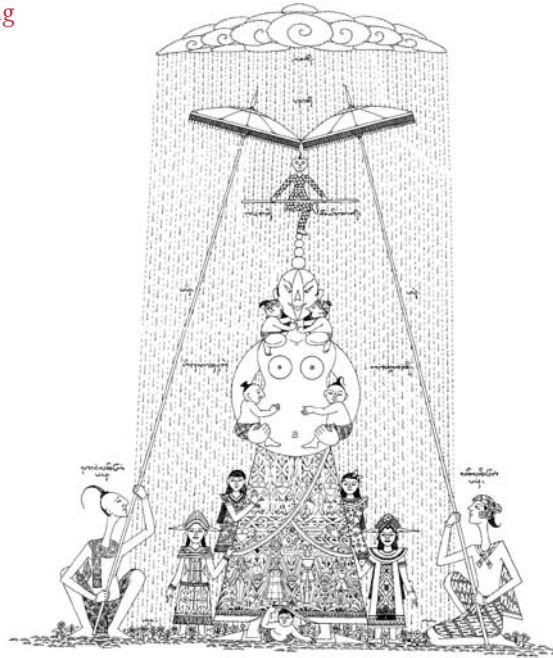


# MOTHER, MAIDEN AND CRONE (Tibet)

“The Yin Power pushes up even more powerfully and is about to supplant the Yang Power altogether.”

I-Ching



Implacable experience—that candid and stringent educator—has taught me to pay more attention to the power of the female soul. The world’s most ancient civilisations—China, India, Babylon, Southeastern Europe<sup>(1)</sup>, Japan, Arabia<sup>(2)</sup> —and countless African ethnic groups, were once ruled by female power and control.

- (1). In northern Yugoslavia, archaeologists did not find any form of weapon, but they did unearth a large variety of female statuettes. Carbon dating revealed that they dated from 8,000 BC.
- (2). In the 7th century AD, before the advent of Islam, Arabia was matriarchal. The moon was worshipped in its three aspects: *Al-Lat*, the crescent moon, was the virgin. The full moon—*Al-Uzza*—the mother, and *Al-Manat*, the dark moon, when the moon is hidden. She is the visionary who can turn into a crone. “The *Annal Ashurbanipal* said: Arabia was governed by queens for as long as anyone could remember”. (Barbara Walker, *The Woman’s Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets*).

Historical evidence attests to the fact that, during ancient matriarchal times, wars and the violent seizure of land and wealth were less common, because mothers shunned violent conflict, instead submitting to the powerful arms of love and protecting their children.



A Tibetan warrior was talking to a mother, a maiden and a crone. He asked the mother:

“Why are women so powerful and mysterious?”  
With a knowing smile half-concealed under her lips, the mother replied:

“For thousands of years, man has repressed woman, and repression is a sure sign of fear—‘Let’s cage the tiger because we’re afraid of its power, but we can let the cat roam free’.

“Women are cosmic visionaries. We are all joined to the universe by an invisible thread. Our ovules<sup>(3)</sup> follow the endless path of the moon in the firmament, and many of us menstruate when our sibylline ally is at the height of her splendour.

“The Great Creator granted our bodies the sublime privilege of being holy chalices where life grows.

“In the miracle of life, we are earth, roots, tree, flowers and fruit.

*“If the outcome of sexual union with a man is so crucial for us—as we become mothers—it is nature’s justice that our pleasure in bed should be abundant and powerful. For many women, to culminate their ardent passion once is not sufficient to feel satisfied*

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(3). On a microscopic level, female supremacy patently relegates man to an inferior standing. The ovule is 80,000 times larger than the spermatozoid and, when the latter penetrates the ovule, it is made to vanish by female cell enzymes.



*and relaxed.”*

The woman paused for a long while, mulling over her words.

The Tibetan warrior, dazzled by the radiance of such brilliant eloquence, begged her to continue.

“Equality is an illusion,” continued the mother. *“Women are emotionally and sexually more powerful than men.* Since the dawn of time, in order to survive, man has resorted to bodily strength and material wealth. Woman, on the other hand, has used her mind and the power of love. A Siberian saying goes, ‘Man is the head of the family, while woman is the neck, who moves him at will’.”

The maiden, who had listened to the mother’s words in awe, as candidly as befits a maiden unsoiled by anyone, asked:

“What is love?”

The Tibetan Warrior remained absorbed in his thoughts for some time, wondering how to answer such a simple and yet complex question. At length he said:

“Love is a state of vulnerability<sup>(4)</sup>. You love to the degree that you can be hurt. When you don’t care about anything; when your body has grown cold with apathy, the little birds of love no longer sing in your garden of love. When you cling to love like a castaway to a piece of driftwood, you are deceiving yourself and, what you believe to be love is actually anxious despair.

“Love is a hymn to freedom and happiness.

“If you tie two birds together, that gives you four wings—but they cannot fly.<sup>(5)</sup>”

*“The opposite of love is not hate but boredom and indifference.*

“If love involves forsaking your self-realisation and self-esteem, to become a tame, acquiescent sheep to your passions, you are taking giant steps towards the abyss of a helot, before falling into the nothingness of becoming a nonentity. A man in love who forgets about himself, who, for love, will do whatever is asked of him, which is all comprehension and sacrifice, is not a selfless Warrior of love but an idiot who ends up forfeiting his most sacred possession—his dignity, and his self-respect.

“Before succumbing to such an obsessive form of love in which you end up negating yourself—the vilest swindle of all—it is preferable to deliver yourself into the serene arms of that great inspirer, the woman who tells no lies and is always there to take you in her arms—solitude:

“Remember”, said the Tibetan Warrior to the



(4). Krishnamurti.

(5). Saadi of Shiraz, a Sufi poet.

virgin, “a woman shuns a sheep and falls in love with a wolf”<sup>(6)</sup>.

The Tibetan warrior turned to the crone and said:

“What is magic?”

The crone, whose enormous eyebrows seemed to conceal her eyes, with a beaked nose that appeared to touch her chin, and long dark hair like a crow’s wing, in stark contrast to her deathly pallid face, replied, with the enigmatic confidence of a harpy:

“Magic is power of the mind—we are all born with such mysterious powers. Just as we have been endowed with the faculty of memory, we all have magic powers, too.

“Some have been blessed with more intense magic powers than others.

“In all cultures, from New York to New Guinea, there is an elite who can tune in to the inaudible language of the invisible and who believe in bad spells. *If you can convey evil power with your mind, you can equally harness your mental powers to do good, transmitting knowledge instantly.*

“Magic is power, like a knife which you can use to either slice a coconut for someone to eat and drink or to wound someone. Only a chosen few are able to perceive the bounty and compassion of harpies. We witches are not always evil.

“A tree that would grow to heaven must send its roots to hell.”<sup>(7)</sup> ■

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(6). Alberto Vidal Paz

(7). Frederich Nietzsche.