolf, she must take a “vow of derision”:

By derision – a bad word, but once again the English language is much in need of new words – is meant that you must refuse all methods of advertising merit, and hold that ridicule, obscurity and censure are preferable, for psychological reasons, to fame and praise. (REF)

Who and where are “the deriders”? The reader/Journeyer of this book will note that it is not addressed only to those who now call themselves members of “the women's community”. Many women who so name themselves are Journeyers, but it is also possible that some are not. It seems to me that the change in nomenclature which gradually took place in the early seventies, by which *the women's movement* was transformed into *the women's community*, was a symptom of settling for too little, of settling *down*, of being too comfortable. I must ask, first, just *who* are “the women”? Second, what about *movement*? This entire book is asking the question of movement, of Spinning. It is an invitation to the Wild Witch in all women who long to spin. This book is a declaration that it is time to stop putting answers before the Questions. It is a declaration/Manifesto that in our chronology (Crone-ology) it is time to get moving again. It is a call of the wild to the wild, calling Hags/Spinsters to spin/be beyond the parochial bondings/bindings of any comfortable “community”. It is a call to women who have never named themselves Wild before, and a challenge to those who have been in struggle for a long time and who have retreated for awhile.

As Survivors know, the media-created Lie that *the women's movement* “died” has hidden the fact from many of our sisters that Spinners/Spinsters have been spinning works of genesis and demise in our concealed workshops. Feminists have been creating a rich culture, creating new forms of writing, singing, celebrating, cerebrating, searching. We have been developing new strategies and tactics for organizing – for economic, physical, and psychological survival. To do this, we have had to go deep inside our Selves. We have noted with grief that meanwhile another phenomenon has appeared in the foreground of male-controlled society: pseudo-feminism has been actively promoted by the patriarchs. The real rebels/renegeades have been driven away from positions of

1 ^{*} WARNING: This book contains Big Words, even Bigger than *Beyond God the Father*, for it is written for big, strong women, out of respect for strength. Moreover, I've made some of them up. Therefore, it may be a stumbling block both to those who choose downward mobility of the mind and therefore hate Big Words, and to those who choose upward mobility and therefore hate New/Old Word, that is, Old words that become New when their ancient (“obsolete”) gynocentric meanings are unearthed. Hopefully, it will be a useful pathfinder for the *multiply mobile*: the movers, the weavers, the Spinners.

patriarchally defined power, replaced by reformist and roboticized tokens.

This book can be heard as a Requiem for *that* “women's movement”, which is male-designed, male-orchestrated, male-legitimated, male-assimilated. It is also a call to those who have been unwittingly tokenized, to tear off their mindbindings and join in the Journey. It is, hopefully, an alarm clock for those former Journeymen who have merged with “the human (men's) community”, but who can still feel nostalgia for the present/future of their own being.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The task of writing “acknowledgments” becomes increasingly perplexing and ridiculous. There is no way that I can adequately name or measure the contributions of other Hags, Sisters, Spinsters, Crones, to the creation of this book. In the preface to BGTF I discuss women's oral tradition and comment: “My references to conversations are meant to be a reminder of that tradition, as well as an effort to set precedent for giving women some of the credit due to them, finally”. This whole thing has gotten out of hand, however, for five years have passed since then, and there are many more women from whom I have received encouragement and gynergy through their written communications, their conversations, their sustaining power of presence. The creation of this book has occurred in the context of a Network of Spinsters hearing forth each other to new speech. It is impossible to express all my debts.

Jan Raymond has generously shared her valuable class lectures and materials and given indispensable criticisms of the manuscript. Her work has been so intertwined with my own for so long that it has often been impossible to tell whose ideas are whose. Michelle Cliff has been a witty sharer of ideas as well as an excellent copy editor. Charlotte Cecil Raymond has been such an understanding, helpful, and gracious editor that I hereby unchristen her with the honorable epithet: “Hag”.

Denise Connors has been a Spinner of ideas woven into this book from its beginning. Conversations with her have sparked new visions, and these, together with the countless books and journals which “jumped off the shelf” into her hands and onto my desk affected the course of the Journey. Pat McMahon has been a truly Haggard helper, contributing beyond the bounds of justice. Jennie Cushman provided assistance when it was badly needed. Helen Gray has been a staunch and supportive sisters. Pat Green has been a true friend, whose differing perceptions are a reminder that the women's movement is not monolithic.

Emily Culpepper has shared experiences of earthquakes and discoveries of new horizons as our paths have met on the Spinning Journey. To say that her criticisms have been invaluable is an understatement. Jane Caputi has been an extraordinary helper with daring and unique ideas and a gift for finding books and articles no one else would have dreamed existed. Peggy Holland has been an inspired Searcher, always providing original suggestions, including the idea for the labrys and dolphins on the jacket of this book. Eileen Barrett has been a most helpful espionage agent, contributing information from the dark recesses of medical libraries. Susan Leigh Star provided important material and insights for the manuscript in its early stages.

Linda Barufaldi contributed inimitable Barufaldian comments and criticisms upon various drafts of the manuscript. Conversations with Andrée Collard have generated whole sets of ideas and images. Discussions with Fran Chelland have

helped me to stay in touch with what has been sustaining to my spirit in the classic philosophical tradition.

Adrienne Rich has been ineffably encouraging and enspiriting. She has helped the process of this book in ways that I cannot begin to count. Through her own work and sharing of criticism she has given the inspiration which only such a boundary-breaking poet and warrior could provide in the course of our uncommon quest for “a common language”. Nelle Morton has been a guiding spirit, reminding me always of the unutterable importance of images. She hears me forth to new speech, and because of her I can never forget that “in the beginning is the hearing”.

The writing of this book required free time. The Rockefeller Foundation provided a Humanities Grant which not only enabled me to take an extensive leave of absence from teaching at Boston College, but also to do the necessary travel for this project and provide salaries for secretarial and research (search) assistants. In particular, I thank two women at the Rockefeller Foundation, Sonia Teshu and Dr D. Lydia Bronte, Associate Director of the Humanities Program, for their invaluable aid in connection with the complexities of grant procedures.

I wish to express my gratitude to my foresisters whose spirits inspired me to break the barriers of silence and of sound, and to keep on writing. Among these are Matilda Joslyn Gage, Virginia Woolf, and many whose names I do not know, many of whom were probably burned as witches.

Finally, in fairness, I thank my Self.

INTRODUCTION

THE METAPATRIARCHAL JOURNEY OF EXORCISM AND ECSTASY

All mother goddesses spin and weave ... Everything that is comes out of them: They weave the world tapestry out of genesis and demise, “threads appearing and disappearing rhythmically”. (Helen Diner, *Mothers and Amazons*)

This book is about the journey of women becoming, that is, radical feminism. The voyage is described and roughly charted here. I say “roughly” by way of understatement and pun. We do not know exactly what is on the Other Side until we arrive there – and the journey *is rough*. The charting done here is based on some knowledge from the past, upon present experience, and upon hopes for the future. These three sources are inseparable, intertwined. Radical feminist consciousness spirals in all directions, dis-covering the past, creating/dis-closing the present/future.

The radical be-ing of women is very much an Otherworld Journey. It is both discovery and creation of a world other than patriarchy. Patriarchy appears to be “everywhere”. Even outer space and the future have been colonized. As a rule, even the more imaginative science-fiction writers (allegedly the most foretelling futurists) cannot/will not create a space and time in which women get far beyond the role of space stewardess. Nor does this colonization exist simply “outside” women's minds, securely fastened into institutions we can physically leave behind. Rather, it is also internalized, festering inside women's heads, even feminist heads.

The Journey, then, involves exorcism of the internalized Godfather in his various manifestations (his name is legion). It involves dangerous encounters with these demons. Within the christian tradition, particularly in medieval times, evil spirits have sometimes been associated with the “Seven Deadly Sins”, both as personifications and as causes (1). A standard listing of the Sins is the following: pride, avarice, anger, lust, gluttony, envy, and sloth (2). The feminist voyage discloses that these have all been radically misnamed, that is, inadequately and perversely “understood”. They are particularized expressions of the overall use of “evil” to victimize women. Our journey involves confrontations with the demonic manifestations of evil.

Why has it seemed “appropriate” in this culture that the plot of a popular book and film (*The Exorcist*) centers around a Jesuit who “exorcises” a girl who is “possessed”? Why is there no book or film about a woman who exorcises a Jesuit? (3) From a radical feminist perspective it is clear that “Father” is precisely the one who cannot exorcise, for he is allied with and identified with The Possessor. The fact that he is himself possessed should not be women's essential concern. It is a mistake to see men as pitiable victims or vessels to be “saved” through female self-sacrifice. However possessed males may be within patriarchy, it is *their* order; it is they who feed on women's stolen energy. It is a trap to imagine that women should “save” men from the dynamics of demonic possession; and to attempt this is to fall deeper into the pit of patriarchal possession. It is women ourselves who will have to expel the Father from ourselves, becoming our own exorcists.

Within a culture possessed by a myth of feminine evil, the naming, describing, and theorizing about good and evil has constituted a maze/haze of deception. The journey of women becoming is breaking through this maze – springing into a free space, which is an a-mazing process.

Breaking through the Male Maze is both exorcism and ecstasy. It is spinning through and beyond the fathers' foreground which is the arena of games. This spinning involves encountering the demons who block the various thresholds as we move through gateway after gateway into the deepest chambers of our homeland, which is the Background of our Selves. As Denise Connors has pointed out, the Background is the realm of wild reality of women's selves. Objectification and alienation take place when we are locked into the male-centered, monodimensional foreground (4). Thus the monitors of the foreground, the male myth-masters, fashion prominent and eminently forgettable images of women in their art, literature, and mass media – images intended to mold women for male purposes.

The Background into which feminist journeying spins is the wild realm of Hags and Crones. It is Hag-ocracy. The demons who attempt to block the gateways to the deep spaces of this realm often take ghostly/ghastly forms, comparable to noxious gases not noticeable by ordinary sense perception (5). Each time we move into deeper space, these numbing ghostly gases work to paralyze us, to trap us, so that we will be unable to move further. Each time we succeed in overcoming their numbing effect, more dormant senses come alive. Our inner eyes open, our inner ears become unblocked. We are strengthened to move through the next gateway and the next. This movement inward/outward is be-ing. It is spinning cosmic tapestries. It is spinning and whirling into the Background.

The spinning process requires seeking out the sources of the ghostly gases that have seeped into the deep chambers of our minds. “The way back to reality is to destroy our perceptions of it”, said Bergson. Yes, but these deceptive perceptions were/are implanted through language – the all-pervasive language of myth, conveyed overtly and subliminally through religion, “great art”, literature, the dogmas of professionalism, the media, grammar. Indeed, deception is embedded in the very texture of the words we use, and here is where our exorcism can begin. Thus, for example, the word *spinster* is commonly used as a deprecating term, but it can only function this way when apprehended exclusively on a superficial (foreground) level. Its deep meaning, which has receded into the Background so far that we have to spin deeply in order to retrieve it, is clear and strong: “a woman whose occupation is to spin”. There is no reason to limit the meaning of this rich and cosmic verb. A woman whose occupation it is to spin participates in the whirling movement of creation. She who has chosen her Self, who defines her Self, by choice, neither in relation to children nor to men, who is Self-identified, is a Spinster, a whirling dervish, spinning in a new time/space. Another example is the term *glamour*, whose first definition is given in Merriam-Webster is “a magic spell”. Originally it was believed that witches possessed the power of glamour, and according to the authors of the *Malleus Maleficarum*, witches by their glamour could cause the male “member” to disappear. In modern usage, this meaning has almost disappeared into the Background, and the power of the term is masked and suffocated by such foreground images as those associated with *Glamour* magazine.

Journeying is multidimensional. The various meanings and images conjured

up by the word are not sharply distinguishable. We can think of mystical journeys, quests, adventurous travel, advancement in skills, in physical and intellectual prowess. So also the barriers are multiple and intertwined. These barriers are not mere immobile blocks, but are more like deceptive tongues that prevent us from hearing our Selves, as they babble incessantly in the Tower of Babel which is the erection of phallocracy (6). The voices and the silences of Babel pierce all of our senses. They are the invasive extensions of the enemy of women's hearing, dreaming, creating. *Babel* is said to be derived from an Assyrian-Babylonian word meaning "gate of god". When women break through this multiple barrier composed of deceptions ejaculated by "god" we can begin to glimpse the true gateways to our depths, which are the Gates of the Goddess.

Spinsters can find our way back to reality by destroying the false perceptions of it inflicted upon us by the language and myths of Babel. We must learn to dispell the language of phallocracy, which keeps us under the spell of brokenness. This spell splits our perceptions of our Selves and of the cosmos, overtly and subliminally. Journeying into our Background will mean recognizing that both the "spirit" and the "matter" presented to us in the fathers' foreground are reifications, condensations. They are not really "opposites", for they have much in common: both are dead, inert. This is unmasked when we begin to see through patriarchal language. Thus the Latin term *texere*, meaning to weave, is the origin and root both for *textile* and for *text*. It is important for women to note the irony in this split of meanings. For our process of cosmic weaving has been stunted and minimized to the level of the manufacture and maintenance of textiles. While there is nothing demeaning about this occupation in itself, the limitation of women to the realm of "distaff" has mutilated and condensed our Divine Right of creative weaving to the darning of socks. If we look at the term *text* in contrast to *textile*, we see that this represents the other side of the schizoid condensations of weaving/spinning. "Texts" are the kingdom of males; they are the realm of the reified word, of condensed spirit. In patriarchal tradition, sewing and spinning are for girls; books are for boys.

Small wonder that many women feel repugnance for the realm of the distaff, which has literally been the sweatshop and prison of female bodies and spirits. Small wonder that many women have seen the male kingdom of texts as an appealing escape from the tomb-town of textiles which has symbolized the confinement/reduction of female energy*. The kingdom of male-authored texts has appeared to be the ideal realm to be reached/entered, for we have been educated to forget that professional "knowledge" is our stolen process. As Andrée Collard remarked, in the society of cops and robbers, we learn to forget that the cops are the robbers, that they rob us of everything: our myths, our energy, our divinity, our Selves (7).

Women's minds have been mutilated and muted to such a state that "Free Spirit" has been branded into them as a brand name for girdles and bras rather than as the name of our verb-ing, be-ing Selves. Such brand names brand women "Morons". Moronized, women believe that male-written texts (biblical, literary, medical, legal, scientific) are "true". Thus manipulated, women become eager for acceptance as docile tokens mouthing male texts, employing technology for male ends, accepting male fabrications as the true texture of reality. Patriarchy has stolen our cosmos and returned it in the form of *Cosmopolitan* magazine and cosmetics. They have made up our cosmos, our

* We should not forget that countless women's lives have been consumed in the sweatshops of textile manufacturers and garment makers as well as in the everyday tedium of sewing, mending, laundering, and ironing.

Selves. Spinning deeper into the Background is courageous sinning against the Sins of the Fathers. As our senses become more alive we can see/hear/feel how we have been tricked by their texts. We begin unweaving our winding sheets. The process of exorcism, of peeling off the layers of mindbindings and cosmetics, is movement past the patriarchally imposed sense of reality and identity. This demystification process, a-mazing The Lies, is ecstasy.

Journeying centerward is Self-centering movement in all directions. It erases implanted pseudodichotomies between the Self and “other” reality, while it unmask the unreality of both “self” and “world” as these are portrayed, betrayed, in the language of the fathers' foreground. Adrienne Rich has written:

In bringing the light of critical thinking to bear on her subject, in the very act of *becoming more conscious* of her situation in the world, a woman may feel herself coming deeper than ever into touch with her unconscious and with her body (8).

Moving into the Background/Center is not navel-gazing. It is be-ing in the world. The foreground fathers offer dual decoys labeled “thought” and “action”, which distract from the reality both of deep knowing and of external action. There is no authentic separation possible.

The Journey is itself participation in Paradise. This word, which is said to be from the Iranian *pairi* (meaning around) and *daeza* (meaning wall), is commonly used to conjure an image of a walled-in pleasure garden. Patriarchal Paradise, as projected in Western and Eastern religious mythology, is imaged as a place or a state in which the souls of the righteous after death enjoy eternal bliss, that is, heaven. Despite theological attempts to make this seem lively, the image is one of stagnation (in a stag-nation) as suggested in the expression, “the Afterlife”. In contrast to this, the Paradise which is cosmic spinning is not containment within walls. Rather, it is movement that is not containable, weaving around and past walls, leaving them in the past. It moves into the Background which is the moving center of the Self, enabling the Self to act “outwardly” in the cosmos as she comes alive. This metapatriarchal movement is not Afterlife, but Living now, dis-covering Life.

A primary definition of *paradise* is “pleasure park”. The walls of the Patriarchal Pleasure Park represent the condition of being perpetually parked, locked into the parking lot of the past. A basic meaning of *park* is a “game preserve”. The fathers' foreground is precisely this: an arena where the wildness of nature and of women's Selves is domesticated, preserved. It is the place for the preservation of females who are the “fair game” of the fathers, that they may be served to these predatory Park Owners, and service them at their pleasure. Patriarchal Paradise is the arena of games, the place where the pleas of women are silenced, where the law is: Please the Patrons. Women who break through the imprisoning walls of the Playboys' Playground are entering the process which is our happening/happiness. This is Paradise beyond the boundaries of “paradise”. Since our passage into this process requires making breaks in the walls, it means setting free the fair game, breaking the rules of the games, breaking the names of the games. Breaking through the foreground which is the Playboys' Playground means letting out the bunnies, the bitches, the beavers, the squirrels, the chicks, the pussycats, the cows, the nags, the foxy ladies, the old bats and biddies, so that they can at last begin naming themselves.

I have coined the term *metapatriarchal* to describe the journey, because the prefix *meta* has multiple meanings. It incorporates the idea of “postpatriarchal”,

for it means occurring later. It puts patriarchy in the past without denying that its walls/ruins and demons are still around. Since *meta* also means “situated behind”, it suggests that the direction of the journey is into the Background. Another meaning of this prefix is “change in, transformation of”. This, of course, suggests the transforming power of the journey. By this I do not mean that women's movement “reforms” patriarchy, but that it transforms our Selves. Since *meta* means “beyond, transcending”, it contains a built-in corrective to reductive notions of mere reformism.

This metapatriarchal process of encountering the unknown involves also a continual conversion of the previously unknown into the familiar (9). Since the “unknown” is stolen/hidden know-ing, frozen and stored by the Abominable Snowmen of Androcratic Academia, Spinsters must melt these masses of “knowledge” with the fire of Female Fury.

Amazon expeditions into the male-controlled “fields” are necessary in order to leave the fathers' caves and live in the sun. A crucial problem for us has been to learn how to re-possess righteously while avoiding being caught too long in the caves. In universities, and in all of the professions, the omnipresent poisonous gases gradually stifle women's minds and spirits. Those who carry out the necessary expeditions run the risk of shrinking into the mold of the mystified Athena, the twice-born, who forgets and denies her Mother and Sisters, because she has forgotten her original Self. “Re-born” from Zeus, she becomes Daddy's Girl, the mutant who serves the master's purposes. The token woman, who is in reality enchained, possessed, “knows” that she is free. She is a useful tool of the patriarchs, particularly against her sister Artemis, who knows better, respects her Self, bonds with her Sisters, and refuses to sell her freedom, her original birthright, for a mess of respectability.

A-mazing Amazons must be aware of the male methods of mystification. Elsewhere I have discussed four methods which are essential to the games of the fathers (10). First, there is *erasure* of women. (The massacre of millions of women as witches is erased in patriarchal scholarship.) Second, there is *reversal*. (Adam gives birth to Eve, Zeus to Athena, in patriarchal myth.) Third, there is *false polarization*. (Male-defined “feminism” is set up against male-defined “sexism” in the patriarchal media.) Fourth, there is *divide and conquer*. (Token women are trained to kill off feminists in patriarchal professions.) As we move further on in the metapatriarchal journey, we find deeper and deeper layers of these demonic patterns embedded in the culture, implanted in our souls. These constitute mindbindings comparable to the footbindings which mutilated millions of Chinese women for a thousand years. Stripping away layer after layer of these mindbinding societal/mental embeds is the a-mazing essential to the journey.

Spinsters are not only A-mazing Amazons cutting away layers of deceptions. Spinsters are also Survivors. We must survive, not merely in the sense of “living on” but in the sense of living beyond. Surviving (from the Latin *super* plus *vivere*) I take to mean living above, through, around the obstacles thrown in our paths. This is hardly the dead “living on” of possessed tokens. The process of Survivors is meta-living, be-ing.

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK

The title of this book, *Gyn/Ecology*, says exactly what I mean it to say. “Ecology” is about the complex web of interrelationships between organisms

and their environment. In her book, *Le Féminisme ou la mort*, Françoise d'Eaubonne coins the expression “eco-féminisme” (11). She maintains that the fate of the human species and of the planet is at stake, and that no male-led “revolution” will counteract the horrors of overpopulation and destruction of natural resources. I share this basic premise, but my approach and emphasis are different. Although I am concerned with all forms of pollution in phallic society, this book is primarily concerned with the mind/spirit/body pollution inflicted through patriarchal myth and language on all levels. These levels range from styles of grammar to styles of glamour, from religious myth to dirty jokes, from theological hymns honoring the “Real Presence” of Christ to commercial cooing of Coca-Cola as “The Real Thing”, from dogmatic doctrines about the “Divine Host” to doctored ingredient-labeling of Hostess Cupcakes, from subliminal ads to “sublime” art. Phallic myth and language generate, legitimate, and mask the material pollution that threatens to terminate all sentient life on this planet.

The title *Gyn/Ecology* is a way of wrenching back some wordpower. The fact that most gynecologists are males is in itself a colossal comment on “our” society. It is a symptom and example of male control over women and over language, and a clue to the extent of this control. Add to this the fact, noted by Adrienne Rich, of “a certain indifference and fatalism toward the diseases of women, which persists to this day in the male gynecological and surgical professions” (12). And add to this the fact that the self-appointed soul doctors, mind doctors, and body doctors who “specialize” in women are perpetrators of *iatrogenic disease**. That is, soul doctors (priests and gurus), mind doctors (psychiatrists, ad-men, and academics), and body doctors (physicians and fashion designers) are by professional code causes of disease in women and hostile to female well-being†. Gynecologists fixate upon what they do not have, upon what they themselves cannot do. For this reason they epitomize and symbolize the practitioners of other patriarchal -ologies, and they provide important clues to the demonic patterns common to the labor of all of these. In their frantic fixation upon what they lack (biophilic energy)‡ and in their fanatic indifference to the destruction they wreak upon the Other – women and “Mother Nature” - the phallic -ologies coalesce. Their corporate merger is the Mystical Body of knowledge which is gynocidal gynecology

Note that the *Oxford English Dictionary* defines gynecology as “that department of medical science which treats of the functions and diseases peculiar to women; also *loosely*, the science of womankind”. I am using the term *Gyn/Ecology* very loosely, that is, freely, to describe the science, that is the process of know-ing, of “loose” women who choose to be subjects and not mere objects of enquiry. *Gyn/Ecology* is by and about women a-mazing all the male-authored “sciences of womankind”, and weaving world tapestries *of our own kind*. That is, it is about dis-covering, de-veloping the complex web of

* The technical term *iatrogenic*, used to describe the epidemic of doctor-made disease, is composed of the Greek words for physician (*iatros*) and for origins (*genesis*).

† Clearly, some women sometimes are helped through emergency situations by priests, ministers, gynecologists, therapists – but this is largely in spite of the institutions/professions within which they work. A great deal of the work of such exceptional professionals consists in repairing damages caused by their colleagues and by the methods of their professions. One serious liability associated with their ministrations is the conditioning of women to depend upon them rather than upon our own natural resources. It should not be necessary to repeat this distinction throughout this book, which criticizes patriarchal institutions and those who conform to them.

‡ By *biophilic* I mean life-loving. This term is not in the dictionary, although the term *necrophilic* is there, and is commonly used.

living/loving relationships *of our own kind*. It is about women living, loving, creating our Selves, our cosmos. It is dis-possessing our Selves, enspiriting our Selves, hearing the call of the wild, naming our wisdom, spinning and weaving world tapestries out of genesis and demise. In contrast to gynecology, which depends upon fixation and dismemberment, Gyn/Ecology affirms that everything is connected.

Since “o-logies” are generally static “bodies of knowledge”, it might at first glance seem that the name *Gyn/Ecology* clashes with the theme of the Journey. However, a close analysis unveils the fact that this is not so. For women can recognize the powerful and multidimensional gynocentric symbolism of the “O” (13). It represents the power of our moving, encircling presence, which can make nonbeing sink back into itself. Our “O” is totally other than “nothing” (a fact demonically distorted and reversed in the pornographic novel, *The Story of O*). As Denise Connors has pointed out, it can be taken to represent our aura, our O-Zone (14). Within this anti-pollutant, purifying, moving O-Zone, the aura of gynocentric consciousness, life-loving feminists have the power to affirm the basic Gyn/Ecological principle that everything is connected with everything else. It is this holistic process of knowing that can make Gyn/Ecology the O-logy of all the -ologies, encircling them, spinning around and through them, unmasking their emptiness. As the O-logy of all the -ologies, Gyn/Ecology can reduce their pretentious facades to Zero. It can free the flow of their “courses” and overcome their necrophilic circles, their self-enclosed processions, through spiraling creative process. It is women's own Gyn/Ecology that can break the brokenness of the “fields”, deriding their borders and boundaries, changing the nouns of knowledge into verbs of know-ing.

THE SUBTITLE OF THIS BOOK

By the subtitle, *The Metaethics of Radical Feminism*, I intend to convey that this book is concerned with the Background, most specifically of language and myth, which is disguised by the fathers' foreground fixations. Merriam-Webster gives as one of the definitions of the prefix, *meta*: “of a higher logical type – in nouns formed from names of disciplines and designating new but related disciplines such as can deal critically with the nature, structure, or behavior of the original ones (*metalanguage, metatheory, metasystem*)”. Despite the dullness of dictionary diction, there are clues here. I would say that radical feminist metaethics is of a *deeper intuitive* type than “ethics”. The latter, generally written from one of several (but basically the same) patriarchal perspectives, works out of hidden agendas concealed in the texture of language, buried in mythic reversals which control “logic” most powerfully because unacknowledged. Thus for theologians and philosophers, Eastern and Western, and particularly for ethicists, woman-identified women do not exist. The metaethics of radical feminism seeks to uncover the background of such logic, as women ourselves move into the Background of this background. In this sense, it can be called “of a higher [read: deeper] logical type”. It is, of course, a new discipline that “deals critically” with the nature, structure, and behavior of ethics and ethicists. It is able to do this because our primary concern is *not* male ethics and/or ethicists, but our own Journeying.

This book has to do with the mysteries of good and evil. To name it a “feminist ethics” might be a clue, but it would also be misleading, pointing only to foreground problems. It would be something like arguing for “equal rights” in a society whose very existence depends upon inequality, that is, upon the

possession of female energy by men. The spring into free space, which is woman-identified consciousness, involves a veritable mental/behavioral mutation. The phallocratic categorizations of “good” and “evil” no longer apply when women *honor* women, when we become honorable to ourselves (15). As Barbara Starrett wrote, we are developing something like a new organ of the mind (16). This development both causes and affects qualitative leaping through galaxies of mindspace. It involves a new faculty and process of valuation. None of the dreary ethical texts, from those of Aristotle down to Paul Ramsey and Joseph Fletcher, can speak to the infinitely expanding universe of what Emily Culpepper has named “gynergy” (17). Indeed, the texts of phallocratic ethicists function in the same manner as pornography, legitimating the institutions which degrade women's be-ing. Gyn/Ecological metaethics, in contrast to all of this, functions to affirm the deep dynamics of female be-ing. It is gynography.

There are, of course, male-authored, male-identified works which purport to deal with “metaethics”. In relation to these, gynography is meta-metaethical. For while male metaethics claims to be “the study of ethical theories, as distinguished from the study of moral and ethical conduct itself” (18), it remains essentially male-authored and male-identified theory about theory. Moreover, it is only theory about “ethical theories” - an enterprise which promises boundless boringness. In contrast to this, Gyn/Ecology is hardly “metaethical” in the sense of masturbatory meditations by ethicists upon their own emissions. Rather, we recognize that the essential omission of these emissions is of our own life/freedom. In the name of our life/freedom, feminist metaethics O-mits seminal omissions.

In making this metapatriarchal leap into our own Background, feminists are hearing/naming the immortal Metis, Goddess of wisdom, who presided over all knowledge. In patriarchal myth she was swallowed by Zeus when she was pregnant with Athena. Zeus claimed that Metis counseled him from inside his belly. In any case, the Greeks began ascribing wisdom to this prototype of male cannibalism. We must remember that Metis was originally the parthenogenetic mother of Athena. After Athena was “reborn” from the head of Zeus, her single “parent”, she became Zeus's obedient mouthpiece. She became totally male-identified, employing priests, not priestesses, urging men on in battle, siding against women consistently (19). Radical feminist metaethics means moving past this puppet of Papa, dis-covering the immortal Metis. It also means dis-covering the parthenogenetic Daughter, the original Athena, whose loyalty is to her own kind, whose science/wisdom is of womankind. In this dis-covering there can be what Catherine Nicholson named “the third birth of Athena” (20). As this happens, Athena will shuck off her robohood, will re-turn to her real Source, to her Self, leaving the demented Male Mother to play impotently with his malfunctioning machine, his dutiful dim-witted “Daughter”, his broken Baby Doll gone berserk, his failed fembot. The metaethics of radical feminism means simply that while Zeus, Yahweh, and all the other divine male “Mothers” are trying to retrieve their dolls from the ashcan of patriarchal creation, women on our own Journey are dis-covering Metis and the third-born Athena: our own new be-ing. That is, we are be-ing in the Triple Goddess, who is, and is not yet (21).

THE TRADITION OF THIS BOOK: HAG-OGRAPHY

Hagiography is a term employed by christians, and is defined as “the biography of saints; saints' lives; biography of an idealizing or idolizing

character”. Hagiology has a similar meaning; it is a “description of sacred writings or sacred persons”. Both of these terms are from the Greek *hagios*, meaning holy.

Surviving, moving women can hardly look to the masochistic martyrs of sadospiritual religion as models. Since most patriarchal writing that purports to deal with women is pornography or hagiography (which amount to the same thing), women in a world from which woman-identified writing has been eliminated are trying to break away from these moldy “models”, both of writing and of living. Our foresisters were the Great Hags whom the institutionally powerful but privately impotent patriarchs found too threatening for coexistence, and whom historians erase. *Hag* is from an Old English word meaning harpy, witch. Webster's gives as the first and “archaic” meaning of *hag*: “a female demon: FURY, HARPY”. It also formerly meant: “an evil or frightening spirit”. (Lest this sound too negative, we should ask the relevant questions: “Evil” by whose definition? “Frightening” to whom?) A third archaic definition of *hag* is “nightmare”*. (The important question is: Whose nightmare?) *Hag* is also defined as “an ugly or evil-looking old woman”. But this, considering the source, may be considered a compliment. For the beauty of strong, creative women is “ugly” by misogynistic standards of “beauty”. The look of female-identified women is “evil” to those who fear us. As for “old”, ageism is a feature of phallic society. For women who have transvaluated this, a Crone is one who should be an example of strength, courage and wisdom.

For women who are on the journey of radical be-ing, the lives of the witches, of the Great Hags of our hidden history are deeply intertwined with our own process. As we write/live our own story, we are uncovering their history, creating Hag-ography and Hag-ology. Unlike the “saints” of christianity, who must, by definition, be dead, Hags live. Women traveling into feminist time/space are creating Hag-ocracy, the place where we govern. To govern is to steer, to pilot. We are learning individually and together to pilot the time/spaceships of our voyage. The vehicles of our voyage may be any creative enterprises that further women's process. The point is that they should be governed by the witch within – the Hag within.

In living/writing Hag-ography it is important to recognize that those who live in the tradition of the Great Hags will become haggard. But this term, like so many others, must be understood in its radical sense. Although *haggard* is commonly used to describe one who has a worn or emaciated appearance, this was not its original or primary meaning. Applied to a hawk, it means “untamed”. So-called obsolete meanings given in Merriam-Webster include “intractable”, “willful”, “wanton”, and “unchaste”. The second meaning is “wild in appearance: as a) *of the eyes*: wild and staring b) *of a person*: WILD-EYED”. Only after these meanings do we find the idea of “a worn or emaciated appearance”. As a noun, *haggard* has an “obsolete” meaning: “an intractable person, especially: a woman reluctant to yield to wooing”.

Haggard writing is by and for haggard women, those who are intractable, willful, wanton, unchaste, and, especially, those who are reluctant to yield to wooing. It belongs to the tradition of those who refuse to assume the woes of wooed women, who cast off these woes as unworthy of Hags, of Harpies.

* *Nightmare* is said to be derived from the Middle English terms *night* plus *mare*, meaning spirit. The first definition given in Merriam-Webster is “an evil spirit formerly thought to oppress people during sleep”. Another definition is “a hag sometimes believed to be accompanied by nine attendant spirits”. For Hags this should be a friendly gathering.

Haggard women are not man-wooded. As Furies, women in the tradition of the Great Hags reject the curse of compromise.

The Great Hags of history, when their lives have not been prematurely terminated, have lived to be Crones. Crones are the long-lasting ones* (22). They are the Survivors of the perpetual witchcraze of patriarchy, the Survivors of The Burning Times†. In living/writing, feminists are recording and creating the history of Crones. Women who identify with the Great Crones may wish to call our writing of women's history Crone-ography (23).

It is also appropriate to think of our writing in this tradition as Crone-ology. *Chronology*, generally speaking, means an arrangement (as of data, events) in order of time of occurrence or appearance. In a specific sense, however, it refers to “the classification of archeological sites or prehistoric periods of culture”. Since the history of Hags and Crones is truly Prehistoric in relation to patriarchal history – being prior both in time and in appearance – haggard women should consider that our Crone-ology is indeed our chronology. In writing/recording/creating Chrono-ography and in studying our own Prehistoric chronology, we are unmasking deceptive patriarchal history, rendering it obsolete. Women who refuse to be wooed by patriarchal scholarship can conjure the chronicles of the Great Crones, foresisters of our present and future Selves. In Greek mythology, the crow is an oracular bird. Whether or not an etymological connection can be demonstrated, the association between Crones and oracular utterances is natural and obvious. As unwooded women unearth more of our tradition, we can begin to hear and understand our own oracles, which have been caricatured as the “screeching” of “old crows”.

Hag-ographers perceive the hilarious hypocrisy of “his” history. At first this may be difficult, for when the whole is hypocrisy, the parts may not initially appear untrue. To put it another way, when everything is bizarre, nothing seems bizarre. Hags are women who struggle to see connections. Hags risk a great deal – if necessary, everything – knowing that there is only Nothing to lose. Hags may rage and roar, but they do not titter.

Webster's defines *titter* as follows: “to give vent to laughter one is seeking to suppress: laugh lightly or in a subdued manner: laugh in a *nervous, affected, or restrained* manner, especially at a high pitch and with short catches of the voice [emphasis mine]”. Self-loathing ladies titter; Hags and Harpies roar. Fembots titter at themselves when Daddy turns the switch. They totter when he pulls the string. They titter especially at the spinning of Spinsters, whom they have been trained to see as dizzy dames. Daddy's little Titterers try to intimidate women struggling for greatness. This is what they are made for and paid for. There is only one taboo for titterers: they must never laugh seriously at Father – only at his jokes.

There is nothing like the sound of women really laughing. The roaring laughter of women is like the roaring of the eternal sea. Hags can cackle and roar at themselves, but more and more, one hears them roaring at the reversal that is patriarchy, that monstrous jock's joke, the Male Mothers Club that gives

* The status of Crones is not determined merely by chronological age, but by Crone-ological considerations. A woman becomes a Crone as a result of Surviving early stages of the Otherworld Journey and therefore having discovered depths of courage, strength, and wisdom in her Self.

† *The Burning Times* is a Crone-logical term which refers not only to the period of the European witchcraze (the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries) but to the perpetual witchcraze which is the entire period of patriarchal rule.

birth only to putrefaction and deception. One can hear pain and perhaps cynicism in the laughter of Hags who witness the spectacle of Male Mothers (Murderers) dismembering a planet they have already condemned to death. But this laughter is the one true hope, for as long as it is audible there is evidence that someone is seeing through the Dirty Joke. It is in this hope that this Hag-ography is written.

THE SILENCING OF WOMEN AND SILENT SPRING

This is an extremist book, written in a situation of extremity, written on the edge of a culture that is killing itself and all of sentient life. The Tree of Life has been replaced by the necrophilic symbol of a dead body hanging on dead wood. The Godfather insatiably demands more sacrifices, and the fundamental sacrifices of sadospiritual religion are female.

The sacrificing of women requires the silencing of women, which takes place in myriad ways, in a maze of ways. A basic pattern of these ways is Self-splitting, which is initiated by the patriarchally powerful and which the victims internalize and continue to practice within the caste of women. Women are silenced/split by the babble of grammatical usage. Subliminal and subtle Self-splitting is achieved by the very pronouns we are trained to use to designate our Selves. Julia Stanley and Susan Robbins have written of the peculiar history of the pronoun *she*, which was introduced into Middle English as a late development. During the Middle Ages, *he* had come to be both the female and the male pronoun. After *she* was introduced, it referred only to females, while *he* became “generic”, allegedly including women. This transition in the history of the pronoun *he* was hardly insignificant:

Since the pronoun always designates females – while the male pronoun designates all humans as well as all males, patriarchal language, as manifested in the pronomial system of English, extended the scope of maleness to *include* humanity, while restricting femaleness to “the Other”, who is by implication nonhuman. Any speaker internalizing such language unconsciously internalizes the values underlying such a system, thus perpetuating the cultural and social assumptions necessary to maintain the patriarchal power structure. (24)

When women become aware of the manipulable ambiguity of the pronoun *he*, we have perceived only the foreground of grammatical silencing techniques. Just as it would be a mistake to fixate upon the pseudogeneric *man* and assume that terms such as *people* and *person* are “real” generics (a falsehood disclosed by such expressions as “people and their wives”) so it is a mistake to fixate upon the third person singular. As Monique Wittig has shown, the pronoun *I* conceals the sexual identity of the speaker/writer. The *I* makes the speaker/writer deceptively feel at home in a male-controlled language. When she uses this pronoun, she may forget that *she* is buried in the false generic *he*. The fact is that the female saying “I” is alien at every moment to her own speaking and writing. She is broken by the fact that she must enter this language in order to speak or to write (25). As the “I” is broken, so also is the Inner Eye, the capacity for integrity of knowing/sensing. In this way the Inner Voice of the Self’s integrity is silenced; the external voice babbles in alien and alienating tongues. And when the Self tries to speak out of her true depths, the pedantic peddlers of “correct” usage and style try to drown it in their babble.

Women are silenced/split by the embedding of fears. These contrived and

injected fears function in a manner analogous to electrodes implanted in the brain of a victim (“patient”) who can be managed by remote control. This is a kind of “silent” control (as silent as the pushing of a button). Women may feel that they are free from certain fears (“liberated”) and then bend to the unacknowledged power of these fears with mental knee-jerk responses. A brief analysis of responses to a few of these instilled fears should unmask the methods of “silent” control which silence the voices of women's deep Selves, while allowing the “liberated” false selves to babble freely.

For example, the cliché, “She lacks a sense of humor” - applied by men to every threatening woman – is one basic “electrode” embedded just deeply enough into the fearful foreground of women's psyches to be able to conduct female energy against the Self while remaining disguised. The comment is urbane, insidious. It is boring and predictable if seen through, devastating if believed. The problem is that the victim who “sees through” this dirty trick on one level may “believe” the judgment literally on more vulnerable levels. It is perfectly consistent with patriarchal patterns that this device is used especially against the wittiest women, who are dismissed as “sharp-tongued”. The Godfather is the Father of Lies and favors the most blatant lies.

In the Land of the Fathers, the more blatant the lie the greater its credibility, for it is then most consistent with the general pattern of bizarre beliefs. Our ability to overcome the power of such particular fear-instilling lies depends upon our ability to discern the pattern of the whole. Gyn/Ecology requires a constant effort to see the innerconnectedness of things. It involves seeing the totality of the Lie which is patriarchy, unweaving its web of deception. Since the totality of the patriarchal Lie is *not* integrity, since it lacks the complexity of real integrity, it tends to fall apart quickly once we see its pattern, once we dare to face “the whole thing”. Moreover, since it depends entirely upon the reality which it distorts and demonically reflects, our seeing through patriarchy is at the same time learning to see the Background, our stolen integrity/energy/being.

Once we are attuned to the fact of instilled fears and of how they are used to keep women in line, we can detect the patterns over and over again. As we isolate each fear and examine it, we can see that our overcoming it depends upon seeing it in context: seeing through The Whole Thing. Consider, for example, the instilled fear of becoming like one's mother (matrophobia) (26). Repeatedly we find daughters who repudiate the particular kind of victimization they see in their mothers' lives, only to live and die out an apparently opposite but really only slightly variant form of the same dis-ease (for example, the life of a Cosmo Girl as opposed to that of a staid suburban housewife). Embedded fears of being labeled “sick”, “selfish”, or “sexless” all function in similar ways. If the victim does not see the pattern, she will react to the particulars by becoming mindlessly “normal”, murderously “selfless”, moronically “sexy”. In these various ways, her Self is silenced.

Fear of the label “lesbian” has driven many into matrimony, mental hospitals, and – worst of all – numbing, dumbing normality. It has driven others into heterosexist “gay pride” protests promoted by and for men, into butch-femme matings modeled on matrimony, into aping the genital fixations of porn peddlers, pimps, priests. Lesbians/Spinsters/Amazons/Survivors can defeat the embedded fears only by acknowledging the total context of deception plotted by the male supremacist script-writers. Spinning, A-mazing, Surviving is coming out of the shadows into a fullness of light which reduces the “spotlights” of the

fathers' fixations to invisibility/impotence. In her own light the Self sees/says her own light/insight. She sees through the lurid male masturbatory fantasies about made-up "lesbians" who make out in *Playboy* for men's amusement. The Self expels them, together with other embedded "seminal ideas". Images of the macho female prison guard, the "rejected" old maid, the bad mother, the "happy" bunny-bride, the Totaled Woman – all are interconnected implanted fears that can be silenced only when women dare to see the connections among them and to see/name our Selves.

Overcoming the silencing of women is an extreme act, a sequence of extreme acts. Breaking our silence means living in existential courage. It means discovering our deep sources, our spring. It means finding our native resiliency, springing into life, speech, action. Many years ago Rachel Carson published her book *Silent Spring*. She was an early prophet foretelling ecological disaster. Her book was greeted with noise and babel but despite the awards and praise, essentially it received the silent treatment. Like the mythic Cassandra, who was cursed by Apollo ("the god of truth") to be disbelieved when she prophesied truth, Rachel Carson, whose credibility was weakened by her sex, was greeted with superficial attention and deep inattentiveness. Ecologists today still deny her recognition, maintaining dishonest silence (27). Meanwhile the springs are becoming more silent, as the necrophilic leaders of phallotechnic society are carrying out their programs of planned poisoning for all life on the planet.

I am not suggesting that women have a "mission" to save the world from ecological disaster. I am certainly not calling for female Self-sacrifice in the male-led cause of "ecology". I am affirming that those women who have the courage to break the silence within our Selves are finding/creating/spiraling a new Spring. This Spring within and among us makes be-ing possible, and makes the process of integrity possible, for it puts us in touch with the intuition of be-ing which Jan Raymond has called the intuition of integrity (28). This intuitive, dynamic integrity enables us to begin seeing through the mad reversals which have been our mindbindings. It empowers us to question the sacred and secular "texts" which have numbed our brains by implanting "answers" before we had a chance to question and to quest. Our dis-covery of the Spring within us enables us to begin asking the right questions. There is no other way to begin. The hope which springs when women's deep silence – the silence that breaks us – is broken is the hope of saving our Selves, of delivering our Selves from the Sins of the Fathers and moving on from there. Since this Spring of women's be-ing is powerfully attractive to our own kind (womankind), we communicate it even without trying. Thus by breaking the imposed silence we help to spring other prisoners of patriarchy whose biophilic tendencies have not been completely blighted and blocked. The point is not to save society or to focus on escape (which is backward-looking) but to release the Spring of be-ing. To the inhabitants of Babel, this Spring of living speech will be unintelligible. If it is heard at all, it will be dismissed as mere babble, as the muttering of mad Crones. So much the better for the Crones' Chorus. Left undisturbed, we are free to find our own concordance, to hear our own harmony, the harmony of the spheres.

THE PURPOSE, THE METHOD, THE STYLE OF THIS BOOK

Writing this book is participating in feminist process. This is problematic. For isn't a book by its definition a "thing", an objectification of thinking/imagining/speaking? Here is a book in my hands: fixed, solid. Perhaps – hopefully – its author no longer wholly agrees with it. It is, at least partially,

her past. The dilemma of the living/verbing writer is real, but much of the problem resides in the way books are perceived. If they are perceived/used/idolized as Sacred Texts (like the bible or the writings of chairman Mao), then of course the idolators are caught on a wheel that turns but does not move. They “spin” like wheels on ice – a “spinning” that in no way resembles feminist process.

We cannot avoid this static kind of “spinning wheel” by becoming anti-literate, anti-cerebral. “Feminist” anti-intellectualism is a mere reaction against moronizing masculinist education and scholarship, and it is a trap. We need creative crystallizing in the sense of producing works – such as books. Like crystal balls, Glowing Globes, these help us to foretell the future and to discover the past, for they further the process itself by transforming the previously unknown into that which we explicitly know, and therefore can reflect upon, criticize. Thus they spark new visions. This creative crystallizing is a translation of feminist journeying, of our encounters with the unknown, into a chrysalis (29). This writing/metamorphosing/spinning is itself part of the journey, and the chrysalis – the incarnation of experience in words – is a living, changing reality. It is the transmission of our transitions. Feminist process must become sensible (in actions, speech, works of all kinds) in order to become. The journey requires the courage to create, that we may learn from lucid criticism, that we may re-member the dismembered body of our heritage, that we may stop repeating the same mistakes. Patriarchal erasure of our tradition forces us to relearn what our forefathers knew and to repeat their blunders.

The warped mirror image of creative Hag-ography is standard patriarchal scholarship, which merely re-searches and re-covers “women's history”. Insofar as this book is true to its original impulse, it is a written rebuttal of the rite of right re-search. It is part of the metapatriarchal journeying of women. Hopefully, it will not merely “survive” as a thing, a noun, but will spin as a verb, as a gynocentric manifestation of the Intransitive Verb.

Elsewhere I have advocated committing the crime of Methodicide, since the Methodolatry of patriarchal disciplines kills creative thought (30). The acceptable/unexceptional circular reasonings of academics are caricatures of motion. The “products” are more often than not a set of distorted mirrors, made to seem plausible through the mechanisms of male bonding. On the boundaries of the male-centered universities, however, there is a flowering of woman-centered thinking. Gynocentric Method requires not only the murder of misogynistic methods (intellectual and affective exorcism) but also ecstasy, which I have called *ludic cerebration*. This is “the free play of intuition in our own space, giving rise to thinking that is vigorous, informed, multidimensional, independent, creative, tough”. It arises from the lived experiences of being. “Being is the verb that says the dimensions of depth in all verbs, such as intuiting, reasoning, loving, imaging, making, acting, as well as the couraging, hoping, and playing that are always there when one is really living” (31).

Gynocentric writing means risking. Since the language and style of patriarchal writing simply cannot contain or carry the energy of women's exorcism and ecstasy, in this book I invent, discover, re-member. At times I make up words (such as *gynaesthesia* for women's synaesthesia). Often I unmask deceptive words by dividing them and employing alternate meanings for prefixes (for example, *re-cover* actually says “cover again”). I also unmask their hidden reversals, often by using less known or “obsolete” meanings (for example, *glamour* as used to name a witch's power). Sometimes I simply invite

the reader to listen to words in a different way (for example, *de-light*). When I play with words I do this attentively, deeply, paying attention to etymology, to varied dimensions of meaning, to deep Background meanings and subliminal associations. There are some woman-made words which I choose not to use for various reasons. Sometimes I reject words that I think are inauthentic, obscuring women's existence and masking the conditions of our oppression (for example, *chairperson*) (32). In other cases my choice is a matter of intuitive judgment (for example, my decision not to use *herstory*)*.

At times I have been conscious of breaking almost into incantations, chants, alliterative lyrics. At such moments the words themselves seem to have a life of their own. They seem to want to break the bonds of conventional usage, to break the silence imposed upon their own Backgrounds. They become palpable, powerful, and it seems that they are tired of allowing me to “use” *them* and cry out for a role reversal². I become *their* mouthpiece, and if I am not always accurate in conveying their meanings, that is probably because I haven't yet learned to listen closely enough, in the realm of the labyrinthine inner ear.

Another delicate area has been the use of pronouns, especially the choice between *we* and *they* to refer to women. Elsewhere I have stressed the importance of the pronoun *we* and avoided the “objective” *they*. Obviously, there are times when the use of *we* would be absurd – for example, when referring to the women of ancient Greece. However, there are other instances when I have to play pronoun usage by ear. As the Journey progresses, and as the extent of the risk of radical feminism becomes more evident, it becomes clear that there are women, including some who would describe themselves as “feminists”, with whom I do not feel enough identification to warrant the pronoun *we*. Sometimes, since the ambiguity about whether to use *we* or *they* is not clearly resolvable, there are difficult choices. Since pronouns are profoundly personal and political, they carry powerful messages. Despite the fact that many writers and readers ignore this pronomial power, subliminal clues are transmitted and received. At times my choice of *we* or *they* is a means of realizing my identification with, or separation from, certain roles and behaviors. At other times I use these pronouns interchangeably in reference to the same subject out of a sense of balance which is simply “playing by ear”.

My use of capitalization is “irregular”, conforming more to my meaning than to standard usage. For example, I consistently capitalize *Spinster*, just as one normally capitalizes *Amazon*. I capitalize *Lesbian* when the word is used in its woman-identified (correct) sense, but use the lower case when referring to the male-distorted version reflected in the media³. *Self* is capitalized when I am

* I prefer the power of the term *Prehistory* to name the prior importance of the interconnected significant events of women's living and dying. *Her-story*, I think, shortcircuits the intent of radical feminism by implying a desire to parallel the record of men's achievements. It fails because it imitates male *history*. Inherently, it has an “odor” of mere reactive maneuvering, which is humiliating to women. It conveys an image of history's junior partner. The point is not simply that this term is “etymologically incorrect”. It is enlightening to compare this term with such woman-made constructs as *man-ipulated* or *the/rapist*, which are also “incorrect”, but do succeed in targeting/humiliating the *right* objects.

² They appear also to want to break the silence of silent reading, demanding to be read out loud. Attentive journeyers of this book will notice that this is most likely to happen in the course of the First and Third Passages.

³ I prefer to reserve the term *Lesbian* to describe women who are woman-identified, having rejected false loyalties to men on all levels. The terms *gay* or *female homosexual* more accurately describe women who, although they relate genitally to women, give their allegiance to men and male myths, ideologies, styles, practices, institutions, and professions.

referring to the authentic center of women's process, while the imposed/internalized false "self", the shell of the Self, is in lower case. In writing of the deep *Background* which is the divine depth of the Self, I capitalize, while the term *foreground*, referring to surface consciousness, generally is not capitalized. I have not created or followed rigid rules about this matter, but simply have tried to convey meaning accurately/forcefully. Thus, when I write *State of Possession*, the capitals are meant to convey that this is not only an individual or internal condition, but a kind of society. At times I choose *not* to capitalize when this would be required by standard usage. The reader will see what I mean when she encounters such an expression as *the patriarchal god* (as contrasted with *The Godfather*). I have no need to consistently capitalize *christian* or *god*, being much more inclined to capitalize *Crone* or *Goddess*. This is obviously a matter not only of "taste" but of evaluation. I generally do not bother to change proper names which are conventionally capitalized. Thus I relegate such cases as the terms *Apollo*, *Christ* and *Zeus* to their conventional upper cases. One could spend too much energy worrying about such matters. As Gertrude Stein remarked:

Sometimes one feels that Italians should be with a capital and sometimes with a small letter, one can feel like that about almost anything. (33)

I do not generally put the terms feminine and masculine in quotation marks. I use both of these terms to refer to roles/stereotypes/sets of characteristics which are essentially distorted and destructive to the Self and to her process and environment (34). Thus, if the terms feminine and masochist are used synonymously this has nothing to do with the deep reality of the female Self, but with patriarchally imposed, Self-denying masks.

These is also the matter of the use of sources. The primary sources of this book are women's experiences, past and present. Its secondary sources are male-authored texts from many "fields". I use the latter in various ways. Sometimes I use them to expose their limitations, to display and exorcise their deceptions. Sometimes I use them as springboards. At all times I am acutely aware that most of these books and articles were written at the expense of women, whose energies were drained and ideas freely and shamelessly taken over. The following "acknowledgments" from Edwin Newman's *Strictly Speaking* are slightly more obvious than the average, but convey the typical situation:

This book is dedicated to my wife and daughter. My wife's contributions have been so many and so varied that it is not possible to list them. There would be no book without her. My daughter supplied many suggestions, much encouragement, and through the years, tolerance of my kind of humor above and beyond the call of duty. Jeanette Hopkins provided the impetus for the book and edited it. Carol Bok did the typing and the research. To both of them my deep thanks. Mary Heathcote was the invaluable copy editor. (35)

As Andrée Collard has said of male authors: "He not only copies her ideas; he also holds the copy-right" (36). Finally, I must add that in using male sources, at no point have I acted in the position of "disciple" citing an authority. I have tried, righteously, to use the materials available to me under the prevailing conditions, deploring, as scholars should, the necessity for resorting to such

secondary re-sources.

NAMING THE ENEMY

This will of course be called an “anti-male” book. Even the most cautious and circumspect feminist writings are described in this way. The cliché is not only unimaginative but deadeningly, deafeningly, deceptive – making real hearing of what radical feminists are saying difficult, at times even for ourselves. Women and our kind – the earth, the sea, the sky – are the real but unacknowledged objects of attack, victimized as The Enemy of the patriarchy – of all its wars, of all its professions. There are feminist works which provide abundant examples of misogynistic statements from authorities in all “fields”, in all major societies, throughout the millennia of patriarchy (37). Feminists have also written at length about the actual rapist behavior of professionals, from soldiers to gynecologists (38). The “custom” of widow-burning (*suttee*) in India, the Chinese ritual of footbinding, the genital mutilation of young girls in Africa ... the massacre of women as witches in “Renaissance” Europe, gynocide under the guise of American gynecology and psychotherapy – all are documented facts accessible in the tomes and tombs (libraries) of patriarchal scholarship (39). The contemporary facts of brutal gang rape, of wife-beating, of overt and subliminal psychic lobotomizing – all are available (40).

What then can the label *anti-male* possibly mean when applied to works that expose these facts and invite women to free our Selves? The fact is that the labelers do not intend to convey a rational meaning, not to elicit a thinking process, but rather to block thinking. They do intend the label to carry a deep emotive message, triggering implanted fears of all the fathers and sons, freezing our minds. For to write an “anti-male” book is to utter the ultimate blasphemy.

Thus women continue to be intimidated by the label *anti-male*. Some feel a false need to draw distinctions, for example: “I am anti-patriarchal, but not anti-male”. The courage to be logical – the courage to name – would require that we admit to ourselves that males and males only are the originators, planners, controllers, and legitimators of patriarchy. Patriarchy is the homeland of males: it is the Father Land; and men are its agents. The primary resistance to consciousness of this reality is precisely described in *Sisterhood Is Powerful*: “Thinking that our man is the exception, and, therefore, we are the exception among women” (41). It is in the interest of men (as men in patriarchy perceive their interest) and, in a superficial but Self-destructive way, of many women, to hide this fact, especially from themselves.

The use of the label is an indication of intellectual and moral limitations. Despite all the evidence that women are attacked as projections of The Enemy, the accusers ask sardonically: “Do you really think that *men* are the enemy?” This deception/reversal is so deep that women – even feminists – are intimidated into Self-deception, becoming the only Self-described oppressed who are unable to name their oppressor, referring instead to vague “forces”, “roles”, “stereotypes”, “constraints”, “attitudes”, “influences”. This list could go on. The point is that no agent is named – only abstractions.

The fact is that we live in a profoundly anti-female society, a misogynistic “civilization” in which men collectively victimize women, attacking us as personifications of their own paranoid fears, as The Enemy. Within this society it is men who rape, who sap women’s energy, who deny women economic and political power. To allow oneself to know and name these facts is to commit

anti-gynocidal acts. Acting in this way, moving through the mazes of anti-female society, requires naming and overcoming the obstacles constructed by its male agents and token female instruments. As a creative crystallizing of the movement beyond the State of Patriarchal Paralysis, this book is an act of Dis-possession; and hence, in a sense beyond the limitations of the label *anti-male*, it is absolutely Anti-androcrat, A-mazingly Anti-male, Furiously and Finally Female.

THE CHART OF THIS VOYAGING/WRITING

In traditional accounts (Eastern and Western) of the Otherworld Journey there are gates through which the soul must pass. The soul is obliged to say the correct words in order to pass the wardens at each Passage (42). I have already suggested that in women's metapatriarchal Otherworld Journeying the wardens are the demonic powers of patriarchy, which assume ghostly forms (that is, are difficult to perceive) and function as noxious gases. Women who are able to name our Selves are thereby empowered to name the demons at each Passage. When we say their names, they – in effect – drop dead. To put it another way, the gases drop down (condense) into a merely messy puddle.

These warden-demons can be seen as personifications of the Eight Deadly Sins of the Fathers. It is significant that in the traditional listing of the “Deadly Sins”, Deception is not usually named. This nonnaming is an indicator of the pervasive deceptiveness of male-constructed “morality”, which does not name its own primary Deadly Sin. Deception is in fact all-pervasive. It keeps us running in senseless circles. It sedates and seduces our Selves, freezing and fixing Female Process, enabling the fathers to feed upon women's stolen energy. The Paternal Parasites hide their vampirizing of female energy by deceptive posturing, which takes the form of Processions (religious, military, judicial, academic, etc).

For this reason, I choose to use the term *Processions* to name the deception of the fathers. At every turn, the Voyagers of this book encounter Processions of Demons wearing multiform masks. We exorcise them, expelling their deceptions from our minds, ousting these obstacles to our Ecstatic Process. Processions both display and disguise the Deadly Sins of the Fathers. The deception they engender glues the Sins into conglomerates, reversing them, representing them as Virtues.

The following list, which not accidentally may resemble a sort of incantation, is a new naming of the Eight Deadly Sins of the Fathers. Although any listing is necessarily linear, it is clear that these malfunctions (Male-Functions) are interconnected, that they feed into each other.

Processions

The basic Sin of Phallocracy is *deception* – the destruction of process through patriarchal processions, which are frozen mirror images of Spinning Process.

Professions

Deadly *pride* is epitomized in patriarchal professions, which condense the process of know-ing into an inert and mystifying thing (“body of knowledge”).

Possession

Androcratic *avarice* is demonic possession of female spirit and energy, accomplished not only through political and economic means, but, more deeply,

through male myth.

Aggression

The malevolence of male violence (which is, in fact, usually dispassionate) is misnamed *anger*, masking the fact that women are The Enemy against whom all patriarchal wars are waged, and muting righteous female anger.

Obsession

Male *lust* specializes in genital fixation and fetishism, reflecting a broken integrity of consciousness, generating masculine and feminine role constructs legitimated by sadospiritual religion.

Assimilation

Gynocidal *gluttony* expresses itself in vampirism/cannibalism – feeding upon the *living* flesh, blood, spirit of women, while tokenism disguises the devastation of the victims.

Elimination

Misogynist *envy* tends inherently toward the elimination of all Self-identified women, accomplishing this end through the re-conception/re-forming of some women into Athena-like accomplices.

Fragmentation

Patriarchal *sloth* has enslaved women, whose creativity is confined by mandatory menial labor and by deceptively glorified subservient social activities, resulting in “busy” and enforced feminine sloth.

Each of these Sins of the Fathers is more than a sum of abstractions. Each is incarnated in the institutions of patriarchy and in those who invent, control, and legitimate these institutions. Thus women's journey of Self-centering becoming, passing through the “gates of god” which block us from our own Background, means confronting these deceptive incarnations/demons, naming them and naming their games.

Our Journeying past these watchful wardens is not linear. A-mazing their mazes involves spinning through them, at multiple times in multiple ways. Since their names are legion, there is not one simple once-and-for-all name for the demons. Their lecherous litanies are like passages of Unholy Scripture which they repeat over and over again, and which have many levels of deception, not perceptible all at once. They become more perceptible as we learn to name our Selves, become our Selves, more adequately. Concomitant with the a-mazing struggle, which is exorcism, is the ecstatic process of Spinsters dis-covering the labyrinth of our own unfolding/becoming. Passing through the male-made mazes is not simply a preliminary lap of the journey. It makes way for and accompanies the Ecstatic Labyrinthine Journey of Survivors.

In this book I will chart/describe this a-mazing and spinning voyage. That is, I will write about fundamental “blind alleys” of the masters' maze, which hide the Passages of the Labyrinthine Way of Ecstasy. I will be concerned with discovering the fathers' Processions and with breaking away from them. The Voyage will involve encounters with the other seven Deadly Sins/Demons as well. These encounters are recurrent and in random order, as the Demons appear and re-appear at various points, attempting to block our way.

The Voyage of this book moves through three Passages. As the terrain changes so also does the style of the explorer, her movement, her language. In

the First Passage there is an exuberance of dis-covery as the Voyager breaks through the barriers of obsolete myths which block vision. There is the constant surprise of seeing what is on the other side of the hill and on all sides as the scope of vision broadens and deepens.

In The Second Passage there is a soberness and focused attention as the Explorer encounters the Unnatural Enemies of Female Be-ing in their multiple postures of Indecent Exposure. There is a focused intensity as she marks the snares laid by the deadly game trappers, analyzing the archetypal atrocities in order to unmask the lethal intent of the death dealers.

In The Third Passage, having perceived the *intent* of the gynocidal gamesters, she moves deeper into the Otherworld – which is her own time/space. Her style reflects her new-found capacity to recognize their intent in its seemingly innocent and chillingly familiar manifestations (their chivalry, their help, their care, their art, their romance, their respect, their rewards, their blessings, their love). This new knowing – her Beatific Vision – encourages her to invent new modes of Be-ing/Speaking, which are Spooking, Sparking, Spinning.

My charting and describing are inspired by many foresisters. Since all who have embarked on this journey are “contemporaries” in the only sense that matters, the century or span of decades measured by patriarchal time in which “his” history places each of us is far less relevant than our own network of communication. All women who define our own living, defying the deception of patriarchal history, are journeying. We belong to the same time we are foresisters to each other.

Here, in this volume, my charting and describing is inspired in a particular way by the words of one foresister, Virginia Woolf, who in her profoundly anti-patriarchal book, *Three Guineas*, asks:

What are these ceremonies and why should we take part in them? What are these professions and why should we make money out of them? Where, in short, is it leading us, the procession of the sons of educated men? (43)

In this prophetic book, published in the 1930s, she shows connections among the absurd professional processions, displaying their deception, their morbidity and meaninglessness. She advises us to “break the ring, the vicious circle, the dance round and round the mulberry tree, the poison tree of intellectual harlotry” (44). The circle of processions and of professions is linked to possession. Of women's dilemma, she writes:

Behind us lies the patriarchal system; the private house, with its nullity, its immorality, its hypocrisy, its servility. Before us lies the public world, the professional system, with its possessiveness, its jealousy, its pugnacity, its greed. The one shuts us up like slaves in a harem; the other forces us to circle, like caterpillars head to tail, round and round the mulberry tree, the sacred tree, of property. It is a choice of evils. Each is bad. (45)

Yes, and each is part of the *same* system of patriarchal possession, whose primary property is female life.

The writing/journeying of this book passes/spins through the phallographic maze. Yet the Other side of this Otherworld Journeying is dis-covered at every turn. This is the ecstatic side. It involves speaking in various modes: Spooking,

Sparking, Spinning. Although there is no “one-to-one” correlation between the exorcising and the ecstatic movements, there is a kind of moving pattern, a spiraling of counterpoints, a harmony of hearing and speaking. Our acts of exorcising are Rites of Passage, by which we win the rights of passage.

In the process of encountering and naming the Male-Factors who freeze process into processions, hoard knowing within professions, and kill creativity by possession, I point out clues which, as they are recognized, disclose the living process which has been hidden, caricatured, captured, stunted, but never completely killed by the phallogentric Sins. These clues point to a force which is beyond, behind, beneath the patriarchal death march – an unquenchable gynergy. They serve as raw material for a process of alchemy. We transmute the base metals of man-made myth by becoming unmute, calling forth from our Selves and each other the courage to name the unnameable.

THE FIRST PASSAGE

PROCESSIONS

Divine Scripture uses, in relation to God [the trinity], names which signify procession ... The procession of the Word in God is called generation: and the Word Himself proceeding is called the Son ... Besides the procession of the Word in God, there exists in Him another procession called the procession of love.

Thomas Aquinas, *Summa theologiae*

There it is, then, before our eyes, the procession of sons of educated men, ascending those pulpits, mounting those steps, passing in and out of those doors, preaching, teaching, administering justice, practicing medicine, making money.

Virginia Woolf, *Three Guineas*

The preacher says the proper things
And then the rusty alto sings
And now they'll all get roaring drunk
Pretending they're essentially alive,
While the proud procession leads her to the hive.

Jimmy Webb, from "The Hive", sung by Meg Christian,
I Know You Know (Olivia Records)

PRELUDE TO THE FIRST PASSAGE

Patriarchal society revolves around myths of Processions. Earthly processions both generate and reflect the image of procession from and return to god the father. According to christian theology, there are processions within the godhead, which is triune. The son, who is the second person, is said to proceed from the father, and the holy ghost is said to proceed from the father and the son. Moreover, all creatures proceed from this eternally processing god, who is their Last End, with whom the righteous will be united in eternal bliss. Thus, in this symbol system there is a circular pattern/model for muted existence: separation from and return to the same immutable source.

Christians, according to this tradition, participate in the "supernatural" processions through the sacrament of baptism (1). That is, they officially join the army of believers. Significantly, the word *pagan* is derived from a late Latin term *paganus*, meaning civilian, "because the Christians reckoned themselves soldiers of Christ" (2). The processions of christians, then, are profoundly connected with military parades, mythically as well as historically. What is ultimately sought by this "salvation army" is reconciliation with the father, for

the human species has been alienated from him through the fault of the first parents, Adam and Eve, whose Original Sin has been transmitted to all. Thus the mythic christian procession toward god presupposes belief in possession by evil forces, release from which requires captivity by the church. Consequently the sacrament of initiation (baptism) explicitly contains a rite of exorcism, blatantly belying the fact that this is really a rite of entrance into the State of Possession.

Western society is still possessed overtly and subliminally by christian symbolism, and this State of Possession has extended its influence over most of the planet. Its ultimate symbol of processions is the all-male trinity itself. Of obvious significance here is the fact that this is an image of the procession of a divine son from a divine father (no mother or daughter involved). In this symbol the first person, the father, is the origin who thinks forth the second person, the son, the word, who is the perfect image of himself, who is “co-eternal” and “consubstantial”, that is, identical in essence. So total is their union that their “mutual love” is expressed by the procession (know as “spiration”) of a third person called the “Holy Spirit”, whose proper name is “Love” (3). This naming of “the three Divine Persons” is the paradigmatic model for the pseudogeneric term *person*, excluding all female mythic presence, denying female reality in the cosmos.

This triune god is one act of eternal self-absorption/self-love. The term *person* is derived from the Latin *persona* meaning actor's mask, or character in a play. “The Processions of Divine Persons” is the most sensational one-act play of the centuries, the original *Love Story*, performed by the Supreme All Male Cast. Here we have the epitome of male bonding, beyond the “best”, ie, worst, dreams of Lionel Tiger. It is “sublime” (and therefore disguised) erotic male homosexual *mythos*, the perfect all-male marriage, the ideal all-male family, the best boys' club, the model monastery, the supreme Men's Association, the mold for all varieties of male monogender mating. To the timid objections voiced by christian women, the classic answer has been: “You're included under the Holy Spirit. He's feminine.” The point is, of course, that male made-up femininity has nothing to do with women. Drag queens, whether divine or human, belong to the Men's Association.

This mythic paradigm of the trinity is the product of christian culture, but it is expressive of *all* patriarchal patterning of society. Indeed, it is the most refined, explicit, and loaded expression of such patterning. Human males are eternally putting on the masks and playing the roles of the Divine Persons. The mundane processions of sons have as their basic but unacknowledged and unattainable aim an attempted “consubstantiality” with the father (the cosmic father, the oedipal father, the professional godfather). The junior statesman dreams of becoming The President. The junior scholar dreams of becoming The Professor. The acolyte fantasizes about becoming The Priest. Spirated by all these relations is the asphyxiating atmosphere of male bonding. And, as Virginia Woolf saw, the death-oriented military processions display the real direction of the whole scenario, which is a funeral procession engulfing all life forms. God the father requires total sacrifice/destruction.

Patriarchy is itself the prevailing religion of the entire planet, and its essential message is necrophilia. All of the so-called religions legitimating patriarchy are mere sects subsumed under its vast umbrella/canopy. They are essentially similar, despite the variations. All – from buddhism and hinduism to islam, judaism, christianity, to secular derivatives such as freudianism,

jungianism, marxism, and maoism – are infrastructures of the edifice of patriarchy. All are erected as parts of the male's shelter against anomie. And the symbolic message of all the sects of the religion which is patriarchy is this: Women are the dreaded anomie (4). Consequently, women are the objects of male terror, the projected personifications of “the Enemy”, the real objects under attack in all the wars of patriarchy.

Women who are willing to make the Journey of becoming must indeed recognize the fact of possession by the structures of evil and by the controllers and legitimators of these structures. But the solution is hardly “rebirth” (baptism) by the fathers in the name of male mating. Indeed, this “rebirth” - whether it is accomplished by the officially acknowledged religious fathers or by the directors of derivative secular organizations (eg television, schools, publishers of children's books) – is the very captivity from which we are trying to escape, in order to find our own origins.

Radical feminism is not reconciliation with the father. Rather it is affirming our original birth, our original source, movement, surge of living. This finding of our original integrity is re-mem-bering our Selves. Athena remembers her mother and consequently re-mem-ber her Self. Radical feminism releases the inherent dynamic in the mother-daughter relationship toward friendship, which is strangled in the male-mastered system. Radical feminism means that mothers do *not* demand Self-sacrifice of daughters, and that daughters do not demand this of their mothers, as do sons in patriarchy. What both demand of each other is courageous moving which is mythic in its depths, which is spell-breaking and myth-making process. The “sacrifice” that is required is not mutilation by men, but the discipline needed for acting/creating together on a planet which is under the Reign of Terror, the reign of the fathers and sons.

Women moving in this way are in the tradition of Great Hags. Significantly, Hags are commonly identified with Harpies and Furies. Harpies are mythic monsters represented as having the head of a woman and the body and claws of a vulture, and considered to be instruments of divine vengeance. As Harpies, Hags are workers of vengeance – not merely in the sense of re-venge, which is only reactionary – but as asserting the primary energy of our be-ing. The Furies were believed by the Greeks and the Romans to be avenging deities. As Harpies and Furies, Feminists are agents for the Goddess Nemesis.

As Harpies and Furies, Feminists in the tradition of Great Hags are beyond compromise. It is said of the Goddess Demeter after her daughter Kore (named “Persephone” after being abducted by Hades and brought to the underworld) was stolen from her, that she compromised. She had stated flatly that she would not allow the earth to bear fruit again unless her daughter was returned to her. But, according to the patriarchal myth, when Zeus decided that Persephone should live with her husband (Hades) for three months of the year and pass the other nine months with her mother, *Demeter set aside her anger* and bade the soil be fertile. But Persephone had tasted of the pomegranate; she was *possessed* by her husband, and every year when the cold season arrived she went to join him in the deep shadows (5). The myth expresses the essential tragedy of women after the patriarchal conquest. The male myth-makers presented an illusion of reunion between Demeter and Persephone-Kore. The compromise can be seen as forced upon Demeter, but it was fatal for her to undervalue the power of her own position and set aside her anger, just as it was fatal that she taught the kings of the earth her divine science and initiated them into her divine mysteries. The patriarchal Greek myth-makers (re-makers)

constructed a typical phallogocentric plot when they (through Zeus) seduced her into the apparently satisfactory – even triumphant – compromise. However, the fact that the daughter was *allowed* to return for a “period of time” says everything about patriarchy.⁴

Those who live in the tradition of the Furies refuse to be tricked into setting aside our anger at this primordial mutilation, which is the ontological separation of mother from daughter, of daughter from mother, of sister from sister. Women choosing Hag-ocracy refuse to teach divine science to the kings of the earth, to initiate them into our mysteries. Hag-ocracy is the time/space of those who maintain a growing creative fury at this primal injustice – a fury which is the struggle of daughters to find our source, our stolen original divinity.

The history of the footbound women of China (which will be discussed at length in *The Second Passage*) provides us with a vivid and accurate image of the way in which women have been coerced into “participating” in the phallogocentric processions. The footbound daughter was *bound* to repeat the same procedure of mutilation upon her own daughter, and the daughter upon *her* daughter. To visualize the procession of generations of crippled mothers and daughters, hobbling on three-inch long caricatures of feet, moving slowly, grotesquely, painfully in meaningless circles within the homes (prisons) of fathers and husbands – their owners – is to see the real state of women in patriarchy. To understand that this horror is still going on, assuming insidious forms of *mindbinding* and *spiritbinding* in every nation of this colonized planet, is to begin to comprehend the condition of women caught on the Wheel of Processions, clutched by the clockwork hands that circle the surface of the Time Keepers' clocks.

Furious women know that patriarchy is itself a continuous resurrection of the past, a series of processions. No social revolution, however “radical”, that falls short of metapatriarchal movement can break the circles of repetition. Only Hags – that is, Furious women – can kick off spiritbindings. This is possible, for mind/spirit has a resiliency that feet, once destroyed, can never have again. The bindings can be burned. Virginia Woolf knew this:

And let the daughters of educated men dance around the fire and heap armful upon armful of dead leaves upon the flames. And let their mothers lean from the upper windows and cry, “Let it blaze! Let it blaze! For we have done with this 'education'!” (6)

Keeping the fire burning, saying No to Processions, means facing something that is very hard to look at: Deadly Deception through male myth – the subject

4 Women are constantly tempted to measure reality in terms of the measurements of Father Time, which are linear, clocked. This is a trap. Our gynocentric time/space is not measurable, bargainable. It is qualitative, not quantitative. Because we refuse to be possessed by patriarchal myth we live in a different kind of duration, which has multifarious rhythms. The fathers who control the Clockwork Society try to consume this, our Lifetime. The Time Keepers' lie consists in claiming that “free time” can be cut off neatly from sold or bargained time (the nine-to-five schedule, the constant availability demanded of the housewife). The Masters mask or deny the fact that this division is a fundamental fragmentation. This brokenness must be healed during alleged “free time”, when the wound-up captives of Father Time waste wounded energies “unwinding”. Furious women must begin by seeing through the Time Keepers' Lie and daring to defy the Time Keepers' schedules. The more we do this, the more we “find time” for our Selves. Hags' spirits soar out of the cells of the Clockwork Prison when we defy the Lie, leaving their “frame of reference”, de-riding their boundaries. Otherworld Journeymen are precisely time/space travelers, seeing through the senseless circles, the pointless processions of the hands on the Grand Fathers' clocks.

of the following chapters.

CHAPTER ONE

DEADLY DECEPTION: MYSTIFICATION THROUGH MYTH

I wish that more people could fly into space. It would make for a lot better world.

Donald K. Slayton, Astronaut

I would like to take part in a flight that could continue for a long time around the earth.

Alexei Leonov, Cosmonaut

A man's world. But finished.
They themselves have sold it to the machines.

Adrienne Rich, from "Walking in the Dark", *Diving into the Wreck*

We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar

T.S. Eliot, from "The Hollow Men", *The Waste Land and other poems*

Despite all the evils they wished to crush me with/
I remain as steady as the three legged cauldron.

Monique Wittig, *Les Guérillères*

Patriarchy perpetuates its deception through myth. Before considering specific myths or conglomerates of them, it is important to look briefly at language about them. On the banal level of everyday cliché, one often hears: "It's only a myth (or story, or fairy tale, or legend)". The cliché belittles the

power of myth. The child who is fed tales such as Snow White is not told that the tale itself is a poisonous apple, and the Wicked Queen (her mother/teacher), having herself been drugged by the same deadly diet throughout her lifetime (death-time), is unaware of her venomous part in the patriarchal plot.

On a level that passes as “sophisticated”, scholars from various fields generally agree on certain components of what they perceive to be myth. Myths are said to be stories that express intuitive insights and relate the activities of gods. The mythical figures are symbols (1). These, it is said, open up depths of reality otherwise closed to “us” (2). It is not usually suggested that they close off depths of reality which would otherwise be open to us.

The language of Mircea Eliade is fascinating. Declaring that myths are “pragmatic models”, he asserts that “what men do on their own initiative, what they without a mythical model, belongs to the sphere of the profane; hence it is a vain and illusory activity, and in the last analysis, unreal” (3). In case the totality of this stagnation is not evident, the following passage is explicit:

This faithful repetition of divine models has a two-fold result: (1) by imitating the gods, man remains in the sacred, hence in reality; (2) by the continuous reactualization of paradigmatic divine gestures, the world is sanctified. (4)

Such lines contain the essence of the patriarchal view of myth. To participate in “reality” is to repeat mythical models, to reactualize them continuously. The myth-masters do not admit that these paradigmatic models stage “reality” and program the audience to be performers of “vain and illusory activity”. Breaking out of the circles of vain and illusory processions requires exactly the initiative which patriarchal myth stifles and which theorists such as Eliade deplore.

No one has so magnificently satirized the absurdity and horror of this deceptive repetition as Virginia Woolf. Having seen through the emperor's old clothes, she describes “educated men” in their public capacity:

Now you dress in violet; a jeweled crucifix swings on your breast; now your shoulders are covered with lace; now furred with ermine ... Now you wear wigs on your heads ... (5)

She observes that the ceremonies which take place when men wear such uniforms are even stranger than the uniforms themselves, that men perform the rituals always together, always in step, always in the uniform proper to the man and the occasion. Moreover – and this is crucial – the paradigmatic procession/parade by which males act out male-centered myth is the military parade.

The ceremonies, with the required uniforms, decorations, gestures, are all parts of the deceptive, “sacred” processions by which the patriarchal processors participate in their paradigmatic myth. Woolf spells out the fundamental clue to the meaning that is masked by the deadly deceptive processions. She ponders:

Obviously, the connection between dress and war is not far to seek; your finest clothes are those that you wear as soldiers. (6)

Here is the high creativity that sees interconnections between apparently disparate things. The basic march, in measured body movements, is a death march. The radical disease is necrophilia.

Woolf's insights concerning this acting out of man-made myth are extremely important in more ways than one. First, as I have just shown, she makes explicit the meaning of the myth: "ruined houses and dead bodies". Second, she gives us clues that help in deciphering the deception of patriarchal analysis of (male) myth. When a philosopher such as Jaspers asserts that myths express "intuitive insights", and when a theologian such as Tillich asserts that these "open up depths of reality and of the self otherwise closed to us", they deceive us with statements that are both true and untrue at the same time. The unstated presupposition of these statements is that the myths being discussed are patriarchal myths. The patriarchal myth-makers/legitimizers desperately wish that the Otherworld would be "otherwise closed to us". Since the Female Self is the Otherworld to the patriarchs, their intent is to close us off from our own Selves, deceiving us into believing that these are the only doorways to our depths and that the fathers hold the keys.

Since a radical feminist analysis reaches the point of recognizing patriarchal myths as lies in the deepest sense, as distortions of our depths, one could easily conclude that traditional definitions should be dismissed. Yet this conclusion is too simple. Woolf's analysis of the ceremonies which are the "acting out" of phallogocentric myth show that they did indeed give her material for "intuitive insights", and that she could use them to open up "depths of reality". Needless to say, these were not the insights intended by the myth-makers and uniformed myth perpetrators. Yet she did elicit insights by seeing through them. So also do women elicit insights by seeing through such obvious myths as the second birth of Athena from the head of Zeus, or the birth of Eve from Adam's rib. We do this by reversing their reversals – a complex process which involves much more than swinging to a simplistic conclusion that the "opposites" of male myths are the "depths" we seek. For example, to conclude that "womb envy" is the key to phallogocentric deception and to fixate upon female fertility would be just another way of falling into the trap of demonic deception. To remain there is to stay boxed into the fathers' house of mirrors, merely responding to the images projected/reflected by the Possessors. After recognizing these mirror images Hags must break through the looking glass into the Otherworld, our world, where we can learn to see with our own eyes. (7)

In order to reverse the reversals completely we must deal with the fact that patriarchal myths contain stolen mythic power. They are something like distorting lenses through which we can see into the Background. But it is necessary to break their codes in order to use them as viewers; that is, we must see their lie in order to see their truth. We can correctly perceive patriarchal myths as reversals and as pale derivatives of more ancient, more translucent myth from gynocentric civilization. We can also move our Selves from a merely chronological analysis to a Crone-logical analysis. This frees feminist thought from the compulsion to "prove" at every step that each phallic myth and symbol had a precedent in gynocentric myth, which chronologically antedated it. The point is that while such historical study is extremely useful, we can, whenever necessary, rely upon our Crones' clarifying logic to see through the distortions into the Background that is always present in our moving Self-centering time/space. As the women said in *Les Guérillères*: "Make an effort to remember. Or, failing that, invent." (8) The first definition given in Merriam-Webster for invent is "to search out or come upon: FIND, DISCOVER". Only after this do we come to such definitions as "to think up" and "to create". Women can discover and create our myths in the process of a-mazing tales that are phallic.

Thus the deception in Eliade's analysis becomes obvious. For what women

who have the courage to name our Selves can do is precisely to act on our own initiative, and this is profoundly mythic.⁵ From the point of view of male myth-masters this inventiveness is “profane”, a term which Eliade defines as “vain and illusory”, and which sociologists define as the sphere of “routine experience” and of “adaptive behavior”. Those caught in the circles of deceptive processions will of course call female myth-breaking and myth-making “profane”. For in fact feminists breaking the code of distorted phallic myth are breaking the routine, the vanity, the illusions, the adaptive behavior of the death marchers caught on the wheel of their “paradigms”. The call to female profanity is the call to the sacred realm, our Background.

The term profane is derived from the Latin *pro* (before) and *fanum* (temple). Feminist profanity is the wild realm of the sacred as it was/is before being caged into the temple of Father Time. It is free time/space. This Prehistoric sacred is prior to the patriarchal sequestered “sacred” not merely temporally but, more importantly, in range and depth. Since it is not confined within the walls of any spatial or temporal temple, it transcends the “accepted” dichotomies between the sacred and the profane. The feminist journey into the wildly sacred Background is movement into wholeness/integrity.

It may be helpful to look further into a few of the most “accepted” ideas of the sacred in Western religious thought. I have already indicated that there is a generally accepted classification of the contents of human experience into two opposed categories, the sacred and the profane. This dualism is essential to the analysis of such theorists as Malinowski and Durkheim (9). Essentially the same division is affirmed in the works of Max Weber (particularly in his treatment of “charisma”) and of Rudolf Otto (in his discussion of “the holy”) (10). While there are variations among these theories, they affirm basically the same split. In rejecting rigid splits associated with the patriarchally defined categories of “sacred”, “charismatic”, or “the holy”, I am not saying that feminist analysis makes no distinctions. I am saying that we have to be free to dis-cover our own distinctions, refusing to be locked into these mental temples. To try to fit metapatriarchal process into these categories is attempting to do something analogous to fitting natural feet into footbindings which at first deform and later function as needed supports for contrived deformity.

The point is not that the terms used by “authorities” are necessarily always “wrong”. Thus some of the terms used by Durkheim to describe his idea of “the sacred” might also be chosen by a woman dis-covering her Background – for example, the term strength-giving (11). However, certain points should be kept in mind, especially by women with academic “backgrounds”. First, such terms do not belong to Durkheim et al. We do not need such “authorities” for legitimation. While it may be hard to unlearn the lessons of academia – especially hard for those of us who earned “honors” for learning them – it is honorable to unlearn them. Second, such terms have different meanings in a gynocentric context. The strength which Self-centering women find, in finding our Background, is our own strength, which we give back to our Selves. The word strength-giving is only materially the same, only apparently the same, when used by women who name the sacred on our own authority. For the patriarchal “sacred” can be recognized as strength-sapping by women who choose to be our own authors, authoring our Selves.

5 When I speak of gynocentric myth and feminist myth-making I do not refer to tales of reified gods and/or goddesses but to stories arising from the experiences of Crones – stories which convey primary and archetypal messages about our own Prehistory and about Female-identified power.

I hasten to add that sometimes the words used by women to describe mythic depths dis-covered in Self-centering/spinning will not coincide even apparently or materially with those used by male authorities on (male) myth. Thus the terms awe (G. Van der Leeuw) and dread (Rudolf Otto) do not, I think, ring true to feminist breaking through to the Profane world of our mythic reality (12). Furious women may be dreadful to the Holy Father(s), but our tendency is to become dreadless, as we become attuned to the nature of patriarchal religious dread.

When I use the term mythic to describe the depths of metapatriarchal Self-centering/be-ing, I mean to convey that the Dreadful Selves of women who choose the Wild Journey participate in the source of what the pale patriarchal myths reflect distortedly. Our participation is hardly a comfortable repetition of “paradigms”. There is a sense of power, not of the “wholly other”, but of the Self’s be-ing. This participation is strength-giving, not in the sense of “supernatural elevation” through “grace” or of magic mutation through miracle drugs, but in the sense of creative unfolding of the Self. Metapatriarchal mythic a-mazing means repudiating saintliness and becoming wholly haggard, Holy Hags. As such, women are “wholly other” to those who are at home in the kingdom of the fathers. Dreadful women are “quite beyond the sphere of the usual, the intelligible, and the familiar” (13). Indeed, women becoming “wholly other” are strange. Myth-living/loving Hags are members of the “Outsiders’ Society” (14).

The mythic wholeness/holiness of Dreadful women unmasks the estranged State of Patriarchy. The State of Estrangement is typified in the new art named “holography” - three-dimensional photography. Holographs – three-dimensional pictures projected onto flat photographic plates – give the illusion of wholeness (15). Such deceptive “wholeness” is patriarchal holiness. It really is the absence of Self. This is flat, surface existence, deceptively giving the impression of depth. When I use the term mythic to describe the Background journey, I am attempting to speak of dimensions hidden by the all-pervasive “holographs” which are the distorted reflections of true depth. Holographs, then, typify the contents of patriarchal myth. Thus myth-breaking is breaking the projector of these illusions – dis-covering the realm of radiant energy where the Self lives and moves.

I suggest that a primary pursuit of those who wield power is and has been, since the inception of patriarchy, the manufacture of such holographs, which in turn program hollow men who ceremoniously live out the paradigmatic roles prescribed by the myth-masters.⁶ Indeed: “The more hollow the more hallowed” should be the fathers’ slogan. In writing of “hollow men” I am not referring specifically to males; rather I am using the pseudogeneric term, men, deliberately. For women are included in the invitation to hollowness, and insofar as they succumb they cease to be female-identified and become purely feminine: adorable and deplorable, but never really horrible, never Dreadful.

The creation, that is, the reduction, of reality to holographs is effected

6 T.S. Eliot’s poem, “The Hollow Men”, exquisitely expresses the barrenness experienced by his breed:

Those who have crossed
With direct eyes, to death’s other Kingdom
Remember us – if at all – not as lost
Violent souls, but only
As the hollow men
The stuffed men.

through various means. In the following section I will analyze an example of such reductionism from “the news”. Since “the news” on the calendar of Father Time is always really “the olds” (“New news is old news”, one could say), the fact that the example is a few years old is totally irrelevant.

HANDSHAKES IN SPACE: A CELESTIAL HORROR SHOW

In July 1975, a space spectacular was manufactured and described by newscasters as a “technological miracle”. This was the famous “first international docking in space”. It was in fact an act of international intercourse; it was, to use Jan Raymond's expression, “a lecherous link-up” (16) of the American spaceship “Apollo” with its Russian counterpart “Soyuz” (meaning: “union”). An official news release out of Houston, referring to the mating as “androgynous”, explained that the US ship played the “male” or active role on Thursday (July 17) by inserting its “nose” into the “nose” of the Russian ship. To even the score, the crafts reversed roles on Saturday (July 19). Warming to his subject, the author of the news release declared that an earlier Apollo docking “was a purely male-female arrangement – a probe that fit snugly into a receptacle” (17). While their ships enjoyed androgynous sex in space, their astronauts and cosmonauts satisfied themselves with handshakes, the traditional symbol of brotherhood. The essential point is that despite the sex-role reversals of the copulating crafts, the real bonding was all male. As one of the news releases from the space center at Houston put it: “The meaning of the mated hands circles the globe” (18). Male monogender bonding does indeed circle the earth, choking her in its grasp.

Heeding some of the technological details of the male mating involved in that celestial spectacular can help us fathom the craven craving for pomp and splendor manifested in all patriarchal processions. The heroes, acting completely under the direction of computers (their masters), were forced to crawl from ship to ship. Upon their glorious return, they also had to crawl out (19). Although they managed to crawl successfully, they were affected by the noxious yellow gas emitted from their craft. In a chronic state of anxiety about loss of control over their excretory functions, they reportedly took Lomotil tables, an anti-diarrhea medicine, “just as a prophylactic”. The space food, praised by cosmonaut Leonov for its “freshness”, was in fact packaged in tubes, cans, and plastic bags, anchored to the table with elastic bands (20). Such inglorious details unmask the real roles of the heroes in this technologically miraculous circling. Here then is a clue to the need for “sartorial splendour” in the “processions of the sons of educated men”. Robotized, the sons of their own machines, the processors are more controlled than controlling. Above all, they are not free. This uniformed sartorial splendor then (spacesuits, priestly and judicial robes, professorial and surgical gowns) is workmen's compensation. It is pitiable consolation for the unacknowledged knowledge that the processions ultimately are nothing more significant than a computer-controlled crawl.

FROM ROBOTITUDE TO ROBOTICIDE: RE-CONSIDERING

Where do women “fit in” to this space of stale male-mating, this world of wedded deadlock? We are supposed to fit in to the “family pictures” - such as those displayed by the space heroes on their craft – and into the pictures shown on television and in the printed media. In the televised pictures of the return, the wives were shown smiling in frantic euphoria (perhaps with the help of modern medicine) while their masters displayed far less enthusiasm at greeting

them. Women are supposed to “fit in” to this picture, as pictures, that is, as projections.⁷ At the present stage of technology, the “presence” (absence) of women is re-presented in the form of photographs, or of televised two-dimensional images. The direction of phallogenic progress is toward the production of three-dimensional, perfectly re-formed “women”, that is, hollow holograms. These projections, or feminine nonwomen, the replacements for female Selves, could of course eventually be projected in “solid” form – as solid waste products of technical progress, as robots. Eventually, too, the “solid” substitutes could be “flesh and blood” (not simply machines), produced by such “miraculous” techniques as total therapy (for example, B.F. Skinner’s behaviorism), transsexualism, and cloning. The march of mechanical masculinist progress is toward the elimination of female Self-centering reality. Whether or not our re-placements are materially “hollow” or “solid” is not the ultimate issue. These are simply different ways of describing the absence of Female Depth, of spirit, in feminine nonwomen conceived by male mothers.

I will call this hollow/solid depthless state robotitude. It is comparable to a term coined by Francoise d'Eaubonne to describe the state of servitude of women in a phallogenic world: “feminitude”. Robotitude, however, stresses the reduction of life in the state of servitude to mechanical motion. Moreover, it is not gender-specific, and thus indicates that the robot state is not restricted to women. It is not. However, the differences between female and male robotitude are crucial.

Women are encouraged, that is, dis-couraged, to adapt to a maintenance level of cognition and behavior by all the myth-masters and enforcers. The false molds, or forms, implanted in our minds during our first months and years of existence are comparable to the “sanctifying grace” or “supernatural life” believed by catholics to be infused into the soul at baptism. The added “fixes” injected continually by society’s mind-controllers can be compared to the “actual grace” which catholics believe they receive through other sacraments. While men also receive false molds and follow-up fixes to reinforce their supernatural, that is, unnatural, state in patriarchal society, the grace/serum injected is different. Fatherly fixes are essentially ego-inflating for men, whereas those administered to women are depressants. The stark contrast between “uppers” for men and “downers” for women can be noted in all manifestations of culture, including almost all contemporary films (with rare notable exceptions such as *Harold and Maude*). The depressants administered to women may be falsely experienced at times as “highs”, but these restrain the authentic Self, pinning her down with a double cross.

Simone de Beauvoir writes in *The Ethics of Ambiguity* that in the history of individuals it appears that adolescence is a time of choice. She adds:

Doubtless this decision can always be reconsidered, but the fact is that conversions are difficult because the world reflects back upon us a choice which is confirmed through this world which it has fashioned. Thus, a more and more rigorous circle is formed from which one is more and more unlikely to escape. (21)

7 This situation is not changed at all by the fact that, since the “Handshakes in Space” event, a few women have been appointed to fly on space shuttles of the future. An Associated Press news release, published in the *Boston Globe*, January 17, 1978, announced that “6 women, 3 black men and an Asian [are] among 35 candidates to fly on the nation’s space shuttles in the next decade”. Such tokenism functions to hide and reinforce stereotypes. The forms and functions of tokenism will be discussed throughout this book.

This passage describes very well the situation of women surrounded by the Deceptive Processions, suffocated by the circles of false “choices” which they impose. De Beauvoir names very well what real choice means:

To exist ... is to cast oneself into the world. Those who occupy themselves in restraining this original movement can be considered as sub-men [read: sub-women]. They have eyes and ears but from childhood on they make themselves blind and deaf, without love and without desire. (22)

Women fixed on the double cross of deception are made to make themselves blind and deaf. The blindness and deafness, as well as the dumbness and encircled paralysis imposed upon them, are different from such defects in males who hold institutional power, who have restrained “the original movement” toward be-ing. For the latter, psychic cripples though they are, and however much their choices have been conditioned, have assumed the role of deceivers/controllers. Their egos are supported, although in an ultimately self-destructive way.

The “decision”, writes de Beauvoir, can always be reconsidered. It is important to ask what this reconsidering means for women. The term consider is derived from the Latin *considerare*, meaning literally “to observe the stars”. For women to re-consider our earlier paternally prescribed tendencies, deceptively mis-named “decisions”, is nothing less than daring to see, name, and reach for the stars. It is reclaiming our original movement, our Prehistoric questing power which has been held down by the inner/outer artificial ceilings/sealings of the State of Servitude. De Beauvoir writes that “life is occupied in both perpetuating itself and in surpassing itself; if all it does is maintain itself, then living is only not dying ...” (23). This maintenance level of “only not dying” is what I am calling robotitude. The problem is to get beyond the maintenance level, for “a life justifies itself only if its effort to perpetuate itself is integrated into its surpassing and if this surpassing has no other limits than those which the subject assigns himself [herself]” (24). Clearly, as the Handshakes in Space Show demonstrated, the heroes of phallogocentric society do not demonstrate any such surpassing, but only a caricature of it. Circling in their spacecraft, their womb-tombs in the sky, they illustrated the paradigmatic myth of Processions from womb to tomb, of separation and return, re-turning and re-turning.

Women surpassing the circles of these circlers, daring to see the stars for ourselves, are casting our Selves into the world. This means breaking the casts into which we have been molded and breaking away from the cast/caste condemned to act out the roles prescribed by masculinist myth. Re-considering the imposed choices of the past means acknowledging that a spell has been cast upon us, that we have been framed by the pictures of patriarchy, robotized by its rituals. De Beauvoir has written:

The oppressed has only one solution: to deny the harmony of that mankind from which an attempt is made to exclude him [her] ... In order to prevent this revolt, one of the ruses of oppression is to camouflage itself behind a natural situation since, after all, one cannot revolt against nature. (25)

Women can carry out the re-considering process by refusing steadily to allow the fact of struggle between the sexes to be camouflaged, that is, by denying false “harmony of mankind”. This means living in a state of ultimate risking.

Breaking away from false harmony, women begin to hear the healing harmony of Hags, the cacophony of Crones. It is of ultimate importance that we break out of the pictures by which we have been framed, out of the chorus into which we have been cast. Re-considering requires roboticide, destroying the false selves. The original movement is the Self's cosmic questing power. Restraining it is "only not dying"; regaining it is ultimately the only thing that matters.

It is hard to see/name the fact that phallocracy reduces women to framed pictures/holograms/robots. The see-ing, nam-ing of this nonbeing is essential to liv-ing. As Linda Barufaldi, a postchristian Feminist, has said: "It's like the Beatific Vision" (26). Explaining her remark, she added that in her adolescence she had always been puzzled by her catholic instruction concerning this belief (in an ultimate vision of the christian god). For according to catholic teaching it is impossible to have the Beatific Vision in this life. She now realizes that this was a typical reversal: for a woman to see through the patriarchal god is to begin to live, finding her own divinity. Another postchristian Feminist theologian, Emily Culpepper, remarked that this see-ing of women reminded her of the reversal contained in the idea of "gallows humor" - an expression meant to convey that there is an experience of seeing through the absurdity of everything only when one is condemned to die. This notion, she now recognizes, reversed the fact that seeing through the controlling (male) myths is the beginning of living (27). The state of robotitude is marking time hopelessly, a pure repetition of mechanical gestures. Beginning living means that the victim sees and names the fact that the oppressor obliges her to consume her transcendence in vain, changing her into a thing (28). No kind of tokenism in a transcendence-sapping system will free our Selves from the spell of patriarchal myth. As long as that myth (system of myths) prevails, it is conceivable that there be a society comprised even of 50 percent female tokens: women with anatomically female bodies but totally male-identified, male-possessed brains/spirits. The myth/spell itself of phallocratism must be broken.

It may at first seem "natural" for women to reason that one can break the spell by demonstrating that "achievement" on male terms is natural to them. But after this is seen through, we encounter the problem of unmasking and moving beyond the mediocrity of such achievements without falling into opposing forms of mediocrity. Moreover, revolting against the tyrants of a phallogenic world is revolting not only against their pseudonatural "life", that is, maintenance level of existence, but also against their pseudosupernatural state, against their myths and technological miracles.

Revolting Hags/Crones are repudiating robotitude, which is an imposed state of idiocy, a kind of cretinism. The term cretin, according to Merriam-Webster, is derived from a French dialect term meaning "kind of deformed idiot found in the Alps". The root of this term is the Latin christianus (christian). This term was used "to indicate that such idiots were after all human". Revolting/re-considering requires deicide; leaving the State of Idiocy implies the death of the cretin god. It also implies repudiating inclusion in the pseudogeneric "after all human" condition of cretinism. Re-considering is denying this false harmony, breaking its bonds, bounding into freedom.

FLYING FETUSES: MYTHOLOGICAL/TECHNOLOGICAL NECROPHILIA

A few years ago one Robert Byrn, a 40-year-old professor of criminal law at

Fordham University, took it upon himself to represent all human fetuses between the fourth and twenty-fourth week of gestation scheduled to be aborted in New York municipal hospitals. Byrn was himself represented by attorney Thomas Ford, who made the following statement: “The fetus might well be described as an astronaut in a uterine spaceship”. (29) As Ellen Frankfort aptly comments:

It takes a certain kind of imagination to assume guardianship for something lodged within another's body – a rather acquisitive proprietary imagination that fits right in with the conception of a woman as a spaceship and the contents of her womb as an astronaut. (30)

The astonishing Byrn incident and the analogy made by his attorney merit some attention for the light they throw on the deceptions of male myth. Since an astronaut is perceived as the captain of a “vessel”, there is a desire to see a fetus as controlling the woman. Moreover, the image of the astronaut in a spaceship is interesting also because in this image the “captain” is very much controlled by other males outside the spaceship (for example, politicians, economists, scientists, flight surgeons, engineers). This makes the analogy particularly “appropriate” in its perverse way, for the fetus is maintained in control of the woman by males outside (for example, politicians, legislators, priests, doctors, social workers, counselors, husbands, “lovers”). Moreover, the analogy involves deceptively circular reasoning, making it doubly appropriate in this doublethink context. For here, a biological event – the presence of the fetus in the uterus – is imaged as “like”, that is, imitative of, a technological event – the presence of an astronaut in a spaceship. This elicits an obvious question: Is the astronaut in the spaceship an attempt to imitate the situation of the fetus in the uterus? Elsewhere I have shown that there is (unacknowledged) evidence in ethical writings on abortion of a widespread male tendency to identify with fetuses. (31) This merits further analysis.

There are clues about the source of this fetal identification syndrome (which is frequently fatal for women unable to obtain needed abortions) in Frankfort's description of Byrn as “a childless man who seeks to guard unwanted fetal tissue” (32). Males do indeed deeply identify with “unwanted fetal tissue”, for they sense as their own condition the role of controller, possessor, inhabitant of women. Draining female energy, they feel “fetal”. Since this perpetual fetal state is fatal to the Self of the eternal mother (Hostess), males fear women's recognition of this real condition, which would render them infinitely “unwanted”. For this attraction/need of males for female energy, seen for what it is, is necrophilia 8 - not in the sense of love for actual corpses, but of love for those victimized into a state of living death.

Frankfort's description of Byrn as “childless” also merits scrutiny. For it is the condition of all males to be childless, and there is evidence that this condition is experienced as disturbing to those who are obsessed with reproduction of the male self (which should not be confused with any genuine desire to care for and energize another being). Indeed there are male authors who are very willing (perhaps too willing) to attest to the anxiety of males over their childless state. Philip Slater, for example, writes of “this vulnerability of the male in the sphere of worldly immortality which gives rise to the concept of the 'external soul', so prominent in magic and mythology” (33).

8 Necrophilia is defined by Merriam-Webster as “obsession with and usually erotic attraction toward and stimulation by corpses, typically evidenced by overt acts (as copulation with a corpse)”.

According to his view, a woman need not guess whether something of herself continues on in a new organism, for she can see the child emerge from her own body:

Thus if one translates “soul” in these stories as “that part of me which will live on after I die”, the woman initially holds her “soul” within herself. It is only the man whose “soul” always resides outside of himself. (34)

Thus “as men have been lamenting for centuries, his immortality is out of his own control” (35).

According to this view, then, males identify the “immortal” soul with biological offspring, and women should feel fortunate in their roles as incubators, shells, hotels, youth hostels, homes, hatcheries for human souls. I have already suggested that it is dangerous for women to accept reductionist theories about the male propensity for “womb envy”. Thus it should arouse suspicion that Karen Horney's “womb envy” theory (with which she countered Freud's proposition of “penis envy”) has been eagerly adopted by some liberal males (for example, Philip Slater). The problem with such a theory is that the implied criticism stops short of being a genuine feminist analysis. Hags must learn to double-double unthink (Andrea Dworkin's phrase) – that is, to go past the obvious level of male-made reversals and find the underlying Lie. Thus it is a pitfall simply to reverse “penis envy” into “womb envy”, for such theories trick women into fixating upon womb, female genitalia, and breasts as our ultimately most valuable endowments. Not only disparagement, but also glorification of women's procreative organs are expressions of male fixation and fetishism. These disproportionate attitudes are also demonically deceptive, inviting women to re-act with mere derivative fetishism, instead of deriding these fixations and focusing upon the real “object” of male envy, which is female creative energy in all of its dimensions. Male hatred of women expressed in such fetishized forms hides the deeper dimensions of envy, which remain unacknowledged. Thus we hear one male say of another's “project” or invention, “That's his baby.” We also hear men describe the books, papers, articles of other men as “pregnant” with meaning. Such deceptive expressions provide clues to the deeper levels of deception. They suggest that the procreative power which is really envied does in fact belong primarily to the realm of mind/spirit/creativity. Yet this envy is not necessarily a desire to be creative, but rather to draw – like fetuses – upon another's (the mother's) energy as a source. Thus men who identify as mothers (that is, supermothers controlling biological mothers) are really protecting their fetal selves. They wish to be the fetuses/astronauts and the supermothers/ground commanders, but not the biological vessels/spacehips which they relegate to the role of controlled containers, and later discard as trash.

Ultimately these two roles – male fetus and male supermother – are connected (even identical), since both roles are contingent on a parasitic relationship to women. The male “mother's” spiritual “fecundity” depends upon his fetal (fatal) fettering of the female to whom he eternally attaches himself by a male-made umbilical cord, extracting nutrients and excreting waste (as he does also with “Mother Earth”). The penis, of course, is both a material and symbolic instrument for the restoration and maintenance of this umbilical attachment.

It is impossible to miss symptoms of this male fertility syndrome in the multiple technological “creations” (artificial wombs) of the Fathers – such as homes, hospitals, corporate offices, airplanes, spacehips – which they inhabit

and control. Moreover, these male-constructed artificial wombs are ultimately more tomb-like than womb-like, manifesting the profoundly necrophilic tendencies of technocracy. Here Erich Fromm's description of necrophilia is applicable, although misleading. Writing of the 'Futurist Manifesto' (1909) of F.T. Marinetti, he states:

Here we see the essential elements of necrophilia: worship of speed and the machine; poetry as a means of attack; glorification of war; destruction of culture; hate against women; locomotives and airplanes as living forces. (36)

What is described here is a mechanization of life, a robotizing regression, the patriarchal pathology, which exposed itself in the mid-seventies in the Heavenly Homosexual Hitching as a metapathology.⁹ But Fromm's description is deeply deceptive, for, although some essential elements of necrophilia are noted, the core cause, "hate against women", is mentioned only as a detail on an itemized list, rather than being shown in its prior causal relationship to the other times. Woman hating is at the core of necrophilia.

Thus it was utterly appropriate that the American spacecraft in the Celestial Spectacular of 1975 was named "Apollo". For Apollo was the personification of anti-matriarchy, the opponent of Earth deities. His name is said by some to have been derived from 'appollunai' meaning destroy. (37) Jane Harrison points out that he is the death-dealer, most deadly of all the gods. (38) She also shows that he is a woman-hater. (39) Moreover, Kerényi points out that Apollo's real enemy was a female creature, a dragoness named "Delphyne" - a name connected with an old word for womb. (40) Apollo killed her immediately after his birth. (41) With perverse appropriateness, his temple was built at a place called "Delphi", functioning as his artificial womb. Significantly, upon this temple was engraved the maxim: "Keep woman under the rule."

Although Apollo was fathered by Zeus and had a mother - Leto - he could well be described as "not of woman born". (42) Fittingly, he was born in a place of Not-Earth, a floating island in the sea named Delos. Fittingly, too, he encouraged matricide. Slater observes that "the myth of Apollo seems to express an infinite process [sic] of doing and undoing, of affirmation and negation of the maternal bond." (43) The more accurate term of course would be procession, for

9 The necrophilic mentality of the space programmers was exemplified in Dr Wernher von Braun, the German-born space scientist, whose rocketry enabled the United States to make the first manned landing on the moon. When von Braun died in June 1977, an earlier "triumph" of his career was drawn to public attention. As the *Boston Globe* reported on June 18 1977: "Almost three decades earlier, he headed the German effort that culminated in the notorious V-2 rocket bombs sent against Britain by Hitler in the final year of World War II. More than 1000 of the weapons landed on London and its suburbs. At the end of the war, von Braun and 120 associates from the German rocket center at Peenemuende on the Baltic Sea surrendered to the Americans, after fleeing to southern Germany to avoid capture by the Russians. They were hired by the US Army to work on rocketry in the United States." An article in the *Boston Globe*, June 19 1977, gives some indication of the horror of the V-2 rockets, citing a 68-year-old pharmacist who lived through the blitz: "The V-2 rockets were the worst. When the V-1 types came over you could hear them. But you never heard the V-2s. Imagine just walking along the street and then 'bang' - with no alarm, no warning or anything. That's what it was like." Shortly before von Braun's death the scientists intoned: "We are now coming into an era of space research that one might call the humanitarian era in which man will use the tools and capabilities of space." When his death was announced, President Carter eulogized him: "He was not only a skilled engineer but also a man of bold vision. His inspirational leadership helped mobilize and maintain the effort we needed to reach the moon and beyond" (*Boston Globe*, June 18, 1977).

this is a deadly circle.

It should also be noted that the myth of Apollo functioned to legitimate male homosexuality in ancient Greece: "Apollo had relationships with many youths, the first of whom was Hyacinthus; the summer festival Hyacinthia commemorated this relationship." (44) Another scholar cites an inscription hewn on the rock wall beside the temple of Apollo Carneius on the island of Thera (Santorin) in the Aegean. It reads: "Invoking the Delphic Apollo, I, Crimon, here copulated with a boy, son of Bathycles." We read that "the sacred place and the name of Apollo make it plain that ... we are being told about a sacred act, steeped in solemnity and honor." (45)

The mythic associations of the "union with Apollo" displayed in the space spectacular were deceitfully manipulated. Clearly, the culture does not plan spectaculars to legitimate "gay liberation". The astronauts and cosmonauts were obviously "family men" with "family pictures". What was legitimated was male power bonding, while the erotic component in male mating was concealed and denied. The fact that the erotic component was present on a mythic level but concealed made the apparently nonerotic power bonding message more effective. While overtly promoting the oppressive ideal of the nuclear family, this space spectacular subliminally appealed to erotic fantasies allegedly taboo in heterosexist society. This deceitful taboo titillation tactic is employed widely in patriarchal propaganda, reaching hysterical heights in the hidden messages of advertising.

The products of necrophilic Apollonian male mating are of course the technological "offspring" which pollute the heavens and the earth. Since the passion of necrophiliacs is for the destruction of life and since their attraction is to all that is dead, dying, and purely mechanical, the fathers' fetishized "fetuses" (re-productions/replicas of themselves), with which they passionately identify, are fatal for the future of this planet. Nuclear reactors and the poisons they produce, stockpiles of atomic bombs, ozone-destroying aerosol spray propellants, oil tankers "designed" to self-destruct in the ocean, iatrogenic medications and carcinogenic food additives, refined sugar, mind pollutants of all kinds – these are the multiple fetuses/feces of stale male-mates in love with a dead world that is ultimately co-equal and consubstantial with themselves. The excrement of Exxon is everywhere. It is ominously omnipresent.

THE ILLUSION OF "DIONYSIAN" FREEDOM

There have, of course, been male reactions against a state of consciousness which is perceived as "the tyranny of Apollo". Nietzsche expressed this reaction, and more recently it has been a theme song of some christian theologians, such as Sam Keen, who writes: "Western culture has become increasingly Apollonian, and the time has come when the rights of Dionysus must be reasserted" (46). According to this view, the influence of Apollo has dominated Western theology and religious institutions, which for the most part have been identified with the status quo, putting their weight behind maintaining their "present boundaries". Oddly, the "Dionysian" approach is seen by such theologians as "revolution" and as "a radical solution" (47).

Any careful scrutiny of patriarchal Greek myth makes clear that Apollo and Dionysus are simply two faces of the same god. Thus the proposals for "revolution" have the dreary resonance of a revolving door, re-sounding the same message. The "solution" consists in seeking absolution from the crime of

worshipping a false god by gazing for awhile at one of this other masks. What is sought is merely variety on the level of appearance – since genuinely radical change would involve the fearsome courage to cut through all the masks, facing Nothing.

Since Dionysus is so commonly set up as the mystifying mythic “complement” of Apollo and offered as an androgynous alternative to the stereotypically rigid Apollonian masculine model, his story requires some scrutiny. Jane Harrison points out that “the word Dionysus means not 'son of Zeus' but rather 'Zeus-Young Man', ie, Zeus in his young form” (48). Dionysus was in fact (in the fact of myth) his own father. To anyone aware of the meaning of Christ (“the Word incarnate”) in christian myth, the parallel is inescapable. Christ is believed by christians to be the incarnation of the “Second Person of the Trinity”, and thus consubstantial with the father. Therefore, Christ, too, pre-existed himself and was simply a later manifestation of “Zeus (Father)-Young Man”. Christian theologians who have been reveling in “Dionysian” theology will, of course, be the first to grant that Christ incorporates elements both of Apollo and of Dionysus. In glorifying the “Dionysian element” they see themselves as celebrating a release from one-sidedness – from stereotypic Apollonian/masculine rigidity, as finding “a dancing god”. The emerging (still christian) theology is one “of the spirit, leisure, play, listening, waiting, feeling, chaos, the unconscious”(49). All of this, of course, sounds like a description of “positive” aspects of stereotypic femininity. It is important that we dis-cover the connections between apparently contradictory phenomena, namely the femininity of Dionysus, which male theologians and philosophers reacting against Apollo identify with and glorify, and the strange (but familiar) “fact” that he is his own father.

G. Rachel Levy informs us that “in the ritual of Dionysus the Son eclipsed the Mother” (50). Any feminist can see the ominous implications of this eclipse. In its light (darkness) we can perceive the significance of the “radical” male re-turn to the Dionysian mask of the male god. Slater is very explicit about this “solution” to male identity problems:

What is unique about the Dionysian solution is that the maternal threat is welcomed, and boundary-loss actively pursued. Instead of seeking distance from or mastery over the mother, the Dionysian position incorporates her. (51)

Dionysus does not have to run away from his mother or struggle against her. His victory is total.

Semele, the mother of Dionysus, is the Totaled Woman. When she was six-months pregnant Zeus struck her with thunder and lightning, and she was consumed. Graves sums up the sequelae:

But Hermes saved her six-month son: sewed him up inside Zeus's thigh, to mature there for three months longer; and, in due course of time, delivered him. Thus Dionysus is called “twice-born”, or “the child of the double door”. (52)

Thus Dionysus's mother was already dead long before he was born. Zeus dispenses with the woman and bears his own son. But there is more to the convoluted plot than this. For some of the myth-masters held that Semele had been impregnated by drinking a potion prepared by Zeus from the “heart” (probably meaning phallus) of Dionysus, who had pre-existed her. (According to

some, he had previously been borne by Persephone, who had been raped by Zeus) (53). Thus Dionysus is his own father, reborn and self-generated. (54) Since he (Zeus-Young Man) is identified with Zeus who bore him, he is also his own mother. Thus Semele can be seen as epitomizing the patriarchal ideal of mother as mere vessel. Moreover, the apparently contradictory aspects of Dionysus – his self-fathering and his femininity – coincide. In the “light” of these elements of the Dionysian myth we can well be suspicious of male fascination with the all too feminine Dionysus, for his mythic presence foreshadows attempts to eliminate women altogether.

This femininity of Dionysus should be seen also in connection with his glorification as boundary-violator, as the one who drives women mad. A clue to the meaning of this maddening boundary violation is unwittingly provided by Norman O. Brown, who writes of Dionysus as “the mad god [who] breaks down the boundaries”, abolishing repression. According to Brown: “The soul that we call our own is not a real one. The solution to the problem of identity is, get lost” (55). This Dionysian temptation to “get lost” is not unfamiliar to women, whether our “background” has been christianity, imported Eastern spirituality, liberated liberalism, “the people's struggle”, straight suburban society, the orgiastic sexual avant-garde, or all of the above. This is the seductive invitation to “lose the self in order to find it”. Whether the loss takes place through the glorified pain of feminine christian masochism or through the “pleasurable” torture of S and M rituals, or through determined devotion to Higher Causes, the result is the same: female annihilation. Although countless women are seduced into this tragic loss of Self, the fabricators of the destructive plot are male.

To Dionysus was attributed the ability to shatter cognitive boundaries in women, that is, the capacity to drive women mad – which he did whenever possible. Madness is the only ecstasy offered to women by the Dionysian “Way”. While the supermasculine Apollo overtly oppresses/destroys with his contrived boundaries/hierarchies/rules/roles, the feminine Dionysus blurs the senses, seduces, confuses his victims – drugging them into complicity, offering them his “heart” as a love potion that poisons.

The rituals of romantic love as well as those of religion draw women into the “ecstasy” of Self-loss, the madness which is literally standing outside our Selves, being beside our Selves. In contrast to this, radical feminist ecstasy is Self-centering moving beyond the boundaries of the fathers' foreground. This is finding the Self. Indeed, we break the credibility of the contrived Apollonian boundaries – such as the false divisions of “fields” of knowledge and the splits between “mind” and “heart”. But in this process we do not become swallowed up in male-centered (Dionysian) confusion. Hags find and define our own boundaries, our own definitions. Radical feminist living “on the boundary” means this moving, Self-centering boundary definition. As we move we mark out our own territory.

The Dionysian solution for women, which is violation of our own Hag-ocratic boundaries, is The Final Solution. To succumb to this seductive invitation is to become incorporated into the Mystical Body of Maledom, that is, to become “living” dead women, forever pumping our own blood into the Heavenly Head, giving head to the Holy Host, losing our heads. The demonic power of Dionysian deception hinges on this invitation to incorporation/assimilation, resulting in inability to draw our own lines. To accept this invitation is to become unhinged, dismembered. Refusing is essential to the process of the Self's re-remembering,

re-fusing.

The madness which is the Dionysian Final Solution for women is confusion – inability to distinguish the female Self and her process from the male-made masquerade. Dionysus sometimes assumed a girl-like form (56). The phenomenon of the drag queen dramatically demonstrates such boundary violation. Like whites playing “black face”, he incorporates the oppressed role without being incorporated in it. In the phenomenon of transsexualism, the incorporation/confusion is deeper. As ethicist Janice Raymond has pointed out, the majority of transsexuals are “male to female”, while transsexed females basically function as tokens, and are used by the rulers of the transsexual empire to hide the real nature of the game (57). In transsexualism, males put on “female” bodies (which are in fact pseudofemale). In a real sense they are separated from their original mothers by the rituals of the counseling process, which usually result in “discovering” that the mother of the transsexual-to-be is at fault for his “gender identity crisis” (58). These “patients” are reborn from males. As Linda Barufaldi suggested, this fact was symbolized in the renaming of the renowned transsexual of tennis, Renée (literally, “re-born”) Richards, whose original first name was Richard (59). The re-birthing male supermothers include psychiatrists, surgeons, hormone therapists, and other cooperating professionals. The surgeons and hormone therapists of the transsexual kingdom, in their effort to give birth, can be said to produce feminine persons. They cannot produce women (60).

The seduction of women – including feminists – into confusion by Dionysian boundary violation happens under a variety of circumstances. A common element seems to be an invitation to “freedom”. The feminine Dionysian male guru or therapist invites women to spiritual or sexual liberation, at the cost of loss of Self in male-dictated behavior. Male propagation of the idea that men, too, are feminine – particularly through feminine behavior by males – distracts attention from the fact that femininity is a man-made construct, having essentially nothing to do with femaleness. The seductive preachers of androgyny, of “human liberation”, dwell upon this theme of blending. When they put on the mask of Dionysus, the Myth-Masters play the role of Mix-Masters. “Mixing up the Victim” is the name of their mime.

The illusion of Dionysian freedom, then, drives women into madness. As defined by Honor Moore, M-A-Dness is Male Approval Desire. She writes:

M-A-D is the filter through which we're pressed to see ourselves – if we don't, we won't get published, sold, or exhibited – I blame none of us for not challenging it except not challenging it may drive us mad ... (61)

It is true that the Apollonian mask of god drives women into madness, but this is the madness of one who sees the face/mask of the Destroyer, and who desires his approval because she *knows* she needs this in order not to be raped, maimed, starved to death, imprisoned, murdered. This is a clearheaded M-A-Dness. But the Dionysian method is to break the boundaries that make such methods in our madness possible. Dionysus, the “gentle-man”, merry mind-poisoner, kills women softly. Male Approval Desire, under his direction, lacks a sense of distance from The Possessor. The Dionysian M-A-Dwoman desires the approval of her god because she loves him as herself. She and he, after all, are two in one flesh. She and he are of one mind. She has lost her Self in his house of mirrors, and she does not know whose face she sees in her beatific visions.

Thus Dionysus drives women mad with his femininity, which appears to be a

relief from the stern masculinity of Apollo. Kerényi points out that Dionysus “was called Pseudanor, 'the man without true virility' – not to speak of all his joke names such as gynnis, 'the womanish', or arsenothelys, 'the man-womanly’” (62). This is the ultimately deceptive glorification of femininity, convincing women that it is desirable for men and also desired by them, luring females into forgetting the falseness of femininity, blinding us to the fact that femininity is quintessentially a male attribute.

BOUNDARY VIOLATION AND THE FRANKENSTEIN PHENOMENON

The most basic and paradigmatic form of boundary violation is, of course, rape. Patriarchy as the Religion of Rapism legitimates all kinds of boundary violation. It blesses the invasion of privacy, for example, by such governmental agencies as the FBI and the CIA, christening this invasion “Intelligence”. It extends its blessing also to the violation of life itself by scientifically “created” pollution, by the metastasizing of a carcinogenic environment – epitomized in the ever-expanding cities of the dying – and by the hideous weapons of modern warfare. The creators of artificial death belong to the same funereal fraternity as the various male supermothers – creators of artificial life and manipulators of existing life. As boundary-violators, all participate in the mythic paradigm of Rapism. All march in the same funereal procession, and the knowledge they share in common is mortuary science.

Mary Shelley displayed prophetic insight when she wrote *Frankenstein*, foretelling the technological fathers' fusion of male mother-miming and necrophilia in a boundary violation that ultimately points toward the total elimination of women. Her main character, Doctor Frankenstein, expressed a bizarre necrophilic “maternal instinct” in making the monster whom he later repudiated, fled from in terror, and was destroyed by in agony. Unable to be a “mother” (creator) the mad scientist in the story constructs his “child” from parts of corpses. While in the process of making his monster, he muses about his project:

A new species would bless me as its creator and source; many happy and excellent natures would owe their being to me. No father could claim the gratitude of his child so completely as I should deserve theirs. Pursuing these reflections, I thought that if I could bestow animation upon lifeless matter, I might in the process of time ... renew life where death had apparently devoted the body to corruption. (63)

Mary Shelley here unmasks the mentality of the technological “parent”. For it is precisely the case that no mere *father* could realistically claim the right to such gratitude as that desired by the “single parent” monster-maker, the scientific sire. Doctor Frankenstein's inordinate wish for such gratitude is a symptom of the “external soul” syndrome discussed earlier. For such gratitude would imply perpetual indebtedness of the creature for the gift of life itself and “prove” that the monster-maker possessed an animating force or “soul”. This character illustrates the hysteria of the manic mother-mimer who experiences his inherent male sterility as unbearable barrenness.

Today the Frankenstein phenomenon is omnipresent not only in religious myth, but in its offspring, phallocratic technology. The insane desire for power, the madness of boundary violation, is the mark of necrophiliacs who sense the

lack of soul/spirit/life-loving principle with themselves and therefore try to invade and kill off all spirit, substituting conglomerates of corpses. This necrophilic invasion/elimination takes a variety of forms. Transsexualism is an example of male surgical siring which invades the female world with substitutes. Male-mothered genetic engineering is an attempt to “create” without women. The projected manufacture by men of artificial wombs, of cyborgs which will be part flesh, part robot, of clones – all are manifestations of phallocratic boundary violation. So also the behaviorism of B.F. Skinner and “physical control of the mind” through the use of implanted electrodes by such scientists as Delgado, are variations of monstrous male “motherhood”. Having implanted electrodes in the brain of his “child” (brainchild), the Master Mother has it firmly tied to his electronic apron strings (64). The list can be extended to include other Master Mothers, such as physicians and surgeons (especially in gynecology/obstetrics and in neurosurgery), psychiatrists, therapists, and counselors of all kinds.

The pseudocreative power of boundary violation (the Dionysian specialty) is clearly an invasion of women's bodies/spirits and of all our own kind: earth, air, fire, water. This is *real* violation/invasion and requires that Hags make our Selves impermeable to the invaders' violations and exorcise the effects of their presence. Our understanding is often muddied, however, by the patriarchal propensity to erect artificial boundaries (the Apollonian specialty) and then to “violate” these as “enemy” territory. Wars among nations, corporations, administrations belong to this category of invasion and defense. This sort of “violation” belongs to the arena of boys' games and essentially has nothing to do with women's priorities. Yet, countless women are in fact killed, maimed, and raped in these war games, and the energy of millions more is sapped and diverted by loyalty to one “side” or the other of these idiot battles. The adequate response of Furious Women is refusal to be tricked into pouring our energy into false loyalties. Our sane surviving requires seeing through male-made, maddening artificial boundaries, as well as deriding male “violation” of these false boundaries. Furious women will refuse to follow the man-made model of Dionysus' sister, Athena, the brainchild of Zeus, who is obsessed with abetting and supporting the Battles of the Boys. For we can see that she is M-A-D with Male Approval Desire.

Since the twice-born Athena is now legion, having been reproduced over and over by xerox cloning (conditioning), she may not be able to feel her true condition as did Doctor Frankenstein's monster in Mary Shelley's tale. She may be *able* to feel wretched, helpless, alone, and abhorred, “apparently united by no link to any other being in existence” (65). Since she is a Self-suffocating shell, a figment of her bizarre father's imagination, she hides depth from the Self. But behind the foreground of false selves, of fathers' favorites, there is the deep Background where the Great Hags live and work, hacking off with our Dreadful double axes the Athena-shells designed to stifle our Selves.

Predictably, the smothering Mothermen of the Apollo and Dionysus Club will try to graft back on to our psyches the Athena-parts hacked off by Hags. Our hope lies in our power to know what these prostheses and cosmetics really are. The artificial faces, limbs, conditioned responses, are dead matter molded into “life-like” imitations of women, labeled “The Real Thing”. It is essential that we be aware of the shifting methods of the ghoulish gynecologists, these sons of Frankenstein, whose specialty is “the science of womankind”.