

## A Note on 'The Maenads'



The Maenads 2020 35 x35 ins. Oil on canvas

Dionysus, with many guises is the seductive god of wine and ecstasy. In the West, Christianity had overcome the old fertility gods but as it is now decomposing from within, Dionysus is back in full glory.

He is a god that drives his female followers into a religious frenzy so intense that they would dismember and devour live animals, even humans with their bare hands. As Euripides has shown, any failure to conform to his worship will be punished with devastating cruelty.

When the results of the 2018 referendum on loosening the rules on abortion in Southern Ireland were announced, for young women in particular it was a decisive victory that heralded the death

of the old Ireland; a priest ridden state of homophobic patriarchy, as contemptuous as it was catholic. This latest vote was proof of a new optimism that was at once inclusive, feminist, compassionate and modern.

I being intimate with 'the horned one' Dionysus, perceived it otherwise.

For in the new religion of the fervent self, ('My Body, My Choice'), dissent whether political, philosophical, scientific or artistic has become a 'hate crime'. Nothing must oppose the coming of The Great Conformity, an amoral homogeneous Babel, euphemistically known as Globalism, where opposition to the self-righteous will be policed by demons.

Dionysus is now overlord and his Maenads are dancing with abandon, and like the old god Baal that prefigured him, he delights in human sacrifice; the millions consumed in the satanic mills of abortion. This is a monument to transcendent evil, to hedonism and social convenience, or 'health care' as we moderns call it.

And as these industrial killing machines are controlled by men, observing the young women's euphoria has an aspect of Greek tragedy. I was reminded of princess Agave of Thebes who blinded by Dionysian fury and mistaking her own son for a wild animal, called on her fellow Maenads to tear him apart. Ovid describes Agave in ecstasy; 'and seizing his head, torn off, with her bloodstained fingers, she cries out, "Ho! My companions, this victory is our work!"'