

## *Pantheatre Paris June Academy 2003*

### *The Actaeon Book*

*Note : A French equivalent (Le Livre d'Actéon) contains French material, including other sources and a contribution by Ginette Paris.*

[http://pantheatre.free.fr/pages/paris\\_acteon\\_le\\_livre.pdf](http://pantheatre.free.fr/pages/paris_acteon_le_livre.pdf)

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*“opinion varies: some say, Goddess Seems  
Too Rough! others praise: Virginity Demands It!”*

## OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

Translated by Charles Boer  
Spring Publications, Inc.  
Dallas, Texas  
1989

*Note: compared to the elaborate rhetoric of some translations, Charles Boer's comes as something of a shock. And yet, for many who have read the Latin, his telegraphic American is probably the nearest to Ovid's compact and to the point "speed of narrative". It is the first version we propose... In red, Ovid's frame for the story, often left out from translations and renderings.*

### BOOK THREE (P.52 – 55)

#### [ DIANA & ACTEON ]

so much, Cadmus? grandson brings you grief  
first: grows strange horns on head; his own dogs  
drink Actaeon's blood; **but look close: was it  
his fault? fortune, not evil: are mistakes evil?**

: hills stained with all kinds of animal slaughter;  
noon contracting shadows of things & sun now  
midway at zenith; young, easy, Actaeon  
to pals trekking woods: "Our nets & spears are bloody,  
guys, & the day was lucky enough; tomorrow's another:  
When Dawn's Golden Wheels Roll In The Morn!  
try again then; now, sun high  
& steamy, let's knock off & untie nets"

done as ordered, a break

: Gargaphie Valley: thick pine & cypress:  
- Diana precinct - her cave back in woods: not  
hand-made: nature's genius imitates art:  
a natural arch of living pumice, tufa; on right,  
fountain sounds, crystal, gentle; pool & grass;  
goddess of woods, tired hunting, dips here  
her virgin limbs in dew-liquid: hands her spear  
to nymph; bow & arrows; hangs robe on another's  
arm; two others undo slippers;  
Crocale, daughter of Ismenus, cleverer than others, ties  
sprawling hair in bun (keeps her own loose);  
Nephele, Hyale, Banis, Psecas & Phiale  
fill big urns

Bath Time As Usual For Diana: & here comes  
Cadmus's grandson! tired, straying, unsteady,  
woods unknown; but he finds the grove! fate brings him;

enters cave: splashing fountains, naked nymphs!  
they beat their breasts: "Man!" loud outcry  
fills entire woods: they surround Diana, covering  
her body with theirs

but the tall goddess towers over others  
by a neck! seen undressed, Diana's face  
goes scarlet dawn, sky color when  
clouds deflect sun; her troops crowd round:  
she, sideways, looks back, wishing  
she had arrows ready: instead throws water,  
soaks virile face, wets his hair, adds  
to water-vengeance words promising disaster:  
"Now say you saw me undressed!  
if you can!"

no more threats: she sprouts old stag  
antlers on his wet head, expands neck, points  
his ears, lengthens arms & legs, spots on body;  
& adds fear: hero flees surprised at his own speed

he sees, in water, head antlered & starts to say,  
"Oh dear!" but no word comes; groans  
only; tears streak cheeks not his own;  
his mind alone unchanged

what to do? go home? to royal palace?  
hide in woods? shame blocks one, fear  
the other: & while he hesitates, his dogs spot him

Blacky & good old Tracer bark first:  
(Blacky, a Gnoasian; Tracer, a Spartan); then all  
come breezing: Spy, Ravener, Climber (Arcadians),  
tough Fawnbane, Whirlwind, Dreadful,  
Speedy, Hunter (fine nose), Savage (recently  
gored by boar), Ranger, whelped by wolf, Shepherd  
(sheepdog), Greedy & her two pups, Catch  
(a skinny Sicyonian), Runner & Patch, Noisy & Tiger,  
Whitey & Weepy, Cinder, Wolf (best of all),  
Storm (never quits), Quick & brother Churl,  
Snatch (distinct white star on black brow),  
Coal & Shagrug, Lightfoot (sire  
Cretan, dam Spartan), Tooth & Woody (mean  
bark): but too many to list all

the whole pack is prey-happy: no path  
impassible: rocks, boulders, closed cliffs: pursuit!  
he moves through old hunting grounds: oh!  
flees even his own men; aches to cry,  
"It's Actaeon! can't you recognize your leader?"  
words fail: the air barks; bit first  
on back by Coalman, then Deerslayer;  
Hillbilly hangs on arm (late starters,  
took shortcut through woods): they pin their master  
as the rest arrive with teeth for his flesh: cuts everywhere,

he groans: sound not man nor stag: familiar hills  
fill with sorry whine; on knees, begging, trying  
to calm them with his “hands”

his men, unaware, sic the pack, the usual shouts;  
their eyes seeking Actaeon: calling out “Actaeon”  
one by one as if he is not there; name  
called, he turns head; they complain he’s mopey,  
& missing spectacular prey: he wishes  
he was missing it! wishes he could see dog savagery,  
not feel it

snouts all over tear master apart,  
a false stag; & only when dead from wounds  
is angry Diana satisfied

opinion varies: some say, Goddess Seems  
Too Rough! others praise: Virginité Demands It!  
each side has reasons; only Juno  
casts neither blame nor approval, happy:  
Calamity Hits Cadmus Family! passes her hate  
for Europa onto relatives

## The Death of Actaeon

Robin Robertson

after Ovid

for James Lasdun

16 LONDON REVIEW OF BOOKS 5 JUNE 2003

*Note : This version was published in the June 2003 London Review of Books (fresh from the printers!) It is a spectacular free 'rendering' of Ovid. Robin Robertson chooses Apollodorus' "Chiron ending" – a shaman-healer ritual... (in red at the end), and omits Ovid's framing remarks.*

The midday sun finds a way down  
into a deep cleft in the mountain meshed  
with cypresses and pine, to flare  
on a distant speck of glass: the sacred pool  
where twenty Amnisian nymphs  
attend their queen, huntress and protectress  
of this place, these woods and hills.  
As she steps forward, they take her clothes  
and stand aside, while the deftest  
folds the locks of hair into a knot.  
Scooping a palmful of water to her neck  
and throat, letting it run the length of her,  
she straightens in the sunlight, her back's  
curve bending like a longbow as she raises her arms  
to unbind the knot,  
shake loose her hair  
and stretch.

The baking ground is brown  
with the blood of beasts, drained  
since dawn by Actaeon and his men;  
their nets are stiff with it.  
It cakes their hands and spear-shafts.  
Enough for one day, they sleep in the shade.  
Where Actaeon left them.

Arms outspread,  
one step at a time,  
he inched down  
through the cooling air,  
to enter - though he did not know it -  
the grove of the virgin goddess, Artemis.  
He parted the branches,  
slipping through ferns  
that dripped with spray,  
and reached the grassy bank  
and the murmur of voices, or water.  
Edging into the open,  
he saw stillness,  
and grace, in the space of one heartbeat;  
then he saw his own death.

Like gazelles at a waterhole sensing a lion,  
the glass split, and shattered. Light  
went everywhere - into the screams of the women  
as they covered their breasts,  
into the water, as they thrashed it white,  
crowding round their queen, trying

to hide her body with their own.  
But she stood too high above them, and began to burn –  
and turned away, glaring over her shoulder,  
as if to reach for an arrow  
from a quiver that wasn't there.  
There was no weapon but water.  
Enraged, she caught up a handful  
and flung it in his face,  
leaving a trail of gold as she spoke these words:  
'Now go and tell, if you can,  
that you have seen the goddess Artemis naked.'

With that,  
a rack of branching stag's horns  
burst from his wet brow.  
Actaeon felt his bones stretch and the sinews snap  
as she lengthened his neck, drew the tips of his ears to a point,  
put hooves in place of hands and feet,  
turned his arms into forelegs that reached and lunged  
as his hindlegs tensed and gathered,  
and thickened his pale skin to a brindled hide.  
And last of all she poured a white fear into his heart  
like a stream of other blood. And it was done.

He fled.  
Sharp hooves bit into the ground,  
horns clattering the branches –  
plunging out  
across the grove in springs and bounds  
he was amazed by his own lightness.  
But when he saw his antlered head  
looking back at him from a mountain pool, he knew  
only his mind remained - and it was scattered –  
torn between running home to the palace,  
or hiding out here in the woods; torn between shame and fear.

As he hesitated, the dogs caught his trail and decided for him. First to give tongue were Blackclaw and keen-scented Tracer, never mistaken:  
Tracer a Cretan dog, Blackclaw a Spartan; then others  
came rushing on, wave on successive wave:  
Stag-chaser, Ravener, Fell-ranger - all from Arcadia –  
Fawnbane the fawn-killer, Hurricane and Death-bringer,  
Wingfeet, the swift of foot, Hunter the hungry;  
the boar-scarred Sylvan, Harrier the wolf-dog,  
Shepherd the rallier; Grappler with her black kin,  
Catcher from Sicyon, thin in the flank; Runner and Courser, Blazon and Tiger, the roistering Ravager,  
white-coated Frost-biter and black-haired Mourner,  
and fast at their shoulders, famed for his strength, came Spartan, and Tempest, renowned for his stamina;  
Wildfire and Wolf-taker with her brother The Cyprian,  
Grasper with his white star, Bristler and Blackbeard,  
Lightfoot and White-tooth, shrill-tongued Ring-the-Wood,  
and others, many others, it would take too long to name.

Locked on to their quarry,  
the whole pack, thick with bloodlust,  
flowed over the rocks and crags, over the trackless cliffs  
- where the way is hard, or where there is no way at all.  
He leapt and jinked through the killing grounds  
longing to cry out: 'I am Actaeon!  
Don't you know your own master?' but there was no sound  
but the baying of dogs; the air cracked with their barking.

And then they came.

The three outrunners broke from the trees to outstrip the others. Helihound clamped his teeth —with two puffs of red — into his master's back, then Deer-killer and Hill-fury latched to his shoulder and hung on.

While they held down their prey

the rest of the pack broke on him like surf,  
dipping their teeth in his flesh

till there was no place left for further wounds,  
and at every wound's mouth was the mouth of a dog.

Surge upon surge, the lethal riptide crashed and turned,  
battering on, and tearing away – maddened - in the red spume. Actaeon groaned: a sound that wasn't human but which no stag could produce.

Falling to his knees, like a supplicant at prayer, he bowed  
in silence as the angry sea crashed on him once again  
and the dogs hid his body with their own.

Drowning now,

his horned head reared, streaming, from the ruck,  
as if a god was being born

- not a mortal soul transformed and torn apart.

The huntsmen looked around for Actaeon: calling

- each louder than the one before - for Actaeon,  
as if he weren't there.

Should he not share this unexpected gift?

This fourteen-pointer brought to bay?

Actaeon turned his head at the sound of his name.

He wished he were as far away as they thought;

or watching this death, not living it.

And his dogs kept swivelling round to look for their master, barking their signal for him to come,  
come and dispatch the beast they'd brought down;

and Actaeon turned again.

Then for the last time

the thirsty hounds surrounded him,

closed over him,

worked their heads into his body, and pulled him

inside out.

Then, and only then, they say,

was the anger of Artemis, goddess of chastity, appeased.

It is also said that the dogs devoured the body, then hunted for Actaeon in vain throughout the forest. **Finally their search brought them to the cave of Chiron the centaur, who had fostered Actaeon as a child and taught him how to hunt. Only after he had fashioned a statue of their lost master could the dogs be calmed and allow themselves to be led home.**

Dead Actaeon Speaks  
*to French women*  
(from Catherine M. to Diane de Poitiers)  
by Jay Livernois

What was my mistake  
To be torn to death by my own dogs  
A glance no a stare more a gaze  
On beauty divine beauty  
A cause of excessive heat  
The heat of fifty dogs biting and tearing  
Me to death

But it was a cold beauty divine  
Unpassioned  
Of the moon  
With the pleasure of the moon  
With a pain tearing into pleasure  
Birth-like virginal not vaginal  
Chaste yet with an excessive heat

But I was condemned not just by a glance  
It was a hunting stare on that beauty  
Shot like an arrow  
Then fixed for a time  
Seen through the glow of summer torches  
And the cold shape of the moon above all  
Glistening with the drops of natural waters

A pleasure to the ears and fevered nerves  
Then my eyes were hit  
With an extreme passion which  
Rips into a roaring release  
To the peace and pace of death



*Artemis graffiti*, by Cindy Sebrell

All the world is a stage, except the world of Artemis, for whom none of it is.

She is no leading lady like the rest of them. Even Non-Faced Hestia has her moment as the curtain rises. Opening Scene: She sleeps nude on a grassy knoll. Her audience is Pan -sitting in the rows of seats like Jack Nicholson, for whom not only all the world is a stage but all of life is a performance.

Artemis does not need to get on that world stage -- as does Hera and Aphrodite, and Athena, who kick and scratch for the lime lights, the foot lights, the fool lights. She rejects Aphrodite's bed-as-stage, Hera's birthing-room stage, Athena's war theatre. Instead she basks in the glow of her father's private light, beamed only at her, and only for her. She is the refusal of stage.

Her virginity is different. Don't be tricked into thinking virginities are all the same. Hers is a refusal to become mother than a refusal of sexual pleasure. Her body is her own, and she does not give it away.

It seems to me that the Actor (Acteon?) is a human sacrifice to this goddess. Let him be consumed by that audience. Let his emotions be sucked up. Let him be eaten by the words he speaks that are not his own. May as well be a sacrifice to a great goddess, because the critics and the other actors will eat him alive anyway.

Actually, her call may be for the blood of the hapless and greedy performer. He or she who fails to see how her gaze could be deadly. She is the opposite of the "male gaze." She is the feminine gaze that does worse cruelty to an actor than devour him. She simply turns away, unaffected by the drama of his life -- and useless death. She is the Anti-Performer.

Hers is not a self-realization for all to see, either. Get rid of that notion that you are somehow psychologically stronger if you can perform, can speak louder, can dance your way out of a situation. The now-popular confessional psychology, the gratified tears in the therapy room, the exposure of weakness and strengths in workshops (ahem) and encounter groups: those who only wish they were goddesses would want to play that game. How boring.

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### *Nakedness and Nudity*

The difference does not exist in the same way in French.

Here is Terri Morris' distinction:

*Nudity* = a gentle state of seduction where one is fully exposed, and slightly vulnerable, yet relatively comfortable. A state where one is "with" outside elements.

*Nakedness* - to contrast, is a state of "without." One is stripped bare, raw, exposed in a harsh manner to all elements external.

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## ***Actaeon The Shaman***

On May 4 2003 I wrote a casual email to Nick Hobbs with copies to some friends in what then became "*The Shaman Debate*". It included at the end a somewhat tongue-in-cheek speculation on Actaeon as shaman. I worded it in heavy new-age Jungian terms hoping it would provoke reactions. "*The Shaman Debate*" has grown so many implications that it stretches far beyond the Diana and Actaeon territory and belongs to another seminar / symposium, maybe for next year, for the 2004 Paris June Academy...

Here is copy of the *Actaeon The Shaman* email:

As you know I can be militantly opposed to the superiority given to the model of "the shaman", especially when it is postulated as superior to "the actor", an attitude which then ritualizes theatre into all kind of devotional para-theatres... This rebellion was first put forward, with great provocative panache, as usual, by Charles Boer in his "back to school" lectures in Malérargues, in... 1983 or so - he refused "Le sorcier de Trois Frères" and called him "The Actor of Trois Frères". In this area is also my resistance to solos (even on the "rainmaker" model - but all this would need more explanations...)

Last year, I think I told you, I attended Roberte Hamayan's Sorbonne post-doctoral seminar on shamanism - mainly because it concentrated on "luck". The source model of the shaman in these studies (Mongolian / Siberian) was the lucky hunter. From there his connections and traffic with animal spirits, and his importance in community sharing (the lucky hunter who brings the food to the village.) The other crucial implication was: when your luck goes, you are not longer a shaman ("shaman" was a temporary attribute, as opposed to the permanent empowerment of some healers and prophets...)

Has anybody thought of Acteon as a shaman? (We are having a symposium on "Diana and Acteon" late June in Paris...) How about - and this is going to put some friend's hair on end! so please take it with a pinch of salt! - : "the hunter becomes a shaman when he is torn apart by his own animality, having had the vision of the naked truth of feminity."

Enrique  
May 4, 2003

*Actaeon the Shaman*, by Stephen Karcher

Roberto Calasso places Actaeon's catastrophic encounter with Artemis in the long string of disasters that followed the marriage of Cadmus and Harmonia, the "closest that men and gods would ever get to each other," and the founding of Thebes, the city upon which Dionysos wreaked havoc. After that marriage and the founding of that city, "to invite the gods to one's house became the most dangerous thing one could do." It was both an endless "source of wrongs and curses" and an endless source of "stories."

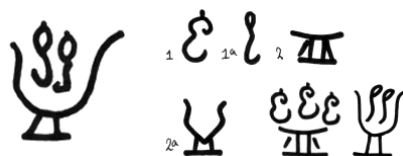
"As he drove his cart westward, knotted to his spouse, ... Cadmus thought about the past. What was left of it? A few bundles of things in a cart, and behind them a city Dionysos had shaken with an earthquake .... He felt as he had when he climbed off his ship in Samothrace: a man without gifts ... but Cadmus' gift was impalpable. Cadmus had brought Greece "gifts of the mind": vowels and consonants yoked together in tiny signs, "etched models of a silence that speaks"- the alphabet. With the alphabet, the Greeks would teach themselves to experience the gods in the silence of the mind, and no longer in the full and normal presence." Thebes was a heap of rubble, his children and grandchildren torn to pieces, "but no one could erase those small letters, those fly's feet that Cadmus the Phoenician had scattered across Greece."

*The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmonia*, pp. 378-391

Ovid tells the story of this metamorphosis (Book III, ll. 135-250), emphasizing that "destiny was to blame for Actaeon's misfortune, not any guilt on his part." The scene is Mount Kithairon, itself a "killing field," at noon, Pan's fateful hour, and the ground is stained with the blood of the animals Actaeon has killed. He wanders into a valley sacred to Artemis, Lady of the Beasts, and surprises her bathing, standing among her nymphs, "head and shoulders above them all." Artemis scoops up a handful of the nymphic water, flings it in Actaeon's face and utters the words of her curse. He is transformed into a stag. She puts panic fear in his heart. He runs, and is hunted down and torn to pieces by his own dogs, his "killing machines," whose names Ovid carefully catalogues. And thus, "men say, the anger of Artemis, quiver-bearing goddess, was appeased."

When asked how to approach this "story" written in blood, Yijing gave the symbol

**Corruption/Pestilence**, KU: rotten, poisonous, defiled; intestinal worms, venomous insects; perversion, evil effects of parents and the past; black magic, hallucinations; seduce, pervert, flatter, put under a spell; disorder, error; the first Celestial Stem, the first day of the ten-day week when decay is removed to support new growth. The old character shows worms in the meat contained in a sacrificial vessel, the shared meal spoiled.



GU<sup>3</sup> (6159/142) shows a sacrificial vessel MIN<sup>3</sup> (2/2a) with insects or worms CHONG<sup>2</sup> (1/1a) in the meat.

Along with this came the injunction to make a YU sacrifice, an exorcism, asking an ancestor or spirit to remove a curse or sickness, and to effect this ritual through YU, praise or paying homage.

The image of the event itself was a storm, a flood or whirlpool called up from the depths of the world of the Dark Animal Goddess, the dark waters of the Ghost River flung across the face of the landscape, also imaged as the blood flowing from an animal given in sacrifice and as the dissolution of the identity in death. Through a particular transformation, it opened to the image of a Tower at the water margin, a liminal place where young men were initiated into adulthood, the sacred meal of flesh was shared with the ancestors and a watch was kept for new signs or omens of the spirit. The goal or manifestation of the process was seen as the move from the world of blood sacrifice to the world of plants and water, and the creation of a new language to articulate time. Now, in the history of divination this is the move from the old fire and bone oracle to the “way of words” that characterizes yarrow-stalk divination. In yarrow divination, the “random” manipulation of a set of magic stalks calls forth a symbol (*xiang*) that opens a sort of inner thesaurus of myth in the mind of the “shaman” or *wu*, more properly a spirit-medium. The Wu engages in what I have called a “performative linguistic act” that calls the spirit of the time, transforming the painful literal event into a symbol and opening it to the flow of the Way or Dao.

The precise transformation here is pictured through the image of a man who flees from his “machines” (*ji*), his habitual mental structures, compulsions or karmic traces, running with great strides across a field covered with the dark water of the Ghost River while the blood of sacrifice flows over the altar table. This results in a “sweet” articulation, a *kairos* or *poros* that turns a personal tragedy into a magical or mantic symbol, connecting us with the mysterious “source” (*ji*), the wellspring of events that emerge into the world.

To me, this suggest several things. First, it affirms that this event should be seen as the action of fate or destiny rather than a question of personal feeling of right and wrong. Second, it suggests that it is some sort of initiation that transforms the heat of the blood and the flesh into a symbol, a mantic formula or omen, that is also the initiation that turns a young man into an adult. Third, that this whole encounter wells up from the heart of the realm of the Goddesses. Fourth, that Actaeon may become a “shaman” in this process, but it is more likely that he becomes a story, a sort of mediumistic story told by a Wu that makes the spirit present in the human world. He thus becomes a *xiang*, a symbol, and takes his place in that mysterious divinatory alphabet that both lets us make sense of our experience and provides the gods with entertainment. For as the *Daodejing* says, “Heaven and Earth are not humane, they treat the Myriad Creatures like straw dogs.” Like Odysseus on Phaiakia, Actaeon is such a straw dog, a life “twisted together” for a moment, that opens the voice of the myth world and the ceaseless movement of the Way.

From Richard Wainwright  
*A visit from Artemis*

... I'm preparing a presentation at the moment on *Imaginations of the Body* and came across this passage from C.G. Jung, ruminating on the work of "translating" emotions into images:

"Had I left those images hidden in the emotions, I might have been torn to pieces by them. There is a chance that I might have succeeded in splitting them off; but in that case I would inexorably have fallen into a neurosis and so been ultimately destroyed by them anyway" (MDR)

I take him to mean that images derive from bodies and that bodies in extremis are remembered by their likenesses in images. I thought of your seminar in Paris, your notion of Actaeon as Shaman who also divines images from the feral body of emotions and whose imagination is perpetually open to being torn apart and remembered - the wounded healer. And yes, the moment of the gaze refused, blushing dawn clouds and virginal vengeance - this goddess of the arrow is very direct. Fantasies of naked truths, true selves, revelation are perhaps her forms of epiphany indicating a need for tactics, indirection and reflection. Good for psychology and good for choreographics.

Does Artemis also bring us into the field of divine autism? I was browsing the gossip column on Virgins - and remembered a much earlier impromptu convivium in the middle of the Aphrodite workshop 10 years ago . I looked up the still unpublished (another virginal association) passage I wrote up from my notes:

"The atmosphere is feral, a primal forest of sound. It's intensely animated, but also enclosed, impenetrable. One of the actors has allowed this atmosphere to invade her. She loses her wrist band, pouncing on it as it drops to the floor, not in the form of this or that animal, but an enfant sauvage, her body charged with animal incandescence. She offers herself with total absorption to everything she does. Anything entering her field of vision is transformed not by her touch or use, but her eyes. It's as if the most ordinary objects have suddenly their social references.

Spoken texts have been so violently aggressed that words have been pulled back into raw sounds and no longer recognizable. It's the atmosphere of the rut, the roaring time when stags charge at anything entering the edges of their territory.

EP calls for a pause. The name of Artemis tumbles out clumsily from somewhere, offering strangeness her name, perhaps to save us from distraction. Somebody else asks if Artemis is interested in words. The question tells us we are in a territory where signification will be recognized only as a threat to integrity. Where translation is equivalent to appropriation - or naked transgression, words are off limits. EP remains reticent: When Artemis is about I don't say much. Neither does Actaeon whose transformation leaves him without words."

Since that encounter with frenzy in the Tinel I've done some quite edgy work with some seriously autistic people and supervised other people doing something similar. Of course words are used, but I guess we hear them as shapes, or propel them like dangerous objects in that domain psychiatry calls autism, or the core of psychosis - language fending off what is off limits to language. Fundamentalism is a form of cultural autism. The president of the most powerful nation in the earth's history is a magnificent symptom of the temporary triumph of autism over imagination and the pleasures of translation. As C.G Jung said if you don't translate i.e. re-imagine, you get driven mad by the thing you fear will drive you mad.

*Dianaland, Dianalysis, Dianality*

A private note to Enrique Pardo, from Charles Boer

... It is not intended as a piece for your seminar, only a word to an old friend of Pan and therefore a friend of mine who seems to have wandered into the domain of Dianaland, Dianalysis, Dianality.

Although I retired from the excitement and pleasure of the myth business over 12 years ago for the more somnolent life of American television viewing, I can't help but be awakened briefly from the sweet stupor of old age by your recent emails concerning Actaeon, whom you now want to portray as a shaman! Shaman you! And like so many people today, you are picking on the victim of the myth, not on its true subject and perpetrator, Diana. Monotheists -- because, blinded by the intense spotlight of the mono-lens, they can't see things from the point of view of their Jesus-Jahweh-or-Allah-god -- always read myths from the point of view of humans and their priests (or shamans) and not from the point of view of the gods themselves. Stop being such a monotheist! Freud said of dreams, every character in dreams is the dreamer (an idea repellent to many Jungians and certain anti-Emersonians but which, if it were true, certainly applies to myths more than to dreams). Myths, which I can't understand as anything but the dreams of the gods, are always and only about the gods themselves. They are not for us or about us (humans). It is our bizarre and almost inexplicable privilege to read them, to see them as it were behind Diana's back (perhaps the only place to see her?). At any rate, "Actaeon" is Diana's own murderous myth -- it about her from beginning to end and no one else -- the feminists, who adore her, are entitled to that much. It is a myth we can only stare at, aghast, as we inadvertently come upon her sleeping this one off in the great myth library we have somehow been able to enter and read in and which we had better get the hell out of as soon as we can before she wakes up -- not because we are Actaeon (we can't be: he's entirely how she sees us and never how we see ourselves). She is Actaeon in this myth. She is not tearing anybody apart except herself (and Actaeon is certainly not tearing himself apart "by his own animality" ! as you suggest for there is no Actaeon to tear apart -- there are people who tear themselves apart by their own animality (in fiction) but not in myth, where Actaeon is Diana tearing herself apart thru "him" (what she thinks is a "hunter" etc). And no wonder! She is so terribly neurotic! She can't stand to be even seen by men. She is one very troubled goddess; perhaps, you could say, like everyone who wants to be a goddess (or a god), but humans have so little to do with this and our small, petty ambitions are so insignificant in comparison to her problem that the subject doesn't even begin to introduce itself here. If I were her analyst (I would be of the Interventionist school of analysis, nothing else) I would counsel her to try being a little kinder to people, kindness to people and animals being my definition of what makes a civilization civilized (not literacy, art or science, as Nazis, professors, and other intellos always want to contend). Diana has long been seen as the antithesis of civilization because she likes nature and the woods so much, but Pan, who likes all that too, is much more civilized and truly kind (see Echo). He does not have a civilization problem (except that he always needs a bath) but Diana (who loves her bathtub) does -- she has to learn to stop being so pathologically murderous toward people, and not just men for she is also nasty to certain women of the Aphroditean persuasion (see Euripides' *Ion*). This is not a difficult problem for humans, at least if they will try, (and it is not their myth) but it seems to always be a horrendous problem for gods and goddesses, who never try or even seem to think they should. You are, in your "shaman" interests, allowing yourself and others, at least in the discussion I have been following from you recently, to be deflected from the source, core, and totality of the myth, Diana herself. Is this because you do not really believe in the gods as pluralities, in the gods as gods, in myths as their dreams? Be thankful you are a human being and! not a goddess or a god; don't be taken in by the "Actaeons" of her world (whose name only means "a guy from the coast") about whom she is dreaming. It's her dream, not your myth. Diana is the problem; because goddesses are real even if, as your mother would say, their dreams are not. And now, personally, and with regards, back to sleep . . .