

POEMS OF THE NEW ARCHETYPES:
MADONNA, VENUS, EVE, AND THE WITCH

by

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A thesis submitted to the

Liberal Studies

Graduate School-Camden

Rutgers, The State University of New Jersey

in partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Arts

Graduate Program in

Liberal Studies

written under the direction of

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Camden, NJ

May 2008

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Madonna

CONCEPTION

'Twas a balmy night in late May
when my love of one month did say,
“To the wilderness we shall go
and consummate our marriage glow.”

So, we packed up the Impala,
headed to the mountain gala,
and arrived, to my vast surprise,
at a cabin in paradise.

With all my nerves out of kilter,
my love suggested a filter.
“To the blue lake, with a canoe,
we’ll go and smoke,” and he hoped, screw.

One huge hit went straight to my head.
Within seconds my legs were spread.
But entry, my love could not gain.
'Twas too late—on my thigh he came!

VALENTINE

Still a virgin,

I had a belly so big.

I wanted to get high,

but the doctor cried,

“Marijuana will deform
your baby!”

I figured that I better listen to him,

since pot got me here in the first place!

Just as I was imagining eating a Big Mac

and a strawberry milkshake instead,

a flow of water forced its way

out of me and flooded the floor

like an abundant river

after a severe storm.

The next thing I remember

was your screaming head

leaving my stretched vagina.

(Break)

You were my Valentine's Day present,
and you would be my life.

JOSEPH

Your so-called daddy
was never meant to be that
exactly—
his role was
more like a distant uncle that
you'd see at a funeral
or family reunion.

Not that he wasn't
a good man—
he just wasn't part
of God's plan,
for you and I.

SCARLET

So close in age,
everyone thought
you were my little sister.

When you were a toddler,
I played it up
by sewing us
matching scarlet shifts
that we'd wear
on Fridays
to go shopping.

When you were a teenager,
I played it up
by sewing us
matching scarlet shifts
that we'd wear
on Fridays
to go clubbing.

PINKY

I tried to show you
how you came
into this world
when our mother cat,
Pinky, got pregnant.

You must have been five
or six that summer—
such an inquisitive little
brat you were, always
asking the wrong questions.
Looking back now, maybe they were
the right ones.

“Where is Pinky’s boyfriend Mommy?”
you asked.

“Pinky doesn’t have a boyfriend honey.
She is just like Mommy,” I told you.

(Break)

“Then how’d she get the kittens
in her belly?”

That’s when I told you
about the queen.

Well, there is a kitty queen that
keeps watch over all the little
kittens in Heaven,
and when it’s time
for them to return to Earth,
she makes sure that their mommy meets
a nice daddy cat that plants
the seed for the kittens to grow
in her belly.

“So why doesn’t Pinky’s daddy cat
stay with us Mommy?”

“Because in the kitty world,
only mommy cats take care of
the kittens,” I answered honestly.

(Break)

“Oh, like in the big people’s world?”

you questioned.

“Kind of,”

I responded.

Venus

SUPERGIRL

We were sisters
born from different mothers
who were sisters.

Eight years apart
never kept us apart.

You watched me go from
lavender frills to
Michael Jackson—
which was your entire fault.

You had me dancing
one-gloved
at three.

I was your
birthday party entertainment.

You taught me how to spit and
every curse word
that we both still use today.

(No Break)

I remember when you
watched me root for Hulk Hogan and
encouraged my wearing of the entire
Troy Aikman uniform—
to school.

I can still see you fixing my hair
tight in a ponytail,
and I'd secure it with my baseball cap.
I'd whisper to you that I always wanted to shave—
like my dad.

I used to tell you I felt
better in boys' Underoos
than girls'.
I said I'd rather be Superman
than Supergirl,
and that was fine by you.

Then, the Dallas Cowboys posters
came down and Skeet Ulrich posters
went up (I only "picked"

(No Break)

him because he looked like your Johnny Depp).

The boy's undies turned into lacey thongs,

and I shaved my legs

and asked you how to use a tampon.

And with face made up and

Coach bag in hand—

I became a woman.

Later, the posters of Skeet

were replaced by

Paris and Angelina.

I acted so weird,

hiding behind screen names and

closed doors until I told you

I had a secret.

You tried to figure it out—

was I dating someone older?

Was I doing drugs?

Oh my God—

was I raped?

(Break)

And when I told you,
you breathed out relief and said,
“Cuz, I’ve known since you were three!”

GIRLFRIENDS

Remember when I'd French kiss

Minnie Mouse

while you'd pretend

Mickey Mouse was your husband?

Monopoly money bought us

everything we wanted.

I ran a sports memorabilia store

from my basement,

was a teacher of nine

G.I. Joe action figures,

and moonlighted as a photographer

of neighborhood cats and dogs—

all in my spare time.

But you had no interest in my pretend jobs—

you just wanted to play doctor,

so you could be the nurse.

(Break)

Twenty years later,
without Minnie Mouse,
I look at your husband
who kind of resembles Mickey,
and all the real money
that you make as a nurse
that buys you everything
you don't need,
and question
what ever happened
to my store,
or my students,
or my dreams.

CARDBOARD

If my girlfriend were a life-sized, cardboard Heather Graham figure,
life would be sweet.

I'd carry her around,
and
hang out at bars
where
girls usually mock
me.

But now
they couldn't say shit
because I'd be with
the hottest blonde in the world!

Then,
I'd bring her home to bed.
I'd be drunk.
She'd be stiff.

(Break)

But,

I'd kiss her

and

put her face

where

it feels good,

and

I'd turn on *Gray Matters*

so I could hear what she had to say to me.

SHAVE

The night I met her
I was bleeding and
hairy.

Tonight, no longer bleeding,
I'd redeem myself
to smoothness for our first date.

I'd wear hair up and twisted
with crisp, white French cuffs
tucked into couture leather pencil skirt.
Fishnets would be concluded
by pointy leopard Louboutins.

But first I'd shower,
then sit tub's edge
and begin—
shave gel on toes,
done.

On tops of feet,

(No Break)

ok done.

Below both knees to my ankles,

this takes a while, but done.

Knees,

done.

Tops of thighs to the backs of them,

check.

Inner thighs,

ok check.

Next comes the tricky part—

all over the top of it,

not yet,

ok must repeat again

and again,

ok done after four times.

Now shave gel all over the sides,

oh this takes almost the rest of the gel, but

ok done.

Now to the “spread my legs and

get in between my ass

and the bottom of it,”

ok finally,

(No Break)

I am almost done.

I feel a rush of anticipation

come over me

as I—

oh shit!

Ahhhhhhhhhh.

Screaming, I see red

blood squirting,

no gushing,

and there it is!

A piece of my

most award-winning possession

floats by me in the tub.

And now I am bleeding

but without hair!

Three hours later

with bandaged vagina

and no call or text from her,

I clean my wound

and

delete her number.

BREAK-UP

Your alarm screams
eight in the morning.

Still drunk,
late night wine oozes
from my pores.

Folding sheets perfectly,
I consider tilapia for later,
but settle on take-out sashimi.

Running to calm email
cravings, I start to type
“a-o-l” in the search bar.

But it is not aol.com that I get.

Instead

adultfriendfinder.com pops
up.

Oh

my

God—

my heart stops!

(No Break)

There you, I mean, your tits are—

HotChick75, status—single!

And you have friends—

CumForMyPussy81 and

LickaLes77!

Quickly,

I become DarkandSingleNow and

send you a message.

EVE

BLOW POP

I had only ever seen you
and your Lone Ranger mask
walking the halls,
boom box blaring The Grateful Dead.

One day,
my smart little ass
gave Tracie a blow pop
to give to you.

I waited at the lunch table
in my plaid skirt
and penny loafers
and bright red lips
to meet you.

You asked what my sign was,
and I said Aquarius.

You knew I was
the water bearer.

(No Break)

You told me that you were
a Virgo,
the virgin Earth sign.

You said together
we could
make mud.

TEACHERS

Funny thing about wearing

a Catholic school girl's

uniform

in a public school—

Mr. Gardner,

Mr. Smith,

and Ms. Eagleton, the gym teacher,

all gave me

A's

that semester.

SLAVES

I fill fake shopping carts with
Chanel, Prada and Gucci.

Waiting for an offer,
days pass.

Finally,
one
arrives in my box.

After adding the retail of
high-end bags,
I accept.

Then, I squeeze
into one-piece latex and
lengthy gloves.

I slowly pull Dolce and Gabbana
thigh-high stilettos over
soft, yet strong knees.

(No Break)

Short, dark wig,
whip and cuffs
are placed in a black Marc Jacobs.
I finish with a Burberry trench
tied tight.

I always meet them in five-star
spaces filled with
Beluga caviar and Dom Pérignon.

And with each lash
on their backs,
leather on my shoulder,
I see myself parading down Fifth.

CAREER

“Darling, I see you as
a strong businesswoman.
You know, the types who
wear the fitted jackets
and tight skirts, but
still put men in their places.
You’re going to make our family
proud one day,”
my grandmother
used to say to me
over and over again
when I was a little girl.

If only
she were still alive
to see that her prediction
came true.

GOVENOR

Head of my state—
of mind.

You usually want me—
from behind.

If only the world knew—
what I am able to do
in bed
with you (I'd be the next Jenna Jameson).

Five-thousand
a pop—
is enough to make me drop
to my knees
so I can please
a scum-sucking pig
like you!

MANIC

New York City—

Rockefeller Center,

angels and ice skating,

tree lit

so bright,

but I don't see any of it

as I

run wild

through Saks

with your plastic almost maxed

and a red sack

full of crap.

PAST

Last night

I traveled through

five, maybe six

decades to find my muse—

and there she was;

me

in a former life.

I was

a classy society

call girl

with a long,

telescoping cigarette holder.

I was

wearing

an original

pink tweed Chanel suit,

designed by Coco herself.

(Break)

And with each new pill box hat
and Etienne Aigner bag,
came another new male suitor.

SNEAKY

I wait for you
to fall asleep.

When the snoring begins,
I turn on sexy late night movies
and touch myself.

BUNNY

I await your throbbing, bare girth.

Wet with impatience, I begin

what I need you to conclude.

Plump with blood

rushing to my surface, I hear you arrive.

Catching me with drenched hands

gets me even more wound up.

I summon your cock,

my snake,

and I,

its charmer.

Slithering inside me,

you immediately increase.

In

Out

In

Out

(No Break)

Almost in

Exploding

I hear,

“How was that, baby?”

I reply,

“That

was nothing

my

purple,

prickly,

pleasure

bunny

can't complete.”

Witch

PAIN

Walking with
no shadow
on icy sidewalks
my psychic power
sends out
help signals
to nearby
squirrels
who watch me fall.

ADDICT

I read seven online horoscopes
every single morning—
planning
and
plotting
my life around
planetary movements
and
the influence of the
sun.

HOROSCOPE

Today you will wake up late.

You will then deal with two

assholes on the highway

who both try to cut you off.

Your boss is going to tell

you that you misplaced his

report, again. Then your lunch

will have mayonnaise and

onions, even though you

specifically request NO

CONDIMENTS. On your

way home, some jerk will

decide to be a speedster and

slam into a truck, creating a two-hour

traffic standstill. Once you get

home, your cat will have vomited

on your favorite sofa because she

doesn't like her new expensive,

gourmet food. As you try to clean

up the mess, your best friend will

(No Break)

call you and tell you that yet again,
she and her husband are going on
an exotic vacation. As you
listen to her annoying voice, you
will realize that you forgot to pay
your electric bill as your one guilty
pleasure, American Idol, blacks out!

MUSE

She finally arrived
at 9:33 a.m. EDT
when the moon
entered Aquarius.

Now, I can write like myself
and not be judged as an
eccentric, bipolar, complaining
witch.

I was beginning to call
my muse nasty names
and wondered if the stupid
bitch even existed—
but I take back all of
my harsh words and
begin to write bullshit
like this.

TAROT

I've read the cards for half my life,
always feeling the vibes,
yet dealing with the strife.

Once I had to tell a sweet lady named Mandy
that her man of ten years had a secret—
at night he became a dancer named Candy!

PRIZE

Running away
from stinky gypsies
and their fake babies
in Gare de Lyon

on a Sunday
going to a flea market,
the only one
I had known,
got off and
pushed through
African sellers
of knockoff Louis Vuitton.

Walked with
eyes of psycho killers
saying
“Touch me, and I’ll break your fucking bones.”

Found the oasis

(No Break)

down an alley.

Still cursing at the journey,

I had to groan.

But it was all worth the while

once I saw the black moiré book,

L'Astrologie,

in a dusty pile thousands of miles from home.

And even more extraordinary

was the free blow pop

and cheap price of ten Euros

the French dealer gave me; reason unknown.

JOY

Walking behind
my shadow
on sunny sidewalks
my psychic power
sings out
secret ballads
to nearby
squirrels
who get me.

SHE

If God were a man,

he

would have made sure

that all men

could have

multiple

orgasms.

Poems of the New Archetypes:

Madonna, Venus, Eve, and the Witch

My Liberal Studies Capstone Project explores the female archetypes prevalent throughout history. Archetypes are generalized patterns of images that form the world of human representations in recurrent motifs, passing through the history of all culture. These images are embedded in the collective unconscious and can be conceived through the intuitive activity of an individual. Some of the major archetypes that portray women have been the Madonna, or good mother, the Venus, or beautiful woman, the Eve, or temptress, and finally, the witch, or evil woman. I deal with these archetypes through four modern, twenty-first century characters via a fifty-page poetry manuscript. With the help of my new gender lens, the old archetypes are revealed. My manuscript not only includes my voice throughout, but also the “voices” of current feminists who have published articles, manuscripts, dissertations, and novels on the subject of the new archetypal roles of women.

Miriam Schneir introduced many historical feminist writings to publication when over thirty-five years ago she decided to compile essays, fiction, memoirs, and letters by major feminist writers including names like Abigail Adams and Susan B. Anthony. Schneir calls feminism one of the basic movements for human liberty. She says to view it in any less serious aspect or to ridicule feminism as a passing fancy of a handful of malcontents, is to display a shocking ignorance of the history of one half the human race.¹ Unfortunately, feminists are still fighting critics even today, and Schneir’s 1972

¹ Schneir, Miriam, ed. Feminism: the Essential Historical Writings. New York: Vintage Books, 1972, p. xi.

remark, “Yet how ignorant we have all been, until very lately!” remains to be proven correct.²

Camille Paglia, a University Professor of Humanities and Media Studies at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, is the author of books like *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*; *Sex, Art, and American Culture: Essays*; *Vamps and Tramps: New Essays*; and her most recent, *Break, Blow, Burn*.

Paglia’s books really got my creative juices flowing, allowing me to view the archetypes in a totally different light. In her essay, “Libertarian Feminism in the Twenty-first Century,” Paglia discusses how American feminism in the 1990s experienced cataclysmic changes. Her wing of pro-sex feminism was ostracized and silenced through a long period ruled by anti-pornography activists such as Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon.³ However, it has recently made a stunning resurgence, and Paglia’s sexual revolutionary works are being viewed as hardly controversial because younger, sassier generations of feminists have re-discovered her early books.⁴

Paglia explores sex and violence as well as nature and art in her first book, *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*. She says that we must accept our pain, change what we can, and laugh at the rest.⁵ Paglia advises her audience to view art for what it is as well as nature. From the remotest antiquity, western art has been a parade of sexual personae or emanations of the absolutist western mind. Western art is a cinema of sex and dreaming, and Paglia remarks that art is form struggling to

² Ibid.

³ McElroy, Wendy, ed. *Liberty for Women: Freedom and Feminism in the Twenty-First Century*. Chicago: Ivan R. Dee in Association with the Independent Institute, 2002, p. 27.

⁴ Ibid, pgs. 27-28.

⁵ Paglia, Camille. *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson*. New Haven: Yale UP, 1990, p. 39.

wake from the nightmare of nature.⁶ Throughout my manuscript, I keep those words close. I attempt to create a semi-comedic collection of poems, all of which are my version of a new form of feministic art. However, before I could really start to construct my manuscript, I had to first understand the backgrounds of each of the four archetypes.

The Madonna

Beginning in the second half of the eleventh century, a new interest in the Madonna or Virgin Mary became manifest in many areas of religion. Many treatises were written about her, and churches were dedicated to her.⁷ Collections of stories of her miracles were also gathered. Although Mary had been the subject of theological debate and art since the fifth century, the surge of interest in her that began at this time brought her to a position of new prominence, one that has been sustained into the modern era.⁸

Penny Schine Gold, who wrote *The Lady and the Virgin*, explores the image of the Madonna that we see in art forms. Gold says that the proliferation of female images is not in itself necessarily a sign of “improvement” in attitudes toward women; we must look past the quantity of images to the content of the images where we will see that Mary shares the qualities of humility and tenderness with ordinary women, while she is also portrayed in a unique relationship with Christ as his bride, his mother, and his queen.⁹

In an ironic twist, Paglia discusses her version of Madonna in *Sex, Art, and American Culture: Essays*. Paglia’s Madonna is not the mother of Christ that we have imbedded in our psyche, but instead the mother of Lourdes, Rocco, and little David. Paglia says of Madonna that she is a true feminist, exposing the Puritanism and

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Gold, Penny S. *The Lady and the Virgin*. Chicago: The University of Chicago P, 1985, p. 43.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid, p. 74.

suffocating ideology of American feminism, which is stuck in an adolescent whining mode. Madonna has taught young women to be fully female and sexual while still exercising control of their lives.¹⁰ I decided to use a Madonna who was both like the Virgin Mary and the pop star that I grew up imitating. My Madonna would not only be a true virgin at the point of conception, but she would also be attractive, energetic, aggressive, and funny like Paglia's Madonna.¹¹ Paglia called Madonna the future of feminism in 1992, and I can safely say that she certainly made a fine prediction.

The Venus

Wanting to continue with Paglia's new wave of female stereotypes, I decided to model my Venus after a beautiful and sensual lesbian. In *Sex, Art, and American Culture: Essays*, Paglia discusses homosexuality in a modern sense. In her view, it is a product of the intolerable pressures and repressions of the affluent, ambitious nuclear family, marooned by the breakdown of the vast, multigenerational extended family, still powerful only among the working class.¹² She goes on to say that the fate of masculinity is tied to homosexuality and that in Greece, Italy, China, and Japan, pretty boys have been considered by men to be as sexually desirable as women. I wanted to keep with the idea of homosexuality from a female standpoint. Paglia believes that lesbians often end up in emotional relationships without sex, but I wanted to bridge the gap between the two and create a character that experienced emotional sex.¹³

The Eve

¹⁰ Paglia, Camille. *Sex, Art, and American Culture: Essays*. New York: Vintage Books, 1992, p. 4.

¹¹ *Ibid*, p. 5.

¹² *Ibid*, p. 22.

¹³ *Ibid*, p. 24.

Portrayed as the first woman, Eve in fact symbolizes all women. She stands alone of her sex, signifying to others in times to come, the essence of female existence. Carol Meyers, author of *Discovering Eve*, writes that Eve's story is so well known that it is somewhat surprising to find that in the rest of the Hebrew Bible, the story of Eden is not a prominent theme. Neither are the actions of Adam and Eve ever cited as examples of disobedience and punishment, although the long story of Israel's recurrent rejection of God's word and will provides plentiful opportunity for drawing such conclusions.¹⁴ Meyers goes on to discuss the female role as well as female power. She says that incipient gender hierarchies may have existed even in the earliest Israel and were certainly present in the monarchic period. Yet, female power deriving from economic roles played by women in the complex peasant households enabled them to minimize the formal authority that was held by males.¹⁵ Furthermore, assumptions of male dominance and female subservience in ancient Israel may be part of the "myth" of male control masking a situation of male dependence. Therefore, gender relationships are the consequence of complex influences involving both social and economic arrangements, and in order to dispel the "myth" and to increase the visibility of the real Eve figure the dynamics of society must be reconstructed.¹⁶

Taking what both Meyers states about the origins of Eve as well as what Paglia writes about sex power, prostitution, stripping, and pornography in *Vamps and Tramps: New Essays*, I wanted my Eve to be both an intelligent woman with an economic role in society that which men are dependent. Paglia calls pornography art. She says it is sometimes harmonious and sometimes dissonant. Its glut and glitter are a Babylonian

¹⁴ Meyers, Carol. *Discovering Eve*. New York: Oxford UP, 1988, p. 1.

¹⁵ Ibid, p. 181.

¹⁶ Ibid.

excess.¹⁷ Paglia goes on to conclude that today's middle-class woman cannot bear the thought that their hard-won professional achievements can be outweighed in a moment by a young hussy flashing a little tits and ass. But the gods have given her power, and we must welcome it.¹⁸ Hence, my Eve, or the modern mistress emerged. Whether it was the gods or she that gave her control, we may never know. Regardless, she is here to stay and no one is going to take her influence away.

The Witch

The witch archetype contains many legends and misconceptions, some derived from church and state sanctioned torture and killing during witch burning times, and others from the false portrayal of women in the works of male artists. By the fourteenth century things began to visibly go downhill for women. Slowly but surely the archetype of the evil-breathing old witch overwhelmed the image of women overall. As society moved from open field to clustered community, man and woman stopped working together, and authority and power gradually shifted into the domain of man alone. This shift in power was reinforced by hundreds of thousands and possibly even millions of executions for witchcraft.¹⁹

A witch was seen as the devil's agent and death's handmaiden, who could kill and destroy by supernatural means. She rode through the air on a broomstick at night over thousands of miles to meet with her cronies and to get further instructions from her employer, the Devil. The Sabbath brewed destruction that rained down on society and included death by famine, plague, or war. Furthermore, no farmer could protect his crops

¹⁷ Paglia, Camille. Vamps & Tramps: New Essays. New York: Vintage Books, 1994, p. 67.

¹⁸ Ibid.

¹⁹ Williams, Selma R. Riding the Nightmare: Women and Witchcraft From the Old World to Colonial Salem. 1st ed. New York: Harper Perennial, 1992, p. 9.

from ruination, his livestock from dying: no sailor at sea could hope to avoid death-laden storms: and no woman could be assured of safe childbirth.²⁰

The witch was no match for the law. It was thought that witches could actually bewitch their inquisitors into setting them free. The only solution was to go against the law and create rules that substituted wild accusations for sober proof. In fact, the Bible itself gave strong support to such procedure. When the Devil threatened the end of the world, the only way to get rid of evil was to execute the witches.²¹ The preferable means of death at the time was burning; for it got rid of every last trace of wickedness in the bodies of the witches. However, New England saw it fit to merely hang their witches.

Once the archetype of the witch began to be accepted as reality, it was easy to accuse a woman of witchcraft. The woman didn't even need to be caught partaking in evil activities like riding her broomstick. To start with, at least half of the population became suspects. At the turn of the seventeenth century, King James of Scotland and England would write, for every twenty-one witches, twenty were women.²² Secondly, the Bible advised, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Finally, it was the appearance of the supposed witch that exposed her. During a time when most women died prior to forty years old, the witch was still going strong in her fifties, sixties, or even seventies.²³ The age factor may have caused her to limp and have bad vision, and for these reasons, she was feared more than she was accepted.

Moreover, any woman who dared to assert herself was seen as deserving of execution. After all, they were behaving contrary to history, the Bible, and the generally

²⁰ Ibid.

²¹ Ibid.

²² Ibid, p. 11.

²³ Ibid.

accepted inferiority of females to males in mental capacity and physical strength.²⁴

Without scientific knowledge, men of these times believed what they were taught and not what they could prove, and because of their fear, the burning and hanging of these witches began what we know today as the abominable image or archetype of the witch.

Fear is a potent force at work in all levels of society. We may fear certain things in the real world like animals, storms, disease and death. On the other hand, like in the case of the male judges who executed the witches, their fears were less tangible concepts, which were both vague and unspecified.²⁵ This fear of the unknown which most of us experience at some point in our lives allows us to speculate about fate or destiny or other forces that play a part in our lives. We may even imagine or believe in the existence of supernatural entities.

Therefore, it is not a surprise to see that a wide range of concepts, many of which take the form of named figures, which are intrinsically terrifying, frightens people in all cultures. These might include gods, demons, spirits, and other supernatural or invented beings, and also living people, especially those thought to have supernatural or extranormal powers and characteristics.²⁶ Among studies of these figures from various cultures there are numerous references to witches who have been known to be not only abnormal, but also frightening. The physical appearance of the witch archetype is often most a caricature of all the most unpleasant human characteristics. Extreme ugliness, bodily deformity of all kinds, birthmarks, warts and similar features are typical of descriptions of women depicted in folk narrative and art. They are usually old, wrinkled,

²⁴ Ibid.

²⁵ Newall, Venetia, ed. The Witch Figure. London and Boston: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1973, p. 200.

²⁶ Ibid, p. 201.

bent, and reclusive. They dress in dark clothing. They mutter to themselves and display other signs of antisocial behavior.²⁷

Both the public and scholars held these stereotyped notions about witches alike. For instance, certain scholars consider that all witches were members of peasantry. They maintain this despite numerous trial accounts, which described persons who were not peasants. Even in the sixteenth century, the art of witchcraft never depicted witches solely as peasants.²⁸ Another concept, which needs to be dispelled, is that witches were always depicted as being elderly and terrifying. Certainly an ugly countenance was one of the indicia of witches that some used in order to detect a witch. But not all witches were depicted as being ugly in art. Even male artists during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries depicted beautiful witches who were not elderly.²⁹

One more thought in studying the art of witchcraft is that the images constitute a history of clichés. There is certainly uniformity to the images, but it is not due to the fact that individual artists were uninspired or resorting to clichés. They were engaged in recording facts about witchcraft. They acted as reporters. Their art was a part of a generally serious response to a social phenomenon, witchcraft. The artists were called upon to depict what many saw as reality—a reality that had a set of known conditions. Witches were certain sorts of persons who engaged in specific characteristic acts.³⁰ Finally, one must put aside their own notions about witches and accept that, at least into

²⁷ Ibid, p. 202.

²⁸ Davidson, Jane P. The Witch in Northern European Art 1470-1750. Germany: Luca Verlag Freren, 1987, p. 97.

²⁹ Ibid.

³⁰ Ibid, pgs. 97-98.

the seventeenth century, most Europeans believed in witches. It is therefore evident that artists believed in witches as well.³¹

Beyond the clichés of witchcraft, which depicted mostly the fear society and artists had at the beginning stages of the witch archetype, one must also consider that the image of the witch was indicative of the power she had over people and things which then reproduced a very specific fantasy about the female body in general and the maternal body in particular.³² The witch becomes a fantasy image when understood in terms of the magic she performs and the power she exerts. However, one must take into account the two specific ways in which that image of the body was socially mediated in the early modern town: first, it represented everything that it was the housewife's job to exclude from the household, and secondly, it represented the diseased body of early modern medicine. It also pointed back to the normal body that would be prone to abnormality if female. The idea of the body was shaped by fears that bodies may not be fully confined and kept separate from one another, resulting in problematic contacts.³³ One of the ways a townsman could understand those problems was through witchcraft. Witchcraft was, among other things, a form of power that involved exchanges between bodies, and the counter-magic used to defeat it reflects this understanding.³⁴

Furthermore, the counter-magic, or remedies against witchcraft point back to the kitchens of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Housewives and mothers of the time were concerned with the issue of the witchcraft. Therefore, the body of the

³¹ Ibid, p. 98.

³² Purkiss, Diane. The Witch in History: Early Modern and Twentieth-Century Representations. New York: Routledge, 1996, p. 119.

³³ Ibid.

³⁴ Ibid.

witch allows us to see that the figure of the house and the body was interchangeable as metaphors for each other in the early modern period, and both household and body were common metaphors for the community.³⁵

After researching the archetype of the witch at great length, I really wanted my witch to stand out from the other four archetypes. I wanted her to not only contain the remnants from a terrible past, but I wanted her to go into the future with all of the power and strength that feminists have recently given her. I wanted my witch to have a part of me, a part of all women like me, and finally, a part of the new image of God: the high priestess or Goddess of all.

It was a suggestion from my capstone advisor, Dr. Joseph T. Barbarese that led me to Camille Paglia in the first place. Having seen my funny, sometimes outlandish poems in his Poetry Workshop last fall, Dr. Barbarese saw a similarity between us. I, in turn, merged my own writing style with the style of some of Paglia's favorite poets and added her militant free speech to my manuscript. In Paglia's *Break, Blow, Burn* I found a poem by Rochelle Kraut entitled "My Makeup." It was the starting point to my entire endeavor:

My Makeup

on my cheeks I wear

the flush of two beers

on my eyes I use

the dark circles of sleepless nights

³⁵ Ibid, p. 120.

to great advantage
for lipstick I wear my lips³⁶

Paglia says that Kraut has the voice of a modern woman: tough, blunt, and pragmatic. The feminine veils of modesty, delicacy, and sentiment have been stripped away.³⁷ Kraut confronts her readers head-on while also gazing into the mirror of her own consciousness. The “dark circles” of her eyes have a witchy, moonlike remoteness.³⁸ Kraut avoids masochism and doesn’t use patriarchy as a scapegoat for all female ills. Like male writers before her, she too can prowl, slumming through the lowlands and gathering mementos for women’s art.³⁹ Hopefully, my Liberal Studies Capstone Project will do the same.

³⁶ Paglia, Camille. Break, Blow, Burn. New York: Pantheon Books, 2005, p. 210.

³⁷ Ibid, p. 212.

³⁸ Ibid.

³⁹ Ibid, p. 213.

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