(Click your browser's back-button to return to main website)

EXTRACTS FROM THE GROUP DREAM

(1)

THREE STORIES FROM INSTANT THEATRE

(plus three covers from three other stories illustrated by different artists)

with COMMENTARIES

A THIRTY-SIX

THE JOKE

DETECTIVE STORY
Orkenedskolan Lonsboda Sweden
1981

Greta Snik saw herself as a girl, even though she was seventy-five. She liked to be young. In her life she had been a priest and a rugby player, but now she lived in a cave near the seaside with her cat Tony Nielsson and her dog Rikki Carlsson. Every morning she would get up at three and then spend two hours making herself up.

But on one particular night she was woken up at midnight by a fifteen year old boy, Par Ola Olitsson. He'd just seen four thousand horses descend from heaven and come down in the village, eat the grass and disappear. Immediately a letter had come to him from God saying, *The disappearance of the horses means a murder has been committed*.

Knowing Greta had been a priest, he had come to wake her. When she had taken in the story, Greta went back to sleep. Par Ola woke her up again and repeated the story. Greta ate twenty-three bananas and again went back to sleep. So the boy went to sleep also. The cat and the dog went out to chase a mouse. Greta slept till three. Then she spent two hours making herself up, before agreeing to investigate what the boy had said.

She went to the village where she found the footprints of many horses and much eaten grass. So she went to the church where she had once been a priest and (after reading about Moses in the Bible - simply because she liked the story) she prayed to God. *Hey there big chief - can you help me?"*

***The Head of God: No*!**

The Body of God (asleep) - said nothing.

The Feet of God: *Yes* (because the Feet of God were nearest to the people).

So the Feet of God came down to Greta in the church and she began shaking them, seeking information. This made the Feet very angry and they returned to God. But Greta had heard God say that Lord Hampton had been murdered and she wanted to find out who Lord Hampton was. Greta went to the Bible and looked up Matthew. In Matthew it said: *Lord Hampton is dead. Lord Hampton is the devil.*

But no more. She returned to her cave and went to the toilet. She wanted to read the toilet paper to see if any more light could be shed upon the mystery. No. So she went in search of Par Ola, expecting to find him asleep in the graveyard. He was. She woke him up. Then she noticed he had been sleeping on Lord Hampton's grave. Lord Hampton had lived in this very village. She and Par Ola began tapping the grave. First nothing happened, but after the third tap the ghost of Lord Hampton came out. It looked exactly like - Par Ola! Greta looked at Lord Hampton and suddenly realised the truth to the whole mystery. God had been joking with her, which meant that God had to be the Devil.

The realisation was too much for her. She died of a heart-attack and disappeared into the grave of Lord Hampton.

COMMENTARY:

An old woman desperate to be young, living in a cave with two pets, each given human names: she has once been both priest and rugby player and now is so afraid to face the world as herself that she has to spend two hours making herself up before meeting the rest of the day. She has retired back into the womb. Her pets replace all human contact. Her past is a mixture of the spiritual and physical. She mixed then in a man's world. Now her difficulties arise from admitting her feminine truths. It is almost as if as a young person she was more masculine than feminine. Now she feels so guilty that she has to pretend to herself that she is still a young woman. Her cat and dog companions carry boys' names. She is ready-made to be taken as a witch, although with the daily donning of her elaborate mask and the crossover, already noted, between masculine and feminine, she carries much resemblance to a witch-doctor, voluntarily interned in one of the caverns of the earth, but close to the sea.

There is a feeling here of some old religion, buried in the recesses of the past, no longer in communication with the outside world.

Into this darkness (at midnight) comes Par Ola (parola - word), a young boy who claims he has witnessed an astonishing sight: four thousand horses descending from heaven and eating all the grass in the village before disappearing. There has also been a message from God linking this phenomenon with a murder.

This disruption of her world is too much for Greta; she can't cope with it in her unmade-up state, so she goes back to sleep. When the boy wakes her and repeats his story, she eats twenty-three bananas and sleeps again. The boy also sleeps, aware that the old woman will only be able to deal with the reported event in her own settled time. Her cat and dog desert her in pursuit of a mouse and only when it is three o'clock and she then enters her usual routine of two hours' making-up that she agrees to do anything about what the boy has said. The eating of the bananas emphasises the panic within Greta at the boy's story. It is an obsessive action suggesting considerable inner disturbance; this, plus the sleeping and the refusal to leave her cave until all the rituals of make-up have been observed, show how deeply Greta is in fear of what she will find on the outside.

Par Ola's story is confirmed by the evidence she finds. She enters the church where she was once priest. Her liking for the Moses story heightens her own sense of being in the wilderness. When she prays she finds that God is in three parts (a Trinity, but divided from itself, each with a different reaction to her prayer). The Head is too remote to help her; the Body too disinterested. Only the Feet - being closest to the people - is willing to accommodate her plea (irrelevantly: a kind of Goldilocks and the Three Bears situation!) but Greta destroys that willingness by her own impatience, or impossible demands. The Feet rejoin the other parts of God. Even those parts of the church willing to respond to calls on it from the outside to show interest in crises in the human condition quickly return to a consolidated church-view when the opportuning is not handled discreetly enough. (This contains a perception about the dilemmas faced by any liberal faction within an authority-structure, when the demands from outside reformers get too dangerous to handle conventionally.)

Somehow though in all this non-communication with the parts of God, the deity has let it be known to Greta that Lord Hampton has been murdered. This is a kind of oracular statement that Greta, with her priestly powers from the past, has been able to divine from an apparently uncooperative God. But it makes no sense to her since she has never heard of Lord Hampton. With the coming of the horses to the village, a kind of spiritual whirlwind has been let loose and unknown areas of experience have been let loose into consciousness. Greta goes to the Bible and finds that Lord Hampton is both dead and the devil. This statement in Matthew has either been overlooked by her before (and as a priest presumably she would have been familiar with the gospels) or somehow has appeared since she last read them, and is there now as part of the extraordinary events that are being unleashed in the neighbourhood.

At this point Greta returns to her cave and goes into the toilet, there to read the toilet paper. She has been much disturbed by the chain of events; the toilet is the innermost place of self-communion, and the toilet-paper can be seen here as the outcast's bible, that might be expected to render a down-to-earth no-nonsense response to world-shaking actions. But, even in her toilet, Greta can make no sense of what she has become involved in on this occasion. She has to find Par Ola, who brought her into the story in the first place. He's asleep in the graveyard on the grave of...Lord Hampton! The man (the devil) had lived and died in her own village! And not only that - but when the Lord's ghost comes out of the grave he looks like Par Ola. In one blinding vision Greta sees what has been happening to her at every level. The Lord (Hampton) is Par Ola (the Word) is the Devil. She has been the victim of God's great joke. (God's great snicker - Greta Snik!) From beginning to end she has been tricked into taking part in a holy charade. Her heart bursts and she dies and falls into the devil's grave.

From the story's end-view it becomes clear that every event in it has been set up to trap Greta. She once was a feminine priest of a village (pagan) church. With the coming of a new, more organised, religion Greta was forced to retire into the darkness of the past, fearful of the light, deluded and confused about her true identity. This though was not acceptable to the authorised spiritual forces. They had to winkle her out of her wilderness and destroy her completely. The vision of the horses and

the grass prophetically says it all - God the horses, she the grass. God, the powerful usurpation from heaven; she, the natural local grass-roots. But also the fodder for a scheming ruthless cynical divinity, unprincipled and manipulative. Greta is a kind of Hardy character, who discovers at the end of a deeply-believing life that she has been, throughout, nothing but *the sport of gods*.

On a more personal level though it may be a morality tale about a woman who was forced out of the protective armouring of herself into facing the truths in her own mirror - and couldn't cope with what she discovered. If existence turns out to be nothing but a joke, why live? But for years she has already denied her existence, hiding herself behind masks. The story then becomes one of the relentless exposure of her own contradictions, to a degree that blows her apart.

There is also a further story about the horses of the apocalypse thundering down upon the world, destroying its food resources: Greta then becomes a symbol of the human race, forced to face its own inadequacies and delusions, forced to wake up to a world falling into chaos with all its sacred images disintegrating, inevitably caught up in a holocaust it cannot control.

This story was created by young people in their early teens in a small town in Southern Sweden, in the year again when responsible adults were talking of the possibility of limited nuclear war.

It is worth pointing out that the last three stories have all grown out of the theme of 'Detectives'. Years ago someone made the observation that the fascination of modern people with detective stories came from an unspoken awareness that such stories represented the fag-ends of the Greek spiritual dilemma: the struggles of heroes to make sense of their dangerous world and to combat the many manifestations of danger and evil they were beset with, often wished upon them by divine forces they had no means of controlling, and with whom they could only make partial and temporary alliances. In Instant Theatre the deep association of the detective theme with the spiritual is in continual evidence: these three stories, and others in this collection, give ample evidence to support this claim.

(design by Alex Patterson)

SEVENTY ONE

THE MERMAID WITH A BICYCLE

VOYAGE EXMOS STAOP
Pedagogisk Senter Oslo Norway
Oct 29 81

Ann, aged sixteen, was at the Bubbaloo station waiting for a train to Bergen. It was two o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon. She fell asleep on the bench and had a dream about a girl being drawn along by reindeer floating down from the sky and landing on her. The girl told Ann about Exmos Staop, where a person (of the same name) lived who owned a hammer of silver and gold which played beautiful music. To see it Ann must have an introduction, but since Ann did not have one, the girl would not take her.

Ann woke up and, finding one of her shoes missing, looked under the bench. There was a piece of paper - the introduction to Exmos Staop!

Ann went to the information desk at the station and asked where Exmos Staop was. No one knew, but an enquiry was put out over the loudspeaker. Two girls, Lesley and Linda, both eighteen, who were on the platform eating ice-cream, recognised the name Exmos Staop and

came to meet Ann. They told her they had been touring Europe when they had had a dream telling them to go to Rome. In a street in Rome they had found a piece of paper with a message telling them to be at Bubbaloo station in Sweden at two o'clock on a Wednesday.

So the three decided to go together on a voyage to Exmos Staop. There were sixteen platforms in Bubbaloo station, and there were eight trains waiting at the platforms. None of them was going to any place called Exmos Staop. Then they noticed another train, all battered and queer-looking, playing the song *Take the A train* from its pipes. Hovering above it was a little fat naked man playing Vivaldi's *Winter* on a flute. When they approached him he flew away. They followed but he fell down a manhole in the street. As he fell he indicated towards the queer-looking train. So they hurried off to catch it.

They ate turkey and drank champagne as they travelled in the restaurant car. The train went extremely fast. They could see absolutely nothing outside, so they just kept eating. They travelled for eight days but it felt like two. When the train stopped it was neither night nor day - just misty and nothing. They found they couldn't get out of the carriage, but just then there was a knock at the door. It was the man with the flute playing *Winter* again. He then played *If I had a hammer*.

They could see a blue mountain with two flashing red lights in the distance. They found a key, in the turkey they had been eating, to open the door. Outside there was a pink and silver ladder going down into black water. But they couldn't get through the door because they were so fat from eating turkey and

drinking champagne, so for four days they had to jog to get thin.

Even then, when they were able to get through the door, they realised how far down it was to the black water and none of them liked heights - so instead of taking the ladder they jumped. They fell on a giant red and black lobster under the water and squashed it. They met a mermaid with a bicycle who asked them for their introductions. They handed them over and they were approved. The mermaid led them into a cave where a brass band was playing, but there were instruments only - and they were being conducted by a hammer.

An octopus, which had been dancing to the music, grabbed the hammer, causing the brass band to stop, and ran through a tunnel out of the cave. The girls ran (or rather swam) after the octopus, but Exmos Staop, a giant *stars and stripes* creature, suddenly appeared out of a door in the rock and ate the girls up. They laughed! He then burped them up as mermaids and the other mermaid led them back out of the cave and taught them how to ride bicycles.

COMMENTARY

Transformation again! Three girls at points of change in themselves, drawn by dream and strange notes towards a destiny radically different from any they could previously have conceived. They are taken along devious difficult paths that finally involve them in losing their first identities altogether and turning into something impossible in their straight world but natural to their new circumstances.

The story starts at Bubbaloo station - like Waterloo, but the element being a bubble rather than water (which does make its inevitable appearance later). Ann is planning to go to Bergen, but a dream while waiting for the train changes her life completely. The dream is a disappointing one. It tells of a

person and a place called Exmos Staop (involving beautiful music) but suggests that Ann is not fit to visit either since she doesn't have an introduction. But when she wakes up and looks for a missing shoe - she finds such an introduction under the seat! Without the dream she wouldn't have known what to make of it; but without the shoe having fallen off her foot as she slept she wouldn't have found the introduction. Dream is not enough. Reality too must connive at getting the one-to-transform into the right place and frame of mind, so that the spiritual journey can be undertaken.

The official railway information desk knows nothing of Exmos Staop. Eight trains are standing at platforms - none with that destination. Ann links with two other girls, they having been brought from Rome by a dream and a note on the same mission. They discover a ninth train, very musical, and a little fat naked man playing a flute. He can fly but falls down a manhole; not before he has indicated the musical train. This man suggests an aged Cupid. The whole atmosphere the girls have got into seems quaint. The queer-looking train, the musical man, who can fly but falls down a manhole: it is as if the modernity of the world around them has slipped into a naive caricature of itself.

They board the train - it travels very fast (nothing quaint about that). They lose all sense of where they are and they travel for eight days non-stop (although to them it seems only a quarter of that time). On arrival night and day have become confused. Time has been made a nonsense of. They can't get out of the carriage however, since they can find no key. Outside the door the little fat man arrives to play music again. They find a key in the turkey, but now are so fat from overeating for eight days they can't get through the door. They have to jog for four days to reduce their size.

The girls are undergoing some kind of initiation programme. Until they have found the right key, and then the right size, they are not fit to get to the next stage. For some reason they have been chosen for the journey; there seems no question of failure. But until their physical (spiritual) condition fits the bottleneck, the symbolic hole, the eye of the needle they have to get through, they remain stuck in a kind of limbo.

Once ready they now have to face the most hazardous moment in their strange journey. Outside the door is a pink and silver ladder descending into black water. None of

the girls can face the slow descent into blackness, so they all jump. The water consumes them. The train again recalls Kronos - time - who swallows his children and then spits them out.

They fall onto a black and red lobster which they squash. The crab, and by extension probably the lobster, are associated with Cancer, which is *the threshold through which the soul enters upon its reincarnation.* The death of the lobster introduces the sacrifice again, which seems to be a necessary part of the transformation dream. Cancer is linked with the moon; the moon has innumerable associations with the feminine, the mother. In THE MOON, the tarot card, beneath the moon is a huge red crab resting upon the mud. Cirlot adds:

the crab....has as its function that of devouring what is transitory

....and of contributing to moral and physical regeneration.

The squashing of the lobster - black and red - has a menstrual quality. Black is a death; red is a letting of blood that, in *The Twelve Crows*, in different circumstances, has already offered itself for cathartic purposes. The death of the egg allows another egg to form. The triad of girls have broken into and out of the lobster; that is the collective-she has been born into an underwater world through the door of the lobster, which is a kind of reflection of the door of the train through which eventually they were initiated enough to jump. The train, thinking back, becomes a kind of penis, from which the seed-girls were ejaculated into the black and red womb of the lobster-mother.

And in this new world, they are met by a mermaid with a bicycle, to whom they give their introductions. What could be more natural! In the first place the girls have been enticed by music. The mermaid is woman with a strongly developed intuitive side, totally at one with the new (and immensely old) water world. If the train is masculine, the bike seems to have a number of feminine qualities. It is closer to nature, depends upon its two wheels. It presents problems for mermaids, on the face of it, but not apparently in this story.

However that's a mystery the girls are not yet ready for. The mermaid takes them to an underwater cave where a brass band is playing. A band though that does without players - the instruments play themselves, conducted by a hammer (presumably the hammer already dreamed of by Ann - the one of silver and gold).

The cave is a kind of inner womb in what is already a womb-world. It has to be an oracular place - and in it the messages are in music, which the instruments are themselves emitting. In the womb of all wombs, music reigns. It uses its instruments to relay itself. Creativity is the secret of creation. Yet here the sacred is still violable. The hammer is grabbed by an octopus, a kind of dark-water spider *symbolic of the mystic centre and of the unfolding of creation.* The harmony of the inner spheres is disrupted, but the theft of the hammer seems to be part of a process that is being played out around the girls and for their benefit.

They follow the octopus out of the cave through a tunnel. They have had their glimpse of the mystic centre. Now the irremediable step has to be taken. Their way is blocked by Exmos Staop. He is a *stars and stripes* creature - and a giant. This makes him from America (the New World! and the home of many transformative movements of the present day), but other associations too crowd in. The stars and stripes suggest a duality. This is his place. The hammer belongs to him. This makes him a kind of Neptune figure (and Neptune in astrology rules unbounded creativity). At the same time he eats the girls - and then burps them up again.

We've had this before in this story. Exmos Staop is a reflection of the train that brought the girls on their journey. Kronos is Saturn. Saturn, astrologically, stands for order. The door that will let you though only when you are fit to do so. Exmos Staop comes out of a door to devour the girls. He is a door to them - the deepest door of their pilgrimage towards new versions of themselves. *Stars,* says Cirlot:

are linked with the idea of multiplicity (or with disintegration) because they appear in clusters, and with order and destiny because of their disposition and location.

In the womb of wombs creativity seems to be a spontaneous flow out of the instruments themselves. That's Neptune. Art though has to discipline that creative act in some way, either at the source of the created moment itself, or immediately upon its appearance. That's Saturn.

In visiting the innermost womb, the three girls - to all intents and purposes three-in-one, since at no point (once they have met) in the story do they get differentiated - have been initiated into the harmonies that have created the world. To make use of those harmonies

though needs another initiation: disintegration and re-ordering.

They have to be swallowed, processed themselves into consummate artists. *We are what eats us.* Exmos Staop spits them out as mermaids - so obvious, once it happens! Only now are they genuine water-creatures. And being mermaids they have to be let into the disciplines of riding bicycles. They have to learn to play their instruments properly. It may seem impossible that mermaids can ride bicycles: no more so than that children can learn to read and write and that audiences can discover in the space of less than an hour how to create stories such as those in this book. No audience, at the start of the per-formance, believes that it will do so. One of Exmos Staop's masks is Word And Action; and Instant Theatre is a version of the music, playing only on its instruments, coming from the womb of wombs.

Let that be nonsensical; this story remains a pert exploration of the transformation process, as well as touching upon the raw roots of creativity itself.

(design by Pat Gregory – Cardiff)

C

EIGHTY-TWO

THE QUEEN'S SCABS
FAIRY STORY Queen Witch Princess
Shore Grove School for Visual Disabilities
Manchester
Oct 14 85

Queen Jean was Queen of England and had been queen since the time she was born. Her mother, the previous queen, had died in childbirth. Queen Jean was beautiful - with scabs.

However when she was only five years old, the wicked witch, Ugh, who was being chased by the palace guards at the time, put a spell on her that made her go to sleep. She slept deeply for a very long time - in fact for one hundred and ninety nine years. At the end of that time she began to regain consciousness and whilst in this semi-aware state she gave birth to a daughter, the Princess Lizzie. Once the princess was born, however, Queen Jean fell back into her deep sleep.

It was another year later that the witch, Ugh, in an attempt to stop the guards chasing her, eventually lifted the spell from the queen. Unfortunately for the witch though the guards still caught her and threw water over her. Ugh faded away.

Upon waking this second time, the queen, not surprisingly, was a little confused as to what age she was exactly. At different times she thought she was different ages. Sometimes she thought she was twenty, sometimes fifty-two; at other times she felt in her mid-twenties and at others in her mid-thirties. In fact she was none of these (as the reader can easily work out) being two hundred and five years old. She found she had woken at twelve thirty on a Tuesday morning in summer and strangely enough the snow was falling.

Queen Jean was hungry (having been asleep for most of the past two hundred years) so she went down to the palace kitchen to fix

some sausages and beans and a drink of *vimto*. There she discovered her one-year old daughter, Princess Lizzie. On seeing her mother the princess fainted. Queen Jean immediately phoned for an ambulance, which did not arrive for one hour. The driver explained that he had had an accident and split his head open. The queen and the driver helped the princess into the ambulance and all three went off to the hospital.

An angel, dressed in white with yellow wings, brought the witch, Ugh, back to life on the condition that she should be a good witch. But the first thing that Ugh did was to go to the hospital and kill Lizzie and Queen Jean. No sooner had she done this than the witch faded away again.

Nearby the hospital were four fairies, dressed in white with white wings. They had witnessed all these happenings. They brought the queen and the princess back to life. Then God and Jesus came along and lived in their tummies - God in the queen's tummy, and Jesus in the princess's. The queen's scabs fell off and they lived happily ever after.

As for Ugh, the witch, the palace guards went over to her and kissed her, even though she had faded away. The four fairies saw this too and liked it and decided to give her another chance. This time her body was good and her head was bad. Every time she did something bad she faded and when she did a good turn she became renewed.

COMMENTARY

A story that shows clearly that its development is no accident. Its creators are from a school with *visual disabilities*: the queen is beautiful, but with scabs and an orphan since birth. She is put under a spell by the witch,

Ugh, at the age of five and sleeps for nearly two hundred years. ***Ugh,*** of course, is the reaction most people have to a ***visual disability***. Five is the age when school starts, and the sufferer first gets exposed to the reactions of society at large. Rightfully, the scabby one is a queen and beautiful. The one hundred and ninety-nine years' sleep represents a kind of wish-fulfilment, but also (as in The Sleeping Beauty) a suspension of consciousness between innocence and the onset of experience.

When the queen comes out of her deep sleep she is still only in a state of semi-awareness, but is sufficiently awake to realise she is giving birth to a princess. The effort is too much and she relapses into sleep. The birth seems to be a kind of virgin birth - or it may be the result of some form of rape.

She wakes again a year later but is in a state of considerable confusion over her real age. She's not sure whether she is in her twenties or thirties, whereas the reality is that she is two hundred and five. And, although it is summer, the snow is falling. The gap between the want and the reality is almost unbearable.

In the kitchen she meets her neglected daughter; but at the sight of her mother the princess faints - Queen Jean is still too awful for even her own daughter to contemplate. The Queen though is concerned not for herself but her daughter and phones for an ambulance which takes an hour to get there, the driver having been involved in an accident and split his head open (one of the rare appearances in the story of the masculine - more about this later).

When mother and daughter reach the hospital, though, their tribulations are not over. Ugh, the witch, whose role in this story will be looked at below, manages to kill Queen Jean and Princess Lizzie. They are brought back to life by four fairies, and then are taken over by God and Jesus. God lives in the queen's tummy and Jesus in the princess's. Whereupon the queen's scabs fall off and she and her daughter live happily ever after. They have been born again, taking their rightful place in the world as the Mother of God and the Mother of Jesus. A double apotheosis - where power and beauty finally triumph over external ugliness and total powerlessness.

Ugh is a Satanic figure, but rather more complex than such figures are usually allowed to be. It was Ugh who brought about the Queen's sleep at the age of five. A nasty act, maybe, but with considerable benefits to a

young girl demeaned by the scabs on her face. It is Ugh who, out of apparent self-interest, finally causes the Queen to wake up two hundred years later. She is caught by guards, has water thrown over her and fades away. But it is an angel (male?) that brings Ugh back into existence, requiring her to be a good witch but doing little to make sure that she keeps her promise. Ugh promptly kills the queen and princess before fading away a second time. Without Ugh's killing, though, the queen and princess could not have been brought back to life by the fairies and invested with God and Jesus.

Eventually Ugh is kissed by the palace guards and brought back into being once more, this time with the blessing of the four fairies. She becomes a half- reformed character - with a good body and a bad head. And her fading and renewal continue dependent upon her bad and good deeds.

Ugh is a form of shadow figure, emphasising the duality of existence. She is still capable of bringing bad into the world, but also of creating good. She is a principal of duality; but even her bad deeds are usable towards good consequences. She is what has to be: in terms of the human personality, she is the dark side that cannot be eradicated, but must be accepted as essentially present. Some of her returns, too, are not self-engineered. She too is dependent upon the guards, or the angel, for the power to come back. Once alive though she is her own mistress. She is not far from the trickster figure we have met before in earlier stories.

Queen Jean meanwhile has moved from being Queen (who at least went one further than her own mother who died in childbirth: Queen Jean produced her own child, albeit in an involuntary manner) and eventually is able to rise into sublimity by losing her scabs and holding God in her tummy. There is no suggestion that she eventually gives birth to God, any more than her daughter gives birth to Jesus. They are the homes to the holy spirit; which may well make them goddesses - the inheritors of the God-Jesus divinity; invested with the spirit but not the passed-by mothers of it. The queen's confusion over her age - and her being an orphan - are symbolic statements of the obscurity of her origin. She has come out of the shades of time, totally unsure in herself of what her origins might be.

The masculine is clearly in a subordinate role. God and Jesus inform but do not control the feminine presence. The ambulance-driver

is himself injured and cannot bring the ambulance on time. The palace guards seem though to have a mystic role; as watchers over the palace's fortunes. They chase the witch and throw water over her, a baptismal act that first causes Ugh to fade away; but it is their kissing (another water-act) that brings her back finally into her necessary good-bad role, confirming her ability to come and go with her bad and good deeds at the essential moments.

In a strange way the palace guards become the carers, the managers of the equilibrium - fulfilling what would be the feminine purpose in a masculine- dominated state.

The world of visual disabilities, in this story, has given way to an inner serene world where true beauty and the beatitudes reign. There is an acknowledgment that the dark side of living must have its place - but that dark side too has its positive consequences. So visual disabilities themselves (if the mirror is turned) become Ugh - the witch-factor that cannot be dismissed simply as evil, but has its very important role to play in the world as it unfortunately is.

(design by Pat Gregory – Bournemouth)

(Click your browser's back-button to return to main website)