

The Whore & Virgin Archetype: Vibrant, Sensual, Expressive Energy Devoid Of Shame

BY MONIKA CARLESS

The Whore Next Door

“To be ourselves causes us to be exiled by many others, and yet to comply with what others want causes us to be exiled from ourselves.” ~ Clarissa Pinkola Estes

“So I’m thinking of writing an article called ‘The Whore Next Door’,” I mused to my partner as he was falling asleep.

“Oh, really?” he said, eyes flying open. “Couldn’t you use a different word? Sounds like an uncomfortable trigger.”

“I don’t want to dilute things,” I replied, but wondered if he was right.

What does the word “whore” bring up for you?

It’s not a trigger for me, and I use it liberally when writing erotica. Having been raised in the Catholic faith, I was indoctrinated into the concept of “whoredom” as it were, through the impactful story of Jesus and Mary Magdalene.

Even back then, with no remembrance of my past lives, Pagan roots, or Witch’s skills, I had a knowing that this whole whore complex had deep connections to the Divine Feminine...although I could not articulate it as such. It breathed within me as a reverence for flow, surrender, and receptivity. I experienced it via nature and the fairy tales I adored.

Later in life, when I realized that fairy tales were holographs of our inner world (psyche) and embodied emotional archetypes, I revisited what I had been taught about the whore.

I've been called one three times in my life. Once by my adoptive mother – not to my person, but as she described me to a friend of hers. My mother identified as the Virgin, and my Scorpio sex/death/transformation life theme was just too much for her. No biggie, I understood the fear that it brought up in her.

Another time was by a group of neighboring kids when I was fourteen, which was quite comical, because I was the only virgin among them and the most sexually naïve kid on the block.

The third time was by a new lover in an especially illicit encounter. The word hit me like a glass of cold water in the face. My reaction elicited a series of questions.

“You okay?”

“Yup.”

“Sorry, did I shock you? I don't mean it in a derogatory way...I love that you're a whore.”

Okay. My education had officially begun.

This was my first dialogue with a man who actually understood the polarity between the two archetypes and was comfortable using the word in the bedroom. When we talked about it later, he told me that what he found attractive about the whore archetype was that she represented a woman who had left her Patriarchy assigned virginal state, casting of the repressed,

cloaked identity, to walk in her power and sexuality.

What I processed in that conversation was my own inner whore waking up and loving herself as she was – a vibrant, sensual, expressive energy completely connected to the Feminine frequency, devoid of shame.

My childhood and young womanhood are littered with recollections of other people's judgments of the sexually aware woman. I've heard my parents, my teachers and complete strangers talking down non-virginal behavior.

We all know a whore next door. Some girl or woman who is sexually rooted, receptive, who flows in dangerous ways, seduces men, and frightens their partners. She is not to be contained, her body a licentious sin, open, weaving dark magic.

Our argument with the whore began long ago. The whore archetype can't be dominated. She has a mind of her own. She is comfortable in her skin. She's a healer of repression.

The virgin is worshiped, the whore is cast out.

She cannot be trusted because she's emotional, a river, carving stone with her flow, evoking the power of the ocean, flooding reason with intuition.

When the whore next door shows up for us, be she a friend or a celebrity or a child of ours, she comes as a teacher and an ally. She is the Divine Feminine, Mary Magdalene archetype, the balancing energy of the Virgin, the powerful Creatrix who allows us to express the deepest, most forbidden urges, not only physically speaking, but emotionally and spiritually as

well.

She teaches about self-adoration and self-exploration.

Sex, as I was taught, was a utilitarian process, for the advancement of humanity, and so many women that I speak to today are desperately seeking to not only connect more sensually with their partners, but with themselves. They are seeking permission to explore their bodies; their ideas about sexuality.

My advice always is for them to connect with their inner whore, to make love to themselves the same way they desire to be made love to. This is going to mean approaching self-pleasuring with wickedness and abandon. With noise and mirrors and toys and perhaps the journalling of fantasies, orgasms, and how it feels to be that raging river.

My connections with women around the world reveal an anger at being held to the virginal standard. The masculine aspect of ourselves has been bearing the brunt of the blame. We cannot forget how the witch, the whore, the temptress, the prostitute, the wise woman has been condemned.

But to be fair, are we not, as women, also suspicious and judgmental of the whore archetype and her manifestation? Do we not also fear and reject her?

She lives within us all, a patient and erotic sister.

To integrate into the new world of Divine Feminine consciousness, we must honor both polarities, so that they can unite into wholeness. We are already whole, but have forgotten somewhat that Wild Woman is all things, not only what we're presently comfortable with.

Once she was both irreverent and innocent. Once she was sexually liberal and virginal, as it suited her, in her own timing, without guilt or shame or a need to hide either expression.

She was sovereign.

We are returning to our power. Whores and Virgins all.

For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Sacred Woman: A Guide to Healing the Feminine Body, Mind, and Spirit](#).

Sip a little more:

[A Simple Ritual For Banishing Fear Monsters](#)

[Woman, I Worship At The Altar Of Your Womb](#)



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