

quency as the other. Yet all souls are tuned on exactly the same frequency, so if there is another soul in sight, and it is the center of gravity of that person, communication will emerge without effort. Birds all sing the same song at dawn, in perfect harmony, because they are tuned on the same frequency.

Reverberating with another soul is not being alone. It is to step out of the prison, and not only for a stroll, but to really be a part of the endless and magical world of soul-communication. It is an entrance to a primal paradise, when the fruits of the garden are all painted in one color: the color of humanity.

All of this exists. It is present, and yet so distant. Only one dimension away. A heartbeat away. The fact is that our soul is a prisoner inside us. And this prisoner is closer to us in a way we hardly notice.

The soul is the fourth dimension. It is only within and through the soul that inner life, real life, can take place.

*Note:* In kundalini yoga, it is believed that if the soul unites with higher consciousness enlightenment (satori) happens. See Krishna, G. (1993 rev. by Leslie Shepherd) *Living With Kundalini*, Boston: Shambala.

## Sad Lisa and her Friends

### I. THE DOWNFALL

**M**ANY YOUNG WOMEN FALL BY THE WAYSIDE, while the loud popular girls steal the show. When a man falls and breaks, there is a great noise, like the felling of a big tree, and everyone is sorry, but when a young woman doesn't make it, she falls silently. She might be remembered in a few songs or poems.

She is the Red Riding Hood who gets lost in the forest of life and society and gets eaten by the Big Bad Wolf.

This phenomenon of young women being swallowed and broken – because they are too sensitive, too gentle, too special – is hardly known about. There is a kind of conspiracy of silence. Sadness does not fit our idea of the female figure who is sexy or well groomed, or a faithful housewife, or a witch, or a feminist. There is hardly any reference to the existence of women who are broken and lost in life. It is also largely unknown that it is mainly women who get lost.

If we look at literature, then there are some Russian examples: there is the melodramatic Anna Karenina, a figure larger than life. Tolstoy's character is complemented by figures such as those in the play by Anton Chekhov, *The Three Sisters*, in which each one of the sisters is lost in a different way, and missing life.

The women who get lost in their life are doing it quietly, with no noise, just as they have always lived their lives: disturbing no one.

Once, in ancient Greece they threw young girls, usually virgins, to the Minotaur.

Today their treatment is similar, but it is much less exposed and formal.

The minotaur is disguised as a charming persuasive man, and

the girls' only sin is that they are innocent, sensitive, and clean in their soul. They are the tax that society pays, a society which has surrendered to rudeness, and relates mainly to what shouts and pushes, respects only what is external and sexy. So, once in a while the innocent are sacrificed on the altar of the enlightened society.

Someone gets eaten by our modern way of life. Once, it was the flesh of the innocent young girl; today, it is her soul, her vitality, her faith in humanity, her hope and innocence.

## II. THE INNER SELF AS A FEMALE ENTITY

In this life, what is gentle, sensitive, and special is sacrificed on the altar of the soulless norm. The soul is like a grain of sand which has no resistance of its own, and therefore can so easily be trampled without even a squeak. It has a name, though, and the soul's name, here, is "Sad Lisa." This is the title of a song by Cat Stevens, from his album *Tea for the Tillerman*. We hear of how Lisa "cries on [his] shirt" and

*... walks alone from wall to wall.  
Lost in a hall, she can't hear me.  
Though I know she likes to be near me.*

*Lisa Lisa, sad Lisa Lisa.*

*She sits in a corner by the door.  
There must be more I can tell her.*

Cat Stevens claims that in each one of us there is a sad Lisa who cries and wants to be free. And between us and our real selfhood there is love but, nonetheless, the two are separated.

The poet in this song feels his inner being, feels his imprisoned princess, her sadness, her cry. He knows that here there is great injustice, to her and to him, and he knows that he cannot be the

knight on the white horse, and save his princess, despite the fact that he tries to convince both her and himself that it might happen in the future. He knows, though, that this is not Hollywood, it is no fairy tale. Instead, this is reality, and in this reality, there is a prison, in which is locked a princess.

But often, the master or mistress does not know that, inside, their real identity is suffocated, that their real inner being is lost.

Yes, on the outside we are bourgeois, practical people, but inside us is locked a fragile, helpless princess. She needs a visit from time to time, otherwise she will not be able to hold on in the prison. She only survives thanks to the union which we have with her almost every night, in the kingdom of sleep. She is very mysterious: on top we spread a layer of dreams. As we wake up, we become divorced from her, and so it continues for the rest of the day. But each morning, it is still difficult to wake up, for she gets a hold of us, tries to bring us back to her. For as long as we feel this pain of disconnecting, it is still good, as it means that the communion with her is dear to us.

This pain each morning shows that at night we have been *in touch*. If in the morning there were no torments of departure, it would mean that at night we had had no communion with the beloved one.

When we fall asleep to outer reality, we become awake to internal reality. It is a great achievement indeed to wake up and continue, with much care and softness, to keep the connection with her. To carry her silently under the shirt, just like Cat Stevens' Lisa, and to keep her like a precious treasure.

The young sensitive woman and the soul are both suppressed. Both are subject to the collective, external make-believe, to the mask and the image, while the inner qualities fall victim.

It is not just coincidental that sad Lisa, and her friend, the soul, are both females. Femininity in this world is still suppressed, and this is one of the main reasons why we find it difficult to touch our inner being and to awaken her. This is the reason for her being so hidden, contracted, at the bottom of our subconscious.

The female force, the inner being, cannot escape the weight which oppresses her. This is the state of the female force both in the world and in the soul of the human being.

We live in a world which is under dominant masculine power, and it is so dominant, that even the women themselves are not living in harmony with their femininity, don't really know what femininity is, and are dragged into a situation where superficial games obscure the absence of a powerful, deep female force.

The female force is supposed to rise from within, revitalizing and fertilizing, providing renewal and redemption. Until justice is done to the female force in our world and in us, we cannot come to peace in ourselves.

We begin our life from and through a woman, and so it is with our inner life: it can only happen if we connect to our inner woman. And in the absence of this connection we live in a world which is governed by power struggles but disguises itself as advanced and as seeking more advancement. But real advances cannot happen without the release of female power and the redemption it offers.

There is a difference between how we portray femininity when it is under masculine rule and what it would be like if it were liberated and set free.

It would be like a storm, like a wild wolf, like a flood of life-giving water. Inside she is sad Lisa, but when she is free, she is a wild wolf, and only then can there be growth of the soul and the spirit.

So, here is an interesting idea: the Holy Ghost is not up there in the high spheres, but down below, in what has been repressed. Hindus believe the female power which they call Shakti is at the base of the spine, coiled like a serpent, while the male force is in the head, but cannot operate. It can only operate and spread its wings if the female force is released and rises, giving it power.

1 Clarissa Pinkola Estés in *Women Who Run with the Wolves* draws on her work as a psychoanalyst and cantadora ("keeper of the old stories"). Dr. Estés uses myths and folktales to illustrate how societies systematically strip away the feminine spirit. Through an exploration into the nature of the wild woman archetype, Dr. Estés helps listeners rediscover and free their own wild nature.

Without the female force the male power becomes intellectual, opinionated, based on knowledge with neither depth nor intuition.



#### QUOTATIONS FROM CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS

*Be wild; that is how to clear the river. The river does not flow in polluted, we manage that. The river does not dry up, we block it. If we want to allow it its freedom, we have to allow our ideational lives to be let loose, to stream, letting anything come, initially censoring nothing. That is creative life. It is made up of divine paradox. To create one must be willing to be stone stupid, to sit upon a throne on top of a jackass and spill rubies from one's mouth. Then the river will flow, then we can stand in the stream of it raining down.*

— CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS, *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*.

*The way to maintain one's connection to the wild is to ask yourself what it is that you want. This is the sorting of the seed from the dirt. One of the most important discriminations we can make in this matter is the difference between things that beckon to us and things that call from our souls.*

*Nowhere can this be seen more clearly than in the choice of mates and lovers. A lover cannot be chosen a la smorgasbord. A lover has to be chosen from soul-craving. To choose just because something mouthwatering stands before you will never satisfy the hunger of the soul-self. And that is what the intuition is for; it is the direct messenger of the soul.*

— CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS, *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*.

*The doors to the world of the wild Self are few but precious. If you have a deep scar, that is a door, if you have an old, old story, that is a door. If you love the sky and the water so much you almost cannot bear it, that is a door. If you yearn for a deeper life, a full life, a sane life, that is a door.*

— CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS, *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype*.

*“A healthy woman is much like a wolf: robust, chock-full, strong life force, life-giving, territorially aware, inventive, loyal, roving.”*

— CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS

## On Soul Presence

**T**HE SOUL HAS AWARENESS OF US and of what is happening to us. But we do not have an awareness of the soul.

It is not possible to be aware of the soul. The soul is outside the field of our awareness. Still, she resonates, and we can resonate with her. We can feel, on rare occasions, her presence. The soul mostly communicates by feeling, very, very fine, high feeling. Awareness is the language of the consciousness; feelings and sensations are the language of the soul. Those are two different languages.

When there is rudeness or ugliness or aggression, the soul feels it. The soul needs to be sensitive in order not to be injured. The soul lives all the time in great fear. And whenever she feels a threat, she shrinks and runs inside to hide, before the terror manages to reach and injure her. Nothing is more painful and more horrible to her than being injured.

The soul basically wants to be integrated into our kingdom, to expand and be in communication. She loves to communicate, and she hates loneliness. But she is very, very gentle, and very, very fine. She is a very high princess that is forced to live in the dungeon of the lower aspect of the human kingdom, which is the base of the spine.

So, she wants two things: to expand and to go up. She wants to expand in order to feel herself. She can't feel herself when she is contracted. And she wants to go up, because she wants to unite with the masculine aspect, which is the consciousness, in the head. And these are her two wishes.

She is the feminine aspect of the self; in us she is a guest and at the same time she is the inner and higher part of the self.

She is the lotus in the swamp. She comes from the lowest spot in