

# Listening to The Kindly Ones

Glenda Cloughley<sup>1</sup>

## Prophetic Imagination: A Story

*PYTHIA, the Oracle, at Apollo's temple in Delphi*

In my prayers, first  
I pray to Earth – Mother of Prophecy ...<sup>2</sup>

— First line of *The Eumenides*, third tragedy in *The Oresteia*

From that respectful acknowledgement of country Aeschylus opens the drama in which he shows people how they might retrieve their relationship with Earth from a perilous tipping point. Many of his concerns resemble ours in 2017 CE, but the year is 458 BCE.<sup>3</sup> It is the last time the 67-year-old father of Greek tragedy will invoke the forces of prophetic imagination in the service of his country. He hopes the audience of 17,000 citizens will deliver his 13<sup>th</sup> victory in Athens' annual theatre festival. But his optimism did not extend to the future of his beloved city-state when he embarked on *The Oresteian Trilogy*.

Athens is rich and beautiful, but materialism is rife. The citizens' pride has an unreflective, corrupting edge. The still-new democratic government led by General Pericles is riven with factions. Compassion is no longer revered as an element of public wisdom. The old values of hospitality are diminished by conspiracy theories and escalating rivalry with Sparta, the city's former ally. Nature's laws are off the policy agenda and self-satisfaction is feeding the crazy illusion that the law of the golden city is mightier than Gaia, the Earth.

The glories of the political assembly, civic education and the arts are feted far and wide. While Aeschylus loves these things and stands among their architects he also keeps a canny watch on the undertow of hubris that could sweep them away. He worries about Apollo's arrogant priests, who hate the maternal focus of the ancient earthbound religion and discourage women's involvement in the annual regeneration mysteries near his family home in the deme of Eleusis.<sup>4</sup> The war helmet of Athena is everywhere in the new civic sculptures, but the goddess's wise attributes are slipping away. Listening for The Eumenides – Gaia's Kindly Ones, The Graces of Earth – he sometimes hears Furies howling.

When 37-year-old Pericles consulted him last year about how to steady the ship of state Aeschylus couldn't think of much more than the trust in his little granddaughter's eyes and the first law of theatre: *a drama that works shows what would happen in life*. These seemed unlikely seeds when they fell into his mind. But his imagination soon sprouted the question: *What would happen for the grandchildren's generation to live in peace and freedom?* The theoretical formula appeared quickly: two plays to show the mythic pattern of ruthless fake heroes destroying the good life of the community through corruption, terror and revenge; the third, an evocation of Athena in her full powers as civilised wisdom, supported by the women of the city. Athena's ear for The Kindly Ones would move Earth's fury on to current meanings of regeneration mythology in Athenian democracy through compassionate justice, and harmony between the laws of Gaia and the city. No matter that it hadn't been done before. He decided the royal family's atrocities in the city-state of Argos would drive the first two

plays. Then ferocious energies impelled his delivery of the fateful chain of consequence and transforming choice. And now, the great plot of *The Oresteia* is full-grown from his love and the discipline of mimesis,<sup>5</sup> the dynamic basis of that law of theatre which governs the work of all artists.<sup>6</sup>

## Likenesses

*THE STORYTELLER*, recalling a dream of instruction from *The Kindly Ones*

Bring from Old Europe the task of the poets  
Sing an old lawsong for city and Earth  
For the sacred balance of people and Gaia  
is tipping towards destruction

— *The Gifts of the Furies*, A Chorus of Women's 2010 season, King's Hall, The Museum of Australian Democracy at Old Parliament House, Canberra

For 30 years I have been listening into Greek tragedies for likenesses – mimeses – of dramas that play in my hometown of Canberra, the Australian capital and only city-state.

Mimesis is the active agent of mythic resonance in the music and writing that has grown from this habit. Like all mimeses, my artistic and academic works spring from the relational, ecological, homeopathic healing principle of interconnectedness that the Greeks call eros.<sup>7</sup>

All the projects reflect cultural patterns of wellbeing and trauma, and regenerative and degenerative social potentials by portraying the two kinds of myth in *The Oresteia*. And all are efforts to answer the passionate, ever-more urgent question I gave Aeschylus about the world the grandchildren will inherit.

I have sometimes found a kind of ancestral solace in my practice of mimesis. But the decade I spent in the first project was very hard.

It began as a political analysis of King Oedipus and his mother and wife Queen Jocasta, whose story is sometimes called 'the myth of psychoanalysis'. Outraged that Dr Freud thought Sophocles' account of their horrifying tale was a universal family drama, and that he had omitted Jocasta's suicide from his synopses of the plot,<sup>8</sup> I set out to map the story within the social ecology of Thebes, their city-state. Investigative skills I developed as a young newspaper journalist and nous from years in public affairs and management consultancy unearthed numerous mimeses between the politics of Thebes and the colonisation and early governance of Australia. Ancient dramas, epic poetry, and sagas of the nine generations of Theban kings tell of the city's founding upon the slaughter and subjugation of a powerful creation being and Indigenous people. No divinity of civilised wisdom mediates relations with Gaia or presides in civil justice. People are powerless. Wisdom about maintaining country is confined within the shadowy spell of sterile anguish that the king casts over the land. The regenerative mysteries of women are denied. The voice of male citizens is feeble. Also recognisable from my old work worlds were the repetitive traumatised and traumatising transfers of institutional power and wealth down generations of abandoned, impotent boys who become omnipotent patriarchal rulers with little moral development or concern about their impact on the health of country. Oedipus, his father Laius and sons Eteocles and Polynices, European rulers from diverse royal and aristocratic lineages, Hitler, Stalin, Churchill, Kerry Packer, Donald Trump are all casebook examples of the type. The approach radically extended and generated reflection about the depth psychology of Freud's storytelling as other narratives emerged with their own fateful causal chains and credible interpretations.

Although this was interesting and coherent, it was the surface story in my experience. I pieced the deeper psychodynamics together slowly, and with many failures of confidence, from sources of motivation and insight that sang inside, impelling my voice towards different sounds than the clanging monotony of enculturated trauma. It started between the lines of Sophocles' *King Oedipus* with the cry of the abandoned Baby Oedipus and the lament of his mother Jocasta, from whom he was removed and sent to die by his father, King Laius. Other songs came: payback oracles from an Indigenous seer;<sup>9</sup> the crescendo of people's fear for their children and desire for better lives; the longing for spring in the wasteland; elemental fury.<sup>10</sup>

Similar voices sound beneath *Agamemnon* and *The Libation Bearers*, the plays Aeschylus set in Argos. A generation of young men have come home from the 10-year

Trojan War in urns of ash or broken. Hideous internecine abuses of power scream in the palace. Reverberations of grief and dread reach every household. The generative powers of women are despised; children's laughter cannot even be imagined. Most wives, mothers and daughters of kings are silent and many kill themselves or are murdered by male kin. The citizens' chorus comments but is rarely an actor. The old men are deaf to new possibilities for their grandchildren, their ears filled with colonising repetitions of tyrants' cant. 'The past shrieks through the city', they report in *Agamemnon*.<sup>11</sup> The course of these plays follows fate. But it is only mimetic to life in trauma's dominion.

Over time, I realised that a regeneration myth was trying to sound in the voices I heard. I wept a lot, sang their songs, and clung to a statement Jung made in the final weeks of the First World War, that the 'unending myth of death and rebirth [is] the story of mankind'. Associating that myth with 'the truly creative activity of the brain', Jung also said it had 'nothing to do with' what is commonly thought of as 'objective' history.<sup>12</sup>

My confidence increased through studies in very ancient layers of European cultures and a mentoring friendship with Canberra visual artist and European Neolithic scholar Dorothy Cameron, who opened contact with archaeomythologists working across disciplines to understand the pre-Bronze Age Europeans.<sup>13</sup> A vitalising sense of recognition accompanied the evidence that, like indigenous people everywhere, the Old Europeans were preoccupied with sustaining country and celebrating the abundance and cyclical returns of life. I also found confirmation for my research about the two kinds of myth within *The Oresteia* in conclusions Professor Marija Gimbutas drew about a persisting two-tier social and political structure from her theory of Kurgan migration from c. 4500 BCE.<sup>14</sup>

#### DEGENERATIVE POLITICAL LEADERSHIP

*Warrior king mythology and music*

'Traumatised and traumatising institutions' with fixed dystopian tendencies

-----

#### GENERATIVE SUBSTRATUM

*Regeneration mythology and music*

'Undercurrent' of impulsion for ongoing cultural regeneration

This diagram of the two-tier structure includes my observations about the psychology, and mythic and musical patterning of cultural wellbeing and trauma in the twentieth century. On top: military marches leading a musical descent during the First World War into fragmented forms and trauma-based atonality.<sup>15</sup> Underneath: the love songs still turning the cycle of life from death to renewal.

Opportunities to present papers and performance works at Jungian conferences and international symposia of the Institute of Archaeomythology gave audiences for songs, and scholarly company and critical conversation for my ideas. This was important because of the loneliness of the work and the fact that the songs were usually ahead of my ability to articulate the ideas clearly in the language of logos — the differentiating, scientific, rational principle and other half to mimesis/mythos/eros in what Jung regarded as the basic equation. The centrepiece seemed always to be the irreducible and inextricable regenerative potency of women's laments and lullabies in mythic cycles and rites of death and rebirth. Revolving around it were expressions of what I felt as a pressing purpose, to resound the silences imposed by oppressive trauma-based military, political and business hierarchies.

During a clinical placement in Central Australia that was part of my Jungian analytic training, it became apparent that compared to the Tjukurpa of Pintupi and Warlpiri people, the myths of Thebes and Argos were, at most, like half-Tjukurpa. None reveals comparable guidance for the sustained fullness of living and care of country through tens of millennia that elders from nations across Australia are showing in the current *Songlines – Tracking the Seven Sisters* Exhibition at the National Museum of Australia.<sup>16</sup> None sings the kindly love of the elders' welcome and guidance through the *Songlines*. I think this is Aeschylus' point in *The Eumenides*, where he packs a compelling case for the Indigenous Europeans' loving knowledge of country, the mythopoeic power of poets, and our continuous need for enlivening participative enactments of the mysterious human capacity for creation.

## A Chorus of Women

*A CHORUS OF 150 CANBERRA WOMEN, Australian Parliament House, 18 March 2003*

Open the doors of the chambers of your hearts  
Open your minds to our song  
We sing for peace through the power of love  
Hear the wisdom of women Hear our song

Weep for our sisters in danger  
Weep for our brothers and children  
Sound the cries of grief and despair  
Sound the lament for the dead

— 'Lament' Words Glenda Cloughley, music Judith Clingan AM

In March 2003, against the horrific backdrop of Australia's participation in the invasion of Iraq, this song gave a public voice to the reality and potency of what I had learned from the archaeomythologists to call the 'generative substratum'.<sup>17</sup>

As war loomed, I understood people's rage at the wilful deafness of the Federal Government to the 75 per cent of citizens who opposed Australia's involvement. But I was obsessed by the unheard terror of families in Baghdad whose lives were about to explode in violence. At the angry peace rallies I remembered the silence of kindly, nurturing voices in the mythic and historic chronicles of warrior-kings I had written about in my paper 'Jocasta's Lament'.<sup>18</sup> I could not stop crying. Sounds of women's lamentation filled my mind, wanting a plan.

Four days before the announcement of war I drafted the words of a lament. My composer friend Judy Clingan wrote a beautiful melody and we finalised the lyrics. Then we quietly activated the networks of Canberra women singers, inviting them to gather in the large marble foyer of Parliament House at 1pm on 18 March, an hour before the Prime Minister's announcement. Judy and I sang the first line as a cue, knowing about 40 women had planned to come. When 150 joined in the song, many of us knew immediately that we were the sound of a new voice. The Parliamentary Press Gallery confirmed this, as the action became an international media event.

The Lament sang through most of the 7.30 *Report* bulletin about our country going to war, with Australian Broadcasting Corporation political editor Fran Kelly describing us as 'a chorus of women'. My New Zealand friends let me know they heard us on radio news. Wilma Davidson saw her Canberra friends singing on television news in London and vowed to join them when she returned home. Ruth Russell, an Australian human shield in Iraq, made many people weep at the 2005 National Conference of the Australian Democrats Party in Parliament House when she told what the song meant to her Iraqi friends. Members of the Chorus of Women formed that day still hear from people who were touched because the Lament was their song too.



*7.30 Report, ABC Television, 18 March 2003*

The next day we took up Fran Kelly's description as both the name and role of the continuing group of singers. By then, we had accepted several invitations to sing the Lament, and Judy Clingan was responding to requests for the music from choirs around the country. By the end of the week we had sung the Lament to a crowd of 50,000 at a Sydney peace rally in The Domain, and at the opening of the *Children of Iraq* photographic exhibition in the ACT Legislative Assembly.<sup>19</sup> Within a month, a wild decision to write our own music (when our only professional composer, Judy, was about to take another choir on a European tour) was generating new songs from new songwriters, and A Chorus of Women was giving concerts.

In the first year of A Chorus of Women, we learned more about the 'generative substratum' by noticing impulses, imagery and highly collaborative organisational structures and relational norms emerging in the group.

The spiral movement of regeneration symbolism was clear in marvellous dreams that women associated with Chorus as we created *Websong*, our first major production. Several women of grandmotherly age dreamed vividly of giving birth and nursing babies. One woman dreamed she had a golden egg in her vagina. The program for first performances in the National Gallery of Australia for the 2004 Oneira Arts Festival said:

The threads of *Websong* came to the Wednesday night philosophy meetings of A Chorus of Women from many different sources. We read in ancient texts about the mysteries of life, death and renewal and watched as they worked powerfully in the Australian bush and Canberra community after devastating fires in the summer of 2003. In considering the way regeneration works in healthy people as well as the natural world, we found ourselves drawn to the purpose of helping to activate the force of renewal in the social and political world ...

The mystery at the heart of the work was the transformation of bones from native animals killed in the firestorm into a baby. A lament by Johanna McBride became a lullaby. I wrote about the return of life after the cataclysm:

#### A CHORUS OF WOMEN

After the fire, after all the death  
Sorrow's black lace binds the grieving lovers  
Then swell the green songs — lovers' lays and lullabies  
Weaving women singing up renewal

— from 'The Web' Words and music Glenda Cloughley, *Websong*

Fifteen years after the Lament, we have given hundreds of public presentations and there are many tracks that could (and should) be taken through the history of A Chorus of Women. Among them is the remarkable direction of our music, led by Johanna McBride, the many dialogue-based Canberra Conversations Dr Janet Salisbury has facilitated since 2009, and the organisation of the Chorus around the hubs of weekly philosophy-cum-business meetings and rehearsals. The Chorus still has no formal structures or office bearers and only puts management teams together for large projects like the major productions of my choral dramas *The Gifts of the Furies* (2008-12)<sup>20</sup> and *A Passion for Peace* (2015), which involved citizens' choruses of 30-110 singers and many of Canberra's great soloists and instrumentalists from continuing musical networks.

### *The Gifts of the Furies*

#### THE FURIES OF EARTH

The fury in me is breathing hatred  
in flood of grief and flaming rage  
I, the proud heart of the cycle of life  
have suffered disgrace from you young gods and people!<sup>21</sup>

— *The Gifts of the Furies*, 2010 season, King's Hall, Museum of Australian Democracy at Old Parliament House:

By the scalding summer of 2007-08, when I composed *The Gifts of the Furies* for a work-in-progress performance by A Chorus of Women, I was steeped in Canberra resonances with *The Oresteia* and frightened that the cycles of life itself were under threat from climate change.

I had turned to Aeschylus after the firestorm of January 2003 that took the lives of four Canberrans and 500 city homes. He stayed alongside me through the continuing Millennium Drought<sup>22</sup> as the withering consequences of a diminishing water supply and fear of repeated fire strained the city. Federal Government politicians had long been deaf to the world's climate scientists. It was not difficult to imagine The Furies forecasting bad weather from the Mother of Prophecy:

*THE FURIES*

I, Earth's Fury  
Gaia's correction  
I set the climate  
I make the weather

In chains of song  
I sustain nature  
In chains of song  
I maintain the Earth

Developing the libretto involved an integration of Aeschylus, help from scientists in the Chorus, reports of the Wentworth Group of Concerned Scientists, James Lovelock's *Revenge of Gaia* (2006) and other books on changes in the complex Earth system. I was reminded constantly how much of my tragic habit comes from present echoes in myself, my city and the great world of the heartsick condition of the Oresteian chorus member who says: 'Oh gods, free me from my sterile anxiety'. French theatre director Jean-Louis Barrault (1961)<sup>23</sup> has described that plea as 'the starting point of the whole of Greek tragedy, which rests essentially on the anguished awareness man has about his place in the world'. Today, this kind of painful stasis is known to people everywhere in relation to global prospects for nuclear disarmament and peace, resolution of refugee and other humanitarian crises, species extinction and helplessness in the face of climate change.

In reflections following a famous production of *The Oresteia* he directed in 1955, Barrault shows his knowledge of mimesis as a tough discipline. That there is no sentimentality in Greek tragedy is clear in his view that the three plays of *The Oresteia* 'must be produced in one single performance, since one must endure three hours of tragedy before Pallas Athena liberates us from 'sterile anguish' in the last quarter of an hour'.

The remarkable feature of *The Oresteia* that sets it apart from all other extant Greek dramas is that the anguish is relieved through transformation that is much more than the 'cleansing' effect of catharsis on the audience. Aeschylus sticks so accurately to the lawful course of the *what would happen in life* that the dramas continue to move people 2500 years later. The meaning of this in relation to *The Eumenides* is particularly engaging, for this is the only extant tragedy that ends happily with people and Earth reconciled on a path with continuing regenerative potential.

While I was writing *The Furies*, I was held by the knowledge that if Canberra is Argos, it is also Athens: an ideal, planned city and a place of natural beauty, actively cherished by most of its citizens. I also became intensely aware that Aeschylus heard the wisdom in Athena's voice by opening his ears to love's longing in the spirit of the community as well as the spirits of Earth. He listened to all the kindly ones, so I did too.

Civic Square – the location of the ACT Legislative Assembly and the city's cultural institutions – is home to the figure of Ethos, Spirit of the Community. And Ethos' sculptor Tom Bass and I had a long history of conversation about the many ways Ethos embodied Athena's role in *The Eumenides*.<sup>24</sup> It was not difficult to imagine Ethos responding to the grief and rage of Earth's spirit.

*ETHOS*

I, Wisdom, Ethos of cities  
I hear the lethal spell of your voice  
I will bear with your anger, salt black and bitter  
I will never tire of telling you your gifts ...

Order and beauty spring from you  
The city you honour enjoys good laws  
Your kindly blessings bring happiness  
Without you we cannot live

The raging Earth spirits roar back:

*THE FURIES*

This beautiful song is not sung by the people  
They're blind to my gaze, unkind with my gifts  
And leaders of people act against life  
For power, for greed, they rape the Earth

I see forms of creatures and trees extinguished!  
Soils choked with salt, great rivers dead!  
Too many people sterile with dread!  
Where can the green songs grow?

*ETHOS*

Dear Mother Nature, we hear your lament  
Your cry is our cry, your songs are our songs

If you heard the voice of the people's love  
Would you open the doors of your kindly heart?  
Receive their longing? Trust their promise?  
Would you plant the Songs of Life in their souls?

In *The Eumenides*, it is not The Furies' threat, or their show of awesome destructive power that works the transformation. It is Athena's ethically and politically intelligent action of recognizing Gaia's creative gifts and the promise of people's respectful love.

Most remarkable in thoroughly patriarchal Athens – and rarely remarked upon – is that in the drama of 458 BCE Aeschylus brings about the wonderful, mysterious transformation through the actions of a large, entirely female cast: Athena, The Chorus of Furies and The Women of the City. He also decided that this drama should not end. By the end of this final verse of *The Eumenides* the actors are moving in ceremonial procession from the theatre into the streets of the city:

*THE WOMEN OF THE CITY*

You great good Furies, bless the land with kindly hearts,  
you Awesome Spirits, come ...

Cry, cry in triumph, carry on the dancing on and on!  
This peace between Athena's people and their guests must never end ...  
Cry, cry in triumph, carry on the dancing on and on!<sup>25</sup>

## **Tend and Befriend**

On 21 January 2017, the day after President Trump's inauguration, the correspondences fell into place. I was in that chorus of 5.6 million kindly people who took to the streets of 673 cities in 92 countries in the Women's March.

The atmosphere in Canberra's summery Civic Centre included a good-humoured mix of dignity and sass, happy age and beautiful young vitality with lots of children and some seriously witty banners. Everyone was clearly in agreement that Love trumps Hate!

As I ambled along with my friends in A Chorus of Women and Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, I started thinking about the question in one of the Grail legends: What do women really want? Maybe this had become a healing question.

It was thrilling to discover thousands of photographs and worldwide reflections on the web after the event. Among the thoughtful writers was Jean Shinoda Bolen — activist, author, Jungian analyst and former Professor of Clinical Psychiatry at the University of California San Francisco. In her account, Dr Bolen pointed to an intriguing and kindly aspect of the biology of the event:

I came back from Washington DC profoundly affected by being there with over half a million others... There were no confrontations with police ... It was, to quote a man I overheard, 'the nicest mob scene I've ever been in'.

There was togetherness and human warmth, humour and kindness. After reflecting and contrasting this with other demonstrations, I think that this can be attributed to women's oxytocin-oestrogen response to stress that is in contrast to male-led

adrenaline-testosterone protests that often invite retaliation by police. Researchers at UCLA called this the 'Tend and Befriend' response to stress, which is characteristically what women do. Through tending and talking, women reduce the stress and as they do, oxytocin (the maternal bonding hormone, which is enhanced by oestrogen) increases.<sup>26</sup> We were in a sea of pink pussyhats and oxytocin. There was consideration of each other, yielding and helping out, bursts of laughter at reading some signs, some singing, some chanting, and a sense of participating in something significant and wonderful.<sup>27</sup>

I think those millions of people gave a beautiful clue to the presence of The Kindly Ones in 2017. And maybe also a biological as well as deeply ethical evolutionary answer to the Grail question: that Tend! and Befriend! may be the most impelling imperative verbs of our time.

## Ethos, Spirit of the Community

*PYTHIA, the Oracle, at Apollo's temple in Delphi*

Now I take my seat  
In the breath of the god.  
Only let today  
Bring blessings greater than any day yet ...

— The end of the prayer that opens *The Eumenides*, Aeschylus 458 BCE<sup>28</sup>

While Tom Bass (1916-2010), the sculptor of Ethos, often reminded his students that the greater part of art-making was the 99 per cent perspiration after the one per cent inspiration, I like to tell a story about Tom from 2005 that reminds about the importance of *inspiration*, the breathing-in part of the creative equation. This beautiful word came into English in the 13<sup>th</sup> century, meaning the 'immediate influence of God or a god under which sacred books were written'.<sup>29</sup> The story also reminds that the Greek word ποιεῖν in *mythopoeia*, *mythmaking*, means 'to create', and is the present active infinitive verb that brings the world into being in myths of creation.

2005 was the year A Chorus of Women developed a ceremony around Ethos for a Peace Festival in Civic Square. I thought a new song for the voice of Ethos would be good and sat with her, listening for a while. Then I had a better idea. I called 89-year-old Tom and asked whether he thought Ethos might have something to say to Canberra people after standing quietly for so long. 'Mmm, we'll see,' he said. Three days later he rang to say that Ethos had woken him at 4.30am and he had written down what she was saying. Later I set the words to music and the ACT Government commissioned a bronze plaque of the text, which is set in pavers at the feet of Ethos outside the front entrance to the ACT Legislative Assembly.

## I AM ETHOS

Though I do not speak  
to you in words  
I speak to you  
in other ways

I am the spirit  
of this place

I am the spirit  
of its people

I am the original spirit  
I am the spirit of now

I rise from the Earth  
and I reach for the sun

I bring together  
the old and the new

In me there is  
no violence, no war

In me there is  
only peace and reconciliation

In this place



*Live Recording from A Chorus of  
Women's 2013 'Lawsongs in the High  
Court' concert.*

*Singers: Jenny Sawyer, Meg Rigby,  
Johanna McBride, Glenda Cloughley.*

I am the love and peace  
I am the beauty  
of this place  
I am the spirit  
of community  
I am Ethos  
in the people  
I give you these things  
every day and always

*Ethos, Spirit of the Community (1959-61) by Tom Bass*



*Photograph by Christine Hansen*

*Grateful thanks to my dear friend Johanna McBride who picked me up at a stuck moment in my circumambulating writing habit then carried me through technical mysteries and some editing tasks.*

## Notes

1. Glenda Cloughley PhD is a Canberra-based Jungian analyst and musician. Her essay threads experiences resulting from a long immersion in Greek tragedy through some creative projects into a reflective narrative that links her cross-disciplinary interests in cultural psychology and European archaeomythology to her love of writing songs and singing with the Canberra group, A Chorus of Women. <http://www.chorusofwomen.org>
2. Aeschylus/Hughes T. (1999), *The Oresteia* by Aeschylus in a version by Ted Hughes. London: Faber and Faber
3. I have imagined this story after years steeped in *The Oresteian Trilogy*, drawing from many sources.
4. Aeschylus was the son of Euphorion, a wealthy aristocrat from a prominent family in Eleusis. While his was not the family that carried primary responsibility for the mysteries, Aeschylus must have had their significance deeply imprinted in his formative memories. He was 24 years old in 500 BCE, the year about 30,000 people attended the mysteries, according to the report of the historian Herodotus, quoted by Karl Kerényi in *Eleusis: Archetypal Image of Mother and Daughter* (1967) (trans. Ralph Manheim). Princeton University Press, p.9

5. Mimesis is the principle Aristotle gives in *Poetics* as the basis for the mythic theatre's power to move people. Writing about the Athenian theatre in the two generations when Aeschylus, Euripides and Sophocles were working, he says 'theatre that works shows what would happen' — that is, following the course of fate, it is mimetic to life. Often translated as 'imitation' or 'representation', I think the word *mimesis* is often best used directly or translated as 'double' in the sense used by Antonin Artaud (1896-1948) in a series of essays titled *The Theatre and Its Double*, where 'the double' of theatre's alchemic concentrations is life.
6. Some say Aeschylus wrote 90 plays, of which only seven have survived as complete texts.
7. Resemblance, correspondence, association, similars, doubles, links, love and likeness are all words that flag the operation of this principle.
8. Freud's first references to the psychological drama he termed the 'Oedipus complex' are in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. His synopses of the Sophoclean plot were published in *The Interpretation of Dreams* and 35 years later, in *A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*. Both omit *Jocasta's* suicide.
9. In Euripides' Theban drama *The Phoenician Women*, the Theban seer Teiresias says that the dragon killed by the founding king Cadmus will return and demand blood unless there is atonement through royal blood.
10. This research was the subject of my 1995 MSc (Hons) thesis in Social Ecology at the University of Western Sydney, *The Resounding Silence*, and numerous papers. The latter include 'Jocasta's Lament', delivered at the 1998 international symposium of the Institute of Archaeomythology in Greece. 'Lament and Renewal in Temenos Oz', my 2004 Barbara Blackman Temenos Foundation Public Lecture, became part of my 2005 PhD thesis, *The Axiom of Becoming*.
11. Agamemnon, *The Oresteian Trilogy*, Aeschylus, trans. Rush Rehm (1978). Melbourne: Hawthorn Press. Line 1696
12. 'The Role of the Unconscious' (1918) in *Civilization in Transition*, Volume X, *Collected Works of C G Jung* (trans. R.F.C.Hull). London: Routledge.
13. Dorothy Cameron worked closely with Professor Marija Gimbutas for many years. She contributed a rare combination of intuitive brilliance and scholarly acuity to Gimbutas's lifework as she helped compare and differentiate the symbolic language of Neolithic artifacts from excavations across Europe and parts of the Middle East. See Cameron, D.O. *Symbols of Birth and of Death in the Neolithic Era* (1981). London: Kenyon-Deane. Also, Gimbutas, M. *The Language of the Goddess* (1989). San Francisco: Harper and Row.
14. Gimbutas' Kurgan theory, confirmed by DNA evidence reported by Cambridge Professor Colin Renfrew in November 2017 (see <https://www.archaeomythology.org/?s=renfrew>), is that three waves of European invasion from c. 4500 BCE by aggressive climate-traumatised sky-god worshipping, proto-indo-european-speaking 'Kurgan' peoples brought war and hierarchical warrior-king political leadership into Europe after their country on the Russian Steppes became arid following the retreat of the Younger Dryas Ice Age. See also Gimbutas, M. *The Civilization of the Goddess* (1991). San Francisco: Harper Collins.
15. I acknowledge Artistic Director Chris Latham's observations about this during the 2014 Canberra International Music Festival and in continuing personal communications.
16. Tjukurpa is described as 'Dreaming creation law' by Inawinytji Williamson, senior law woman and traditional owner of the Seven Sisters Songline, Pitjantjatjara and Yankunytjatjara lands, in the Foreword to the 2017 exhibition catalogue *Songlines – Tracking the Seven Sisters* (ed. Margo Neale) Canberra: National Museum of Australia. In her introductory essay, Neale quotes Mike Smith saying that perhaps the closest we can come to understanding [the term Tjukurpa] is as 'a framework for relating people to land, and to show that this relationship is inalienable or "the law"'. (p. 15)
17. In 2004, I gave a paper in Bulgaria entitled 'The Generative Substratum: On Relocating the Indigenous European Psyche' at the international symposium of the Institute of Archaeomythology where 12 members of A Chorus of Women also presented *Web-song* and other music as artists-in-residence. <https://www.archaeomythology.org/archaeomythological-events/bulgaria-2004/>
18. This 'singing paper', given at the 1998 Deepening the Disciplines symposium of the International Institute of Archaeomythology in Madouri, Greece, was published in *Landmarks: Papers by Jungian Analysts from Australia and New Zealand* (1991). Canberra: Australia and New Zealand Society of Jungian Analysts
19. Japanese photojournalist Takashi Morizumi's exhibition of images of Iraqi children with congenital disabilities caused by American depleted uranium from the first Gulf War.
20. In total, there have been some 30 performances of *The Gifts of the Furies*, including substantial excerpts. Three major Canberra productions were presented in successful seasons at the Great Hall, Australian National University (2009), in partnership with the Museum of Australian Democracy at Old Parliament House (2010), and at the City Uniting Church as a Sunday service for worship (2011). Johanna McBride and I developed a two-hander version with Linda Wise of Pantheatre in France (2010) and Craig San Roque in Alice Springs (2012), which we took travelling around Australia and in 2012 to a Jungian IAAP and IAJS conference in Braga, Portugal. The Chorus continues performing excerpts of the work, selected and sometimes arranged for occasions.
21. These lines are taken fairly directly from passages in *The Eumenides*. The Furies also threaten to hurl a bloody tide across the face of the earth and destroy all mankind (Fagles translation, op.cit., lines 795-800)
22. The 'Millennium Drought' of 2001-2009 was the worst drought on record for south-eastern Australia.
23. at Bordeaux Festival and Theatre Marigny. All the quotes are from Barrault, Jean-Louis (1961 trans. Joseph Chiari) *The Theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault*. London: Barrie and Rockliff, pages 64-83
24. See 'When Our Ethos Sings' in *Canberra Red, Stories from the Bush Capital* (2013) ed. David Headon and Andrew Mackenzie. Sydney: Allen and Unwin. This paper is based on my 2012 Tom Bass Memorial Address, 'Speaking of Ethos', <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P8Uq-S633qU>
25. Aeschylus (1977) *The Oresteia* (trans. Robert Fagles). Penguin Classics, lines 1050-1057
26. The hormonal response of oxytocin-oestrogen for women under stress, in contrast to men's 'fight or flight' testosterone-adrenalin, was only discovered in 2000, when the gender balance of research subjects was corrected. For a summary of aspects of the UCLA study headed by Dr Shelley Taylor, see Nancy K Dess in *Psychology Today* <https://www.psychologytoday.com/articles/200009/tend-and-befriend>

- 
27. 'The Women's March on Washington: Pink Pussyhats – Enantiodromia', published in ARAS Connections: Image and Archetype, Issue I, 2017 <https://aras.org/newsletters/aras-connections-image-and-archetype-2017-issue-1>
  28. *Version by Ted Hughes*, op cit
  29. See <https://www.etymonline.com/word/inspiration>