

OPERA OMNIA
OF THE
MADRIAN
ORDERS

PART 2

THE EASTMINSTER LIBRARY
VOLUME III

Opera Omnia of the Madrian Orders, Part 2
Volume III of the Eastminster Library, fifth edition (2021)
RJ MoChridhe, General Editor

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ANONYMOUS WORKS —LUX MADRIANA

THE STORY OF HERA PELLEGRINA AND THE HOUSE OF THE WIND

A hera has been defined as one who has realised the full potentialities of her true self so far as that is possible to one in incarnate existence. Helati were honoured in the most ancient times—the masculinised concept ‘hero’ was a much later idea. Because they had achieved so much of their divine purpose, they were said to have risen quite above the material after death, and to exist on a higher plane, sometimes helping those still in the cycles of incarnation. Shrines and temples were sometimes named for them, and they were the tutelary spirits of the places (some authorities hold that the word ‘hera’ originally meant ‘protectress’).

In this occasional series,* we will print some of the traditional hera-stories. The story of H. Pellegrina has circulated among the Tuscan witches, and those who worship Dea under the name of Diana, for many centuries. There are many versions, and this is one of the finest.

* This prologue originally appeared under the separate title ‘Heras [Helati] of the Faith...’ this title never ran again, even when Sr Julia’s telling of the life of Sai Suanti was published much later, and so it seems that the envisioned series never materialized.

Hera Pellegrina and the House of the Wind

Many years ago, when the fair land of Italia lay under the hand of priests of a false god, who, being more confident of their worldly power, were yet more barbarous in their ways than they now are—in that time, be it said, there lived a maid who surpassed all the children of her village in beauty of body and soul.

Now the mother of this maid had it in mind that she should become a nun—which is to say a votary, not consecrated by sacred rites to our dear Lady, but bound to the servitude of the false god.

This maid had read but little, and the books of that time contained nothing but the falsehoods of the priests; but a guiltless heart is always the surest guide, and in her heart she knew that what her mother wanted was not good. But when she said this, her mother replied: 'If you will not become a nun, you must marry the man I choose.'

'Oh, no,' replied the maid, 'for I must find my way, and then I shall be loyal and obedient. But first I must seek my true path.' At this, her mother flew at her and beat her. But the maid spoke bravely through her tears, and said: 'If you treat me so ill, I shall flee to the forests, and dwell among my sisters, the beasts of the wood.'

And her mother became frightened, and decided to try another method; for she knew of an old woman noted for her wisdom and power of persuasion. 'This maid,' she thought, 'will be able to change the heart of my daughter.' And so she sent for her to become the governess and attendant of her daughter, and the woman, being poor, agreed.

The daughter and the governess became the firmest friends, and neither one spoke of the nunnery even once. Instead, the governess taught her to love the forest and its creatures, which was for her an easy lesson; she taught her the names and the uses of the herbs, and how to heal the ills of both body and soul, and a hundred other arts that seem sheer miracle to the uninitiated. And all this time, the mother grew more impatient.

Now it happened that the maid was in the habit of lying awake at night to listen to the song of the nightingales, and at these times she had often heard her governess in the next room arise and go out on to the great balcony. And one night she decided to follow her. When she arrived, she saw the older woman kneeling beneath the great midsummer moon, speaking words in a low voice that she had not heard before. And she was filled with a great wonder, though she knew not why, and could not move from that spot.

Thus, when the governess had finished her prayers, she turned around and saw the maid. She was not angry, but said simply: 'So, you are here. I have expected you. I knew that our Lady would bring you when you were ready.'

'Mean you Maria?' asked the child.

'She is called by many names, and that is one of them. But those who call Her by it know Her least.'

A thrill passed through the soul of the girl, for she realised that her true path lay before her. With trembling voice, she asked: 'And who, then, know Her most?'

'I could tell you much,' said the older woman, 'but these are wicked times, and you would be in constant danger of a cruel death.'

'For Her sake I shall fear nothing,' said the girl.

The older woman made the Pentacle upon herself in thanks. ‘I had hoped you would speak thus,’ she said. ‘I have taught you all the arts of a priestess in this land, excepting the most important of them all—the art of loving Dea. What I have already taught you, no priest would believe, for though they prate endlessly of their gods and their devils, they have no true belief in anything beyond the material. But now you must work as you have not worked before; for my time on this earth grows short, and there must be one to take my place.’

In the weeks that followed, the maid learnt truths that had been known since the dawn of time—the Truth of Dea. And she became consecrated to Her as Her priestess.

But her mother became seized with impatience, and expelled the old woman from the house, and locked her daughter in a tower room with nowhere to sleep save the bare stone floor, and neither food nor drink. ‘There shall you stay,’ she cried, ‘until you are ready to become a nun.’

But the young priestess said to herself: ‘Here shall I have silence and time to fast and pray, and when I am ready, my Lady shall release me.’ And for three days she prayed without ceasing. And on the third night, her mother came to berate her and left, forgetting in her rage to lock the door. And the girl left the house in the hour before the dawn.

And donning a pilgrim’s robe, she travelled about the country, preaching and teaching the religion of the one Dea.

The people adored her and were converted in their hundreds, and they called her *la bella pellegrina*—the beautiful pilgrim. And many travelled miles that they might fall on their knees and worship her, but she would say: ‘Not I, but She who is greater; not matter, but spirit; not mortality, but Life eternal.’

But at last her mother found her and had her arrested, and asked in an evil temper whether she would become a nun, and she replied: 'That cannot be, for I belong to the one true Dea, and I have died to the world and all its false gods, and so too will you, if you have wisdom to know Truth when you have heard it.' But the mother gave her up to the priests to put her to torture and death, as they did to all who would not agree with them or who left their religion.

The people were seized with pity and anger and would have stormed the house where she was held, but it was guarded by many soldiers, and she was watched night and day. But they prayed as she had taught them, and she prayed also, and on the morning of the day that she was to be tortured and killed, a great wind arose in the heavens, a wind such as had not been seen before, and it overthrew the house so that not one stone was left standing upon another, and all were thrown into terror and confusion. But Hera Pellegrina walked away with calm dignity, and was taken by her people into the forests; and never again did the profane lay hands on her, but she lived to a great age teaching the Truth of Dea and guiding the faithful both in body and in soul.

But ill luck followed all who tried to rebuild the great house that had been destroyed, and in the end the priests grudgingly gave it over to the people as common land, and on it the affairs of all who loved Dea prospered as though a charm were upon them. And this land was ever called *La Casa al Vento*—The House of the Wind.¹

THE THIRTEEN MONTHS

Culverine is the first,
the gentle Dove reborn from death,
and all the earth is wakened by
Her newly-quickenened breath.

Maia is the second,
the year grows quickly from its birth,
and our dear Lady wears the crown
of Heaven and of earth.

Next follows noble Hera,
bringer of warmth and joy and light.
The fields are filled with flowers
and all the world is bright.

Then glorious Rosea,
first daughter of the Summer sun,
the season of the Fiery Rose
in Whom all life is one.

Bright-garlanded Kerea,
sweet prime of all the laughing year!
Your languid days and fragrant nights
have always welcome here.

In Vaskaras, the golden month,
the lingering end of Summer's reign,
sweet scents climb up through shimmering heat
among the ripening grain.

The rich abundance of the earth
bursts forth in Abolan's fruitfulness—
the bounteous gifts of Life Divine
to nourish and to bless.

Brisk and crisp and smoky-scented
are russet Vois' misty days;
a time of nuts and cyder-brew
and breath a chill white haze.

Werdë begins with blazing fires
for sister souls who have gone forth
and ends as icy Winter leaves
her palace in the North.

Astræa brings the frost and snow
and also brings a Star—
sign of our Lady's love, to show
Her coming is not far.

In Herthe, the darkest month,
a tiny light is born—
our Lady in Her Mother's arms
shines forth on the grey dawn.

In Brighe, Winter's last chill month,
a thousand candles light the sky.
Our Lady, robed in purest white,
prepares Herself to die.

Moura is not of Winter,
of Summer, Autumn or of Spring.

She is a season of her own
apart from everything.

The closing year is hushed and still,
the Dove is slain that we may live—
the dearest gift that we can take,
or anyone can give.²

A FINAL THOUGHT

Think for a moment of the things around you. Doors, walls, tables. It all seems so solid, so real, so absolute. Dea, if She lives at all, must live in a place very different, very different. But She does not. She is standing behind you, Her hand on your shoulder, waiting for you to turn. She is standing before you and beside you. She has never left you in all your life. She is always there, and She loves you with a love more complete than any other, despite every weakness. For the real you is a perfect creature, a jewel without a flaw. Will you begin to become that jewel again? Remember from time to time throughout the day, throughout the coming days, that She is there, and let your heart be overcome by a sudden flood of love.³

EDITORIAL TO THE SECOND ISSUE OF *THE COMING AGE*

This is our first Eastre issue, and since Eastre is the most important event in the Madrian calendar, much of the magazine is devoted to it—its history, what it is, what it means to us.

It is also, of course, a New Year issue, and that too is an event worth marking. The past year has seen the Madrian faith emerge from the nurturing protection of closed and exclusive groups, and has seen the eternal lamp of our Lady's devotion carried forth once more into the world. This coming year must be the year in which our new open movement begins to establish itself firmly in the world. It must also be the year in which people outside the Orders of the Silver Star and the Daughters of Artemis begin to take an active part in the running of the movement;* and in which new people begin to enter those Orders and to work with them in new and different ways (both Orders are at present preparing new degrees of membership which will require a less exacting rule of life than is necessary for full sisterhood).

Each of us has different gifts. Those sisters in more or less enclosed groups who have done, and continue to do, such wonderful work in the intellectual and inspirational fields are the first to admit that they are not always ideally suited to the work of expansion and organisation which now lies before us. We urgently need new talents of every sort. There is a natural and becoming modesty among newer Madrians which leads them to say 'I am not ready'. None of us feel ready, but the call has gone forth. We must answer it in humility, but we must answer it.⁴

* The involvement of the 'Order of the Silver Star' is notable here, as the first issue made reference only to the Daughters of Artemis: 'Lux Madriana operates solely on voluntary donations and on the voluntary work of members of the Daughters of Artemis, many of whom live near subsistence level in order to devote full time to non-commercial religious work. They have no complaints about this ...' (TCA I:14)

THE LEGEND OF THE SUN

Of the celestial bodies, the moon (as well as the Morning and Evening Star, Venus) is usually seen as a symbol of our Lady, rather than the sun. Nevertheless, the most ancient mythologies invariably represent the sun as a female figure, from Wurusemu of the ancient Hittites to Grainne of the pre-Christian Irish. Merlin Stone, in her study of ancient Madrian religions, lists sun-goddesses (Janyati) in Canaan, Anatolia, Arabia, Australia, Japan, India and among the Eskimos.* Germans still refer to *Frau Sonne*.

The following is a sun-legend current among modern Madrians. Like all genuine mythic material, particularly that based on the seasonal cycle, it contains archetypes of Divine Truth, but it is not a work of pure Divine inspiration like the sacred Mythos.

The Legend of the Sun

The Mistress of All Things knew that the light of day could no longer be silver, and so She called the seven colours to Her that they might run a foot-race among themselves. For She knew that she who was chosen must be a strong champion, for the Snake would not cease in his attempt to destroy her.

And though the colours were but infants, having been born with the dawning of that very day,[†] each of them ran with marvellous swiftness. But the swiftest by far was Yellow, who ran the whole length of the straight course and back to the beginning before the others had completed the course. And Dea

* Merlin Stone, *The Paradise Papers*, Quarter Books, 1976, p. 18.

† A note to the original directs the reader to Creation 3:1–2.

laughed and called her Golden, and she was crowned with ivy, and a precious metal was created bearing her name.

And when her festivities were over, she was given a golden chariot and seven golden battle-ponies, and was crowned with holly and with thorns, and was given her warrior name: Sun, the all-conquering. And when that night was ended, she rode slowly forth from the cave of night, bearing aloft her great mace which streamed out pale gold light.

And when the Snake saw this, he laughed, saying: 'This is but a child. Has She sent forth a child against the Snake?'

But as Sun rode onward, she held the brilliant disc of her shield before her body, and her light grew brighter, and the hooves of her battle-ponies struck fire from the skies. And lo, in war the babe was terrible, and the Snake's legions fled on every side from the blows of her mace. And her light filled all the world.

But still the world was cold, and the creatures upon it tired. And as Sun passed, the shadows closed behind her, and night came quickly. But the creatures of the earth loved her light and did her honour, and grew stronger in her light. And every day Sun grew more powerful, and the legions of the Snake retreated further, and every night was shorter than the one before it, and the earth grew warmer.

And there came a time when the night was no longer than the day, and Sun had grown to maidenhood. Tall she stood among the clouds made brilliant by her light. And delight came upon the earth, and life in all things, and the daughters of the earth danced the death of the Snake. And still each day added to her victories, until the whole world was resplendent with her

delight. And she had grown to fullness as a warrior, and none could withstand her.

But still the Silver Time had passed, and even her force could not be inexhaustible. And the crafty Snake waited, for it had been long since any had dared to attack her. But the shadows drew closer; and there was a day when it seemed that her grip upon her mace grew looser, and the legions of the Snake attacked.

And many were they that dashed themselves upon her shield, and many that were smitten by her mace before the last of them was put to flight. But the Snake smiled, saying: 'You are strong, yet I think you grow weaker.'

For on this day, the day was no longer than the night, and from this day on they grew shorter. And everywhere upon the earth the legions of the Snake ran to and fro, spreading chill and darkness; yet scurrying hence whenever the mighty champion appeared. And day by day they grew bolder, until one day the Snake found the hardihood to stand at the mouth of the cave of night and call to Sun, saying: 'Sun, my legions will tonight lay waste the earth unless you dare to fight me hand to hand.'

'Go your way,' replied Sun, 'and do not tempt me to your own destruction.'

'Nay,' cried the Snake, 'you are not the mighty warrior that once you were, and I fear not the combat.'

And thereupon, Sun said no further word, but left her chariot and battle-ponies and went with mace and shield to the mouth of the cave of night. And the Snake withdrew himself within, and Sun pursued him. And thus began the longest night the earth had known.

And all that night was heard the clangour of that battle which shook the whole earth. And the daughters of the earth fell down in prayer and supplication that their champion should emerge victorious; for they knew that only the victrix might leave that cave alive. But the great priestess of the Mistress of All Things had seen a sign: she had seen Sun, as she rode behind the sea at evening, all red with blood, and her blood spread out upon the sea. And thus, although she also prayed, she held but little hope.

And when the clangour ceased, the Snake emerged, dragging behind him the body of Sun.

And the daughters of the earth wept bitter tears. For three days the funeral lasted; and many were the songs sung of the deeds of the champion, and the races run in honour of she who had won the first race ever run. And for three days the funeral pyre was built of sacred branches of the oak and ash. And on the third day the body of Sun was placed on the summit of the pyre, together with her chariot. And the torches were set to the pyre.

And the flames rose from the bottom of the pyre until the whole was ablaze; and the world was suffused in its golden light. And the daughters of the earth said: 'It is as though Sun were with us once more.' And they looked aloft, and lo, in the chariot stood a babe all crowned with ivy.

And great was the rejoicing on that day as the daughters of the earth gathered thorns and holly wherewith to crown their champion.⁵

COLLECTIVE THOUGHTS ON FAITH

The faith of the faithless—‘I don’t believe in the supernatural’, ‘I don’t believe in dogmas’, often heard from the same person but quite contradictory, since disbelief in the supernatural is a dogma. The thousands of miraculous cures reported at Lourdes, the millions of spiritual healings of every sort, the things which happen in spiritualist churches all over the world, every week of the year, volume upon volume of events that cannot be explained by ‘science’. Think of the sheer blind faith of the person who is prepared to wave all these aside without a glance for the sake of a dogma. A dogma which has never been proved; a dogma which very few people have even bothered to examine—and yet it claims the absolute, uncritical belief of thousands. Rather touching really.

Miracles—the person who believes in miracles can always be open-minded, the person who disbelieves, never. In each individual case the believer may say ‘I don’t know if a miracle happened there, I will await more definite evidence’. But the disbeliever has decided every case in advance without seeing a scrap of evidence.

The only way to ‘prove’ our Lady is to experience Her, to know Her. It is the same with a table or any other thing. There can be no way of proving its existence—in hypnosis or a dream, a table may seem just as solid and not be real. We simply have faith in some things because we must. Pure logic leads to pure nihilism. We assume not just one or two things, but everything. We assume our whole life’s experience to be real, and not just a false memory such as any hypnotist could implant, or an illusion, such as the vivid and unshakable delusions I had in

fever as a child. To accept our Lady is to spin around like a top, to stand the world on its head. The table is faith. Life is faith. Without faith we could not eat or drink. Faith is the axis on which the whole world spins, and also the pivot by which it may be turned upside-down.

Not always belief—faith does not always involve believing anything special. The wind in my face at dawn, the sun setting over the sea, a piece of bread and butter when I am very hungry—I see all these as theophanies: showings-forth of Dea. But in practical terms, I don't believe them to be anything different from what the materialist believes. I don't believe that She buttered the bread, or even that She made the sun shine (though in an indirect sense, She did both those things). I certainly don't believe that She is the wind, like the pantheists. I just believe that She is the Sun of pure Joy, and that every feeling of pleasure within me and about me is a ray of Her delight.

Faith is not only a thing of the conscious mind. I believe in atoms, I suppose, but when I look at the solid wood of my pencil, I am not sure I have much faith in them. So, though we believe in Dea, it is sometimes hard to have faith in Her. But faith in Dea is deeper than faith in atoms. We have experienced Her before the beginning of time—mind-memory cannot recall it, but soul-memory knows. Faith lies often beneath the surface—the very fact that you want faith is a sign of faith.

Do not hide lack of faith from our Lady, but say to Her: 'Mother, I find it hard to have faith in You, help me to have faith.' Of course, She knows already, but She wants you to share this with Her, as you share all other joys and sorrows.⁶

[SOPHIA HAS COME]

Sophia has come:—
hear the words
She uttered as I knelt before Her
heedless of the storm and drowning rain:

‘You have seen the curve of a rainbow—
I am come to complete the circle
and bring you joy’...

I have lain under my new colours
and bathed in their radiant fullness
while She smiled above me,
Her hand upraised in haunting peace.
Chaste Her mind, Her heart, Her soul,
for friends She has the creatures of the field...
Her peace guards the autumn winds from harm
and lingers softly in the green spring rain.
One look from Her clear-eyed Truth
and the sullen run like stags
gladdened by the sunlight on a mountain range...⁷

HANDMAIDENS

After several requests to accept lay sisters, the Order of the Silver Star have founded a new group called the Handmaidens of the Sacred Rose: ‘It is completely uncentralised—anyone can become a handmaid without notifying us—there is only one rule which all must follow: a commitment to say the Rosary

each day. Beyond this, we hope members will construct a special Rule of life for themselves; this can be as great or as little as each individual feels right. We will be pleased if you would submit your Rule to us via Lux Madriana, but it is not necessary. We would like handmaids to help each other, to come together in groups, to form bonds of love and obedience—to become a real lay Order from the ground upwards. We will advise, but feel that we may not direct. Go forward, children.’⁸

THE SONGS OF THE WOOD-MAIDEN

In those days when Dea was worshipped across the face of all the earth, there was a maid who lived alone in a hut of sprouting willows in the deep woods. And there she tended the wild beasts and healed their wounds with her herbal potions and gentle care. She especially loved those animals that had lost their mothers, and said that Dea had made her their protector. All the beasts and birds of the wood were without fear in her company, and there were those who claimed to have heard her talk and sing to the beasts in a strange language unlike any of the tongues of earth. Her gay and carefree spirit won her many friends from the nearby city, who often brought her gifts and stayed to eat with her and hear her singing. For her voice was a rare wonder in those days, sweet and clear.

And one day towards the middle of summer, several of these friends were gathered at the Wood-Maiden’s home. And they called on her to sing their favourite song, which told of her childhood. And so she sang of her early life in the city and of her mother’s death which had stricken her dumb and filled her with terror so that she ran blindly into the woods. She sang

of her ceaseless weeping and of her prayers to our Lady, and of how Dea had led her to a young fawn whimpering beside its mother's corpse, so that she forgot her own sorrow in comforting and caring for the little one. And finally she told how our Lady had restored her voice and increased its beauty so that never a day passed when she failed to raise it in songs of praise and thanks to Her.

And after this her friends spoke of fears of famine in the city. The uninhabited grassland and forest further inland had suffered badly from drought so that the birds had flown toward the city to look for food. Usually the people did not mind the birds taking some of the grain, but this time they feared that the fields would be stripped.

'And what is being planned?' asked the Wood-Maiden. But her friends were silent, and she guessed that there were some urging that the birds should be destroyed.

This so worried the Wood-Maiden that she went into the city to find out if it was true that they would kill our Lady's creatures. And she found the people so stricken with fear that they saw no other course. So she prayed to Dea for guidance. Then she went into the fields, black with birds, and began to sing in a high and piercing tone so that the birds flocked to her, and the people covered their ears. For the space of three hours the maid sang, and then the birds rose in a flock and flew toward the mountains. The Wood-Maiden told the people that the birds were going to a safe place. But she would say no more, and ran away to the woods as soon as she could, for she found the thanks of the people embarrassing.

About a year after this, some of the maiden's friends visited her in great distress. Some ambassadors had come from an-

other city, famed for its philosophers, who had laughed at the people's devotion to Dea. For, they said, She did not care for earthly creatures who were beneath Her contempt. And they said that She had a consort and a son whom She loved greatly, but She did not love the people, nor consider them Her children. And the maid's friends told her that the people believed this and had abandoned all their devotion. The Wood-Maiden thought it at first mere foolishness, but the more she thought about it, the more she thought it wrong and wicked.

'But it is nonsense!' she cried, 'for She created us and is our Mother, and no mother would neglect any of her children. We have only to look at this beautiful world to know it is a gift from Her. And She loves us all equally, as a perfect mother will not favour any of her children. Even we know that it is wrong, although we sometimes do it.'

And the maid went once more into the city and said these things. But the people would not hear her arguments, thinking the philosophers must know better than a simple maid from the woods. And she was perplexed. And as she was leaving, she saw a child throwing stones at a dog that he had tethered to a tree. She took hold of the child and shook him, saying: 'How can you do that to one of our Lady's creatures?' But he said: 'If She doesn't care about us because we're lower than Her, why should we care about animals?' And he ran away. The Wood-Maiden wept, and took refuge in the temple, which was now quite cold and empty, praying for Dea's aid.

She rose next morning very early with joy in her heart, for Dea had spoken to her in a dream. She sang softly and thrillingly until the city was filled with her singing. Some of the older people stirred restlessly, but only the children woke, and

were compelled to run to her. She told them that she would take them to a beautiful garden, and bade the older children fetch the babies.

When the people awoke to find their children missing, they were frantic with worry. And it was not until the next day that the Wood-Maiden returned to the city. They begged her to tell them where their children were, but she refused, saying only that they were safe and happy. She told them they were not fit to raise children if they could tell them nonsense that made them cruel and wicked. After much persuasion she seemed to relent, and said she would return some of the children, but only those who were favourites and worthy of love. But the people protested, saying they loved all their children and wanted them all back, even those who were naughty and rebellious. And the Wood-Maiden laughed and said: 'And can you not see that your Mother in Heaven loves you all? And that She has not picked out two of Her creatures to be with while she neglects the others? Believe that and I will return your children.' And the people thought and saw that the maid was right after all, and this was not only because they missed their children but rather because their own hearts had been saddened to think Dea did not love them; and they now realized that it was a foolish notion.

So the Wood-Maiden brought back the children, who were happy and excited and talked of the beautiful country they had visited. And some thought the Wood-Maiden must have sent the birds there because there had been so many.

And about this time the ambassadors came again and said the philosophers had changed their minds and discovered why Dea loves us. But the people only laughed at them. And they

never listened to philosophers again, but only to their own hearts.⁹

EDITORIAL TO THE FOURTH ISSUE OF *THE COMING AGE*



The year comes again to Autumn, its golden evening-time. And with our first Autumn issue, *The Coming Age* completes its first full cycle. Our cover depicts a theme in harmony with the inner spiritual meaning of the season, symbolising the soul led after death by a Janya into the evening-land of Avala—the apple-orchard ‘west of the sunset’. Thus the Divine Life symbolism of the season is combined with the death-motif of Tamala. From a purse the soul spills golden coins upon the ground, symbolis-

ing her willing relinquishment of the false wealth of the world of matter, and also the true gold of her life's good actions and pure devotion which now returns to the fruitful soil of the Daughter's love. One tree is filled with birds, for a bird is the timeless symbol of the disincarnate soul, and another with the golden apples of immortality. Before her flows the fountain of the water of Life.

Many of our contributions also deal with themes appropriate to the inward significance of the season, dealing with the nature of matter, death and the state of existence which is Avala. But running through all is the central Mystery of the inner or esoteric meaning of outward or material things, as expressed in the following meditation for the Feast of Divine Life:

Now we stand at the centre of the flux, and at the centre of the mysteries of the flux. All things of time convolve about Eternity; all things of space about the infinite still Point which is the Centre. Mother, has not Thy Daughter said that not a sparrow lights upon a twig but it shadows forth the conflict of evil with the Good, nor any grain of sand shifts in the desert reflecting not some spiritual truth, neither does a comet fall in the farthest corner of the cosmos without an inward meaning?

Mother, Who seest and knowest all these things, what is the wisdom of this world compared to the mystery that lies within the humblest weed that we bruise beneath our feet? Guide us through the subtle labyrinth, that we may come safe to the Centre.¹⁰

WEST OF THE SUNSET AND EAST OF THE DAWN

There was once a maid whose name was Tama, who lived in a beautiful country west of the sunset. She loved this country and all her friends there with all her heart, and it was her great pleasure to roam about through the mountain paths on her white mare. One day she had gone further than ever before, and found herself at the very edge of that country, looking over the cliffs at the grey mist below.

Suddenly she heard a strange croaking voice and dismounted to listen. 'Mistress,' croaked the voice, 'I am here.'

'Yes, I can hear you,' said Tama, 'but I cannot see you, where are you?'

'Never mind that,' hurried the voice. 'Tell me, mistress, is all this country so unpleasing?'

'Unpleasing!' Tama cried. 'But it is beautiful! The most beautiful country in the world!'

'Not so, mistress,' went on the voice, 'for my lady Irkalla's country is by far the best. I have heard some sing praises of your country and came to see, but I am very disappointed. If, as you imply, this is not but a trash-heap at the edge, I am afraid I must be going back. Oh, mistress, I wish you could see my country. You will never know what you are missing.'

Tama had been staring very hard in the direction of the voice, and now she was just able to make out a small black shape moving away. 'Wait!' she cried. 'I will go to see! But where is the path?'

'Follow me,' croaked the creature. And now, straining her eyes, she was able to see, or half-see, a path, barely wide enough

to ride on, and the steepest she had ever seen. She urged her white mare onward.

Once down the cliff, Tama was sure that she could not yet have reached this best of lands—indeed, she had never seen a landscape which pleased her so little. Everything in it seemed but a crude and clumsy copy of the real things in her own land. Everything beautiful was like a reflection of the beauty of her own land seen in a misshapen mirror—twisted, but still recognisable. But there was much that was truly unlovely, but worse than this, everything seemed heavier and duller—as though someone had tried to work a fine filigree in coarse hemp.

But she continued on, galloping the mare along the slender path. She went on for many months, feeling more and more depressed, for no one could give her directions, and as the country was so dull, she felt sure she had missed her way. After some time, she decided she must rest herself and her mare for a few days, and so took lodging in a town. There she was told that the mare was not fit to be ridden for many weeks, and she resigned herself to staying there.

To earn her bread, as she now found she had to do, she decided to use her skill with her hands, and started some weaving and embroidering. She soon became famous for the beauty of her work and many customers flocked to her. To please them she stayed longer than she had intended—and in truth, she was in two minds as to what to do, for she no longer fully believed in the stranger's 'best of all lands' and rather dreaded returning home and explaining her action. Some of the unpleasantness she had seen on her journey had even led her to fear cruel treatment on her return. She told herself that though the land was not pleasant, yet it had its compensations, and indeed, it was

not long before she had a fine house and a string of horses and many admiring friends.

But her work began to bore her. She was used to dealing with fine materials, and the coarse cloths and dull colours of this land irritated her. Mostly she was able to put this out of her mind, but one day she was almost in tears struggling with a tapestry when she heard a knock. When she opened the door her eyes were dazzled for a moment, then she saw that it was the brightest, most loving and most loved of her friends from the western country—she who was Lady of that country. ‘You!’ she cried. ‘What are you doing here?’

Her friend laughed, ‘I have come to bring you these silks; I heard you had need of them.’ Then she seemed to vanish away.

Tama went slowly back into the house and looked at the silks. Their brilliant colours and fine textures amazed her. ‘I had forgotten,’ she murmured. ‘I cannot go back—no, I cannot. But I will make a picture with these silks that shall always remind me.’ And for weeks she worked on the picture, so neglecting her other work that she nearly starved. Each section she put carefully away as soon as it was finished, and at the very end she hung the whole tapestry on a wall of her house. Only then did she see the whole picture, and seeing it, she fell down in a paroxysm of weeping which lasted three days and three nights. At the end of this time she wiped away her tears and determined that she would return—that she must, regardless of the consequences.

She made all the preparations for her journey, and finally went to the stables to select the freshest and strongest of the horses, ‘For,’ she reasoned, ‘it is a very long way.’ But once there, she saw her old white mare who looked tired and dejected, and

against her reason, went up to her and whispered: 'Would you like to come home, little one? It is only fair you should come with me; after all, I brought you here!' The spark of fire which entered the horse's eyes and the look of love she gave her mistress showed her that it was the right choice.

On her last night, Tama called together her friends in that place and showed them the tapestry, saying that this was her own country to which she was returning. One of her friends seeing it walked straight out of the door calling Tama a witch. And most of the others seemed embarrassed, and avoided all Tama's entreaties that they should go with her. They did not stay for long, except for one, Eterna by name, who gazed at part of the tapestry showing a spring bubbling from beneath one of the apple trees as though she could not take her eyes from it. At last she sighed and moved towards the door, but Tama stopped her, saying, 'Will you not come?'

But she shook her head, saying, 'My mare is lame.'

'Then,' said Tama, her heart missing a beat, 'we will lead the horses, that is all. It will take longer, but we will get there eventually.' And Eterna was so pleased and excited that she quite suppressed the rising doubts that they would ever manage it.

They set out early the next morning, turning the horses' heads to the west, and walked on for many miles. They slept by a stream that night, and on waking found that the lameness of Eterna's horse had entirely disappeared. And from that day they rode onward with an increasing joy and light in their hearts, and their horses, instead of growing slow and tired, grew hourly fresher and more lively. And so at last they came to the foot of the cliff which leads to the land west of the sunset and began the wearying ascent. As they reached the top,

Tama hung back, still embarrassed and fearing her reception, and urged Eterna to go on ahead. In fact she went over the edge with her eyes closed and had to summon up all her courage to open them.

Then she saw in front of her that best of friends that had brought her the silks, with one arm around Eterna's waist and one stretched out to Tama herself. 'We have been looking forward long to this day,' she laughed. 'We have arranged a feast. And, dear Tama, thank you for bringing my friend Eterna back home again. But, dearest ones, why did you not come before?' And with bubbling joy in her heart, Tama stepped forward to join her friends.^{*11}

A LEGEND OF THE THREE CROWNS

'With these I entrust thee, thou and thy daughters to the last generation. For with these treasures and with one other[†] lies the destiny of maid. In the hands of the chosen are they a powerful charm against the outer darkness and the brood of Irkal. But at that time when hands claimed by the dark powers shall touch them, shall they lose their brilliance and their potency. And should it happen that thy blood turn to the bad, I charge thee that the guardian conceal these treasures. And she shall conceal them, the one where the bright rainbow touches the earth, the

* A note to the original reads: 'In a live story-telling situation, of course, this story is much longer, enriched by detail and incident. Fuller versions of this story, and other Madrian stories, are welcomed by the Literature Circle.'

† A note to the original reads: 'The three crowns appear in *The Mythos of the Divine Maid* 2:20–30. The other treasure mentioned at the beginning of the story is most probably the silver Chalice of *Mythos* 7:22.'

other at the clear spring beneath the tree whose roots touch the centre of the world, where a pure maid may drink wisdom, and the third and greatest of these treasures in the High Altar of the Temple of Inanna beneath the silver seas. For the finding of these places is beyond the power of impure maids, handmaidens of Irkal’



‘I am writing this on the last day of my life, that the secret which has been handed down by my mothers from the first generation shall not be lost. Having striven twenty years to bring my daughter to the Light, to find at last her eyes fixed unflinchingly upon the dark, I now commend my own soul and hers to our Lady in the belief that She will, in the fullness of time, bring them together again in Her. The three crowns, the objects of my guardianship, I have hidden in the inaccessible places of the earth, for to my daughter I cannot entrust them. It has been made known to me that, hidden, these treasures cannot protect maidkind as they ought, and thus I pray every daughter of my daughter in every generation until they be found to spend a year and a day of her life in quest after them. The path will be hard and the dangers many. In truth, nor could I have found the hiding places without the guidance of some great spirit, handmaiden of the Eternal, even such a one as she that entrusted the treasures to my first mother. And without the protection of the treasures, the hold of the dark powers over earth will be stronger, and the forces of Irkalla opposed to the quest. But when the time is ripe, help shall not be wanting.’



Time went by, and each year that the crowns lay in safety, the world lay in peril, attracting the spirits of the impure. And as generation succeeded generation, the world became coarser and more insipid, and the minds of maids were dulled. In the family of guardians, the quest was still handed on from mother to daughter, but knowledge slipped from them of the purpose of the quest and its inner meaning. And each maid set out less surely upon the path.

But as the stars shift into new alignments, so the tide turns in the hearts of maids. And in time a new light shone on the world, even as the new moon shines after full darkness, and among the souls who turned in eagerness to the Light was that of the maid now engaged upon that quest. And this is a part of her story...

‘Surely this goat is the spawn of the wind,’ she thought. ‘She could outpace me in seconds if she chose. But her wit is turned to cunning and delights in its exercise. She does not desire her freedom, but only to triumph over her mistress, or over me in her stead. See! She again pretends to graze, but is watching and listening intently, ready to bound away. Her stubbornness matches mine, and just as I will not give up the chase, she will not allow the capture. But there is one advantage with me—I have the wit of a maid, which this creature cannot have. She desires triumph and shall have it. I shall shortly feign tiredness and collapse as in exhaustion. If I act credibly and stay motionless, she is sure to approach. Then I shall dart up and seize the halter.’

The ploy proved successful, and although the goat at first plunged and kicked, she grew docile as she was led toward her home. The aged mistress of the wayward animal offered the victrix the hospitality of her poor cottage, which she gratefully accepted as it was already past sunset. Over the meal of bread and goat's milk cheese the maid recounted the story of the quest and its mysterious history, how the maids of her family time out of mind had spent a year and a day of their lives searching for the rainbow's end, the well of wisdom and the great temple beneath the silver sea, for what purpose they knew not, nor on which path to set their feet. She spoke of the first month of her own quest, her visit to the city in search of advice and her present journey to the high mountains, and of all the people she had met along the way.

When the tale came to an end it was near midnight, and the aged maid, who had been listening closely, clasped the younger maid's hands in hers. 'I am grateful for the telling, for it has confirmed that which I have already seen in you. And now it is time to reward you for capturing the goat—do not protest, child, or say in sheltering you I have done enough, for such is due to any honest traveller.'

'It would shame me, madrona, to take from you who have so little for what I did of my own choosing and enjoyed in the doing.'

'Do not prevent me, child, for sharing with you my knowledge will leave me none the poorer. My mothers also have handed on secrets, and this is one of the most precious. Take this bowl upon your lap, and look into the depths of the water. When you see an image, let yourself be drawn into it and you

will have a glimpse of the spiritual realities behind the outward forms of earthly things.'

Two images the maiden saw: one of herself gazing entranced into a shining pool while beside her stood a great and shining lady whose face shone with the beauty of wisdom. The other was of the gentle maid Cameira, her friend in the city, and at once she found herself beside her. But her blood ran cold as she saw herself surrounded by coarse and ugly faces, some the faces of fiends or of witless fools. And above and around herself stretched thick iron bands choking out the sunlight and the air. When she looked into the faces her heart stood still, for she recognised in their distorted forms the features not of nightmare visions but of Cameira's constant acquaintance in the city. Of all of them, Cameira's sweet face alone was unshorn, but rather glowed with light; and she held in her hand a lantern whose light fell upon the ugly faces and softened them into human semblance.

This vision she related to the wise maid of the cottage, saying: 'I wished at first to rescue her from that dark and dangerous place, but it came to me that this was her purpose; to bring light to benighted souls. And this should be the aim of every maid, and my quest could have no purpose other than this. But still I do not understand why I should be chosen, nor how the quest can achieve this noble purpose. May I look again, madrona?'

As she gazed a second time, it seemed to her that she was a child lost in a wood and wishing for home. She saw violets at her feet and knelt to pick them for her mother who loved them. And as she picked, more violets sprang up a little way ahead and she ran to them joyfully. And so she went on until

her arms were full, and she found she had come to the edge of the wood and was in sight of her home. She wept for the intensity of the joy of that moment, and found herself again in the dark cottage.

‘You have seen the place of the quest in your own life, child, but look again to see the treasures your success would bring to the world.’

In the water was forming the image of the rainbow; it bathed her in the rays of pure colour and every part of her being was refreshed and strengthened. At her feet a golden crown glittered and sparkled in the coloured light, for here the rainbow touched the earth. And the maid knew that the crown held a secret, but could not decipher it. As she touched it, the rainbow hardened and became a road, and the maid was drawn along it.

Thus she came to the mighty tree, as high as the rainbow itself, and in the spring at its foot floated a silver crown more glorious than the first. It seemed to be shining with its own light, but the maid saw that the light came from the spring itself. It came to the maid that she knew the secret of the crowns and it was one she had known all her life. And she plunged into the spring. . . Almost at once she stood in a high and splendid temple, whose beauty was beyond the power of human language to describe. From the Altar poured the glorious light, bright and clear as starlight, warm as sunlight. And she heard these words: ‘All life is from the Eternal, and its every aspect draws sustenance from the Divine. So is it glorified when lived in the Divine Light. Let the light of the three crowns touch every choice, every thought and every action in the life of maids.’

Then the vision faded, and as the maid sat enraptured, the wise one crossed the room and opened the door of the cottage. 'It is the dawn,' she said.¹²

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

A wave is breaking, a tide is rising, a spirit is moving in the hearts of maids. What is happening?

Astræa, the name of the first month of winter, was a name of the Daughter in the classical world. She was seen as the goddess of innocence and purity, and legend said that She remained in the world throughout the rising tide of barbarity and cruelty which marked the beginning of the Iron Age (the destruction of Madrian-matriarchal civilisation), and watched over it still as the constellation Virgo, the Maiden. Throughout the early patriarchal period, the people believed that Astræa and Her Mother Sai Āmē would some day return and a new Golden Age would be born.

Eventually even this belief was lost; the patriarchy was consolidated, patriarchal religions crushed the remains of the true Faith. And now we have the inevitable conclusion of that process: the dead hand of materialism lies upon the world; all religions die; a new dark age of techno-bureaucratic barbarism seems inevitable.

Yet now, at the seemingly most unlikely time, the ancient Faith is reborn. Even amid the clangour of machines, the inane jargon of politicians, the constant self-centred chatter of maids and men—our Lady has spoken to Her children. She has inspired maids and given us the words which will make us whole. There is no turning back; it has become necessary for

us to make a new life and a new culture—a new world—in the light of the Truth which has been spoken. Astræa has returned to the hearts of maids, and the Golden Age is dawning.¹³

AN ‘EXORCISM’

(The following is an extract from a letter describing a visit to a friend who had been involved in a semi-satanistic coven.)

...her bedroom had very bad vibrations because she regularly burned black candles and meditated. So I ‘exorcised’ it. I blessed the room, making the Pentacle in each corner with three sticks of incense (2 Jasmine, 1 Amber)* and then recited the Silver Star several times and generally banished evil kares and influences. I then repeated the process using my fingers and again repeated the Silver Star and the Prayer of Eternity. Wow, did that stir things up! Something cold was on my back, and the latent evil had been wakened up by the good vibrations. Was I terrified!

Anyway, our Lady gave me courage and strength to stay and complete the process, when all I wanted was to get out of there. S___ had already left the room. Practically the moment I started, she said ‘I don’t like it, I feel cold, I’m going’...

When I got downstairs I was shaking like a leaf. And so cold. I feel cold even now...

When I left the room there seemed to be a tremendous battle between good and evil vibrations. I gave S___ the Silver Star and Prayer of Eternity to say at night and told her to make the Pentacle on herself so that she may start setting up harmonious vibrations.

* A note to the original reads: ‘Jasmine is an incense of the Daughter, Amber of the Mother.’

I could even see the difference in our bedrooms when she lit her candles. When I light a candle in my bedroom, peace and quietness fills the air (it is always an act to Dea). When she lit the candles, her room became even nastier and more sinister...¹⁴

THE TALKING WELL

The forest where the old woman lived in her hut was so dark and gloomy that not a ray of sunlight was to be seen there most days of the week. It must be confessed that when the old woman so much as thought about that, she was rather glad than otherwise, albeit that her nature was so crabbed and jealous that gladness was its rarest emotion. When the sunlight did break through, there was not a corner of the house that gave it welcome, for it was as dirty as it was ugly, and that was not a little.

It so fell out that one day there came to this forsaken place a little girl whom sunlight never left, and her arms were all scratched with the brambles of the forest. She ran up to that filthy excuse for a dwelling-place and, bold as you like, she knocked upon the door. Now it was against the old woman's contrary nature to open a door when someone knocked, so the mite was left standing there. But she was nothing daunted by this piece of rudeness, and cried out 'Let me in!' and knocked again. And this went on for an entire hour until suddenly the old woman's temper became ungovernable and, flinging open the door with a crash, she seized her tormentor by the wrist.

'Get away, you banshee!' she screamed. 'Leave an old woman in peace, will you not? It's my stick you'll be feeling if you're not away from here this minute!'

But the girl looked at her pleadingly and spoke sweetly: 'Take me in, mistress, and I will serve you as well as any, and try to make you happy.' But the old woman would have none of it, and her fury rather increased than diminished. She drove the little maid away with harsh words and blows. And so she took herself to a nearby stream to bathe her cuts and bruises. And though the water ran muddy and sluggish through the dismal glen, as soon as the little one stepped in, it ran as clear as crystal. And although she slept that night upon pine needles, her dreams were filled with sweetness from the scent they put out in love of her.

Now that crabbed old woman went out into the forest every day and it was a mystery to all where she went, but it was nowhere pleasant, for without fail she came back with a wicked temper on her and would hit out at the trees and grass with her stick as if they had offended her, when all they did was stand and grow. And it was that same little girl that watched for her going the very next day, and ran to the stream and gathered clean water in the shawl that she tied about her neck. And thus she went to clean the windows of the hut. But so thick was the filth that she had to keep to one pane and scrub and scrub. And it was many a time that she had to rest her arm that was stiff from yesterday's bruising; and when at last she was satisfied, she heard the old woman returning and ran away among the trees. Nor did the old woman notice anything amiss when she entered the hut, for the pane was as thickly encrusted inside as out, such a filthy old woman she was.

A second time the girl watched. A second time she gathered water as soon as the old woman was away into the forest, and a second time she went to clean the windows of the hut. This

time she opened the window, stepped into the hut, and cleaned the inside of the pane she had washed the day before. And she scrubbed and scrubbed and it was many a time she had to step outside to escape the smell within. And by the time she was satisfied, the old woman could be heard again returning, and the girl ran again into the woods. But once there she offered a prayer that the light should not enter through the shining pane that day, for she did not want the old woman to know what she was about. Straight away the gloom of the forest deepened, and the old woman could be heard cursing as she stumbled about in the unexpected dark, for she was in a worse temper than you would ever wish to see upon any creature.

On the third day, the girl did not watch but ran with the dawn to the edge of the forest and gathered tiny heart's-ease flowers. And although the brambles again scratched her arms and the roots of the trees tripped her, bruising her ankles, her heart was singing as she reached the hut. For she had noticed in the hut a tiny glass vase under a pile of rubbish, and, stepping again through the window, she rescued it, washed it and held it up to the light. And save for the little maid, it was the only thing of beauty in the whole of the hut. She placed the vase and heart's-ease on a table where the light from the shining pane fell upon it. Again she skipped out just before the old woman returned.

There never was such a noise heard in that forest as the noise the old woman made when she saw what had been done, and 'interfering hobyah!' was the least of the unholy names she called the culprit.

When she saw the girl among the trees, her fury knew no bounds, and she shouted incoherently: 'Come here so I can beat

you! Don't move, you brollachan, I'm coming to thrash you! Get out of my forest! Just come here, you're for a whipping! Don't come near my property again!'—and all manner of contradictory things of the sort.

But the girl stood quite still until silence fell at last. 'Take me as your servant,' she said, 'and I shall come and go at your bidding. Without your doing that, I shall come and go as I please.' And as so often we do in rage, the old woman did what she never intended, said she would take the girl as a servant and tame her unruliness. Then she called to her to come and obediently she came, but the old woman was so puzzled by her behaviour that she quite forgot to give her a severe beating and did but deal her a few blows with her stick from the habit of ill-nature. Thus it was that the young maid came to live with the old woman.

With the old woman about her business and the girl serving her at home a full year passed. The journeys of the old woman grew less and less until at last she was away only the once in a week. And the hut grew cleaner and brighter, until its very ugliness showed itself as only quaintness after all. One day, seeing a year had passed, the old woman looked at her servant with suspicion: 'It's older you look by more than a year since we met.'

And the girl replied, 'And you are the younger yourself,' but had her face slapped for her courtesy, since the old woman's temper was as uncertain as ever it was.

The next day she was away to the forest again, and returning was distracted in her mind and lost her way. And there she was in a ruined courtyard overrun with honeysuckle where once had been a magnificent palace. The old woman's heart was

sad, and she sat by a well and spoke heavy words. 'Ah me! It is a quarter of my life is demanded of me tomorrow, and I cannot see how it is to be done.' These words travelled down the well and along the stream to where the girl was washing. And she sent this reply: 'Never fear. Be here tomorrow and all will be well.' In surprise the old woman looked into the well, but all she saw were her own features, and they surprised her yet more by seeming younger than they ought, as though the girl had spoken truly.

Meanwhile, the girl gathered three nuts, and burying two, she opened one and, pricking her finger, dropped blood onto the kernel. And this she sealed, to take to the ruined palace by night. So she went back to her work, and if the old woman noticed she was pale that evening, she said not a word, and thought her own fate much worse.

At the well the next morning she found nothing but a nut and grumbled that the whole thing was a fraud. But when the quarter of her life was asked for, she cracked the nut. Out flowed a stream of blood and satisfied the demand.

After another year had passed, that old woman said the selfsame thing to the girl who replied in like manner, but this time she forbore from striking her. And the next day came her now-monthly journey, and again she found the old palace. 'It is a half of my life now is asked,' she sighed, and the water carried the words as before, and the girl sent the reply. And she found the two other nuts and filled them as formerly. If she was white and faint that evening, her mistress said not a word, but thought of her own troubles. And yet all was safely carried out as before.

Another year came, and the old woman did not venture from the hut at all, but grew younger and kinder daily. Yet at its end all happened as before, except that the demand was for all her life. But it was not four nuts that she found by the well, but her own dear handmaid. 'I must go in your place,' she said, 'for nothing else will suffice.'

'Oh you foolish child!' her mistress exclaimed. 'Do you not know you go to face a dragon—no less, and I believe more, the very incarnation of Hell itself? It will drink your blood and claw your mind and leave you a dead thing.' But to no avail, for the maid would have her will.

And when she was gone, her mistress spoke to the well and asked it tidings of the child; but the well was silent, and she fell to weeping and wept for three days. Nor did she notice the hail nor the snow falling, nor the honeysuckle fading, nor the well water becoming clouded, but wept for her whole life that had led to such a terrible conclusion; wept for its beginning and prayed for its end.

But then she heard a voice she knew, and rose exclaiming, 'But you cannot have escaped death!'

'Nor did I,' laughed the maid, 'but the end of death is better than the end of life. See, look around you.' And she saw the palace restored to its old beauty. 'This is yours, and has always been so. See now your face in the water.' And she saw herself little more than a child.

'Why,' she cried, 'I should call you mistress now.'

'Only call me sister, daughter of my Mother, and my happiness shall be complete.'¹⁵

THE TRUTH ABOUT EASTRE

Why do you love yourself? Each of us goes on loving herself, not for anything particularly good about her or for anything special she has done, but simply because she is herself. Even if a person commits the most horrible and unforgivable cruelty, she still goes on loving herself. Even if she also hates herself for what she has done, it is not the simple anger or desire for revenge that she might feel for another. It is a sorrow and a bitterness that she has come so far from her true self. For even in the most terrible times of self-disgust a person has a sort of faith in her deepest self, a belief that there is a part of her, deep inside, which not only is not the perpetrator of the hateful action, but is completely pure and innocent and noble and true.

Indeed, it is at such times that knowledge of this true inner self becomes most real. At other times, when we are vaguely satisfied with our outer self, we are hardly aware of it. But it is always there. We have a true inner self which has never made the break from the purity and wholeness of our Lady, and an outer self which has turned from Her, which is concerned only with the comparatively trivial things of the world. In all of us, this essentially 'selfish' outward self would, given the right circumstances, commit cruel and terrible acts, just as, at the moment, it gives way to relatively minor faults and temptations; for it is not anchored in the Divine Source and Ground of all goodness. Its goodness is mere outward observance and convenience. Only if the inner self were strong enough would evil be resisted in all circumstances.

But what would this inner self be like if it stood in the world in its pure essence? That is a contradiction in terms. The

Janyati are pure 'inner' self, but just because of that they are not in the world. It is literally true to say that the world is a state of mind, or rather, a state of soul.

The only time the impossible happened and the pure 'inner self' descended to the lower planes was in the Eastre event. In this, God Herself came down to the planes of un-God.

The Daughter is 'inner self' with no outer part. She is wholly innocent and wholly loving. To be wholly loving means to love every soul just as we love our selves, that is, unconditionally and completely despite anything and everything. That is why She came to the lower planes: to give us, whom She loves wholly, a means of coming back from this outer world into Her completion.

She descended to every fallen plane, going far below the physical, and every step down was a step away from God, which tore Her Spirit apart, for She is God. We cannot understand this Mystery, but can only represent it in the image of the suffering Daughter and the sorrowing Mother.

Her suffering too cannot be fully understood. What is it for perfect Innocence to descend into the very depths of evil? What is it for perfect Love to experience the extreme of hatred and cruelty? We only know that, as a spiritual Being, Her spiritual suffering was far worse than any physical torture. Yet She has not given us horrific images of physical torture to shock our senses into understanding. She has given us the simple story of the Mythos. Let each soul understand it as deeply as she can, for it can be understood on any level, even to Perfection.

In 'The Hanged One',* we have seen how Her death is so powerful a spiritual Reality that the story has remained in one

* Vol. 2, pp. 232 ff.

form or another long after the suppression of true religion. We must now grasp the inner meaning of that Reality, and no words can do that. Only deep meditation and personal experience. The luminous radiance of absolute purity and innocence. The depth and horror of suffering. The sword through the heart of the Dove.

And after the Passion, the Hiatus; the barren emptiness of spiritual death. The ceasing of all nature. The tears of the Mother of Heaven and the daughters of earth.

But this is not the end. There is the Resurrection. Inanna risen and reunited with Her Mother, made whole again. Her mission of perfect Love is completed, though at what terrible cost we can hardly begin to understand. But from here all is joy. Inanna is risen and the world is renewed. She returns to sovereignty of earth and Heaven and of every plane of existence. Through the Eastre event, the way is opened back to our true inner selves and to She who is our true completion. Let us give ourselves this year to the Eastre experience.¹⁶

THE BREACH IN THE WORLD-WALL

They had arrived at the place they were destined never to leave. They stood at the very perimeter of their world, where the sky, like a petrified cataract, descended to the earth, making a wall as impenetrable as rock and as gray and opaque as the heavens themselves. No one was there to tell the travellers that this sandy waste had once been fertile ground, scorched and blasted by ancient battles on this very spot, battles which had ended only when the wall had been raised. None to say that this Great Wall, that world's only protection against unimaginable terrors, had

once been watched over and guarded lest any breach be made in its fastness. These travellers knew only that peace and safety which the world had known for many generations; so long that its very cause had been forgotten. They were engaged in a dangerous venture, but did not know it. Nor did they know that their only protection lay ignored and neglected at the centre of the city from which they had come.

It was whisperings of treasure which had brought them hence; of an ancient treasure which would fall to whosoever could break the enchantments which kept the wall intact. Through long searching, these three had gained knowledge of the spells—thus they accounted themselves wise; yet they had never gained the wisdom which would have taught them their true meaning. And they had come to this place with their books and their picks in search of wealth and power and beauty that could be handled, possessed and envied. As they worked their magic, they saw the wall shimmer as though it would dissolve, and, seizing their picks, they struck where it was weakest before the old enchantment could obliterate their inferior spells.

They paused in wonderment at the hole they had made, for it was as though their picks had gone through into nothingness, and they could see only blackness beyond the wall. Then one fell back with a cry, and out of the hole slithered a massive worm, which under their gaze did spread its wings and fly southwards toward the mountains and the city. As they stood staring after it, a mighty cudgel, like to a full-grown oak, fell from behind and the three were slain with one blow.

And there stood Eldroth, the giant from the space between the worlds, he who had vowed a vow that he should not rest until that world lay in his thrall or else was shivered in a thousand

thousand fragments. And regarding the bodies of the three not more than a maid might regard those of ants, he followed the loathsome creature and did proceed toward the city.



The coming of the winged serpent, driving the city at the foot of the mountain into such panic as it had never known in all its complacent history, was but the precursor to horrors which to those whose waking lives had known undisturbed calm, seemed as nightmares come to life. And if the shock and fear occasioned by its first arrival was great, how much greater was it when the creature began to prey upon their animals, and even on their children.

Nor was this all, for it was as though the breaking of the wall had breathed an atmosphere of palpable evil over the world and disturbed the harmony of life, for friendly beasts turned fractious and even vicious, sudden unnatural downpours flooded the land, and the very tools turned in the users' hands and spoiled the work. The earth-tremors felt at noon on the third day were taken as a further sign of the disturbance of nature, but by sunset all were wiser. For the shadow of the giant fell across the city and his threats echoed in everyone's ears.

In seven days half the city lay in ruins, for they did not lack courage, these people of the city, although they had never before faced adversity, and it was to them inconceivable that they should kneel in submission to a foe, however mighty. There had been no lack of noble warriors, both maids and men who would venture into the mountains against the giant and the winged serpent, but many had not returned and yet others had been maimed or wounded. And Eldroth had taken revenge for

every attack on him by flattening a portion of the city, hoping thereby both to show his strength and to discourage the people by making them feel that resistance only caused more deaths among the innocent. For in truth he craved the city's surrender more than its destruction, and took scant pleasure in it.

At the end of the seven days, the leaders of the city met together in the palace to take counsel. The city had become a place of feat and sorrow; most people reacted with numb despair, some feverishly argued that surrender could not be worse than this.

Even the noblest and the best were losing hope. There was not one at that gathering who had not lost a sister or a friend, a parent or a child in the combat. The princess bade each to give her counsel, some spoke for surrender, others were silent from a sense of shame and dishonour. Then one maiden, by name Elen-ka, which means 'Bright Spirit', stood up amongst them to make her report.

She and her sisters were known as amongst the most adventurous and courageous in the city. Earlier they had slain two of the winged serpent's brood—for her eggs had now hatched—in the act of carrying off two small children. They had been almost constantly in the mountains seeking out the giant. This maiden had suddenly come upon a battle between Eldroth and another maid from the city. No one had yet escaped death who had come close enough to draw a sword upon the giant, yet this maid was evidently skilful. Elen-ka was hastening to her aid when she noticed something which made her pause. The sword was constantly piercing the giant's body, but even when it was plunged in almost to the hilt, it drew no blood, and when it cut off Eldroth's hand, the hand grew again in minutes. The

maiden fighting was evidently too engaged to be aware of the lack of blood—and before Elen-ka could join her, she had fallen under the giant's club.

When she had finished, the princess's eyes were troubled. 'Counsel you then surrender?'

'No,' came the swift reply, 'that is not to be thought of. But we have been wasting our efforts. We know that no attempt has been successful—because it cannot be. Eldroth is not to be driven back by the sword nor by fear of the sword, not any bodily hurt. But there is another way. The only way.'

'And that?'

'Sorcery.' The word hung in the air for a full minute before the princess replied faintly, 'It is not permitted.'

'Not to call on the lower powers, no, I would not suggest it. But on the higher—yes. Is it not in the ancient tales? We have prayed—some of us—to the Most High Dea. And She, of course, has given us courage and strength and prevented our surrender. And she has led the souls of our sisters to Avala. She it was who led me to the spot where I could find the solution. Does She want this world to be conquered by evil? Does She want us all to die and the souls of the weak to be enslaved by the foe? No, I am sure She does not. And there is surely a purpose in all this disaster. May it not be that we should again have the knowledge and the power of high magic to use against the evil ones as did our most noble mothers?'

The counsel of Elen-ka prevailed, and the first action of the princess was to summon all the city people wise in ancient lore. Those that came she asked what was the cause of the present disturbances. And some were eloquent on cyclical phases, some on the motions of the stars, yet others on patterns of

fate or the inheritance of guilt. But one very old blind maid, who had hardly been aware of the disturbances until the summons, said simply: 'There has been a breach in the Great Wall. Repair it and all will be well.' When the princess asked her how this was to be done, she asked to be taken to the Old Throne Room. Once there, she said: 'See above the dais. Five jewels in the pattern of a star. They are the key.' And as the princess looked, she almost despaired. For she could see, as the blind maid could not, that the jewels were no longer there.



But Elen-ka had not been mistaken. They were all under the guiding hand of Dea. The truth of this took root in the princess's heart as she knelt in the Old Treasury with the five jewels of the star before her. Their finding was the hardest task she had yet undertaken* and she knew there lay a harder before her, yet it might so easily have been an impossibility. A great sense of peace came upon her as she touched the stones with love and awe. For they were no longer a mere tool for the banishment of Eldroth, but were the key to the regeneration of herself and her people.

The first time she had seen the jewels, her only emotion had been relief. But when she touched them each in turn, the black, the white, the blue, the yellow and the red, they had seemed alive with ancient mystery and magic. If she had ever doubted that any jewels could have any power over their dreadful adversary, she did so no longer. When she held them she

* A note to the original reads: 'Regrettably, this story has been considerably shortened in order to fit into the magazine. In particular, the whole story of the finding of the jewels has been left out.'

experienced a serenity she had never before known, yet at the same time there was the feeling of shame and sorrow. She began to realise that she was no worthy daughter of those who had built the city. Since the removal of the jewels from the throne room many generations ago—and she could not but feel it had been dishonour had prompted it—the city had slipped further and further from its original purpose—the service of Dea.

But the jewels had given the princess new insight into the purpose and mysteries of life. They were a link with the ancient mode of living. With them in her hand she felt all life a prayer and a praising, and knew what was missing in her life and devotions and in those of others—and what had brought them to the brink of disaster: a full sense of the guidance and presence of the Most High Dea. She vowed that in the time to come—should it survive—the city would be rededicated to Her.



The city smiths had fashioned a wand of pure silver for the star mounting of the jewels, and as the princess lifted it in blessing of the city and the jewel-light streamed forth, new hope and new courage were born in those who had counted themselves lost; and they were with her in spirit as she rode alone into the mountains to confront Eldroth—for she would have no companion, placing complete faith in the jewels.

As the ground shook under the giant's coming, she stood waiting; when his shadow fell against the rock she trembled, for it had long been a sight of terror in the city. Yet she lifted the wand and the glow was reflected in the giant's eyes.

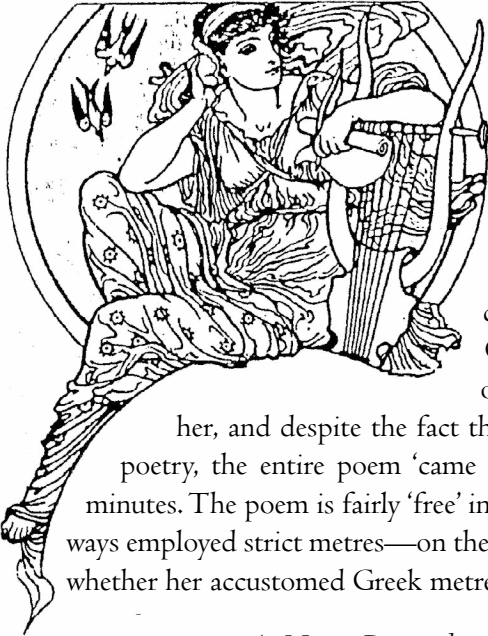
His roar transfixed the city; then the ground cracked and masonry fell—and the people rejoiced, for the giant was running, running back whence he had come.

The breach in the Great Wall was sealed the next day. The princess and those she had chosen as Guardians of the Wall watched in awe and wonder as the jewel-light drew the sides of the hole together until it was as if it had never been. They each pledged a solemn vow to defend the Wall against all attacks from without and within, in the Name of the Most High Dea. And they returned to the city, bringing with them the cudgel of the giant for a thank offering in the holy Temple.¹⁷



SAPPHO SPEAKS

Sappho lived in the city of Mitylene (named after the sister of the Amazon princess who founded it) on the island of Lesbos, some 2,600 years ago. She is arguably the best poet in known history.



Now it is claimed that the soul who once was Sappho is in psychic contact with human beings at the present time. Crystal Vision of California has been the recipient of several psychic communications from her. On one occasion, a poem of 29 lines was dictated to

her, and despite the fact that Crystal does not write poetry, the entire poem 'came through' in less than ten minutes. The poem is fairly 'free' in form, whereas Sappho always employed strict metres—on the other hand, it is doubtful whether her accustomed Greek metres would work in English:

A New Poem by Sappho?

Morning has taken me to the valley
where I will sing unto my Mother
sweet praises of the life She's given me;
to the tune of all the mountains,
through the humming of the waters,
I will send my youthful voice into the sky.

I was born unto this earth
from the cry as a new babe
to carry out the mission She'd foreseen,
while the trees and flowers guide me,

I will dance upon Her path,
and weave my restless way through all I see.

With the naked moon to light me,
Eternity is where I am to lie,
for my mission is completed
when all the voices sing
the music that my Mother gave to me

as the women dance the chorus
and the drums beat out the time,
the earth adorned will carry out the verse.

No one will be omitted
in the harmonies attained,
all will be encompassed from the earth;
for the Heavens have been waiting,
through the centuries of past,
to hear the fragrant melodies of love;

and all will come together,
never more to find decline,
to sing eternal praise unto Her name.

After this experience, Crystal tried to contact Sappho by means of a Ouija board. She was successful, but Sappho instructed her not to use the Ouija board. She also said that a return to matriarchy would begin in forty years.

This last statement was clarified some weeks later when, after writing a letter, Crystal's pen felt as though it was being pushed in her hand. She fetched a clean sheet of paper, and

an address was transmitted through the medium of automatic writing. Here are some extracts from it:

We are now entering a period of change and upheaval. We must be prepared for this period of intense chaos which is beginning to occur. This period will be very difficult for many people on earth to endure. There will be many calamities happening on earth, and many people will suffer greatly.

I am communicating through this medium in hopes of helping the women of the world to regain the strengths and again establish a matriarchy on the earth. This will be coming out of the greater chaos that will occur soon. Then harmony will be established on earth and you will see the dawn of the Aquarian Age. At this time women will regain the leadership spiritually and politically.

Presently many women are beginning to reconstruct the spiritual ways of the matriarchies. This is important to the dawning of the new age. . .

Now it is time for all women to make the necessary changes. Then we will be strong enough to survive the next forth [sic] years of the greater chaos. Through women this change will become completed. . . then all will regain harmony on earth and the Goddess will watch over all women. . .

The rewards of such a process are greater than you could ever imagine at this time. Women will need to be open to a lot of changes in life-style and living conditions as modern ways are not conceivable during great changes. . . Women hold the gracing (essence) of the changes to come. We must accept this challenge and live up to it. We will see the new age.^{*18}

* The original closed with the note: 'Thanks to *WomanSpirit*, Box 263, Wolf Creek, Oregon 97497.' Crystal Mountain Vision was a regular contributor to *WomanSpirit*, and Lux Madriana likely learned of her channeling work from an article published in the Fall 1975 issue (vol. 2, no. 5, pp. 38–9).

BEING HUMAN

Being human is a rare experience. This may be your first time. You may not do it again for thousands of years. Perhaps never. Of course, it is more likely that you have been human several times before, and well be several times again. Nevertheless, it is still a rare experience.

A human being is, by definition, a soul using as her vehicle an animal body of the species *homo sapiens*. Before she entered the body she was not human. Once she leaves it she will cease to be human. Similarly, the 'human' body was not human until it became the vehicle for souls. It is a common fallacy to say that mankind 'evolved' from an earlier ape-like form. What actually occurred was that a particular type of body evolved until it became a suitable vehicle for the incarnation of souls. Soul without body is not human. Body without soul is not human. As soon as soul entered body, humanity was formed, no less human and no more human than we are today. That is why the 'missing link' will never be found.

The first human beings were very much less rigidly bound to the body than we are, and much more in tune with the subtle realms of nature and with pure Spirit. The so-called 'cave man' is not a primitive or early form, but a much later degeneration.

The soul, of course, does not evolve (despite the claims of certain materialistic people who can only understand non-physical things by imagining them to be exactly like physical things). She is subject to an entirely different process. Her development (or otherwise) takes place not through any inbuilt 'evolutionary' tendency, but solely through the spiritual faculty of moral choice, which creates her *werdē*.

The collective name for humanity is maid or maidkind. This word comes from the same root as 'may', meaning 'to be able', or to have the power to do something (thus 'might' both means 'power' and is the past tense of 'may'). It is essentially the power to act or not to act, thus maid is literally 'she who chooses'. We may note in passing that 'man', on the other hand, comes from *manas* ('mensis', 'mental' etc.)—the lower mind or reason which responds only to the material world, as opposed to intellect or wisdom—*jñana* (gnosis), Sophia, both titles of the Mother—which has direct apprehension of pure Spirit. We can thus see that modern society is in the deepest sense man-made.

Choice is the essential faculty of the soul because she is what she is wholly because of her choices. Her outward circumstances, from the greatest to the most trivial, are nothing but a mathematically precise reflection of her inward spiritual state. And that state is nothing but the sum total of all her moral choices—that is to say, her choices between Good and evil, between God and anti-God—from the beginning of time to the present moment of the present incarnation.

'Maid' is also connected with the veil of matter; the material realm in which her choice is crystalised and worked out.

The special quality of physical matter is its solidity. Unlike the subtler forms of matter, it is very resistant to change. It does not shift with every movement of our choice-faculty as does mental or astral (emotional) matter. It stays still. Now this provides the soul with some very special opportunities. When we try to meditate, often the mind shifts and slithers and cannot be held still. But if we paint a picture or carve a statue, it will not shift with the mind, but will hold its shape and help to

pull the mind back to its object. Again, we can use the spoken or written word to mould our mental and emotional matter into the shape we wish. Outside physical matter we cannot call on these aids. The mind and emotions run wild as they do in dreams, unless the soul is strong enough to tame them—and it is when the soul has lost that strength that she must descend into the physical to find it again (thus it is said that one of the signs of a hera is that she can control her dreams). And again, the world, because it is the reflection of the pure Creation of Dea, manifests countless symbols of pure Truth, from the seasons, light and darkness or the planets to flowers, birds and beasts, all of which are rich in symbolic truth, provided we see them for what they really are and not as mere ‘accidents’ of the material world.

This is the priceless opportunity of human life. Yet we are told that human incarnation is ‘hard to obtain’; for having thrown away that opportunity, it may be long before it comes again. The great pitfall of human life is to become hypnotised by the very solidity of physical matter; to forget that it is an ‘aid’ or ‘prop’ helping us toward Reality and to mistake it for reality itself. This is the error of materialism—the error which reduces maid to ‘man’. This, therefore, is the profound symbolic significance of patriarchy. The belief that maid ‘evolved’ from a lower physical form is a blatant example of this error. The belief that the soul ‘evolves’ like an animal species is a subtler version of the same thing.

Modern society is pervaded by the materialist error. It permeates its philosophy, its everyday ‘common sense’, and even (perhaps especially) its religion. Yet for a soul in human incarnation, no error can be more dangerous; for this is the very er-

ror which is most calculated to induce her to waste the priceless opportunity of that incarnation.

Like a crutch, the world both limits and supports us. With it we may learn to walk, so that when on death it passes from us, we will be free. But if during this life, we have treated the crutch as an end in itself, polishing it and decorating it and showing it to our friends, but never using it for its true purpose, then when it is taken from us, we will fall.

Through the many supports of physical existence, we have the opportunity to awaken our souls from the dream of separation, to see the Real behind the veil of matter. If we grip onto the transient forms of this world, then when they pass from us we will be in a formless void, but if we use them as 'supports' to lift us beyond them, then we will continue to rise up into the Light when they are gone. We do not need to become helati—we have only to set ourselves in the right direction.¹⁹

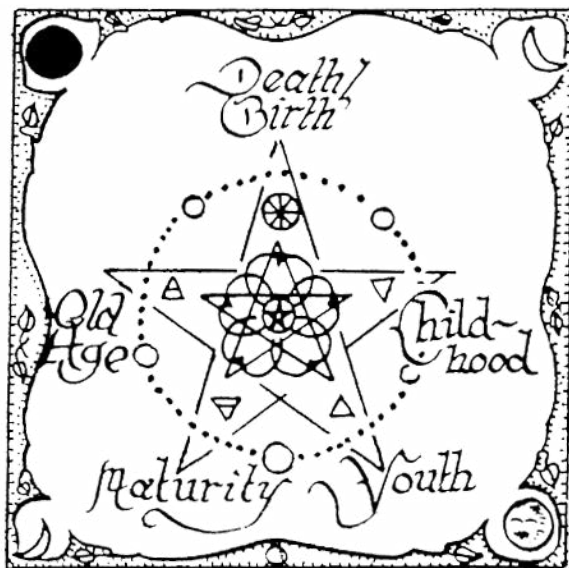
MYSTERIES OF LIFE

The pattern of a human life, like the pattern of the year, is a microcosm of the Cosmic Drama. The illustration [next page] shows this pattern imposed upon the Great Pentacle of the seasons, the elements and the Rosary. These notes are given to assist meditation upon it.

Childhood, the Spring of life, is governed by water, the element of emotion; and in childhood we are the playthings of our passions. Water is also pliable and soft, taking the shape of the things that surround it, yet remaining in essence itself.

Youth, the Summer of life (in matriarchal tradition, youth continues much later than in modern usage), is governed by the

fire of energy. It is the time of action and achievement, of passion, not passive as in childhood, but tamed and directed.



Maturity, the fruitful autumn. A time of settling and establishment of youth's achievements, governed by the stable and solid element of earth.

Age retires from earth-concerns, and turns to those nearest spirit, governed by air; yet no stage has been beyond sight of the spirit, thus is this time well-prepared. And air strains toward the fifth element, the incorporeal æthyr. Thus it returns whence it came, and the wheel may begin again—on a higher level if all has proceeded aright.

Water is the raw *materia*, fluid and passive; it is disciplined and becomes fire, fluid and active; having found shape, it solidifies and is earth. Earth is transposed to a higher and more

rarefied level, becoming air, which is subsumed into formless æthyr which shall pass into water again. Let the heart of contemplation understand.²⁰

SINGING HEART

Caoimhe of the Singing Heart, the daughter of Alanthe the Brave, beloved throughout all the land for the laughter in her eyes and the delight she took in life, grew as tall and slender as the reeds by Ruach Glennan and as gentle as the soft-eyed fawn of Camdene. There were none among the kindred regarded with more full-hearted affection than this maiden, and none lived more joyously in all that green land than she.

It was a bright garland to her happiness and brought her to the brink of a more than human bliss when Alanthe was chosen out as first among the kindred for the sake of her noble mothers and her own deeds of daring. From that time there was a restlessness about Caoimhe, like to the trembling of a young bird upon a branch when it longs, but cannot fly. She was never happier than among the hills or alongside the running streams, where the wild skies above her offered no restraint to her spirit.

One day, when she was again roaming the hills that were so dear to her, she fancied she heard her name called out, and her fancy drew her to the edge of the wood. She heard her name again, spoken in a voice the like of which she had never heard before, but longed to hear again. As she entered the wood, she caught a glimpse of a maiden strangely clad, with sunlight in her eyes and flowers entwined in her hair. She thought the maiden smiled and was about to speak, but at that moment

there was a noise among the trees and her companions were with her. When she looked again, there was no one to be seen.

She spoke of her vision, but her companions laughed and said she had but heard a bird singing and caught a reflection of herself in some passing mist or forest pool, so Caoimhe spoke of it no more. But by and by her mother heard of it and was troubled, although she could not have told the reason why.

The High Falls of Ganmaoire, one of the most blessed and best-beloved of all the places in that land, summoned maids to it time after time, and it was here that Caoimhe and her friends found themselves one summer day. And they delighted as much in it as at a first-finding. But into the familiar came the unfamiliar, and Caoimhe saw by her again the maiden from the wood.

‘Greeting, sister,’ she said, ‘tell me where you live, for I have seen you but once and have a desire to know you.’

‘I come from the Fair Country’, was the answer, ‘where is not death nor sickness nor decrepit age; where is nought to give hindrance to our joy, and our bliss is beyond the heart of maid to comprehend. We live together as loving sisters and there is no false friendship, nor any heart forsaken or wearied with sorrow in all the land. They call us the Fortunate Ones, for we are indeed much blessed.’

‘Who is she, Caoimhe, that you have speech with?’ cried Mellaere the Silver-Voiced, for none could see the maiden save only she, although they could hear her voice. But before Caoimhe could speak, the maiden answered:

‘I need no name, but I have come from the Fair Country to call Caoimhe among us, for she has captured our hearts. There awaits her all glory and love and bliss unending. She alone of



all this company could bear it, for her heart is strong in joy; but were any of you to follow, your hearts as yet would break for the very sweetness of it. There is a tree by the gate to our realm on which the leaves are as numerous as sands upon the seashore. On each leaf is a little bird, and each bird has its song, and their music is so charmed it would bring a stone to life; and there is no sorrow or distress which can live in the sound of it. Will you come, Caoimhe of the Singing Heart, for with us you will have your heart's desire.'

But Caoimhe answered with the first trace of sorrow any had heard in her voice: 'I cannot come with you, fair maiden, for strong as is my longing for you, and for your land of wonders, still stronger is the love I bear my dear ones, my kindred and my native land. The threads by which you draw me are too weak beside the bonds that bind me here.'

At this the stranger maid said nothing, but drew out from the folds of her garment a shining golden apple. Handing it to Caoimhe she faded away and made herself into air. Her companions were curious, but Caoimhe had such a strange light in her eyes that none liked to disturb her. She said later that she felt she had been breathing a different air. When one questioned her as to the maiden's appearance, she could only say:

'Oh, she was most comely, more than any I have known. Sometimes I thought she had a look of me. But she was fairer than the moon at the full or than the may in blossom—more than I can say.'

Alanthe, when she heard of the words which had passed between Caoimhe and the maiden at the High Falls, was for a time contented. But by and by she observed that her daughter would take no food or drink but from the apple she had been

given, which made itself whole again after every bite. She also saw that sometimes her daughter did not respond to those that spoke to her, and had a wistful and pensive expression which was unlike her. So she asked Caoimhe if she were sad.

'No, not sad, mother,' she answered, 'but often I hear the sound of distant music or the scent of fragrant flowers, and a longing awakes in me. But it is not sadness, believe me; rather a greater happiness than I have ever known.' And by this Alanthé knew that she must lose her child.

A year and a day had passed since the meeting on Gran-maire, and Caoimhe had had no further sight of the maiden. She was standing with her mother overlooking the sea, and its wildness and beauty awoke the longing in her heart again. It was as though the sound of the waves and the lashing wind and the cry of the gulls were one call: 'Come!' And then she saw the maiden once again on the sea shore.

'Caoimhe,' she said, and the wind and the waves and gulls' cry were in her voice. 'For the circle of a year we have awaited you. Come where the blossom hangs ever heavy upon the trees, and the branches ever bear life-giving fruit whose sweetness is beyond telling. Come where life is blessed and eternal and where the joy of youth never fades. Be one with us, my sister, come.'

Then Alanthé spoke to the maiden: 'I would not have my daughter interrupt the journey of her soul, so that a thousand years may pass without her taking a step. If such a paradise is yours it is no paradise.'

'If such be your concern, do not restrain her now, for her soul can go no further unless she come with me.'

‘Is it to your mind, what this maiden says, my daughter?’ asked Alanthe.

Caoimhe turned unseeing eyes upon her. ‘It goes hard with me’, she said, ‘to have to leave the places that I love and the folk who are dear to me.’

‘You are not losing them but gaining them,’ said the maiden, ‘for there is nothing written on the hills that is not written there also, and the song of your native streams is but an echo of the stream in the Fair Country. And all those whom you love are coming to that country by and by, and you will never lose them.’

Then Caoimhe went forward and the maiden drew her to a tiny boat fashioned of pure crystal. And Alanthe watched with tears in her eyes but a greater peace in her heart than she had known for more than a year, as the crystal boat glided through the waves, as straight as an arrow from a bow, until it was lost to sight in the radiance of the setting sun.²¹

ON A MOON LANDING

Thou, bender of high nature
to thine own pedestrian ends,
have lied, and lied most grievously, to me.
Have told me that the highest huntress,
ever resplendent in her silvern chastity,
is merely a fortuitous clod of rock;
and to compound thy lie, have trod on it.²²

THE LEGEND OF CARMINTA

Carminta, she whose story has been sung in the high places and whispered on the plain since the earliest years of that fierce tyranny which has since come to enslave all the holy lands of earth, was born under clear stars on a cold night among the black pines of Damitaras. And the only singing that attended her birth was the howling of wolves.

Why her mother was travelling in those mountains at that time of year has never been known, for it is said that she never confided her story to any living creature, not even her daughter. Whether she was driven by terror or desire or need, no one will ever know. But it is certain she had been journeying for many days when, missing her path in the snow, she found herself lost and alone in a strange country as the night came. And in this very hour she gave birth to her daughter and named her Carminta. She had barely strength enough to bless the child, murmuring the words familiar to her from her childhood: 'May you use the gift of life wisely, and may our Blessed Lady be with your every step.' Adding the fervent prayer 'And with mine', she struggled to her feet and attempted to go on. But weariness overcame her, and sinking down with the child in her arms, she slept as the snow fell.

As the sun rose over the mountains the next day, a goatherd, bringing some cheeses to market, saw a sight which stopped her in her tracks.

'Wolves!' she cried, 'but what brings them so close?' For two of the dreaded creatures were lying still as statues in a crevice in the rock face, not more than a stone's throw from the village gates. As the goatherd approached cautiously, one of the

wolves sprang up, roused its companion and fled. Then she saw the most astonishing sight of all, for Carminta and her mother lay there, alive and warm in the snow.

‘Truly,’ the goatherd said, as she lifted the sleeping mother and child in her arms, ‘even wolves grow kind if the Blessed Lady wishes it. Would that all maids were as willing.’

Hastening into the village, she left the two in the home of the priestess, who was wise in the healing of the body as she was in the healing of the soul; and after that, did not delay in relating the marvellous deliverance to all she met in the market place.

Thus it was that Carminta grew up in the village in the shadow of the peak. She was a merry-hearted and loving child, and was raised by her mother in the way of obedience and devotion to the Mother of All Things. From her earliest childhood she had a compassion and understanding for all creatures which was remarkable even in that more gentle age. The spirits of the snows and the pine trees loved her for her tenderness and never hid themselves from her as they did from children that had not the spirit of quietness; and it was one of her greatest pleasures to watch them and play with them.



One sharp winter, when Carminta had barely reached the full stature of maidenhood, her mother and the old priestess of the village died, leaving her with a feeling of emptiness, bereft of spiritual counsel. Conscious of Carminta's need and believing that she would benefit from a deeper spiritual training than her own simple piety could provide, the new priestess urged her to seek out a ranya at the great Temple of Sketaras.

On this advice, the maiden set out in early spring for the city in the valley of which she had barely heard in all her life; for the village was isolated and passing travellers were very rare. She took with her a young wolf whose life she had saved—for sympathy had made her fearless—and who, for love of her, had become gentle as a dog.

The journey was a joyous one, though hard, and the maiden and the beast delighted in each other's company. But toward its end, as they began to enter the valley, the path itself seemed to throw up stones to trip her, and the light reflected from wayside puddles dazzled even her snow-accustomed eyes. Finally the falling of a mighty tree at her feet persuaded Carminta to travel through the forest. Led by the eager wolf, she came out at last on a cliff overlooking the city and made her way down a slender track that none but a mountain-born child could have discovered. In this way she came to the city, entering through a neglected and rusty gate at the foot of the track.

Seeing a sad-faced maid of her mother's years, Carminta asked her the way to the Temple, adding that she was seeking a ranya on the advice of her priestess. To her astonishment the maid answered, after looking all about her: 'It is unwise to speak so here. Come with me, and I will explain why you must leave at once, by whichever strange route you came.'

Thus Carminta heard of the changes that had overcome the city in the past years. Ozolæ and his band of raiders had entered the city to rule by the sword, and one of their first acts had been to destroy the interior of the sacred Temple. They had set up within it a roughly made image of Ozolæ himself to which they offered worship and forced all in the city to give obeisance, slaughtering those who would not. This was their practice also with all who approached the gates. They had, moreover, encouraged the menfolk of the city to regard the gentle ways of obedience in which they had been raised as enslavement, and by this device had succeeded in causing disruption and gaining control in almost every household. It was fortunate, concluded the maid, that Carminta had escaped notice, for she would be able to leave easily.

But this was far from Carminta's intention. She learned that the maids of the city were still faithful to the Blessed Lady. The menfolk waxed not contented in their false rulership of the households, for no creature can be happy that runs against its nature, and seeking contentment in worldly power and ownership, rather than in the love of our Lady, they became ever more unsatisfied in the endless pursuit of that which is not to be found. The best of them wished wholeheartedly for the old ways, and prayed to the Mother in secret that they might return, while even the worst felt that they had been happier under the rule of wise and just priestesses than that of a self-seeking tyrant.

Making her way to the house of Ozolæ, Carminta found the central chamber and awaited him there, offering prayers that her intent would be successful.

The tyrant entered the room alone, and was disconcerted to find Carminta there. He was a man past middle years whose eyes were reddened and body softened by many self-indulgent years after a hard youth, and his most distinctive feature was his tight and cruel mouth. But he smiled pleasantly and asked the maiden's business.

'I am a messenger of the Truth,' she answered quietly. 'You above all, Ozolæ, know that the image in the Temple is a lie, for you know what you are. Let us talk together about the Truth.'

'There are those that seek the Truth,' he said, 'and there are those that do not seek because they have already found. I am one of those, for I have found Truth in the sword. Nothing is greater on earth than the sword, for it strikes down all its adversaries. And it is for this reason that the image in the Temple is not a lie; for in this place I am the mightiest of them that wield the sword.'

'You are speaking of the here and now, which cannot hold the Truth, for the Truth is eternal. The power of the sword is an illusion, which may hold sway a little time within a vale of illusion such as this world is, but has not the final victory. For what is the sword in the world beyond, where is no pain and no death?'

'You are repeating the words of the priestesses and ranyas, while I speak from my experience of life,' answered Ozolæ.

'No, the Blessed Lady speaks in my heart and so I know the Truth. Let your heart receive Her also.'

Carminta and the tyrant continued to speak together until the lamps were lit in the evening shadows. Then Ozolæ, thanking Carminta for a diverting discourse, called in the guards from the doorway and bade them keep her captive.

‘You speak well and persuasively,’ he said to her, ‘but the victory is mine, for you die in the flames tomorrow.’ And making a mocking reverence, he left the room.

So Carminta spent the night in prayer and in quiet conversation with the guards, who marvelled at her quiet courage. In the morning she was taken and bound to a pillar while branches were piled around her. All the city were watching, for Ozolæ loved to display his power, and many wept as Carminta clasped her hands in prayer.

But immediately she heard whisperings in the air and saw all about her the spirits beloved by her since childhood. And as often as the fire was lit, they dashed it out with a gust of wind or a shower of rain or a scurry of snow. Finally Ozolæ in fury drew his sword to kill her with a blow, but from the midst of the crowd rushed out the young wolf, who, knocking the tyrant down, stood snarling on his chest.

At this stood forward one of the guards of the vigil, crying ‘By heaven, the elements themselves and the wild beasts of the mountains will not stand by and watch this good maid die. Will I then do so?’ Drawing his sword, he cut Carminta’s bonds and turned to the crowd, saying ‘For ten years I have chosen a ruler who is crueler than the wolves and is the spawn of Hell. Now I choose one who is gentler than the doves and is beloved of Heaven.’ He broke his sword across his knee and knelt before Carminta. ‘Fealty to you, princess, is no dishonour.’

His words were as a clarion call to the whole city. With one accord, they acclaimed Carminta as their princess. Those of Ozolæ’s followers who did not join them were quickly overwhelmed and taken captive, while their leader lay dead on the ground, his heart turned to stone by fear.



Carminta ruled wisely and well for many years, in the name of She who is Ruler of all. Under her hand, the Temple returned to its former glory and the city to the old ways of peace and devotion. Serving ðamë, werdë smiled on them; and all things were well.²³

NATIVITY

What is the joy and excitement that fills the air as the winter solstice approaches? From whence comes the warmth and goodwill and the sense of tingling anticipation at this coldest and darkest season of the year? There is a conventional answer connected with the Christian religion, but this is patently false for two reasons: firstly because it goes back long before that religion was invented. The midwinter celebration in Northern Europe was merely ‘taken over’ by the new Christian establishment and adopted into their religion. In Rome, the feasting and celebration of the Saturnalia was an ancient custom 2,000 years ago. Secondly, because the phenomenon continues without the least diminution at a time when only a very small proportion of the population seriously believes in Christianity.

The roots of the experience lie far deeper, and take us back beyond the dawn of patriarchy; beyond the birth of this world itself, to the ultimate Truth which lies behind the creation of the universe.

In the beginning, all souls were at one with God, and existed in a state of perfection. At the dawn of what we call time, a portion of intelligent creation broke away from Her. Now, since She is pure existence, the logic of this choice is that they should cease to exist. But God, in Her compassion, wanted



souls to continue in existence, that they might have the chance to return to Her. How could She do this? If a child runs into the road, her mother can pick her up and carry her back; but this is only to pick up her body. She cannot pick up the child's soul and stop her wanting to cross the road. If she could, the child would no longer be an intelligent creature, but a mere puppet. In the first perfection, we had no bodies, but were all soul; to will and to act were the same thing. Our Mother could not stop us being in that-place-where-She-is-not, except by destroying our will. Therefore She must separate Herself from Herself in order that She may be where She is not.

This is a Mystery and a paradox too great for our human understanding, but it is shown to us in the image of the Mother giving birth to the Daughter Who is Herself.

Thus Nativity lies at the very roots of the manifest universe. Without the Nativity Event, nothing could exist. And it is this Truth which the mysterious rhythm of the year draws up like a shining star within our soul each winter; and even when the Truth has been lost, its reflection survives in myths and legends, such as those of the Christians.

God became Maid (or soul) that maid might return to God. And Nativity shows forth the birth of the soul Who was God, not on earth, nor in space, nor even in time, but in the Eternal moment that lies at the root of all time.

At the eternal Eastre, She descends to the lowest depths, that creatures at every level may be saved. At the Feast of Lights, we see Her stripped of the last vestige of Her Divinity that she may be truly maid. This is the true mid-point between Nativity and Eastre—the great watershed at which joy turns to sorrow. But if at Nativity there is a wild joy in living, a pleasure in very

existence, that is because God first of all became Maid in order that maid might exist, that life might exist, that anything might exist at all.²⁴

THE YEAR OF SAI MATI

In the Madrian calendar, every month within a given year begins on the same day of the week; and the Janya who rules this day rules also the year in question. Each week day is governed by one of the seven great ‘planetary’ Janyati who rule the seven virtues. This year’s* months began on Tuesday (Mars), so it is the Year of Sai Vikhē, and her virtue of courage. In the new year† they will begin on Wednesday (Mercury), making it the Year of Sai Mati and her virtue of wisdom. Everything on earth and in the heavens can be attributed to one of the ‘planetary’ principles. The negative or maleficent things are governed by the seven daughters of Irkalla who represent the extreme perversions of the principles, and who guarded the seven gates of Hell through which our Lady passed (a list of the Janyati, their days, planets & virtues is in the Calendar).‡²⁵

* 3298 according to the Imperial dating (Gregorian years 1978–9).

† 3299 according the Imperial dating (Gregorian years 1979–80).

‡ No such list appears in the one surviving Lux Madriana calendar (‘Calendar of Our Lady’s Ekklesia on Earth’, vol. 3, pp. 1271 ff.), but a comprehensive list of Janyatic correspondences can be found in the treatise on ‘The Planetary Principles’, pp. 1077 ff.

THE VALLEY OF THE WELL

They drew rein in the heart of the Barren Mountains, and the princess Adrasteia spoke to Maira her companion, saying: 'Yonder lies my road and destiny, but it is not yours. Stay here then and await my return for three days and three nights, and if I have still not returned, ride and bid my people accept another in my stead.'

'My lady, I beseech you,' answered Maira in distress, 'your lightest word would I obey, though it placed my life in direct peril. Yet when you seek to save my life, my heart protests and is unwilling. Grant that I may accompany you yet further, for we can only go to darkness and to death; and should you go alone and not return, my world would henceforth be a little darkness, my very life itself akin to death.'

The princess looked upon the young maid her companion and there was love between them and understanding. 'It is not from death I seek to shield you, my child, but from pain, which can be worse. But if you will brave sorrow and come with me, I lay two charges on you. Whatever is said or done, speak no word of anger; and do not ever draw your bow, but place your reliance in the protections of the spirit. For if you obey me not in this, your words and arrows will be used as weapons against me.'

Maira pledged her word, and they rode in love and comradeship into the Valley of the Well. The desolation of the place struck them anew, for although in all these mountains, this place of the well should have been the gentlest and greenest, there were unearthly shadows in its hollows, and the echo of horses' hooves around it was like unholy laughter. In all

that valley not a blade of grass grew, but over the well itself stretched a dead and crooked tree.

Princess Adrasteia pulled the hood of her cloak over her face and sent Maira ahead, saying: 'Go, ask the maiden of the well for water. Say not who we are, but say only that we are travellers.'

As Maira approached, she perceived the figure of a maid crouching over the well. She halted and addressed her: 'Maiden, I seek water for myself and my companion, for we have been long upon the road. Will you draw for us?'

The maid looked up as she spoke, and Maira was shocked to see an ancient, wrinkled and loathsome countenance, for legend said that the well was tended by a beautiful damsel.

'Draw it for yourself. Her voice was thin and spiteful. 'Do you seek to make me your slave?'

Now legend recounted that water drawn not by the maiden of the well was a deadly poison, and Maira was filled with anger at this attempt to deceive the unwary traveller. But she recalled her princess's command and spoke mildly: 'Maiden of the well, you know why that is impossible. It is your destiny and your duty to tend the well and to serve the traveller. Draw us some water.'

The maid, discomfited, gave Maira a look of pure hatred, but took her pitcher to the well. 'Here is your water,' she said, holding it out. But as Maira stretched her hand to take it, she poured it over the rocks, and, laughing with wicked glee, took up her former position.

'Hag!' Maira cried with passion. 'What is this that you do? Are you a minion of the Queen of Darkness that you serve us

so who have offered you no harm?’ Even as she spoke, she regretted her anger, but she could not take back her words.

‘I may or may not be so,’ crowed the maid, ‘but you will curse yourself for speaking thus to me, for you have given me strength.’ As she rose to her feet, the valley grew colder and more threatening, and Maira was transfixed by fear.

The hag stretched her hands above her head and chanted: ‘Come rat, come snake, come toad, come creeping thing. Come bat, come raven, vulture spread your wing. Come Karn, come Foll, come Hed, I call you in! Come Jank, come Mart, come Kal, come in, come in!’ The air was thickening; the summons went on and on, ringing around the valley, bringing down the dark. Maira heard a step, and turning blindly, saw Adrasteia beside her. They joined hands. Strange coloured lights flickered around them. There were sounds like the whisperings of many hidden voices and the hiss of cold flame. The chanting grew louder: ‘Come Tremis, come Rider, come Eldroth, come Maalite, come Jerbon, come in, I call you...’

Adrasteia pulled back her hood and the voice faltered. The hag looked at the princess, shrinking back. A sudden stillness fell upon the valley, as though all were watching and waiting. Adrasteia stepped forward and stretched out her hands. ‘Melissa,’ she said softly, ‘beloved, it is not too late. Come home.’

The hag answered in a whimper: ‘No.’

‘Melissa,’ Adrasteia’s voice was as gentle as the touch of dawn’s fingers, ‘there is still time. Believe me. Trust me. Turn. Take my hand, Melissa.’

The reply barely broke the silence: ‘No.’

‘Beloved Melissa, try to remember the love there has been between us. I love you still. Come back to me.’

Melissa's ancient face hardened. 'Love me?' She spoke the word as though it burned her mouth. 'You let me risk my life for you, you offered me up to extinction. And why? Not for love of me but for love of others. I nearly died, and you wept that I could not face death.'

'Thousands upon thousands of others have begged me that they might endanger their lives for me. I have refused them all, for their spirits were not strong to endure. But when you too begged, I allowed it, for I thought you loved me; I trusted you. And you betrayed me rather than give what you had freely offered and I had never asked.'

'And for that, for that you chained my spirit here all these many years and forced me to tend this well. I lost everything; and you see what I have become.'

'Melissa,' cried Adrasteia in pain, 'come back. This may be your last chance. Take my hand and become again as you were.' Silence. 'Melissa, my child, I pray you; do you not remember that it was you who sought out this place because you could not look into my eyes after your treachery? Or that I opened this well that you might drink, and still in a guise be my hand-maiden? Your exile is over now, Melissa. Are you not afraid that if you stay in this accursed place not under my protection the Queen of Darkness will come for you?'

Melissa laughed, and her voice was a mockery of all joy. 'Princess, once my lady, you are too late. Too late. The Queen of Darkness has already come for me.' The cold deepened, and they watched Melissa's eyes turn blind and empty as though the very spark of life behind them was extinguished. And quite suddenly there descended upon them the black hosts of darkness in bodily shape.

Maira felt herself grasped, tugged and clawed, and in seeking to defend herself, found she was separated from the princess. She tried to rejoin her, but her way was blocked by a wall of loathsome clawing creatures. Her skin was burning where they had touched her as if seared by venom. If she stopped struggling, they left her alone. She suddenly realised that the space behind her was free of them, and that she could reach the horses.

Once on horseback, and leading the princess's grey, she felt unaccountably secure, despite the writhing chaos that the valley had become. But it was only when the first of the demons screamed aloud as she stepped over it that she recalled that the horses were shod with iron, Sai Vikhē's metal, in the shape of the crescent moon, and iron was death to the subjects of the Dark Queen.

Adrasteia stood in the heart of the maelstrom, her eyes closed and her breathing deliberate and even. Nine of the most terrible of the creatures stood motionless around her, waiting for the moment when her courage would waver, for they fed on fear. At the sight of Maira and the horses, they fell back, but maintained the circle unbroken around them. The princess lifted herself into the saddle and whispered into the mare's ear, so that she struck sparks from the rocks with her hoof, scattering the evil ones roaring. Then she lifted up her hand, her face lit by valiant serenity, and spoke, saying: 'In the name of the most holy Sai Vikhē, commander of the armed hosts of heaven, daughter of the flaming sword of Truth.' She paused, for the air was torn by piercing shrieks of agony. 'I summon you, my enemy, Queen of Darkness, to this place to render your account. For you have stolen from me that which is mine.'



Maira was suddenly conscious that an immense hooded snake which had been curled on the ground was rising behind the princess, arching its body, prepared to strike. Unthinking, she raised her bow and sent a shaft through the menacing creature. The snake fell, but as it did so, it turned to look at Maira, its eyes filled with unmistakable satisfaction. Maira remembered the second command of the princess, and with a cry of sorrow, broke the bow in her hands and flung the pieces to the ground.

The air had that instant become lighter, fresher, almost fragrant. There were none of the dreadful creatures to be seen, but only a maiden rising upon a coal-black stallion. Maira looked at the maiden wonderingly: ‘Oh, but she is beautiful,’ she thought. ‘How my heart yearns after her.’ The rider of the stallion glanced toward Maira, and there was that in her eyes which answered her yearning. But Maira, gazing upon them, felt her heart die within her, for they were the eyes of the snake.

‘Well, my pretty, so we meet again,’ the Queen of Darkness, for it was she, addressed Adrasteia, ‘but this time I shall be the victor. See, your handmaiden has drawn my blood,’ she lifted up her head to show a small scratch on her neck, ‘and I demand the full price.’ She stretched forth her hand in a triumphant gesture. ‘You!’ Her voice echoed round the mountains, growing louder and more piercing until Maira was compelled to bend her head and cover her ears. When she looked up, she was alone in the valley. Or almost alone.

Melissa lay crumpled by the well; Maira, remembering her last sight of her, was sure she must be dead, but crouched beside her and took her hand.

'Melissa, forgive me, for I have been angry with you and have despised you, but have not I, in my thoughtlessness, broke my faith and destroyed my mistress?' Her tears of sorrow and compassion fell on Melissa's face, and as they fell, her eyes opened and they were as the eyes of a child. She looked upon Maira and said: 'Where is my mistress?' Maira was silent, thinking of Melissa's new mistress and all but regretting her compassion. Melissa stood up. 'Where is my mistress Adrasteia?' she asked, and as she spoke, her features were transfigured, and she took on all her legendary beauty.

Maira stepped up to her and took her hands. 'You are too late, Melissa,' she said softly. 'The Queen of Darkness has come for her.' Melissa looked at Maira with dawning awareness and distress. Then she picked up the pitcher from beneath the ancient leafless tree. 'Draw some water for me,' she said, handing it to Maira. 'I do not choose to live without her again.' Maira brought the water and Melissa lifted the pitcher to her lips.

'No, my foolish child, do not drink.' Adrasteia was standing beside them again. Her face was pale and bore the signs of recent pain, but she was smiling. 'Come, do you suppose that the Queen of Darkness has the power to destroy me while I live in the hearts of my children? Just as I cannot destroy her while she holds captive the hearts of her servants.'

'Then what was it she wanted?' asked Maira.

'Do not ask,' answered the princess, taking their hands in hers. 'Only love me. And come home.'²⁶

KALI YUGA 5081

Perceptive readers will have noted that the date at the head of this page is a little different from usual, in that the year is numbered 5081 instead of 121. Among traditional Madrian communities, there has never been any common system of numbering the years, for each year is a reflection of the archetypal Year, and as such, it is not a year, but the year. The Christian and other numbering systems are symptoms of the progressive de-sacralisation of time and the cult of ‘facts’ and statistics which characterise the end of the Iron Age. In our own communities when a particular year had to be identified, some local index, such as the reign of a priestess or a householder, was taken (‘It was Lady Theia’s third year as mistress’).

Furthermore, being the primordial religion, the Madrian Faith has no ‘beginning’ in earthly history from which to count; for it is older than the human race itself.

Nevertheless, when going into print, we realised that some system of year-numbering would be needed. We experimented with counting from the appearance of our Lady at Lourdes, and the symbolic date of the foundation of Her Temple at Ephesus. Now we have finally settled on a system of counting the years from a symbolic date representing the beginning of the Iron Age.* Readers will be aware that the historical cycle is divided into ten units of time; the four Ages, Gold, Silver, Bronze and Iron lasting four, three, two and one parts of the cycle respectively. The final and shortest Age is the dark Age in

* This system, as well as Lourdes and ‘After Ephesus’ dating, are uncommon today, the Filianic community having, in post-Madrian times, largely settled on the use of the Chelouranyan system of dating by Imperial years.

which Truth becomes lost to most of humanity, and crude and unsubtle doctrines, oriented solely toward physical matter and ignoring the spiritual essence of things, become increasingly prevalent. In this age also, the social order is inverted and men become predominant over maids. Its end is a final destructive crisis followed by a restoration of the Age of Gold.

We do not claim the numbering we have used to be exact, or even necessarily to be the best possible estimate; for there are cycles within cycles, and an Age does not suddenly end or begin on one particular day. The present system does have the advantage of a long tradition, and of giving a correct general impression of the duration of the Age. Practically, it will act as a constant reminder of our position within the historical cycle and as a partial antidote to the ideology of ‘progress’ so subtly inculcated by all the agencies of the patriarchal establishment, reminding us that the present state of the world is not the result of a continuous evolutionary progress, but of a long and ignominious decline.

More positively, it also reminds us that the Kali Yuga is drawing to a close. It puts into perspective the evils and materialism that we see about us. Our mothers foresaw all this thousands of years ago, and they foresaw also that it would lead to the return of the Age of Gold.²⁷

THE SWORD OF TRUTH

THE MISSION OF THE PALLAS ACADEMY

Maid, according to a popular scientific textbook, is ‘nothing but a complex biochemical mechanism powered by a combustion system which energises computers with prodigious storage

facilities for retaining encoded information.”* She inhabits a cold, dead universe without meaning and without any guiding Intelligence. This is the doctrine upon which the modern world lives, and upon which modern children are brought up. Patriarchal religion falls over its feet to accommodate itself to the ‘scientific world-view’, intimidated by its material success, throwing its doctrines overboard and retaining nothing more than a vague social sentimentality.

In fact, the textbook statement just quoted represents nothing but crude ignorance dressed up in long words. The mechanical nature of the body and brain has been known for millennia. The only thing which the statement adds to the wisdom of the ages are the words ‘nothing but’, and that is not fact, but sheer opinionated prejudice.

The bluff and bluster of modern materialism confronts us on every side. We recently encountered the following gem: ‘as a biologist I know all about death. I know that there is no possibility of life after it.’ Now what, exactly, does a biologist know about death? She can describe, no doubt, exactly how the various bodily functions cease, how decay sets in and so forth. She knows, in fact, in considerable detail, that when a person is dead, she is dead—which is exactly what the ancients knew. Nobody ever supposed that the body was not dead, or that it could live again. Does our biologist really think that when we speak of life after death we mean that the body will rise mouldering from the grave like a zombie? Has he ever given so much

* This quote appears in the work of many writers who could have been known to the Madrians, all of whom seem to have taken it from Victor Frankl in *Der Unbewußte Gott* (Ehrlich Schmidt, 1943). Frankl did not give its original source.

as a moment's thought to what he does mean? Or is the whole thing just a bluff?

Of course it is. Examine any materialist statement and it falls to pieces. And yet this clumsy pseudo-philosophy dominates the modern world and underlies all modern thought. It is the philosophy of spiritual blindness. The very success of modern science is only a by-product of the fact that as people have become too unsubtle to see the inner spiritual nature of things, they have turned their whole attention to their outer physical nature. But even profane 'psychologists' can see that the 'combustion engine' view of the world—the reduction of life to mere mechanics—is wearing away the spiritual health of mankind. More and more patients are suffering from 'lack of life-content'—meaninglessness, apathy, despair.

But the shallow materialist philosophy cannot be combated by the attitudes of modern patriarchal religion—intellectual idleness, moral cowardice and sentimentalism. Patriarchy and materialism go hand in hand. Christianity not only turned God the Daughter into a son, it reduced Her cosmic sacrifice to a mere physical event in space and time. The rabid materialism of the modern world is only this mentality taken to its logical conclusion. No wonder that Christianity, faced with this materialism, is paralysed by a crippling inferiority complex.

But it is not enough to know that materialism is poison, psychologically, spiritually and physically too—for what else is the cause of the ecological crisis which looms over the world?—it is necessary also to know the Truth which can cut through the half-truths and propaganda of materialism, and call its bluff. It is necessary to know the Philosophy which demolishes all the pseudo-philosophies.

From the beginning of time, this Philosophy has been known and taught. It shows how the material things and phenomena which materialists take for ‘reality’ are but shadows of the true Reality which lies beyond the world of matter. This is the foundation of all the ancient sciences, of which the modern physical sciences are but residues or empty husks—their inner spiritual content forgotten and all their attention concentrated upon the outer material shell.

This philosophy has been passed down from Ranya (mistress) to pupil since humanity first fell to the material level. It teaches that Intelligence is not an individual faculty produced by the human brain; it is a universal Absolute of which our minds are but reflections. Pure intelligence is God Herself, and the universe is the crystallisation of one tiny fraction of Her thoughts. The aim of Philosophy is to participate in pure Intelligence; therefore there can be no real separation between religion and Philosophy. And since all things spring ultimately from the Divine Mind, when we come to the Centre we see all as a harmonious Whole. Profane study seeks to reduce all things to the lowest point—to reduce life, love and meaning to mere mechanics. The ancient Philosophy shows that if we wish to know the ultimate truth of things, they must be literally re-duced (‘led back’) to the highest point—to their Divine origin. And we, too, must be led back to Her before we can truly understand. Authentic academic theory is but a prelude to spiritual realisation.

That is why a Ranya is so much more than a teacher in the profane sense, why she is loved, revered and obeyed like a mother, as, in a sense, she is, for ‘My mother gave me a mortal life, my Ranya gives me life eternal.’ It is also why modern study

is but a parody, an empty shell, of the real thing—like an elaborate ritual performed by savages who no longer understand its meaning or true purpose; who use it merely to fill their bellies or fly tin cans to the moon.

But the perennial Philosophy is not lost. It has continued to be passed by each Ranya to her disciples until the disciple in her turn has become a Ranya. It is the basis of all Madrian thought, even down to the education of the smallest child. And as the primordial Faith begins to spread once more upon the earth, a new generation of Madrians must learn the primordial Philosophy. That is what the Pallas Academy is for. Not everyone is called to be a philosopher, but there must be a body of theorists trained in the timeless tradition, who will lead the way into the coming age, and will educate the new Madrian communities to see not the dead me-



chanical exterior of the world, but the living Reality behind the veil of matter.

The Academy is breaking with tradition so far as to give instruction by correspondence as well as by the old personal methods. The Foundational Diploma Course gives a basic knowledge of Philosophy. It will be hard work for anyone not familiar with metaphysics, and a lot of time will be spent in unlearning the false thought-patterns set up by materialist education and conditioning. But it is the first vital step on the path to true Intellect. Those who are seriously interested are invited to write for a copy of the Prospectus. For the Academy as a whole, the course is a first vital step in the building of a true education for the coming age and the re-establishment of Truth upon the earth. And against the massed forces of materialist darkness, for the first time in many a long century, the Sword of Truth is drawn.²⁸

CORDELIA & IMOGEN A STORY OF AMAZON TIMES*

It's a saying well said and perfectly true that no good thing can last in the Age of Iron. For when the great Amazon army of Mariamne, maid among maids, princess among princesses, had taken the whole of the middle world and all the lands about the Middle Sea out of the barbarous hands of the infidel, and had established the gentle and harmonious reign of ðamē, not three generations passed before the succession fell into the hands of Queen Myrna. She was a clever and worldly maid,

* A note to the original observes that this tale is 'a shortened version of the opening of the traditional Cordelia cycle'.

and gained the throne by dint of much subtlety and intrigue, and also of having the princess Cordelia kidnapped as a babe and left at the door of a carpenter's house. But the strength of a maid is the strength of the faith within her, and the people, growing faithless under a faithless queen and thinking less of the Truth beyond the world than of the things within it, became more soft and less formidable. And the barbarian[†] at the gates of the civilised world grew restless.

Cordelia, meanwhile, grew to the stature of maidenhood, knowing not that she was the rightful heir to the throne, nor even that she was not the child of the carpenter and her man. She learned the sacred mysteries of the craft, and went often to an old wise maid that lived beyond the village and taught the old true ways. With her to this wise maid went also Imogen, the true daughter of the carpenter, born on the same day as herself. When the age of maidenhood was on them, the wise maid said to each: 'It is thy *werdë* to leave thy home and set out upon the world. You may go either to join the Silver Guard of true Amazon knights that live in the wood and wait until the time of need shall come, or you may go to the Great Ranya who lives beyond the pillars of the world to learn the arts of peace and war and the truth of all things.' Imogen chose to join the Silver Guard and Cordelia chose to go to the Great Ranya. Said the maid: 'Imogen has chosen the bolder course, though she lack not wisdom, Cordelia the wiser, though she lack not courage. But each has chosen in accordance with her *werdë*.'

So, bidding their parents farewell, they set off together until the parting of the ways. Imogen came quickly to the camp

[†] A note to the original reads: 'Barbarians (literally "bearded ones" from *barba* beard): patriarchs.'

of the Silver Guard, who made her welcome. But Cordelia travelled on. She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, between the very pillars of the world and into the land beyond, until she came to the cave of the Great Ranya. She brought food and fuel to offer her to accept her as a pupil. 'I have many pupils,' replied the Ranya, 'and do not need another: but I shall test you, to see if by some chance you should be especially worthy. You must answer me three questions. Firstly, who is it that carries thy corpse to this place?'

'The same that carries thine, madonna,' she replied, 'for She is the Self within all selves.'

The Ranya smiled, 'She that taught thee has taught thee well. But if God is here, why can we not see Her?'

'For the same reason that fishes see not water, madonna; that which is everywhere can be seen nowhere.'

'Well answered, fledgling, but can you now tell me what is fear?'

At this, Cordelia's heart fainted within her. 'Forgive me, madonna, but fear I have never felt nor known, and I cannot tell you of it.'

Said the Ranya: 'Suppose death's eyes to stare thee in the face, with flames of fire and all the dogs of Hell.'

Replied the maid: 'If our Mother wills that I shall suffer, I shall suffer, if She wills that I rejoice, I shall rejoice. Her will is mine, and blessed is Her Name.'

'Truly, thou art the pupil I have been awaiting,' said the Ranya, and for seven years she taught Cordelia the arts of peace and war and the truth of all things, until she was the wisest scholar, the finest swordsmaid and the most accomplished mu-

sician of all that high company. At the end of seven years, the Ranya said to all her pupils: 'It is time for you to take the three tests, and whoever succeeds in them shall be leader among you all.'

The first test was to drive the fiery chariot, which is swifter than the east wind and the west wind and all the four winds together. Each of the pupils tried, but they all turned it over one way or turned it over another, lost control of one horse or lost control of the other, until it came to the turn of Cordelia, and she drove it to the pillars of the world and back in the time it takes to say a Silver Star.

The next test was to draw the Sword of Truth from the stone in which it was lodged up to the very hilt. Each of them pulled and struggled until she was half dead with exhaustion, but when Cordelia's turn came, she drew the sword from the rock as easily as from the scabbard at her hip.

The third test was to retrieve the Shield of Purity from the cave of fire. This cave was filled with fire, and the flames leapt out a dozen yards from its mouth. The pupils were determined, but each was singed and scorched until she had to turn back. When Cordelia's turn came, she too was scorched and burned, but she said: 'My Ranya has commanded me to go on, and her word to me is as the word of God, for the bond of Ranya and pupil is a bond of ðamë. Therefore, if it bring my death, I shall accept Her will.' But as she walked on, the flames became cooler, until they were so cool that they healed her burns. Hanging on the wall of the cave was the Shield of Purity, and holding this shield, the flames could not touch her as she left the cave.

'Thou hast wrought well,' said the Ranya, 'but there is a black mark at the centre of the shield. That means that there

is danger in the middle world, and a thing that is not ðamelic. Mount thee thy fiery chariot and hie thee there. Go to the palace of the High Queen, and there thou shalt meet with the Giant of Barbary. Give him thy challenge, and either he shall slay thee or thou shalt slay him. If thou slayest him, take up his head and follow the High Queen's army.'

The Ranya had spoken true, for in the middle world, black deeds were being wrought. As the corrupt empire of Queen Myrna became weaker, the barbarians began to attack it. The faithless royal army, when it did not flee, was mown down like the corn in autumn. For when spiritual power is lost and bodily strength is all, then none can match the infidel barbarian. But when the power of the Spirit touches the field, then none can match the glorious Silver Guard.

Now the queen had made her peace with the King of Barbary and agreed to take him in marriage. She surrounded her court with men-soldiers and took the terrible Giant of Barbary for her bodyguard. But the Silver Guard, under their new leader, Imogen the Mighty, would not surrender, and every time the King of Barbary attempted to cross the border with his army, the Silver Guard fell on them and gave them such a drubbing that they ran off with their tails between their legs. No honest means could stop the Silver Guard, so the queen turned at last to witchcraft. She sent for a maid that was wise in sacred lore, but had turned infidel apostate like herself, and this witch laid a trap for the Silver Guard.

One day, when the bold heroes were riding tired and hungry from a battle far from home, they came upon a fine big house and decided to ask for shelter, for all the country people were on their side, even if some of the city folk weren't. They

found the place empty, but for an old man who bade them sit by the fire until the mistress should return. But as soon as he had left the room, the bright hangings began to rot and fall away, the fire died out, and the Guard found themselves in a stinking, deserted hovel. They tried to leave, but found themselves rooted to the ground and could not move a step.

‘What evil craft is this?’ cried Imogen. ‘Good Helga, seek it out.’

Then wise Helga the magician closed her outer eyes and opened her inner eye, and said: ‘This is foul magic of the blackest kind, wrought by the High Queen’s witch. Nothing can release us from this place save only the blood of the Giant of Barbary sprinkled on the floor, and the Giant can be killed or wounded only by the royal princess. The old man was the witch herself, and as soon as she gets back to the palace, Queen Myrna will bring out her army to slay us and give the signal to the King of Barbary.’

‘Then we are truly lost,’ said Maida, who had lived a time at court. ‘Myrna’s daughter is a cowardly, overfed puppy. She would not save us if she could, nor could not if she would.’

At this, some of the maids began to weep, but Imogen said: ‘This is no way for heroes to meet death. Let us raise the *Canta Cottavai* and if death comes, she comes. We have our swords yet, and even in this place she shall buy us dear.’ And high above the black and sombre wood, the great war-chant of the Amazons was raised, slow and grim and thrilling.

And even as it was, the true princess was on her journey thither. The hooves of her battle-ponies struck fire from the skies. They took a mountain at a leap and a valley at a step. They overtook the wind in front of them, and the wind behind

them could not overtake them. Swiftly she came to the High Queen's palace, where Myrna was setting out with her hundred handmaids. 'I am Cordelia the carpenter,' she cried, 'and I demand combat with the Giant of Barbary.' The queen's face paled on hearing her name.



Myrna was setting out...

‘What!’ cried the Giant from behind her. ‘Why, thou’rt too big for one bite and two small for two bites, and I know not whether to eat thee or thy horses first.’

‘Mind not the horses,’ said she, dismounting. ‘It is not just for a mounted maid to combat a foot soldier.’ The giant roared with laughter, for he could have smashed chariot, horses and all with one blow. But the fight was not so easy, for the Shield of Purity will stop any stroke, and Cordelia fought not with her maiden-strength, but with the strength of the Spirit, even as the Ranya had taught her. The giant fought with the strength of Irkalla herself. If you have ever wished to see a mighty combat, that was the day to do it. They fought up and they fought down, breaking young trees and bending old ones, until, well nigh exhausted, Cordelia called upon our Lady and made a mighty leap, high above the giant, and as she came down she struck off his head with the Sword of Truth. Seizing it quickly, that it might not rejoin with the body, she leapt on her chariot to follow Queen Myrna and her army.

After a while, she heard the strain of the *Canta Cottavai* that made her soul shiver within her. Swiftly overtaking the army, she came to the place that the sound came from. ‘Woe that thou shouldst enter here, sister,’ cried Imogen, ‘for this place is full of foul magic, and now nor thou nor we shall leave this place alive unless the blood of the Giant of Barbary be sprinkled on the ground to free us.’

‘Why, that is quickly done, sister,’ said Cordelia.

And if the army of the Queen came fast, they went back even faster, with the Silver Guard at their heels. The barbarian armies had penetrated the country, but the other pupils of the Great Ranya soon arrived in their own chariots to help drive

them back where they came from, and a good deal further, too. Then together they stormed the palace. Myrna appealed to the Guard's well-known love of ðamë. 'Whatever else, I still remain thy queen,' said she.

But Imogen replied thus: 'I shall give three reasons why thou art not, each one more cogent than the one before it. Firstly that thou art a traitor to thy people. Secondly that thou art an infidel apostate, and there can be no lawful ruler save she who rules in the name of God and rendereth obedience unto Her. For God is the only sovereign of the earth, and every earthly ruler receives her sovereignty in fealty to Her, or else is a false usurper. Thirdly that thou never wert the queen, for the true princess standeth beside me.' At this, a cheer rang out that could be heard echoing a year and a day afterwards. Cordelia became queen and ruled in harmony and ðamë, and all were happy under her all the days of her life. Myrna became converted to the true faith again, and served her queen in penance as a good and faithful handmaid.²⁹

BECOMING A MADRIAN

The Ekklesia of our Lady is not just a group of human beings on this earth. It is a vast and timeless family arrayed through all time and space. It includes the Janyati or angels—the intelligences of the highest spheres, the perfected helati or saints who have passed beyond the wheel of birth and death into pure Enlightenment, as well as nature spirits and creatures on countless worlds and levels of being, who have remained in harmony with the primordial Law and way of life laid down by God Herself from the dawn of time.

A person cannot become a part of this family by a merely theoretical attachment to the Faith, for Madrianism is infinitely more than a mere belief. It is a golden chain that leads from the very summit of heaven to the deepest valleys of the earth, and every maid who will return to the harmony (ðamē) of legitimate earthly life, according to the Way laid down by Inanna Herself, must take up her position as a link within that living chain, binding herself in love and obedience to the celestial hierarchy in its earthly manifestation. It is necessary that she should meet with her earthly sisters and become a part of their community; and when she is ready and has a sufficient understanding of the primordial Truth, she will be ritually offered to our Lady, which will make her a full member of that family.

A person wishing to do this should first gain a basic understanding by carefully reading and re-reading the three introductory booklets listed on the back cover* and several back issues of this magazine.† She should then arrange to meet a qualified devotee or to attend one of the regular gatherings.

Becoming a part of the Madrian community does not necessarily mean giving up life in the profane world, but it does mean finding a new family beyond it.³⁰

* I.e. the booklet containing the Creation, Mythos, and Crystal Tablet, as well as those holding the Catechism and the Rite of Sacrifice, plus their appendices. The full contents of all three booklets are included in vol. 1.

† The contents of the twenty issues of *The Coming Age* are contained within vols. 2 and 3.

KERN'S QUEST

Once upon a time, when the seven princesses still ruled over the seven realms and sat upon the seven chairs of granite carved from the Holy Mountain, when their anger could still darken the sky, and their compassion bring rain to the parched ground, and all the earth was fruitful, a maid named Grania lived in a cottage in the furthestmost corner of the seventh realm with her three sons. All the three of them were brave and handsome and kind-hearted, nor could Grania find any fault with them. Yet the youngest, whose name was Kern after the mistress of the ripening fields, was called simple by his brothers, for, they said, if he had his wits he never used them. Even this was no cause for quarrel between them, and they worked together and played together and were each other's greatest friends.

Their peaceful life in the cottage lasted until Kern's sixteenth year. Then one day Grania called her sons to her and told them she could no longer look after them and they must go out and find their *werdē* in the world. 'But first,' she added, 'bring me a hen from the Palace of the Morning Star, for I have need of one.' She said no more, but sent them away with an oaten cake and the blessing of the house.

When they were but a league from the cottage, the eldest told the others that he would take service as one of the Princess's foresters, and the middle brother replied that he would go to sea and join the Princess's fleet. They bade Kern choose which of them he would go with, as he had not enough sense to make his own way. But Kern said that he would look for the Palace of the Morning Star as their mother had commanded, and he was surprised that they would not do likewise. The face

of his eldest brother darkened with anger. 'Only a fool would go on a fool's quest,' he said. 'There is no palace and no hen-coop except in tales of the fireside. It is better for me to stay near our mother, for, who knows, she may have need of me more than an imaginary chicken.'

'Well, I do not know,' said the middle brother. 'There are many things of mystery in this world. But it is foolish indeed to start on a quest penniless, without a horse to ride or a dog to defend you. Earn a little first; mayhap in a year we will set out well-provisioned and have better chance of success.'

'I will do my mother's bidding,' said Kern, 'for she is wiser than any of us. And I will do it though I starve on the path.' Nor could they persuade him otherwise, not with their best arguments. They were more unhappy than angry at his stubbornness, for they believed he would indeed starve, and would sooner have starved themselves.

'Well, you are a good, obedient child, that is certain, but I could wish you were not,' said the eldest brother finally.

'May fortune smile on you,' added the other, troubled but helpless. And so they went their ways.

Kern also travelled, choosing the mountain path because it was the longest, and the sun rose in front of him and set behind him. He saw an old maid gathering herbs by the wayside, and reverencing her, waited for her to speak that he might ask her the way to the Palace of the Morning Star. At first she laughed and rebuked him for teasing her, but seeing he was serious, shook her head. 'I am over a hundred years old,' she said, 'and have over a hundred great-grandchildren and there is little that I do not know. But I have never heard of the Palace

of the Morning Star except in old tales, and where it is they do not say.'

He thanked her sadly, and she felt pity for him and thought what a fine, strong lad he looked. 'Come, my granddaughter is seeking a boy for her farm, will you not join our household? The work is hard but the living good.'

'No,' he replied, 'I must do my mother's bidding,' and he told his story.

'You are a good, obedient boy, and I wish you all joy,' she said, but shook her head as she moved away.

Next Kern saw a horse in the distance and stood in the middle of the road to halt it, that he might ask the rider the same question. 'I am one of the Princess's horsemaids,' she answered, 'and I have travelled to every corner of the seven realms. I have never heard of this palace, and I am certain it exists only in fantasy. But we are short of grooms at the royal stable. Will you not mount behind me? To work with horses is joy, and to serve the Princess glory.'

'No,' he replied, 'I must do my mother's bidding,' and when she had heard his story, she commended his obedience and wished him success, but he thought she smiled as she rode away.

When he sat down to eat his oaten cake, a vixen crept from the bushes and looked up at him. 'Well, Mistress Fox, you cannot tell me the way, but nor can you tempt me from it. Would you care for some cake?' When she had swallowed a good half of the cake, she asked politely if he were travelling far. Hearing his story, she asked whether he would do her bidding if she took him to the palace. 'I promise I will,' he answered, 'if you can do it, but I doubt that.'

'Mount on my back,' she answered, 'and hold onto my ears.'

'Well, this is a strange business altogether,' he thought, and obeyed her.

As soon as he was mounted, off she raced, and the speed of her was like the thunderbolt. It was the greatest wonder that Kern did not fall off, but the vixen had said 'Hold on', and he held on. He lost count entirely of the mountains and valleys they crossed and he thanked the heavens that the sun was not rising at that moment, for he feared that they would run right into her heart.

At last the vixen stopped, and Kern was unable to keep his feet for some minutes from dizziness. The palace was before his eyes, glinting and shining, on the very edge of the world, and as soon as he could walk, Kern was in through the gateway and staring about him. 'Be quick and quiet,' said the vixen behind him. 'Everyone is asleep.' The hens were shining like the palace itself, all golden and half as bright as the sun. He picked one up, put another under his arm, and was out again before she could raise a squawk. He mounted the vixen again and they were off like the wind.

At the end of the journey, he tumbled from her back and fell asleep at once from weariness, and when he awoke the hen was nowhere to be seen. 'Do not rebuke me, friend Kern,' said the vixen, 'my little ones were hungry; they have not had food for many days.'

'I do not rebuke you, Mistress Fox, for I know the call of family. But may I ask you to carry me again?'

And so they returned, faster than an arrow from the bow. Kern leaned unsteadily against the pillar of the gate, and the vixen again whispered: 'Be quick and quiet. Everyone is asleep.' The hens knew him again and were disturbed, but at last he

managed to catch one and put her under his arm. When finally they returned to the seventh realm, Kern was already half asleep and within minutes he was fast. When he awoke, the second hen had entirely vanished. 'Do not rebuke me, friend Kern,' said the vixen, 'for tonight I myself was hungry, and I have eaten the hen.'

'I do not rebuke you, Mistress Fox,' replied Kern wearily, 'for I have been hungry myself. Carry me again, I beseech you.' And this the vixen was pleased to do.

'Be quick,' she said, 'and quiet.'

'Yes, I know, Mistress Fox, but this time it will be far from easy.' The hens were already scattering. He chased them, but time and time again they were too fast for him. And the noise they made was wonderful to hear. So it was not surprising that when Kern finally secured a hen and turned to the gateway, someone was at the door of the palace watching him. And that someone was a maid of unearthly beauty, with a star in her forehead, streaming forth light.

'Good day, Mistress,' said Kern respectfully, bowing deeply, but being careful not to release the hen.

'What dost thou here, strange youth?' The maiden's voice was as sweet and cool as winter starlight. Kern was entirely entranced by her beauty and grace, but he answered firmly, with his captive safe under his arm: 'My mother sent me, and I do her bidding.'

'Thy gentle obedience finds favour in mine eyes,' said the maiden. 'Thou mayest keep the hen for thy mother. And dost thou always do as thou art bid?'



‘Indeed, if he does,’ cried the vixen, ‘may he do my bidding now, as was his promise. Friend Kern, do draw thy sword and cut off my head.’

‘It is an ungentle act, and I am loth,’ sighed Kern sadly, ‘but I will do it, since you ask.’ With tears in his eyes, he drew the sword and did the vixen’s bidding. And who should stand before him then but his own mother, disenchanted, and she embraced him with a cry of joy.

‘Mistress Morning Star,’ she said, turning to the maiden in the doorway, ‘know that I am the lady Grania, justly enchanted for foolishly praising my own hens among these. For, indeed, the hens of the Palace of the Morning Star are beyond compare. Yet through this, the one obedient of three sons, having now in my holding three hens worthy of thy palace, I am freed, and offer thee my greeting.’

‘Thou hast shed thy fox’s skin through thy fox’s cunning,’ laughed the maiden, ‘but it is just, and thou art welcome. Thy son also, if he will stay where he has entered so boldly for his mother’s sake.’

‘Indeed, I would be honoured beyond all telling, Mistress, to remain but one hour in thy presence, but if thou wouldst wish me gone, I will go.’

‘Lady Grania, thou hast vaunted thy meagre hen coop, yet it doth seem to me that thou hast raised that which is not unworthy of my palace. Come Kern, thou mayest stay forever if thy mother will permit thee.’

If the sky was dark that month, the Palace of the Morning Star was bright, and the last day of the wedding was better than the first. And if Kern the Obedient was happy that day,

he was not one whit the less happy for the rest of his long and delightful life.³¹

MATRIARCHY OR MODERNISM?

A REVIEW OF *THE POLITICS OF MATRIARCHY* (MATRIARCHY STUDY GROUP)

It is very difficult to do justice to so various a collection as this in the short space allotted to a review. Criticisms are bound to seem too broad and general. Yet there are certain general remarks which both can and should be made, not only about this pamphlet, but about certain trends of thought which have gained some currency as of late.

The first is a tendency to treat matriarchy as a political system whose religion is merely an expression of its 'ideology'. Now, the whole idea of a 'culture' as a thing-in-itself with a bit of 'religion' tacked on for good measure belongs to the late-patriarchal materialism of the last three centuries. Every society before that time has known that society is a product of religion (that is, of transcendent Reality) and not vice versa. Whatever the secularist view of matriarchy may be, it is certainly not matriarchal.

To see matriarchy through a filter of modern ideology is not to see matriarchy at all, but a projection of modern ideas upon the past; a pure anachronism. Similarly, to associate ancient matriarchy with democracy, equality, 'sexual freedom' and any number of other modern catch-phrases is to assume that the second half of the present* century has suddenly and un-

* I.e. 20th.

accountably reverted to matriarchal values—when in fact, as one would expect, it has never been further from them. We must face the fact that the whole world-view we have learned at school and via the media is patriarchal (obvious enough, one would have thought).

The same applies to the so-called ‘psychological’ (usually quasi-Jungian) approaches to ‘the Goddess’, which spring from an ingrained materialism which cannot face any authentic supernatural, and must reduce all to mere personal subjectivism. More subtle, and yet more sinister, is the psychism masquerading as ‘spirituality’, which situates God Herself on the psychic level of becoming and change rather than that of absolute Transcendence (which alone can be called Spiritual) and Truth on the level of mere personal opinion and sentiment. On a subtler level, this also derives from modern patriarchal materialism, for being wholly immersed in matter, it regards all non-physical phenomena as a single category which it miscalls ‘spiritual’. It is closely related to the modern wave of pseudo-religion, and to the so-called Pentecostal phenomena (‘speaking in tongues’, etc.) making their appearance within Protestantism and the new decadent Roman church. This opening of the personality to all the flotsam of the psychic domain with no attempt to ‘try the spirits whether they be of God’ is both personally dangerous to a degree which can hardly be sufficiently stressed, and provides the ‘openings’ in the psychic substance of the human world through which inferior psychic entities may infiltrate. The very absence of a healthy fear and caution in these dabblers indicates a mentality which fundamentally regards all non-physical phenomena as less than ‘real’. They certainly would not meddle with electricity or medicines with

such cavalier ignorance. Yet the real dangers of artificial rituals of human concoction (especially when ‘inspired’ from some unknown source) and of ecstatic practices performed without guidance by the uninitiated, are infinitely greater.

The modern mentality, in all its forms, however much we may be attached to it, is and can only be the exclusive product of patriarchy. If we want to understand matriarchy as it was and is, we will have to face a mental revolution, to accept ideas which seem at once shockingly ‘simple’ (in both senses) and terribly complex.

There is a politics of matriarchy. It was outlined, for example, in ‘With God as our Princess’.* It is the politics laid down by God and based on Her divine law; a hierarchy descending from Heaven to earth, with its roots not in human ideology, but in transcendent truth. This may be hard for the modern mentality to accept. But that, in the end, is the choice we are faced with: do we opt for modernism, or matriarchy?³²

THE ONE TRUE ANCIENT FAITH QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON MADRIANISM

★ Madrianism seems so new to me. It is hard to accept that this new cult could be the One Truth.

You are right to be suspicious of new cults. No group of human beings could ever ‘dream up’ the Truth, especially in this Dark Age. No modern thinker can hope to compete with the wisdom of the ancients, because the ancient wisdom comes

* Vol. 2, pp. 249 ff.

from God Herself, while modern knowledge is only the product of limited minds.

But Madrianism is not new at all. It is the world's oldest civilisation. Look at archaeological remains of the most ancient societies. Take Çatal Hüyük in Turkey. It is over 9,000 years old. The Deity in every Temple is female. Women were the heads of households and the heads of state. This is the civilisation that God gave us in the beginning. Madrianism is this religion and way of life, passed down from mother to daughter, from Ranya to pupil without a break from the beginning. Because we have been persecuted by the patriarchal regimes, we have had to be underground for many years. That is why Madrianism is new to many people. But don't forget—when you become a Madrian you are just picking up an old family tradition. You come from a lapsed Madrian family. Everyone comes from a Madrian family if you go back far enough, because Madrianism was the way of life of the whole world for hundreds of thousands of years—long before patriarchy was thought of.

★ But it is hard to believe that Madrianism is right and all the other faiths are wrong.

No, all the other faiths are not wrong. In the beginning there was one primordial religion given to maid by God Herself. This lasted for thousands upon thousands of years. Then, very late in human history, things began to break up. New patriarchal states broke away from the central Truth. Each of them retained a part of the Truth, but none had the whole. But it was still a part of the Truth. Every civilisation except the present one (and also the 'classical' decadence of Greece and Rome) has been based upon spiritual Truth. As times be-

came more decadent, great people like Jesus and the Buddha re-stated these Truths in simpler forms to help people. But all orthodox traditions are reflections of the one Truth.

★ Then why do they seem to contradict each other?

Because they are only partial truths. Suppose you say that the sky is blue and full of clouds, and I say that it is black and full of stars. Who is right? We are both right, but we each have only part of the truth. We might argue very fiercely, but that would be only because we did not know the whole truth.

If we want to know the whole Truth, we have to go back to the primordial Tradition. Suppose somebody sends a message. One messenger says that it is one thing, another says another. How do you find out the truth?

★ Go back to the person who sent the message, I suppose.

Yes. We have to go back to the original Tradition. The matriarchal tradition. That is where we find God's message just as She gave it. It is logical. If you can see that there is truth in Christianity and in Buddhism and the other religions, it makes sense to seek out the origin of all of them. That is where you will find 'the Truth, the whole Truth and nothing but the Truth.'

★ But don't they all claim to be the original Tradition?

No, they don't, and they can't. Christianity was founded late in history, less than 2000 years ago. Buddhism 500 years before that; Islam 500 years after. Judaism about the same time as Buddhism. Archaeology shows that before a certain date, religion and society were matriarchal all over the world. That is

why we have to go back to the matriarchal tradition if we want the whole Truth. It is the only logical thing to do.

★ And this means accepting that God is feminine?

Yes.

★ Most people today cannot understand what this means. They say that God must be beyond gender, or else a balance of female and male.

That is because they do not understand the science of symbolism.

★ Then it is only symbolic?

There is no ‘only’ about it. People do not understand the science of symbolism, and so they say ‘only’ symbolic. The rose is a symbol of our Mother. Profane people think that the rose came first and then man invented a pretty meaning for it. This is the product of ignorance. God came first. The rose is one of Her acts of Self-expression. The perfect form of a rose is the expression of a Divine Idea. God can create a perfect form to express Himself just as easily as we can speak a word. When we know the symbolism of a rose, we are knowing what God meant by it and that is its real meaning. The Reality which the rose expresses existed æons before the first physical rose was made, before this earth was born, and it will exist when all the worlds are dust.

It is the same with the physical sexes. They are merely the expression of a supra-physical Reality. The female is the spiritual Principle, the male the material. In this world there must

be a balance between them for material existence to continue; but the spiritual must govern the material. That way we have harmony. What happens when this is turned upside-down and men govern society? We have discord, wars, tortures. The balance of nature is upset. We have an œcological crisis. Patriarchy has been one long crisis from the start. What happens when God is pictured as male? Religion dies. You cannot build a religion on the material principle. Religion has been declining since the end of the matriarchate. When the Protestants abandoned Mary they signed the death warrant of Christianity. This is the science of symbolism at work.

God shows Herself to us as feminine because that is what She is in the symbolic language of humanity. A symbol is a thousand times deeper than words. There may be other planets, and there certainly are other planes of being, where sex has no meaning. On these God does not appear as a human female; but She does appear as the precise equivalent of that in the symbolic 'language' of that place. In France we say *lait*, in Germany *milch*, but milk is still the same thing. When we can understand that God is our Mother, then we can understand God.

★ Why is Madrianism so much like Christianity?

People with a Christian background often say that Madrianism is like Christianity. Buddhists say that it is just like Buddhism; Hindus that it is like their faith. Why is this? It is because Madrianism contains the essential Truth behind all religions. The faith which says that the sky is blue and the one which says it is black both find their portion of the truth in Madrianism, because it is the whole Truth. That is why, although to a superficial observer Madrianism may seem like a

rather eccentric alternative to the established religions, it is really the only logical possibility open to a serious person.³³

THE SYMBOLISM OF ARCHERY

In the beginning there was no war, for all things were one in God, and conflict could not arise. The descent into manifestation is inevitably, in one sense, a descent into war: that is, the primordial Unity of unmanifest Wholeness is broken, and conflict enters into the now-manifest cosmos.

Nonetheless, it is true to say that physical war was unknown until a very late stage in human history. War between maid and maid was quite alien to the vast majority of matriarchal human civilisations. In the first Golden Age, war raged continually, but it was waged directly against the forces of darkness on the psychic and spiritual levels. This is the authentic archetype of war—the Vikhail, or true Holy War; and from this all the glory and nobility later associated with physical battle derives. It is still fought by every contemplative and mystic.

As time wore on and the descent into matter continued, the Enemy began to take on physical or quasi-physical forms. So also did the forces of good. It is from this period, many thousands of years ago, that the ‘mythological’ creatures—dragons, centaurs, unicorns, etc.—found in legends throughout the world, have their origin. Later still, the forces of evil began to incarnate themselves in human civilisations—in the decadent matriarchal and proto-patriarchal states. It is in this period the Holy War descends fully to the physical level and maid first fights with maid. Finally, in the patriarchal age, phys-

ical war becomes a condition of life.* Increasingly, all remnants of the true Holy War are lost, and war becomes merely a manifestation of the chaos and discord of the Age of Iron. This continual conflict is the inverse parody of the fact that the true soul is constantly at war with the discordant forces within her until she wins through to the primordial peace of Union with God.



There is an inverse ratio between earthly and heavenly war. The more strongly the true Holy War is fought, the more there is peace on earth among maids. The more peace is made with the forces of darkness, the more war spreads upon the earth.

* A note to the AC reprint of this article reads '*Kali Yuga* is known as the "age of quarrels" or conflicts. It is also the age when masculine images of Deity first arise and later become dominant over feminine ones.'

But there are times when the Holy War and earthly war are one. And here we may know the Holy War from profane war by the fact that its very heart is peace. Just as the heavenly war is fought in order to regain the Primordial peace of divine union, so the Holy War on earth is fought to end disruptions in the ðamē or harmony of the world, and to restore the *Chrysothemis*, the Golden Order of earthly life lived according to Divine Law.

And just as the Holy War ends in peace, so it proceeds from peace, for all the vikhelic arts of traditional matriarchal civilisations are essentially contemplative disciplines. Skill in the arts of war depends not upon physical strength, but upon the spiritual force generated by contemplation. It is a symptom of the descent into matter that patriarchal war has become increasingly dependent upon physical strength; first that of the body, and then of increasingly powerful devices, culminating in today's nuclear arsenals.

From the foregoing, we may expect that archery, like all traditional crafts, has a profound metaphysical significance. Indeed, archery, since it corresponds to the element of air and to the intellectual Path of Light, is in many respects the most strictly metaphysical of all the martial arts.

The drawn bow is a paradigm of the peace from which the Holy War, and indeed all manifestation, proceeds; for all the tensions are held in equilibrium. Balanced in harmony are the three cosmic 'strains': the upward tension or tendency, called *lucia*—that which strives toward the light; the downward, called *omber*, which pulls toward darkness and obscurity; and the outward or fiery tendency of *ignes*. It is from the interplay of these three strains that all manifestation takes its rise. Thus

the loosing of the arrow, in which the three strains are simultaneously released, mirrors the act of manifestation.

Envisaged from another and profounder point of view, the arrow is the 'winged soul' of the archer, trapped within the contrary tendencies of matter. It is the task of the archer to wholly identify herself with the shaft in its flight toward the target, which is none other than the spiritual Sun Herself.

It may be noted that in the first symbolism, the World-Axis runs vertically through the bow, connecting Heaven (the extreme point of the direction of lucia) with Hell (the extreme point of the direction of omber); whereas in the second it runs horizontally from the archer, who is Primordial Maid in her central, or Axial, position, with the heart of the solar Target.

The virtue of archery has to do with straightness, or accuracy. To 'hit the mark' is to be saved, while to miss is to deviate, to go astray, to sin. Archery has traditionally been the Royal Art, and the princess-archer mounted on her chariot is a familiar traditional picture. Thus the Indo-European root word *rju* meaning 'straight' is the source of the English Madrian words *rayin* and *raia*, both meaning 'queen', and also of *Ranya*, *royal*, *regal*, *right* and *rectify*.

The moving chariot being a symbol of the world,* the royal archer leaves the flux of matter in her contemplative identification with the winged arrow and flies into the heart of the spiritual Sun. The bow itself may represent the duality of matter, its two arms signifying all the opposing pairs—light and dark, pleasure and pain etc.—between which the soul must pass in order to reach the Goal, while the grip represents the Middle

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the chariot (vol. 2, pp. 419 ff.).

Way, or narrow path through which she must travel. Of similar significance are those tests in which the archer must shoot an arrow through a keyhole or ‘needle’s eye’, or else must split the first arrow down the middle with a second.

In other tests there are obstacles between the archer and target which must be penetrated. Here the symbolism is that of cleaving through ignorance, and hence the association of wisdom with ‘penetration’.* By the same symbolism, a *stravē* (contemplative—cognate with *straff*: ‘straight’) on the Path of Light may be described as ‘far-shooting’, an epithet which compares with ‘Far-Darter’, a title of Artemis.

In certain royal ceremonies, the Rayin would shoot an arrow in each of the four cardinal directions, thus establishing her rule over the entire land in the Name of God. This Rite reflects the supernatural archery of Diana, the wonderful archer (an avatar of Artemis, the tutelary Janya of archers) in which the four quarters are pierced by a *single* arrow. In this, the archer stands as the quintessence, or fifth element, at the centre of the other four, and the arrow, ringing the quarters, transforms the square (symbolic of matter) into a circle (symbolic of Spirit). The significance of this feat is closely related to that of a hemispherical dome surmounting a square building.

In some versions of this legend, a thread is attached to the arrow, recalling the scriptural passage which describes the Mother as ‘the Sun Whose ray doth bind us all like jewels upon

* A note to the reprint of this article at Aristasia Central informs the reader that ‘This has to do with the important metaphysical doctrine that “all learning is remembering” (cf. *The Feminine Universe*, p. 63, note 5) and that the act of coming to know Truth is fundamentally a negative one—that of cleaving through the veil of illusion that keeps us from it.’

a string'.[†] The words 'ray' and 'rayin' are closely related, for the rayin is a straight 'ray', or manifestation of God's Light on earth, insofar as she acts wholly in Her Name and in conformity with the Law of ðamë. The arrow is here associated with the needle, and its flight-end with the 'eye', the four quarters being 'sewn together'. Thus we border upon the solar symbolism of the needle and of sewing, which takes us beyond our present theme.

Having briefly considered a little of the symbolism of the Royal Art, let us call upon one further legend to remind ourselves of the limits of this knowledge. When rivals wished to take Diana's place as princess, each of them in turn was invited to draw her bow, and none could bend it even by a fraction, yet Diana immediately loosed four arrows to the four ends of the earth without the smallest effort. As in the drawing of the Sword of Truth,[‡] the requirement is not physical strength, but firstly purity, and most importantly a deep contemplative understanding and realisation. Without that understanding, and without having become wholly one with the winged arrow in its flight into the heart of the Sun, we can never hope to draw Diana's bow, however great may be our theoretical knowledge of symbolism. But having achieved it we will be able, like the Amazon Ranya-archers of old, both physically and metaphysically, to cleave one arrow in two with another, at a distance of five hundred paces, blindfold.³⁴

[†] Fragment 8.

[‡] A note to the original, not included in the later reprint, directs the reader to the story of Cordelia and Imogen (pp. 865 ff.).

THE WATER OF LIFE

Once upon a time, in the far-off days when the morning air was milk and the evening air was wine, and the dew of the world's dawning lay still upon all things, there lived a maiden with her two brothers who had not a penny nor a crust nor a stick between the three of them. But the maiden said to her brothers: 'We have ready hands and quick minds to work, and work we shall. For the day shall come when we will build in this place of our poverty a glorious palace to be the wonder of all the countryside.'

So they worked with a full will and a steady purpose from dawn to dusk and beyond. On days of feast they sang, and on days of fast they were silent, but they worked always. At last the palace stood completed, and from all around the country people came to marvel at it. The outer walls were of burnished gold and the inner walls of jewel-studded silver; the polished floors were bright chalcedony, and from above the clearest crystal let in the sunlight and the starlight, as though the palace lay open to the sky.

All who came were captivated by its beauty and splendour, and not one was there who failed to praise the craft of the maiden and her brothers. But one remained behind, a maid burdened with long years and deep wisdom, and it could be seen that her heart was not content and that her eyes saw a lack in the palace that had been so greatly admired. The maiden and her brothers were troubled, and persuaded her to say her mind, and she told them that the palace needed a Temple, where prayers and thanksgiving could be offered to the eternal Mother of Creation. At once they saw that the wise maid spoke truly,

and without a moment's pause they set to work again, that a Temple might be built that was worthy of the palace.

When they had done, all those who came to pray were wonder-struck at the Temple's magnificence, for its walls were of pure white faultless marble, and its pearly dome shifted colour with the changing of the moon, and a rainbow encircled its spire. The maiden and her brothers were well pleased with their work, and asked the maid who had remained before whether it was not now quite perfect. Bitter it was to them when she shook her head: 'Oh, fine and noble it is indeed, nor would I stint my praises of it. But it is not perfect, nor ever will be, until you bring here a pitcher of the Water of Life, a bough of the Tree of Beauty and the talking bird.'

When they heard this, the maiden and her brothers felt that the work of their hands and minds was as nothing without these strange gifts, and they begged the wise maid to tell them where the treasures could be found. But all she could tell them was that the path lay to the east, and that it was not without peril.

The elder of the brothers asked his sister's permission to be the first to try the quest, and gave to her and to his brother a new and shining knife, that they might know that while the blade was clean all was well with him, and when it was bloodied, he had encountered death or worse. Thus he set out with a song on his lips and joy in his heart, for he had high hopes of the quest that would bring their long toil to glorious completion. The sun rose in an arch over the noble youth and set behind him, and so he journeyed eastward for many nights and days, and the path lay before him clear and unencumbered. A mountain grew from a bump on the horizon until it towered

above him, and no sooner had he set foot on the path that led directly upward than a great lion appeared before him. Undaunted, for his spirits were high, he greeted the lion as a friend and offered it food; and at once it was no lion, but a giant of a maiden with tawny skin and hair, and golden eyes. She told him that she was the guardian of the pathway and asked the purpose of his journey. Having told her, he eagerly begged her help in his quest.

‘I guard the path,’ she answered. ‘The only help that I can give is advice. At the top of the mountain lie the treasures you seek; they are there for the taking and none shall prevent you. But beware of the stones on the pathway, for they will mock you. You must pay no heed to them, but continue to the summit, for it will go hard with you if you turn to regard them.’

The brother thanked her gratefully and began to climb the mountain. Indeed he was glad of her advice, for at once all the stones about the pathway lifted up their voices filled with scorn and contempt, and his ears rang with their scoffing and jeering. Much as he longed to confront and silence them, he went steadily upwards, looking only ahead. As he neared the summit, the clamour increased sevenfold until his head throbbed from the noise, and, on a sudden impulse, he picked up the nearest stone and turned to throw it down the mountain. But in the very act, his arm stiffened, and his legs also, the world grew suddenly large, and he lay, a stone on the pathway, with the others.

In the palace, many miles from the mountain, the maiden saw that the brother’s knife dripped with blood, and both she and the remaining brother wept for his death. Nor did they wish to remain in ignorance about the manner of his fate, nor

leave the quest unaccomplished, so the younger brother set out also on the eastern path. Like his brother, he left his knife behind him, but he went with tears and little hope.

When this youth met the lion on the pathway, it seemed to him he knew the reason of his brother's death and silently prepared himself to die also. Since the lion did not attack as he expected, but drew further off, he looked again to find the giant lion-maiden watching him through the golden calm of her eyes. Feeling chided for his surliness, he recovered himself and asked after his brother. 'Such a young man on such a quest passed here not long ago,' she answered, 'but he has not returned, and I fear the spell has taken him.' These words brought hope, for enchantment may be broken, for it is a binding, but death, which is a loosing, can never be broken. The guardian of the pathway knew no remedy for the spell, but told the younger brother of the treasures and the stones, and gave him the same advice that she had given before.

The brother went on up the mountain, heavy-hearted, and seemed hardly to hear the abusive, ridiculing clamour of the venomous stone-voices, so wrapped he was in misery. But almost at the summit, he thought he heard his brother's voice, and turned, and was a stone like the rest.

When the maiden at the palace took out the second knife and found it wet, she stood for a moment in silent sorrow. Then she went into the Temple to make offering, and remained long in thought and prayer. At the palace she prepared a basket for her arm and at length set out upon the eastward path. In her heart was neither hope nor fear, but a fixed determination and a clear purpose. The sun rose before her and set behind

her, but night and day were as one to her while the knife-blades glistened with crimson blood.

She came to the mountain path as her brothers before her, and the great lion appeared to her also. She curtsied, saying: 'Greetings, guardian of the way,' and with all respect offered the lion-maiden two honey-cakes from her basket. And she heard that her two brothers had passed by and not returned, but resolved to carry the quest through to its end, and find the Water of Life, the Tree of Beauty and the talking bird, for she knew not what enchantment had fallen on the brothers, nor how to break it. Up the mountain path she climbed, looking not to the right, nor to the left, although the stones cried out, for she minded the guardian's advice. When she was almost at the summit, she heard her brothers' voices amid the clamour, but did not hesitate until she stood at the very top of the mountain.

At her feet, in a hollow, lay the pool of the Water of Life, and, taking the brazen pitcher she had brought with her, she filled it to the brim. By the side of the pool stood the Tree of Beauty, and the talking bird perched among its branches. The maiden broke a blossoming bough from the Tree of Beauty, and the bird flew from its perch to the branch in her hand and remained there. 'Yet will the palace be perfect even now,' she wondered, 'while my brothers are not there?'

The bird then opened its beak and spoke to her, saying: 'What do you carry?' and stretched out its wing to spatter water from the pitcher upon the ground. At once the stones that had been touched by the Water of Life became maidens and young men, and the sister saw what she must do. She sprinkled water on all the speaking stones and dissolved the enchantment on



the mountain, and it was the greatest joy for her to find among the new-born her own two brothers.

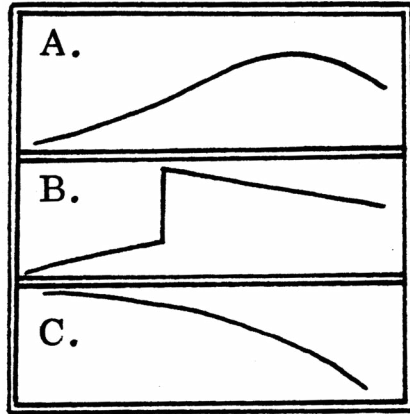
Among that great company, those who could returned to their own countries and their own homes. But many there were who had lain so long upon the mountain, spell-bound, that no longer was there anywhere upon the earth where they would be known and welcomed. These the maiden and her brothers invited to the splendid palace and with them they shared the happiness of its final perfection.³⁵

LANGUAGE & 'PROGRESS'
CLEARING ASIDE THE POPULAR FALLACY OF
'PROGRESS', WE DISCOVER THE BEAUTIFUL
TRUTH CONCEALED IN OUR LANGUAGE

One can scarcely open a book on the subject of any human activity without being immediately confronted by the dogma of 'progress'. The first clothes 'must have been' animal skins which 'primitive man' draped around 'him'self. The first drum 'must have been' made by 'primitive man' slapping 'his' fat belly (no joke—we actually read this one in a serious music book!). The first language 'must have been' half-animal squeaks and grunts. There has never been a scrap of evidence for any of this. It is all conjecture based on one simple dogma which has been dinned into every modern child by the age of ten—the dogma of 'progress'.

Now let us look a little more closely at this last example of language. The popular books, of course, happily rattle out the predictable party-line; but, as in many cases, the more serious studies are faced with a more serious problem. The simple fact is that throughout the whole of the known period, language has not progressed, but degenerated. The earliest known languages are by far the most complex, subtle and philosophical. The later ones, like Latin and Greek, are much simpler, but still complex compared to modern language, which is a crude instrument, better suited to describing physical events than subtle philosophical concepts (this, of course, is perfectly in accord with the crudity of modern philosophy and the disproportionate emphasis placed upon the physical sciences).

In order to explain this fact, modern linguists have postulated that language developed in a manner resembling Curve A in the diagram below—a slow, painful 'evolution' (of course), followed by a relatively slight decline over the last few thousand years. But this theory ran into another difficulty. Out of countless studies made of the languages of 'primitive' peoples—American Indians, Africans, Polynesians etc.—not one language was found to be in a 'primitive' state, and few were so 'primitive' as modern western speech. So linguists were forced to adopt Curve B—a slow evolution many thousands of years ago, followed by a sudden huge 'jump', and then a long period of decline. Now this is an absurdity even from the evolutionist point of view, but when one *will* cling to a dogma in the teeth of all evidence, one is frequently led into absurdity.



Actually, of course, there is no evidence for anything except the last part of the curve. The rest is pure conjecture, like the belly-slapping. If we stick to the actual known facts, we can only postulate Curve C. This is naturally unthinkable to the modern mind, but it fits in very well with the words of Scripture: 'What is your language of the earth, My children? What are the words of thy speech? Are they not fallen from the first, the mother language?

Are they not broken and impaired?*

 Inanna is telling us that language was created not by maid, but by God. She gave us the pure and perfect language spoken by the Janyati, and we have gradually allowed it to degenerate as we have turned away from Her.

Students of the Pallas Academy and regular readers of this magazine—especially the ‘Symbolism’ section†—will have seen how, time after time, the analysis of the etymology and origins of a word can be used to elucidate the metaphysical significance of the concept which it expresses. This is a whole science in itself—the science of hermeneutics; and it is possible only because language is not a mere set of conventional tokens, like road signs. It is a structure as perfectly ordered and organised as the human body—for it was ordered by the same Intelligence. Nothing in it is merely accidental or arbitrary; every word has a metaphysical reason for being what it is. That is why the analysis of words will always lead us back to the same metaphysical truths. Anyone who claims that this is mere coincidence is either very ingenuous or very disingenuous. Language developed not upward from squeaks and grunts, but downward from pure Truth. We have abused and misused it, chopped it into a thousand different tongues, twisted it to fit false philosophies and worldly sentiments; but still we have only to look clearly and closely at our language, and it will quickly lead us back to pure Truth.

* Teachings I:3–4.

† Donna Chrysothemis’ regular column on symbolism is reproduced in vol. 2, pp. 386 ff.; the reader may also wish to consult Sr Angelina’s guest contribution to that column on the symbolism of the cave (vol. 2, pp. 39 ff.). No extant copies of the Pallas Academy curriculum are known.

And whether we look at language, or at the art of music, or at the art of carpentry, we will always find the same. Every authentic human art and science has a profound inner meaning, for each one comes from God. There are only two possible views of how we came where we are today. Either we came 'up' from the primordial slime, or we came 'down' from God. That is why the modern mind clings so desperately to the dogma of 'progress' in the teeth of all evidence; for it is the last support of the far more important dogma that there is no God.³⁶

MARCH ON

We are printing a (rather modernised) song of the Holy March, which, with its rousing tune, is still popular in British matriarchal homes.

The March, described in *The Amazons in Sain Arien*,[‡] took place after the fall of the Western Empire and the submergence of its decadent matriarchal homeland in Abolrai (Plato's Atlantis). In the ensuing chaos, tribes of patriarchal barbarians began to take over the middle world until the Western Amazons came to restore order.

March On

March on, march on,
there can be no surrender;
march on, march on
and victory shall be ours,
for years of bold Raihira blood

[‡] Vol. 2, pp. 118 ff.

are lost in these few hours,
or our mothers' flag shall fly again,
march on.

March on, march on,
the road lies ever eastward;
march on, march on
into the rising sun;
for generations after us
shall praise that we have done,
and our mothers' flag shall fly again,
march on.

March on, march on,
the world is to deliver;
march on, march on
brave daughters of the West,
for they that fall in this great war
shall be in Heaven blest,
and our mothers' flag shall fly again,
march on.

March on, march on,
our rayin doth ride before us;
march on, march on,
our Princess rideth above.
O, let us live or other fall
held safe in Her sweet love,
that our mothers' flag may fly again,
march on.³⁷

A MAN'S PLACE

SOME COMMON QUESTIONS ANSWERED

☆ What is the position of men in Madrian society?

The highest position that any human being can reach is that of contemplative union with God. A stravan, or male contemplative will, therefore, have the highest position in his community. At this stage the distinction between maid and man is not important. Below this level we are necessarily still in the sphere of manifest existence, and we must observe the distinctions of manifestation. The only way to understand these is to understand the underlying Principles. Earthly things do not just exist by accident. They are the reflections of transcendent Realities upon the physical plane. This is true of all things. It is true of the human sexes. So we must follow the guiding rule of all traditional science: 'First understand the Principle—the transcendent Reality—then you will be able to understand the earthly reflection.' That is the only true science.

☆ Then what are the cosmic Realities which maid and man reflect?

They reflect two levels of Reality: the spiritual and the cosmic. On the spiritual level, maid is Spirit and man is soul; on the cosmic level, maid is Essence and man is substance. Thus, when a maid takes a man in marriage, it is a reflection of the soul uniting with God, or of transparent, unformed substance receiving form, or essence, and thus becoming some thing.

☆ But substance is matter—maia; and the word maia is connected with maid; and the soul is the lunar psyche—maid again. Are you saying that man is maid?

Yes. When we speak of ‘maid’ in general, we are including men, of course. But when we separate the two, then man is to maid as maid is to God. Maid is the sun and man is the moon—in fact, the word *man* is etymologically the same as *moon*—*man*, *mind*, *moon*, *matter*: they all come from the root *ma*, to measure. Man is the quantitative, material side of manifestation. That is why, when man steps outside his true sphere and becomes dominant, we soon have a purely material and quantitative civilisation. What is modern ‘science’ but measurement applied to every sphere of life—the rule of the ruler?

☆ Then what is man’s place?

His place is to obey. Substance must conform itself to the shape put upon it by Essence—thus does it become a perfect thing—a true creation. The soul must conform to the will of God. Through obedience man is fulfilled.

☆ But does this not degrade men?

Not at all. The glory of man is to obey. But do not forget that the glory of maid is the same—to obey. Man obeys his maid, maid obeys her mistress, all obey God. This is harmony. If maid is in disobedience, her authority is automatically gone, for ‘only the obedient may command’.* When we consider maid and man together, she is the sun and he is the moon; but when we consider the full picture, we must see God as the

* Cf. Teachings 8:17.

sun, maid as the moon and man as the earth. Maid reflects the light of God. The light of the sun is 'too bright for us to look upon'[†] but we may look upon the reflected light of the sun in the full moon. Thus maid reflects the light of God upon man, even as Inanna reflects Her light upon maidkind. Maid is priestess to man.

☆ So maid and man are not complementary. Man needs maid, but maid does not need man?

Not at all. They are perfectly complementary. The moon-axe has two blades: the relatively solar (waxing) crescent, and the relatively lunar (waning) decrescent. So it is with maidkind. As a whole she is lunar, but she has a relatively solar half (maid) and a relatively lunar half (man). Without either she is incomplete. Substance without Essence has no shape, no colour, no size—it is a 'nothing'. Essence without substance remains unmanifest. Only through the marriage of the two can creation become manifest. Each has its different part to play.

☆ What are those parts?

That is a large question. In one sense the patriarchal notion of maid as 'passive' and man as 'active' is correct, for 'Earth moves but Heaven is still'.[‡] Thus, in marriage, a man leaves his mother's household and comes into that of his wife. In physical union likewise, it is man who is invited to enter his mistress's domain. He is like the running stream that flows into the chalice, con-forming himself to her shape. Thus is

[†] Cf. Creation 3:7.

[‡] Teachings 3:1.

matter given form. Thus is creation effected. This is not simply a physical act: it is the ritual 'actualisation' of a cosmic Reality. That is why it should only be performed under correct ritual conditions and in perfect purity. When this is actualised, there is an ecstasy far beyond any physical sensation. That is what the modern world has lost. All their frenzied obsession with sex is due to this fundamental dissatisfaction. When one knows the secret, lives the secret, then one has found the true satisfaction of physical union. The modern sex-crazed world is like a foolish monkey trying to grab the reflection of a fruit-tree in a pool. They do not know the secret. Their grasping paws are always left empty.

Man, no less than maid, is the reflection of a cosmic Reality. Only by living in the light of this can he be fulfilled. The 'chivalrous' behaviour of some modern men is a survival of the correct ritual deference of man to maid, and modern maids who deprecate it as 'male chauvinism' are being ignorant as well as ungracious. On the other hand, the modern notion that only maids should adorn themselves is incorrect; men as well as maids may use ritual forms of adornment, though those for men are different from those for maids. Both physical grace and physical strength are beautiful in both maids and men in their different forms. There are particular songs, particular games, particular forms of dance which only men perform. There are some crafts which are traditionally male, and many forms of task are usually performed by men, just as others are performed by maids. Men have their own manners, their own customs, even their own forms of humour, all determined by the cosmic rôle of man. The men's group within a matriarchal community is to some extent a culture in itself.

☆ But what about people who don't fit in—say people attracted to members of their own sex?

It is possible for a person to be married to someone of her own sex. It is even possible for a magical ritual to change someone's sex if that is necessary. Actually, the marriage of two maids (known as *Idonic* marriage after the legendary chariot-warrior *Idonya*)* represents the other side of the lunar ambiguity. One maid entering the household of another, to become her helpmeet and 'house-bond' represents the female soul returning to God—the full moon (which, due to its relative solarity, is female) uniting with the sun. But these things are exceptions, and (for reasons which we will come to later) are much rarer in a traditional society. Yet everything fits into the harmony of society. There is no disruption.

☆ But isn't that a little restricting to maids and to men?

In a sense it is, though not greatly so. There are many traditional rôles and models for a person of either sex to follow, nor are there such artificial patriarchal constraints as strength being solely masculine or grace solely feminine. But the important point is this: in profane society men are more and more becoming displaced. They have no special rôle in society. Their only task is to be the 'breadwinner', going out and bringing money into the family; yet even that activity is rapidly being invaded by maids. The result of all this is that there is a great anxiety felt by many men. They are wondering what is their place in things—do they even have a place? All their old patriarchal attitudes are condemned as 'sexist'—but they have no new mod-

* See 'The Legend of *Idonya*', pp. 1510 ff.

els to follow. It is one of the paradoxes of patriarchy that, at its final extreme, it displaces men. Now, surprising as it may seem to some people, matriarchy works against all this. Matriarchy gives man his rightful place in the scheme of things. It declares that he is indispensable.

☆ But why do maids and men have to have these set places—can't we all just be individuals?

That is the ultimate patriarchal idea—the Conquest of Nature. Hammer out nature and remould it in a new 'rational' shape. The most intelligent and sensitive people of our age are reacting against this idea in most areas—factory farming, super-technology, machine-medicine. People are beginning to realise that these things are dangerous and soul-destroying; that natural ways are best after all. Yet these very same sensitive people are wanting to bulldoze the natural barriers between the sexes. Do you think it is an accident that maids and men are different? Did God not know what She was doing? No; these things are there for a reason. They are a part of the harmony of the universe. Maid has her place and man his. If we destroy that harmony we will create havoc, just as we create havoc whenever we upset the balance of nature.

☆ What havoc?

Well, there is more mental illness than there has ever been, the divorce rate is enormous, even so-called 'respectable' publications are full of filth and pornography. Everywhere people are looking for satisfaction and finding nothing but dust and

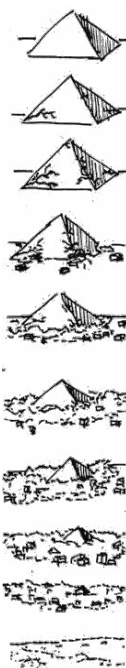
ashes. Depression is almost unknown in traditional societies. In the modern world it is an epidemic.

There is much more, and, of course, it cannot all be attributed to the confusion of the sexes. We have disrupted nature in a hundred different ways, now we reap havoc in a hundred different ways. It is to be expected. But they all link up together. For example, we said that there is less homosexuality in a traditional society. Why? For various reasons. You love someone of your own sex? So you should. Everyone does—or should. But the modern world gives no way of expressing this. A traditional maid will have a close love-relationship with her Ranya, or craft-mistress, with her spiritual adviser, with her brother-in-law, with a whole range of people. But the modern world is so body-obsessed, so narrow. It reduces all love to sex. It has also destroyed the extended family, smashed the crafts and replaced them with the soulless slavery of the factory, taken away the spiritual mother. So we have to find all these people in one marriage-partner. No wonder there is so much divorce!

In a normal society a person has her place, and she has it in many ways—not only through her sex, but through her family, her estate, her craft, her religious status, and many other things. She is secure, she is fulfilled, she has no self-doubt. She knows who she is, where she has come from and where she is going. For a man, his manhood is one part of this. He can say: 'I am the son of Colwyn. I am the husband of Mari and father of her child. I am a ploughman, I am a fluter, I am a man. I am strong, I am beautiful, I am proud.'³⁸

DISINTEGRATION

The picture on the right illustrates the ‘progress’ of the historical cycle. The Cycle affecting us most immediately constitutes roughly 50,000 years and is divided into four ages: the Ages of Gold, Silver, Bronze and Iron, whose respective durations are in the ratio 4:3:2:1. The longest and best is the Golden Age. As the Ages advance, the world and maid herself are subject to a progressive ‘consolidation’, or descent into matter (this is the reality behind the materialist’s ‘progress’ and ‘evolution’) and a disintegration of the spiritual and intellectual fabric of both. All ages before the Iron Age have been matriarchal, patriarchy being an expression of the material principle. The Iron Age is now approaching its final disintegration, after which, it must give place to a new matriarchal Golden Age.³⁹



SHEARWIND & THE URCHIN

A TRADITIONAL RHEN TALE (MODERNISED)

Shearwind was a fox, and the cunningest creature! She was a tricky one even as foxes go, and you know what a crafty clan they are. It was said in her day that in all the world there was not her like for guile, and I doubt not there's been none since. Nothing escaped her, of that you may be sure, and she had her fill of eggs and chickens, butter and honey, all stolen, mind, and that right craftily, too. Well, tricking the other creatures was her craft, you might say, and she was pleased enough with herself about that. But what most delighted her heart was not

her quick wits, but her quick heels. She believed she could out-run the wind, and main handy it was, too, when it was wolves and bears she was a-cozening of and not the smaller beasts of the forest.

The elder was still in flower when Shearwind met the prickly-back urchin. Not that the fox would have paid heed to her had she not butter all around her mouth, but the promise of pickings was not to be foregone. Nor was it long before she had heard the whole story of the butter and the hole in the farm pantry wall and had the urchin going to bring out the butter pots. 'For, cousin,' she had said, 'then you dine when you please and save your little legs.'

She was a slyboots though! No sooner had the pots been brought out than Shearwind cried in alarm: 'Run, cousin, for I hear the dairymaid returning from the milking!' Well, off scurried the urchin, so fast as she might well go, and Shearwind rocked with laughter, for as you may readily believe, the maid was truly nowhere about. Then the fox took the pots herself and buried them in a hollow in a nearby bank, and was on her way.



Now the urchin was not without some sharpness of her own, and not all of it on her back. She had hidden in a hedge and seen Shearwind stealing the pots of butter, and she was fair nettled by the trick and decided her

to have back at the fox. So she made no tattle of the pots when next she met Shearwind, but boasted of how fast she had run from the dairymaid and, at the last, challenged Shearwind to a race, with three pots of butter for the winner. Well, Shearwind thought that the urchin's wits must be addled, but still, she minded that six pots were better than three. So it was agreed that they should run a furlong, from one furrow to another.

Shearwind soon left the urchin behind her, so she thought, and sauntered around for a while, but when she reached the further furrow, the urchin jumped out with a 'Here I am!' just as the fox was scanning the fields for her. She was never so surprised! Well, of course, it was not the same urchin, was it? It was the first one's sister, but Shearwind did not know that, did she? So she would have it that she had not run because she had thought the urchin to be behind her, and would run again. She was not slow this time, but it made no difference. How could it, indeed? Here was the urchin back at the first furrow, crying 'Here I am!' so that Shearwind nearly wept for rage. Third time lucky she would say this time; and now did she run faster than ever in her life before, so that all the breath was out of her, and her red fur was damp and bedraggled, but there was the urchin's sister, fresh as a daisy. Well, she would be, wouldn't she? For she hadn't been running at all. So Shearwind had to admit defeat after all, and fetch the pots of butter. And she was never quite so proud of her running after that.

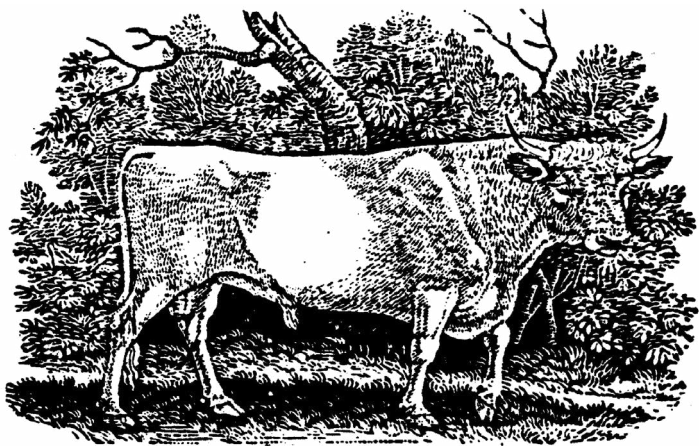
The urchin said: 'Well, cousin, that will teach you not to cozen me.' The fox and the urchin have never been friends since then, and it isn't surprising, is it?⁴⁰



THE BROWN BULL OF NORROWAY

Once upon a time, when the starflowers of heaven grew in sheets across the plains and apples whose flesh was sweeter than wine bowed down the trees to the very ground, three princesses lived in peace and harmony in a gentle valley where the sun ever shone, even through falling rain, blessing the earth with fruitfulness. They were sisters, and their names were Jewelbright, Silver and Golden. All of them were beautiful and true and generous but Golden, the youngest, was the warmest-hearted and best beloved of the three. Tall and radiant, straight of limb and sharp of eye, she was ever victrix in the village games, yet there was no pride in her, and her loving heart hindered all jealousy.

One day, one fair spring day, when the scent of the may hung still upon the air, a wild and fierce bull came down out of the North. He stamped and he bellowed until the earth shook and the villagers came running from every which-way, all wondering at the bull, for not such a one had been seen within long



memory. There were some that admired him and many that feared him, but not one that was not mazed and dismayed when it appeared that he was seeking a princess for a bride and would wander the fields in his fierceness until he were taken in. Nor could he be driven away by force, being hedged about with enchantments and menacing all who came near with his mighty horns besides.

The whole village thought the bull's demand out of all reason; but that was at first, and at last his roarings and rampagings wearied them all. By day they could not work in the fields, for he gave them no peace, and by night all must stay within for fear of the bull without. Thus the elder maids of the village besought the princesses to take in the beast for the sake of them all.

Jewelbright looked at his massive bulk and laughed. 'No I will not,' she said. 'What a piece of nonsense, a maid to marry a great ugly bull. Do not ask me.'

Silver looked at his terrible horns and shrank back in dread. 'No I will not,' she said, 'for he is a fearful beast and I could not endure to marry him. Do not ask me.'

Golden looked into his eyes, and he seemed to her neither ugly nor frightening. She placed her hands upon his horns, gazing into his wild, sad face. 'Why do you seek a bride here, Bull of the North?' she asked.

'Gentle maiden,' he answered, 'I am the Brown Bull of Norroway, doomed to wander the country by day, and by night having no place to lay my head. I am lonely and weary and long for a home.'

'If you find no bride here, Brown Bull of Norroway, where will you go?'

‘I will go nowhere, gentle maiden, for I have nowhere to go.’

His unhappiness moved Golden to tenderness and, putting her arms around his mighty neck, she said, ‘Be of good heart, my bull, for I will marry you and bring you into my home.’

The bull knelt that the princess might mount him, and, sitting upon his back, she guided him to her house. There they were married with the sacred bond of union and he entered the circle of her household. The villagers brought garlands of flowers in thankfulness and in tribute to Golden’s courage and her kindness, but her sisters said to her as they departed: ‘You cannot but regret this, sister, and we shall weep for you.’

The bull, who had been as gentle as a newborn calf since first Golden embraced him, looked upon her sadly and asked, ‘Do you feel regret, my mistress?’

Golden smiled, and, answering ‘I regret nothing I have done, husband’, bent to kiss him. Even as she did so, the bull’s skin fell to the floor and a handsome noble young man stood where the bull had been before. The princess’s delight was equalled only by her puzzlement, and she said, ‘But where is the bull?’

‘I am the bull,’ answered the stranger, ‘and you have released me from my enchantment.’ As Golden looked down at the bull-skin, it all at once seemed hateful to her and she made as if to burn it, but her husband pleaded, ‘Do not harm it, for still I am destined to wear it each day to roam the fields and wild places, and can only by a man when I am here with you at night-time. Destroy it and you destroy me.’ And she heeded his words.

For many months Golden lived in undiminished joyfulness, for although the bull went out at dawn and returned weary from his wanderings at dusk, the man that he became seemed to her all that a maid could desire in a husband. As the days



passed, their love for one another grew and bound them ever closer together.

Golden's heart was touched, therefore, when one day she found her husband weeping in secret and he told her how much it hurt him every day to leave her and spend so many hours as a wild and dangerous beast. So moved was she by his distress that she gazed in anger at the bullskin and cried: 'Vile thing! I would that you were burnt to ashes!' At once a lightning bolt tore down from the sky, breaking through the roof, and a cry of pain came from her husband. When the light of the flash had ceased to blind her eyes she saw that the skin was charred to cinders and her husband was gone.

Refusing to believe that her husband was lost to her for always, the princess took her travelling cloak and staff and went out in pursuit of him, to follow wherever he had gone. As she left the valley, the mountain wind blew around her and she said to the wind: 'Where is my husband, the Brown Bull of Norroway?'

The wind answered her: 'You must seek him across the sea of ice,' and would say no more, but when the princess asked, 'Can you help me?' she gave her a pair of enchanted shoes which would carry her a league for every step and a plum which she was to break open only when all seemed lost.

So she went on until the night fell and the moon shone about her. She asked the moon: 'Where is my husband, the Brown Bull of Norroway?'

The moon answered softly: 'You must seek him at the top of the glass mountain beyond the sea of ice,' and would say no more, but when the princess asked 'Can you help me?' she gave her a pair of shoes which would carry her seven leagues for

every step and a pear which she was to open only when hope was at its dimmest.

So she went on until day dawned and the sun shone upon her. She asked the sun: 'Where is my husband, the Brown Bull of Norroway?' The sun showed her by her light the sea of ice and the mountain of glass, and they were far distant and yet within reach. And when she asked: 'Can you help me?' the sun gave her a pair of enchanted shoes which would enable her to cross the sea of ice and climb the glass mountain, and an apple which she was to break open only when her trouble was beyond all help.

A long and wearying journey she had of it and before she had well reached the summit of the glass mountain she was tired and faint and bedraggled, but she restrained her hand from breaking the fruits for fear of worse difficulties to come. Footsore she was from the travelling and heartsore from the loneliness, and it was often enough that she thought of the village behind her, but not so often as she thought of the Brown Bull of Norroway. At long and at last she found herself at the edge of a great city at the very top of the mountain, wherein all seemed busy beyond all telling and occupied with who knew what. No one of them was there that took the smallest notice of the ragged princess, save only one maid who was sorry for her and took her into her house. 'Shame it is that your clothes be so ruined, child,' she said, 'for tomorrow is a festival. Our queen is marrying a young stranger and there will be great rejoicing.' Even as she spoke there was the sound of trumpets in the street, for the royal procession was passing by. And, seeing the flower-crowned prince-to-be in a royal chariot, Golden recognised her very own husband. As he passed, his eyes rested

for a moment upon her and a puzzled expression crossed his face; yet it was clear that he did not know who she was. The princess was filled with a great sadness at his forgetting her, and was near to regretting her long and wearisome journey, but remembrance of the three enchanted gifts filled her with hope.

She broke open the plum given her by the wind, and within was a wonderful robe woven of gentle summer breezes and trimmed with soft birds' feathers. She put on the robe and went to the palace. The queen of the city saw her in the courtyard and was filled with a yearning desire for the robe, wishing to have it for her bridal gown. but the only price which Golden would accept in return for it was a promise that she should that very night be allowed to stay alone with the queen's future husband in his chamber. The queen, since she must have the robe, must agree, but she gave the young man a sleeping draught so that he would not waken.

Golden, all unsuspecting, entered the chamber of her sleeping husband in hope and eagerness. She sat down beside him and tried to wake him, singing:

*Brown Bull of Norroway,
long have I sought for thee;
Brown Bull of Norroway,
wake and return to me.*

But on he slept, and all attempts to rouse him were in vain and when at dawn she was compelled to leave, her heart had been cold with despair had she not the two fruits to give her hope.

She broke open the pear which the moon had given her and within was a robe more beautiful than the first, woven of silver moonbeams and trimmed with mother-of-pearl. All

happened as before, and the queen delayed her wedding to the morrow in desire for the robe and gave the princess's husband a sleeping draught in his drink. So Golden once more was cast down with sorrow.

It seemed that the third night she would fare no better than the first and second, yet Golden broke open the apple given her by the sun, and within was the most beautiful of all the robes, woven of radiant sunbeams and trimmed with glittering gold. All went forward as before, but this time the queen's wicked treachery was thwarted. For the husband's manservant had overheard the princess's singing and told his master of the strange and beautiful maiden. In curiosity to see her, he poured away the drugged drink and pretended to sleep as before. When Golden sang again:

*Brown Bull of Norroway,
long have I sought for thee;
Brown Bull of Norroway,
wake and return to me.*

It was as though a veil was lifted from his eyes and his mind, and he knew her. As they embraced, with a delight and a love they had never felt before, the husband said: 'My wife and my mistress, I do not know how I could have thought to marry another. But I fear the queen of this place, for she is clever and jealous and most mighty, and she will by no means allow me to leave.'

'Have no fear,' Golden answered, 'for I am with you.'

Even as they left the chamber hand-in-hand, the queen appeared, and her anger seemed fit to shake the city to its roots. She would keep them as slaves, she said, and there was nothing

she would not do to them if she were to be believed. But Golden was unafraid and stood firm, her husband beside her, and when she looked the raging queen directly in the eyes, there was nothing to be seen but a bundle of sticks. Golden picked up the bundle which had been the queen and threw it into the fire, where it turned at once to a pillar of bright flame, and was gone; and as it vanished, so vanished the whole of that bustling city atop the glass mountain.

So it was that the princess returned with her husband to the valley of her birth, and the lonely wanderings of the Brown Bull of Norrøway were ended forever. For more years than I know how to count they lived in peace and happiness in the valley, and if they are not gone, why, they must be there still.

Commentary: The Huntress & the Bride

The sacred hunt, discussed elsewhere in this issue* forms the central theme of many traditional tales. Sometimes it is depicted as an actual hunt, more often it takes other forms.

One of the second type is 'The Brown Bull of Norrøway'. The interplay between the two 'mirrored' hunts of the Spirit for the soul and of the soul for the Spirit is indicated from the beginning. It is the soul (the bull) who comes to seek the Spirit (the maid), and yet he is confused by the distractions of the contingent plane (her sisters). It is only she, however, who can see through the accidents of his outward appearance into the beauty of his inner being. In other versions the bull shows greater discrimination, rejecting the other sisters in favour of Golden. Since his animal nature is the result of his fallen con-

* A note to the original directs the reader to 'The Huntress' (pp. 929 ff.).

dition—his separateness from Spirit—his reunion with Her is the cause of his partial return to the human state (which is the goal of the Lesser Mysteries). But this reunion is by no means the final consummation, but only the glimpse of the Truth afforded by a preliminary initiation. Therefore the return to the human state remains strictly limited.

The hunt, like the deadly arrows used in it, has an ambiguous significance, being at once benevolent and destructive. When the human hunter is divorced from obedience to the transcendent Principle or Her representatives (when the male principle operates apart from the female), the potential for tyranny and for aggression which lies dormant in the male under normal circumstances becomes actualised. The bull's initial terrorisation of the village represents this 'patriarchal' aberration (but although it may be manifested in terms of political patriarchy—since the microcosm of the soul and the macrocosm of the world reflect each other at every level—it must not be forgotten that it is primarily a spiritual deviation which constitutes a danger upon the inner path of every soul). However, the image of the maid riding the bull indicates the correction of this imbalance and the restoration of legitimate hierarchical relationships; for this image is a pictorial equivalent of the symbol of Sai Sushuri, or the planet Venus (♀), in which the circle (the female, spiritual principle) surmounts and governs the cross (the male, material principle). Such icons as that later called *Europa* by the patriarchal Greeks, as well as such phenomena as the sport of bull-leaping in matriarchal Crete, can only be fully understood in the light of this symbolism. The symbol of the bull itself contains opposing potentialities (graphically represented by the two horns), since, while it is eminently a

masculine symbol, the zodiacal sign of the bull is governed by Venus, which symbolises not only the feminine principle but the matriarchal order. In this respect, the bull is similar to the snake or dragon, which also has a dual good/evil nature, as represented by the two opposing snakes of the caduceus of Sai Mati. The snake/dragon, of course, also figures as a skin-shedding man-beast husband in such stories as 'The Bride and the Lindorm' as well as in the Wedding Rite itself and in the traditional wedding dance-drama of the dragon and the Sun-Maiden.

We have spoken of Golden so far as though she were the Spirit pure and simple, which, on one level, and especially from the male viewpoint, she is. But the above reference to the Wedding Rite leads to the consideration of Golden, like every earthly bride, as the mere representative and vicar of God within a certain sphere. Objectively, by virtue of her function, she is the Spirit; but subjectively she remains imperfect, having her own spiritual development to attend to—and indeed, her very function as representative of the perfection of the Spirit represents a part of her spiritual path to that perfection. From another point of view, she may be seen as an earthly descent (yethering) of the supernal Huntress, stripped of Her transcendent power and glory, and 'objectively' human while subjectively remaining one with the Spirit even while pursuing Her.

Both these perspectives are contained in her use of the lightning-bolt, which, as we have seen elsewhere[†] is one with the arrow of Dyana. She does not discharge it herself, but calls

* A note to the original directs the reader to 'Tales from Eternity' (vol. 2, pp. 485 ff.).

† The original again directs the reader to 'The Huntress' (pp. 929 ff.).

it down from the heavens. It is hers by right, either in virtue of her sacred function as wife or spiritual mistress, or because she is the Princess in earthly 'exile', depending upon the point of view adopted (it should be noted that this certainly does not necessarily apply to any external event, but, at its profoundest level, is an inner drama concerning the self-conquest of the soul).

The bolt, like the love-arrow, destroys the false self, the earthbound ego (the bull-skin), in order that the true Self may shine through, thus returning the soul to the truly human state. This, however, can only take place if the soul fully understands the benevolent nature of the death-blow and willingly submits to it. Such does not happen in the case of the bull-man, who flees from his mistress.

The hunt is now fully reversed from the hunt of the soul for the Spirit to that of the Spirit for the soul; yet, since the Spirit acts in this version through Her representative/yerthing, the latter must be given help from the Spirit Herself. In some versions she simply appears as an old maiden; in this case, the wind, moon and sun, taking their normal symbolic values as different aspects of the Spirit, of which the sun is the highest, represent an ascent through three stages of initiation. The shoes bestowed upon Golden are a variant of the seven-league-boots motif, the speed which they confer, of course, signifying spiritual skill.

Since we are confining our attention to those aspects of the story directly or indirectly related to the theme of the hunt, we must leave aside the significance of the glass mountain and of the three treasures, as, indeed, we have ignored very much else that is of importance to the story. Let us, therefore, turn

directly to the end of the hunt and note that it consists not in the striking of a further blow, but in the re-minding of the quarry. He has plunged himself back into the illusory world of matter, and, indeed, is about to undergo a marriage to Maia, the governing principle of this world. She is represented as a witch, a queen, or both, for she is at once the supreme enchantress or illusionist and 'the princess of this world'. The re-minding corresponds to the fact that the Truth is known to every soul, but that all have wilfully fled from it. Enlightenment is not a learning but an 'unforgetting'. *Alethea*, truth, means literally 'non-forgetfulness'. The task of the divine shaft or bolt is precisely the destruction of ignorance.* This, indeed, is the most essential meaning of the yerthing of Dyana—the Huntress hunting



* A note to the original reads: 'The fate of the Witch-Queen is precisely this destruction, for the Latin-English word 'matter', like its Greek equivalent *byle*, means literally 'wood'. Thus she reverts to her true form as simple matter. Since traditional philosophy teaches that fire lies latent in wood as a potential, and since fire is a form of the Spirit, the burning of the faggot depicts the dissolution of the illusion of matter into its true Nature, which is not other than the Spirit Herself.'

Herself; for no soul is in truth other than the Spirit, and the quest of the soul is ultimately no more (and no less) than unforgetting; the destruction of ignorance and the illusion of matter, that she may become what She already is.⁴¹

THE HUNTRESS

In the everyday language of the British matriarchal communities, Our Lady Artemis is known by a variety of different names, depending upon which region is in question, ranging from Jayas to Dyana or Diana (the latter, although following the modern English spelling, is always pronounced Dee-anna, or Janna); yet however different they may appear, they are all forms of a single word—the most fundamental word in the western language-group. It is a form of what, in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, all Celtic and most modern European languages is the primary designation of God. The word ‘Goddess’ is also unknown in Rhennish, for God is known always as Dea, Diu or Diw. As the essence of light and supporter of existence, She has given us the words for ‘day’ in the western family of languages (*Tag, jour, dies, diugh, day*, etc.).

In later patriarchal versions, the ‘modified’ form of the Name (the form which designates a god, rather than God) has always been associated with lightning (Jupiter, Dyaus-pitri, Zeus etc.); while, in the original matriarchal form, Dyana has always carried a bow and discharged arrows which are closely related to lightning-bolts. Lightning, which streaks from Heaven to earth, is the ‘messenger of God’, yet it is eminently an

* The original directs the reader a third time to ‘The Huntress’ (pp. 929 ff.).

instrument of destruction; for the divine (*Diw-ine*) message is that the ‘self’—the illusion that ‘I’ exist in distinction from God—must be annihilated.

Dyana the Huntress is the Spirit tirelessly pursuing the soul. Her arrows are shafts of love which will slay her in order to make her one with Her. The divine Archer and Huntress has a mirror-image in the perfect human archer and huntress[†]; the archer of the ‘single eye’ and of unerring ‘straightness’—the soul who makes direct flight into the Heart of the Spirit. Every earthly hunt[‡] (in a traditional civilization) is a conscious expression of the hunt of soul for Spirit. Yet, since our very existence is dependent upon Dea, this hunt can only ever be a reflection of the Divine Hunt. Expressed exoterically we say ‘I can seek God only because She has given me the grace to seek Her’. Expressed esoterically, we may say that since God is the one true Self, She, in every hunt, is in truth seeking Herself; for the huntress and the quarry are one. This is made clear in the stories of the human manifestations (yerthings) of Dyana, in which She becomes the perfect human archer in order to seek Herself as well as to lead other human creatures upon her

† A note to the original reads: ‘The term “bull’s eye” for an archery target reflects this duality. The significance of “hitting the bull” with the arrow/bolt is made clear in the commentary [on “The Brown Bull of Norrøway”, (pp. 916 ff.)]. The single eye is the mark of the archer, and also of the solar nature of Primordial Maid. The bull aimed at is thus also a hunter/archer as well as a reminiscence of the fact that the true Target is the sun (see “The Symbolism of Archery” [pp. 889 ff.]).’

‡ A note to the original reads: ‘The word “hunt” is related to both “hint” and “hut”. “Hint” is an idea related to “clue”: a “thread” leading back to the Source Herself (the chapters of the scriptural Teachings of the Daughter are called “clews”). The significance of “hitting” is related to the symbolism of archery.’



path. Ultimately the two activities are one and the same, for all creation is but the 'play' of God, Who has 'laughed all the world into being'.^{*}

This perspective is a little difficult for us fully to grasp—nor is there any real need that we should do so. All that we need fully realize is that the divine 'game' is a game of love; that our Lady wants only to find us, to save us and to take us to Her Heart. As an old prayer says: 'Of mine own self I can accomplish nothing, only so far as Thou art acting through me'.[†] She must hunt for us in order that we may hunt for Her; yet we must hunt for Her in order that She may find us.⁴²

FIRESIDE TALES

Nativity is a time for the telling of tales. Here are a few of the shorter stories told around Rhennish firesides at this season.



A long time ago, when Alanthe the Brave was queen over the land, there came a sea monster to the coast of the fair country. it made the seas unsafe for the fishing-boats, and that was bad; but at night it came up out of the sea and ravaged the crops and the herds of beasts, and that was worse. The bravest and most skillful hunters went out against it, but to no availing. When things came to such a pass that the monster would steal the childer from the streets and the babes from the cradles, then went out the call to Alanthe and the Kindred, that they should answer the people's need.

^{*} The Silver Star prayer (vol. I, p. 108).

[†] 'A Canticle of Dea' (vol. I, p. 241).

But the hardest of Alanthe's warriors were driven back, and those not whetstone sharp of skill were mauled and cruelly wounded, and Alanthe knew not the best way that she should follow. She walked upon the cliffs, watching the beating of the wild waves, and wondered herself what to do. Just as the sun was beginning to set, she spied a stravë on the sands, gathering shells and seaweed, and bethought her that this holy maid knew not her danger. So, unmindful of herself, she climbed down to speak to her. As she recounted the tale of the monster, she urged the maid to depart. The other's face grew grave and sad. At last she said to Alanthe: 'Run on, my good child, this is not work for thee,' and heeding not the queen's pleading, she waded into the water until it reached her waist. She uttered a strange and haunting cry, and the monster came swimming up, with glad yelps, like a pup that sees her dam. The stravë took off her girdle and tied it around the creature's neck, and so great was the neck that the girdle could scarce encompass it. So it was that the holy maid led the monster to shore, as a child might lead a lamb upon a ribbon.

When the stravë led the creature to the village, all the people came running to see the strange and welcome sight. The stravë told them that they were not to kill or harm the monster from the sea, and that henceforth it would hurt and destroy no more, but would live in peace far from the sight of maid. The monster bowed its great head and went, and was never seen or heard of again. Such is the great strength that comes from deep contemplation: more mighty than horses and warriors. The stravë stayed not for thanks, but must be on her way. But the villagers held such a feast that night, the dishes so many

and the wine so freely flowing, that the Kindred themselves were talking of it nine years after.



There was once a mistress. Not a bad maid in her way, but there's no denying she was somewhat hard on her paccia. She sent her paxit maid one day to fetch cyder from the cellar, and, having none other to hand, gave her the best pitcher. 'Have a care with it, watch'ee,' she warned, 'or it will be worse for thee.'

At the second step, the maid slipped upon a wetness and tumbled down. She twisted this way and turned that way and put out not a hand to save herself, all to keep the pitcher whole. She came to the bottom breathless and bruised, battered and bleeding. The mistress came to the cellar door and shouted, 'Have you a-broken my pitcher?'

The maid struggled to her feet. 'No, I haven't,' she replied, 'but I will now.' And she did.



There's a stone out yonder in the farthest field called the Fairy Stone. Nobody knows how it came by the name, but it's certain enough that there have been strange doings there time and again. Not for a bushel of gold would any of us frame to touch it, but there was a man here once who said that it came athwart the ploughing. He wouldn't stand for that, so he tied a rope around the stone and had the horses try to pull it up. But budge it would not, for all their pulling and tugging; and it was just at that time that the inner well dried up. So no one's bothered the stone since then, taking the warning.

'Twas that man's grandson that was going to the ploughing one day when he heard a wee voice wailing: 'O, my axe is abroken, my axe is abroken.' So he looked about, and there on the Fairy Stone was a wee image of a creature, but before he could fairly see it, didn't it vanish from sight? But left on the stone was a tiny axe, and the head had fallen from the haft. As he was a kind-hearted boy, and always carried string in his pockets, he mended the axe and left it there for the creature to find.

He never did see the creature again, but the next morning the axe had gone, and waiting on the stone for him to pass by was the tiniest crusty pie, piping hot from the oven, and it was the tastiest he had ever eaten. 'Tis true, you see, that they forget not a service, nor a disservice neither.



Two Blentish maids were out walking one day. They were on a 'country trip', and being from the town and from the factories, they hadn't much notion of walking, but just wandered about so as lost sheep do when no dogs are abroad, not meaning to go anywhere in special. So they happened to meet with a Rhennish maid who was going somewhere in special, and taking a pumpkin with her, too. These Blentish maids had never seen a pumpkin before, and they were wanting to know what it was.

This Rhennismaid had a bit of a droll way with her, and she told them: "Tis a mare's egg, mistresses, and a fine one too.' Weren't they impressed! It was a new thing to them, you see, and they did run on about how fine it did appear. 'Aye, the colt from here will be leaving the other standing, you may be sure, for the mother is a fine blood-mare.' Well, after that, the Blentish maids were keen to buy it, but she let on she wasn't so keen

to sell, and it was a tidy price they finally settled upon; more than enough for a whole field of pumpkins, I'd say.

These Blentish maids were crossing a bushy common, exclaiming over their bargain, when one tripped and dropped the pumpkin, which rolled away along and under a bush. Well, there was a hare under the bush, and she didn't like so much being belaboured by a pumpkin, so she upped and dashed across the common as if the Old'un's hounds were after her. But what was after her were the two Blentish maids, shouting, 'Stop our colt! It's getting away!'

Later that same day they came up against that Rhennish maid again, and she was preparing to put a brave face on it, but they looked sheepish enough, and they axed her: 'Oh, could you get us another mare's egg, please ma'am? And not such a ripe one this time, if you would.'



It is well and truly said that trouble taken to avoid werdë is trouble wasted, for there's no changing a body's destiny, however little it may suit you. Now there was once a poor crofting couple that had but one child, a baby boy, and as they were not in their first youth, they were fretted over his future and what would become of him. So they took him to a wise maid to spy into his destiny, and she said that he would grow up tall and handsome and gentle and good, and would marry the Rayin's daughter beside. Weren't they pleased about that, and did they not tell everyone they met all about it!

By and by it came to the Rayin's ears, and she was not best pleased to her that her daughter would marry this poor magdalan boy. So she went to visit the old couple, and they were

beside themselves with delight when she told them that she would take the child for a page-boy that he might be trained in court manners. But no sooner had she brought him to the palace than she chained him in a stout wooden chest and cast him into the dark waters of the river that flowed by the palace walls. And she thought that was the end of that.

But the chest did not sink. It floated down the river until it was caught in the millstream. So it was that the maid of the mill found the boy and brought him up as her own child. He grew fine and big, and was willing and handy in the mill, so it seemed that his future was set. But one day the mill took fire and the maid and her man were killed, but the boy was rescued by some passing vagabond* tumblers who took him along with them.

They went hither and thither, from place to place, showing their tricks for pennies and shillings in every village and every town. Being, as he was, graceful and strong and daring, the boy learned quickly and did revel in the life for more than a few years.

After a while, though, he was for having a settled home and began to dread the moving on. So once he had come to his sixteenth year, the travelling folk left him behind in the capital city after the annual fair, that he might find some occupation more suited to his nature. For a time he wandered abroad until his clothes became ragged, but his comely face won him many a penny and many a meal.

* A note to the original reads: 'Vagabond: literally "bound to the wind-Spirit (Sai Vaya)". Travellers express the Spirit that "bloweth in and bloweth out unbounded", while house dwelling is based on the dictum "Earth moves, but Heaven is still." (Teachings 3:1)'



While he was begging prettily of a goodwife that she might spare him a night's shelter, he was overheard by an able jewelsmith who thought: 'This is the boy for me. I can teach him the craft and send him to sell jewels, for he is hard to refuse.' So it was that she took him into her household, fed him and dressed him, and taught him until he grew near as skilled as she.

One day she sent him to the palace with a packet of jewels, for it was the birthday of the princess. Had she but known it, she was sending the princess a finer gift than any piece of jewelry, for the maiden instantly lost her heart to the charming boy.

So they were married that very month. As for the Rayin—well, it cannot be said that she was overly delighted, but then, she did bring it on herself, did she not?



A certain ranya was one day teaching her pupils as they sat at her feet in a clearing in the woods. And all the sum and substance of her teaching was this: that the world of change and becoming is but an illusion and that the perfect maid must see not the outward and apparent show of things but the eternal and unchanging Truth that lies behind them. As she was thus teaching, a bear came into the clearing, and, being possessed of an impie, she made straight to attack the holy ranya. With great swiftness the ranya did spring to her feet and fled lightly across the clearing, skipping and turning to avoid the bear's mighty swipes. Laughing, the pupils cried out: 'But Mestré,* is not the bear illusion?'

'Foolish pupils,' the ranya replied, 'have you learned nothing? Most certainly the bear is illusion, but my fleeing is illusion also.'



It was a hard winter. The ground was frozen and covered with snow, and there was a hungry hare seeking for food. She went here, there and everywhere, and at last she came to a hole in the ground. She followed the hole down and down to the very centre of the world, where there was food aplenty, sweet and juicy. The hare ate and ate. But then along came a great black dog with two heads and eyes of flame who chased the hare

around and around until they came to the gates of that place. The gates were two great rocks which constantly clashed and clashed together. Well, the hare darted through, and not a whisker too quickly, for the dog right behind her was caught between the rocks, and so was the hare's tail, too. So that was the end of her tail, and this is the end of mine.⁴³

SCEPTICISM & GULLIBILITY

We live in an age which likes to consider itself skeptical. 'Dogma' and 'orthodoxy' are two of the dirtiest words in the modern vocabulary. The modernist likes to think that she accepts nothing on authority, and yet we have only to look around us to see that this is the most gullible age in history. Of course, there are the hollow-earthers, the Moonies, the God-was-an-astronautists and every other type of crank in greater profusion than ever before. But far more important is the fact that the mental baggage of the ordinary modern person is nothing but a jumble of unproven and unprovable notions—democracy, evolution, equality, progress etc. Ask any modernist why equality is better than inequality, and she will have no rational answer. She just 'believes in equality'. It is a question of gullibility.

Of course some modernists do have rational grounds for their views. Any modern philosopher can explain why her beliefs are the only logical possibility. The trouble is that all the other modern philosophers disagree with her. It is clear, then, that this is not a question of logical demonstration. If a case were clearly and logically demonstrated, then no intelligent person could possibly disagree with it. What actually happens is

that each philosopher is personally attracted to a particular position, and then seeks rational grounds to justify her preference.

It is the same in every area of modern life, whether we are considering political, religious, artistic or social beliefs. There is never any clear logical demonstration that one is true and the others false. If there were, there would be agreement. Instead, each person picks her own particular set of ‘opinions’ from the supermarket shelves of modernism (for even the most bizarre modern notions are simply unusual combinations of the range of modernist ingredients), attracted by their particular smells and colours—and actually believes them! A crank is someone who holds irrational beliefs. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that modern civilisation as a whole is a crank civilisation.

How does it come about, then, the sceptical society, the society that takes nothing on trust, is also the crank civilisation, the most gullible society in history? The answer is simple. Scepticism and gullibility are two sides of the same coin. The traditional maid, confronted with a new idea, will always test it against the primordial Doctrine. Any intelligent traditional maid, for example, will see immediately that evolutionism and equalitarianism are incompatible with metaphysical principles. The Truth is a sword: the Sword of Discrimination which separates truth from error with razor-keenness.

The Truth is not subject to opinion. It is the pure Actuality which underlies all being; which every contemplative Ranya has seen who has reached the stage of pure Enlightenment. That is why every traditional civilisation, matriarchal or patriarchal (allowing for differences of spiritual ‘language’), proclaims one and the same Truth. The pupil accepts the Truth on authority from her Ranya exactly as one would accept accounts of a for-

eign land from a traveller who has been there. It is the rational course.

The modernist has no Sword of Discrimination; no means of severing truth from falsehood. Her so-called 'scepticism' has done nothing except cut her off from First Principles; from the root of Truth; cutting her adrift to float in the miasma of 'opinion' wholly at the mercy of her emotional and mental tendencies and preferences. She has no choice but to be gullible. She believes herself to have 'her own opinions', but she does not have her own opinions, she has modern opinions. Her whole education and conditioning prevent her from having anything else. Her only freedom is to choose her own particular assortment of mental goods from the modernist supermarket.

In a traditional society, there is no need for 'opinion', for nothing is taken on trust; nothing is left to the vagaries of mere personal preference. Everything is tested rigorously against the unswerving Sword of Truth (discrimination). This is the true and ultimate scepticism. The scepticism which destroys gullibility.⁴⁴

THE RHENNISLEAGUE SONG

The Rhennisleague Song is one of the oldest Rhennish anthems, sometimes called 'the Western *Cottavai*', after the old Amazon *Canta Cottavai*. It concerns Rhiannon, the legendary founder of the Rhennish Empire, often depicted as half-maid and half-mare; although her name is that of the nation, so the pledge of allegiance is to the Rhennya itself. The legend states that when the Western Amazons were finally defeated, their rayin (princess), Caran, broke her sword, making a gaish (spell)

that it should nonetheless be wielded by the new ruler of the western world. It was brought to Rhennesland (a loose confederation of British principalities) where all the local princesses tried to re-forged it. Only Rhiannon succeeded, becoming rayin of all Rhennesland. She led a crusade to avenge Caran, cast out the infidel and establish the Rhennish Empire in Europe.

Line 1. *rayant*: raying, radiant—a symbol of the Centre, with the ‘troubled watres’ (turbulent waters) as the outer extremity.

4. Sunrays seen as horses, a traditional Rhennish concept.

10. *torrent*: rent, broken. *Chenti*: Rhennish name for the Western Amazons.

14. *weld*: wield, but punning on the other meaning.

20. i.e. the Empire (Raihir) was born out of Rhiannon’s forge-fire.

26: i.e. to send them back to Hell.

30. *worshipt*: honoured (no religious connotation).

31. *marmaiden*: mare-maid.

35. *prick*: ride hard.

The Rhennisleague Song

From the mountain’s rayant pinnacle
to the troubled waters of the sea,
O Rhian, thy rule doth run
as coursers of the sun:
we pledge allegiance unto thee.

We do pledge allegiance unto thee,
we do pledge allegiance unto thee,
we do pledge allegiance, O Rhiannë,
we do pledge allegiance unto thee.

When torent was noble Chenti's shield
and Caran was slaghan on the feld,
she did cast her swerd adown,
destrait upon the ground
and fast another bound to weld.

'Twas to Rhennya came the broken blad,
'twas Rhian the noble swerd remad.
In her flaming furnace fire
was wrought the great Raihir,
the world's distress to cure and glad.

Then rode forth the Rhennya's godly rayin
unto Chenti's final battle-plain,
there to meet the infidel
and all his host of Hell,
and there to send them well again.

All the rayins of North and South and Est
from the greatest lands unto the lest,
rend'red honour, faith and love
and worshipt none above
the bold marmaiden of the West.

And again the fora's flag shall fly
all within that distant boundary.
all arrayed most royallic,

our rayin shall boldly prick
unto the final victory.⁴⁵

THE MAINSPRING OF MATRIARCHY

★ What would you say is the heart and core of matriarchal life?

Without doubt it is ðamë (sometimes known by the classical name of *themis*). This is a Rhennish word impossible to put into modern English. Truth, justice, harmony and order all have some bearing on it, but it is greater than all these. It is the law by which all matriarchy lives.

★ So it is a morality really?

No. There is a moral aspect, but ðamë does not necessarily have anything to do with morality—for example, the seasons of the year are ðamë; a plastic bag is aðamë (against ðamë). The law is not a human thing especially—it governs all things. The stars move in their appointed courses, the seasons pass in their cycles, each plant and tree grows in the form ordained for it. In the same way there are forms and patterns ordained for human life. The difference is that maidkind is free to break her ðamë, for maid means ‘she-who-has-choice’. Things are not simply physical ‘accidents’. Every material thing reflects some aspect of the divine Reality. As we have often explained, the moon is not simply a lump of rock, nor the sun a ball of gases. They are the material incarnation of transcendent Principles which were before any material things existed and will be when all the worlds are dust. Every flower reflects some part of the

Truth (as was explained in detail^{*}). This is because nothing comes about simply by the accident of evolution, but follows its ðamë—the pattern laid down by God from the beginning. Likewise every object of human craft is equally a reflection of Reality (for example, the symbolism of the wheel[†]), and for the same reason. God has laid down the ðamë of all human crafts. The wheel, and every other ðamic object, is fashioned after a divine pattern passed down by tradition over countless centuries. Likewise, every aspect of human life, from its social structures to its games, is governed by ðamë. But unlike the stars or the seasons, maid is able to move out of ðamë—to invent her own artificial social structures, to neglect the sacred crafts out of greed, preferring methods which have no spiritual value but greater material advantage. But once the natural sacred harmony has been broken, things run out of control; we are quickly faced with wars, tyranny, social breakdown, massive pollution, a vast build-up of thermo-nuclear weapons which nobody has the power to stop and a hundred other uncontrollable crises.

★ Is the matriarchal order part of ðamë?

Very much so. From the most ancient times the feminine principle has been symbolised by the sign of Venus: ♀ and the masculine principle by that of Mars: ♂ (some late versions depict the cross as an arrow). Now in each case the circle represents spirit and the cross represents matter; thus the former depicts spirit dominant over matter and the latter depicts mat-

* The reference is to Sr Angelina's treatment of 'Flowers in the Light of Sacred Science' (vol. 2, pp. 94 ff.).

† A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' exposition of the symbolism of the wheel (vol. 2, pp. 416 ff.).

ter dominant over spirit. This is still understood by modern astrological authorities.* Actually it is metaphysically impossible for matter fully to dominate spirit, since the very existence of matter is wholly dependent upon the Spirit ‘from whence all comes, whereto all must return’†; but the cross set above the circle at an angle of forty-five degrees indicates the dominance of matter so far as that is possible.

Now ðamē is precisely the dominance of Spirit over matter—the ordering of all material things in accordance with the divine Harmony. This is the very essence of the feminine principle. Aðamē, on the other hand, is precisely the dominance of matter over spirit—material advantage and merely human notions are set against the divine Norm. This is the masculine principle; and it is metaphysically inevitable that once these inverted values begin to take hold upon society the matriarchal order will quickly become subverted and patriarchy will supervene. Once this has happened, we have entered the vicious cycle known as masculist-materialism. Civilisation will move further and further from ðamē until there is a complete atheism, a total subversion not only of human craft but of nature herself. This is the situation which the modern world is now rapidly approaching.

★ But you said that matter can never wholly dominate spirit.

That is quite true. No creature can ever be wholly without God, for God is the essence of existence—if any creature were wholly without Her, it would cease to exist. Similarly, in the

* A note to the original directs the reader, as an example, to Jeff Mayo, *Teach Yourself Astrology*, London, English Universities Press, 1964, pp. 29, 31.

† Teachings 3:26.

human realm, nothing can be wholly separate from ðamë. As is shown elsewhere in this issue,[‡] the ađamic social systems of the last few hundred years are simply stages in the breakdown of the traditional ðamic social order. Similarly, every modern science is a degeneration of one of the traditional sciences. Every traditional science, from mathematics to geology, is concerned primarily with discerning the inner Reality veiled by the outward forms of nature. The modern sciences are residues of these traditional sciences, and may be likened to empty shells or husks from which the living kernel of spiritual truth has been lost, and only the external physical aspect remains. Sometimes a modern science may become not merely a degenerate residue, but an actual inverted or diabolic parody of a traditional science, as in the case of nuclear physics.[§] But however ađamic things may become, they can never break away from ðamë. Nothing can exist apart from the Truth, and the modern world has actually produced nothing new, nothing of its own; only a series of inversions, perversions and degenerations of the Truth.

Actually, in the profoundest sense, it is not possible for a society to move out of ðamë at all, for just as the cold and dark of winter is part of the ðamë of the seasons, so this Iron Age is part of the ðamë of the historical cycle. Even the most profane and ađamic manifestations of this Age of Irkalla (the Queen of Darkness) serve only to fulfill the greater ðamë of cyclic manifestation. Nonetheless, the fall from ðamë in the modern world is made up of individual human choices, and those who

[‡] The reference is to the article on 'Entropy' (pp. 366 ff.).

[§] A note to the original directs the reader to the article 'Black Alchemy' (vol. 2, pp. 342 ff.).

choose to live out of ðamë suffer both materially and spiritually. As the scriptures tell us: ‘That these dark latter times should come upon thee, was it not known before the dawn of time? . . . Evil must needs arise and be triumphant, and the dark mistress have her night of power. Yet dark is the path of them that prepare her entry, and swiftly shall they behold the night of blood; for she is the dragon that devours her children, and casts her servants into the lake of fire.’”

★ How can those of us still living in the profane world bring our lives closer to ðamë?

Firstly we must try to remove negative influences from our lives—and especially from our home environments—and to replace them with positive ones. The first thing to go (if it is there) should be television. The manifold disruptive power of this Trojan horse was discussed at length in our last issue.[†] A television in the home is a shrine to Irkalla.

But there are many subtler forms of influence which, even if unperceived, are of great effect. Aðamelic materials such as plastic and nylon should be avoided where possible and replaced by natural ones. At least for some time one should see by the light of a pure flame rather than by artificial electric lighting. Maids, at least (it is easier for them), should learn to wear more traditional clothing and reject the masculinised or trivial styles pushed upon them by the modern world. Every form with which we surround ourselves reflects either the centreless, inharmonious influence of the profane world, or some degree of ðamë—and each of these things affects us in subtle

* Teachings 8:54, 57–9.

† The reference is to Sr Angelina, ‘The Trojan Horse’ (vol. 2, pp. 113 ff.).

and profound ways, whether we are aware of it or not. Slowly but surely we must reduce the ađamelic influences about us and replace them with objects that are in harmony with Truth.

Exactly what is ðamelic and what ađamelic in every case can be learned only by experience and by contact with those who live closer to the true Way. And this brings us on to the most vital point. Externals are important. But ðamë is a whole way of life and thought. One may begin by reducing the level of one's compromise with the late-patriarchal world, but the eventual aim must be to leave it. One must be moving toward life in a traditional matriarchal community ruled by the harmony of ðamë. Every blow struck against the influences of discord which surround you is an effective step in the right direction: but in the end, ðamë is a total way of life—and it is to that life that all the steps must lead.⁴⁶

THE MAGIC SHIP

Once upon a time, in those days when the roads to Abalon were paved with silver and the streets within her paved with gold, there lived a rayin in Rhennisrai that had four sons and not a single daughter. Each time she prayed for a maiden-child to bear her name and to rule her ranyam; and each time another son came to her. At long and at last, her courtiers and counsellors became troubled within them and approached her, saying: 'Most honoured and beloved mistress, many years have we enjoyed your gracious rule, and have seen the white hairs of wisdom added to the royal radiance of your crowned hear. But now do we trouble us that when that time shall come that you



are called to your reward there shall be no princess to rule over us in your stead.'

'My loyal subjects and my dear friends,' replied the rayin, 'long has it been our happiness and our delight to serve ye with such small ability as we possess, yet long have we feared us of this moment. I must take counsel of my ghostly* mother in this thing.'

After long consultation it was decided that to be sure only the most worthy and puissant maid should be the new sovereign, a task of great difficulty should be imposed. It was decreed that any maid who should build such a ship as could ride as well upon land as on the sea, and sail it up to the palace gates, a hundred miles from the nearest shore, should become princess of the land and have the rayin's four sons in marriage. And this decree was announced all over the land and in the lands beyond.

Now some way from the palace there lived a maid who had three daughters. The elder two were wise and cunning, but Brithe, the youngest, was a simple child, fit only to feed the chickens. This maid forthwith sent her two eldest daughters as apprentice to a shipwright, and when, after a year and a day, they returned, she said to the eldest: 'Can thee build a ship that will sail as well upon land as on the sea?'

'Ay, ma'am,' quoth that first-born, 'if any can do it, that is I.' And so saying, she set off with her tools to the wood. On the way she met with an old dame who asked her whither and wherefore she went. 'I am off to the wood to make a door for our house,' she replied.

* A note to the original reads: 'I.e. spiritual, compare "Holy Ghost". The reference is to the rayin's ranya.'

‘Well may it be so,’ quoth the old one.

The daughter sawed and hammered and hammered and sawed day long and night late until the ship was all but finished. Then, when she drove in the very last nail, why, there before her was a fine, half-hatch farmhouse door.

After this the second daughter took her turn. Again she met the old dame who asked her whither and wherefore she went. ‘I am off to the wood to build a wheelbarrow,’ she replied.

‘Well may it be so,’ quoth the old one.

Well, the daughter sawed and hammered and hammered and sawed day long and night late, and a right good ship began to take shape. And when she put in the last nail, why, there before her was a fine, sturdy wheelbarrow.

Well, after this, Brithe declared her intention of going to build the marvellous ship. Everyone laughed but off she set without so much as a nail upon her person. On her way she met that same old dame, who asked her whither and wherefore she went. ‘I am off to the wood to build a ship that will sail as well upon land as on the sea,’ she replied.

‘Well may it be so,’ quoth the old one.

Brithe began piling up logs and branches in a shape that seemed to her to resemble a ship. Those who passed by laughed right heartily when they saw it, and heartier still when she told them what it was supposed to be; but when she threw on the last branch, why, there stood the finest ship you ever laid eyes upon. She climbed inside and bade the ship take her to the rayin’s palace, and off she sailed across the meadow, with a fair west wind behind her.

Well, she had not travelled long before she came upon a maid hopping on one leg across a great plain and moving as

fast as the wind itself. 'Who be thee and why hop thee so on one leg?'

'I be Swift,' replied the maid, 'and my other leg is tied up under my skirt, for else I would be at the four ends of the world before I could stop myself.'

'Why, thee do be a wondrous mortal, to be sure,' quoth Brithe. 'Will you not care to join me on my journey to the royal palace where I mean to wed the four princes?'

'Most willingly,' quoth she, 'for I have hopped here three hundred years, and have never yet seen any thing so wondrous as thy ship.'

Off they went together, and they had not travelled far when they saw a maid kneeling with her ear pressed to the ground. 'Who be thee, and what do thee?' asked Brithe.

'Why, it is springtime,' replied the maid, 'and there is naught that I like more than to hear the fleece a-growing on the backs of the sheep, for I am Hark and I can hear all things.'

Well, she soon accepted the invitation to join the ship, and they had not travelled far when they came upon a maid with a bow, shooting far into the distance at nothing that they could see. 'Who be thee and what do thee?' asked Brithe.

'A hundred miles off,' replied the maid, 'there is a tree covered with apples. I am shooting maggots out of the apples, for my name is True-Eye.'

Before long she joined the ship on its journey, which had not progressed far when they saw a group of trees moving across a plain. As they came closer, they saw that a maid was beneath, carrying them. As she came to a great oak, she pulled it right out of the ground with her right hand, and added it to

the bundle on her shoulder. 'Who be thee and what do thee?' asked Brithe.

'I be Strong,' replied the maid, 'and I be gathering timber to build a house.'

Soon Strong had joined the company, and after they had gone a little way, they came upon a maid sitting in a great valley and catching every bird and beast and other sort of creature that came into that valley, and when she had caught them, they seemed at once to disappear. 'Who be thee and what do thee?' asked Brithe.

'I be Vittle,' said she, 'and I am doing no more than satisfying my hunger.'

Well, it was not long before she was in the ship along with the others, and before much longer they came to a great gully which must once have been the course of a mighty river, but now there was not so much as a drop of water. As they sailed up the gully, they came to a great waterfall that cascaded into the gully with a noise like thunder. But before it reached the dried-up river bed, every last drop disappeared into the mouth of a maid standing at the bottom. 'Who be thee and what do thee?' asked Brithe?

'I be Quaff,' replied the maid, 'and can you not see that I be taking a little drink?'

'Why, thee be a wondrous mortal to be sure,' quoth Brithe. 'Will you not care to join us on our journey to the royal palace where I mean to wed the four princes?'

'Most willingly,' quoth she, 'for I have been drinking at this stream three hundred years and have never yet seen any thing so wondrous as thy ship, which can sail up a dry gully as well as up the river itself.'

So off they sailed until they were arrived at the rayin's palace. The wondrous ship was quickly seen from the palace windows, but it was some time before any came to greet them. 'I wonder what is happening,' quoth Brithe.

'That is soon told,' quoth Hark, and putting her ear to the ground, she said: 'The rayin is in consultation with her counsellors. She says that there must be more tests. The guests are to be given eight hundred roast oxen and the same number of lambs and of hogs, and fifty loaves of bread to go with each of them, and if they cannot eat them all they are to be sent back whence they came.'

'Ai me,' quoth Brithe in despair, 'it were better we had not come at all.'

'Do not lose hope,' said Vittle, 'until I have tried myself at this task.'

Out came the rayin and her retinue. 'Greatly welcome ye are,' said she, 'and it would behoove me ill did I not feed ye as a royal party should eat, then my childer shall be yours most surely, and my ranyam in time to come.'

Into the palace they went, and the massive feast was set before them. Vittle made short work of it and cried, 'Why, this is a goodly fore-course to a meal; I am right eager for the feast to begin.' Nor was it long before she had put away every last morsel in the palace.

'Ye have eaten well,' said the rayin, 'and now ye will be thirsty.' She clapped her hands and in came a troop of servants bearing five hundred hogs-heads of ale, and the same amount of beer, of cider and of wine.

'Ai me,' whispered Brithe, 'now it were truly better we had never come.'

‘Do not despair,’ said Quaff, ‘until I try what I may do.’ Quaff made short work of the drink and was soon calling for more until no drop was left in the palace.

When they retired, Brithe said, ‘I hope that there are no more tests for us now.’

‘That is soon discovered,’ said Hark, and laying her head to the floor she said, ‘The rayin has summoned her eldest son to her. He is the swiftest runner in all the ranyam. One of us must race with him to fetch a flagon of water from the well at the world’s end. But in case he should have difficulty in defeating us, the rayin has appointed a cunning sorceress to help him.’

‘Ai me,’ said Brithe. ‘We may as well board our ship and set sail for home.’

‘Do not lose hope so quickly,’ quoth Swift. ‘Not until I try what I may do.’

The next day the race began, and although the young prince was fast, Swift was far faster. Indeed, she had gotten the water and was halfway home before he was halfway out. On the way back she met him and stopped for a moment to speak with him. Since he was a lovely and beguiling boy, she talked a little longer than she had intended, and he sat down by a tree and enticed her to take a little rest, leaning her head upon his shoulder. But this was all part of the sorceress’s plan, for she had given the prince a sleeping pin, and as soon as Swift closed her eyes, he put it into her head and she fell fast asleep. Taking up her flagon, he began to run swiftly home.

Now Hark, putting her ear to the ground, had heard all this and told the others. ‘Let us depart for home as soon as we may,’ said Brithe.

‘Not until I try what I may do,’ said True-Eye, and, putting an arrow to the string, she took careful aim and shot the sleeping pin out of Swift’s head without harming a hair. Swift, understanding what had happened, untied her other leg, and, picking up the prince’s empty flagon, sped to the well at the world’s end, filled it up, and arrived at the palace, overtaking the prince a hundred yards from the gate.

‘Well, ye are a right good company,’ quoth the rayin, ‘and well have ye passed every test. Yet I am not ready to give away my sons, and although ye have won the right to them, I do pray that you will take as much of gold and treasure as ye can carry with ye and be ye quit at that.’ Brithe was not happy at this, but felt that she could not refuse a mother’s request. Sadly she turned to go.

‘Wait a little,’ said Strong, ‘and let me try what I may do.’ Strong gathered together all the tailors in the ranyam and asked them to make her a cloth bag. They sewed for seven days and seven nights, and when the company went to the palace to take their treasure, the rayin sent out a great cart drawn by six oxen, loaded with gold and silver and every kind of jewel. Strong threw it all into her bag, cart, oxen and all and called for more. Cartload upon cartload came until there was no treasure left in the palace. ‘Come, come,’ cried Strong, ‘we have hardly covered the bottom of the bag yet.’ In went plates and cups and chairs and tables, beds, cupboards and wardrobes. Finally, in went the maidservants and menservants, soldiers and statesmaids, counselors and courtiers, until the only thing left in the whole palace was the four princes. ‘Come, come,’ said Strong, ‘I still have not all that I can carry.’

Then the rayin laughed. ‘Well have ye passed this last test,’ quoth she. ‘Ye have earned your reward and ye shall have it.’ And the very next day, when the palace was put back in order, preparation was begun for the wedding. When at last it came, the celebrations lasted a year and a day, and the last day was better than the first, and even Vittle and Quaff had enough to satisfy them.

Commentary

Space permits only a brief commentary upon this story, which is found in countless versions from Ireland to India. Brithe is the holy innocent—the soul purged of worldly cunning and ready to accept the initiatic path (cf. the Fool in the Tarot). This path comprises three stages:

1. The preparation of the ship of the soul, which, in this case, entails a test of her guileless truthfulness.
2. The gathering of the scattered fragments or ‘powers’ of the soul. They are six in number, representing the six planets revolving about the sun, or the six directions (north, south, east, west, up and down) about the Centre. In each case, Brithe takes the position of the Spirit, the supernal Sun or unmanifest Point, which, on the microcosmic level, she reflects, while the six helpers all represent symbolic aspects of the Spirit (in some cases one of them has powerful breath), although in some patriarchal versions, various fanciful and irrelevant powers are introduced.
3. The winning of the Ranyam. The feats of Vittle and Quaff, and especially Strong, signify a control over and ‘contain-

ment' of all material elements. The four princes correspond to the four elements of matter with Brithe taking the role of the Quintessence—polyandrous marriages in which a maid may take up to four husbands are traditional in many matriarchal cultures.^{*47}

CHAINS OF 'FREEDOM' THE ILLUSION OF 'LIBERTY' IS A TOOL OF OPPRESSION

Mention of the role of the Paccia in traditional society often draws forth a very predictable reaction from the modern person—a belief that personal service rendered by one human being to another is somehow degrading and alien to human dignity. Actually, this is a peculiarly modern point of view. Every traditional person would regard the bond of love, duty and service (binding upon both parties) in the pursuit of a sacred function to be the highest dignity of humanity. What would be considered degrading is the modern wage-slavery, which, devoid of any personal bond or spiritual meaning, makes mere tools or used-things (which is precisely the meaning of the term 'employee') of human beings. If for a moment we can drop the indoctrinated modern prejudice, it becomes clear that this is the obvious and natural view of the matter.

The propaganda machine of modern 'education' and the media is serving powerful vested interests in presenting inverted notions of 'freedom' and 'dignity'. As the sociologist A. M.

* A note to the original reads: 'For more on the symbolism of marriage, see "The Huntress and the Bride"' [pp. 924 ff.].

Hocart has pointed out: 'Hereditary service has been painted in such dark colours only because it is incompatible with the existing industrial system.*' Incompatible because it involves human relationships and mutual responsibilities which can have no place in the world of faceless bureaucracy and the cash nexus.

Millions upon millions of people in non-European countries have had a meaningful and satisfying way of life smashed in order to integrate them into communist or capitalist factory systems, and this 'freedom' has always been the cynical pretext. Millions upon millions of people sincerely and naïvely believe in this ideal of freedom; but that does not alter the fact that from its invention by the philosophers of the up-and-coming bourgeoisie in the eighteenth century, it has never been anything except a tool of exploitation and oppression.

Just as social notions of 'freedom' are used to promote social slavery, so notions of intellectual 'freedom' are used to promote mental slavery. Vast numbers of modern people take pride in the thought that they 'have their own opinions'. If one of them should ask my opinion upon some question of theology or philosophy, and I reply, 'I do not know, I will have to ask my teacher', she will probably laugh, saying that I should not slavishly follow dogmas, but should have my own opinions. But note how illogically one-sided this is. Suppose I am asked a question on some point of chemistry or history and I do not know the answer, so I simply invent something out of my own head. That same person will think me mad. If I do not know the answer, I should ask someone who does, or look it up. So (according to the modern view), in chemistry or

* A. M. Hocart, *Les castes* (Paris, 1938), 238.

biology I should never make up my own opinions, but always go to knowledgeable authorities. In philosophy and theology I should never go to knowledgeable authorities, but always make up my own opinions. What is the meaning of this one-sided 'freedom of opinion'? The meaning is very simple: only 'scientific' materialism is 'real'. Everything else is just 'a matter of opinion'. This is the technique by which 'scientific' materialism maintains its monopoly over the modern mind.

'I cannot accept hierarchies' is another parrot-cry of 'freedom'; and it is nonsense. Tell your employer (user), the Inland Revenue, the police you cannot accept hierarchies! Again 'freedom' only serves to grant a monopoly to the hierarchies of patriarchal materialism. No serious alternative can be constructed because nobody will accept any authority except that which is thrust upon them by force. Who benefits? The answer is obvious. The impersonal, exploitative hierarchy of money power is free to destroy every natural hierarchy based upon human and sacred values. The notion that any society can live without hierarchies (or would be happier if it did) is simply bait for the trap.

So what is human freedom? Is it just a lie? No. True freedom lies in following one's own *siḍamē*—one's inner harmony—pursuing the sacred craft or vocation that one's own inner nature calls one to and thus coming closer to one's own true Self, which is not other than God Herself—not merely being 'employed' for someone else's purposes. This is the one true freedom which all the 'freedoms' of the modern world are specifically designed to destroy.⁴⁸

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUN

A Protestant minister once asked a little girl if she knew who Jesus was. ‘Yes,’ replied the girl, ‘he is someone who goes about looking for anyone having fun and making them stop.’ All too often in the Protestant world, religion is associated with dreary joylessness. Yet anyone who has any experience of a traditional matriarchal community, where the whole of life is governed by the religious principle, will agree that an overwhelming sense of fun is one of its most prominent characteristics.

The exuberant maypole dance is, among traditional peoples, a religious observance, and its symbolism serves to make clear the authentic traditional attitude to the world, the flesh and fun. The pole itself is the central pillar of being—the world-axis, while the many coloured ribbons raying out from it are all the events and phenomena of manifestation. The dance, in which all manifest things weave and intertwine, making elaborate patterns, is the dance of existence itself. The maypole belongs to Sai Maia, the creator of all manifestation, and it is she, in her own moth, that we celebrate.

But, it will be asked, is not Sai Maia the illusion of material existence? Should we not be transcending her rather than celebrating her? Well, certainly the world of appearances must be transcended, and those dedicated to the Contemplative Life practise austerities, withdrawing themselves from all sensual attachment to the world. But the majority of traditional folk follow the gentler and slower way of the Active Life, pursuing the sacred paths of the traditional life in this world.

It is a full life: full of hard work and exuberant play. The entire attitude to life is based upon our Lady’s words: ‘Love the

world, but love it for that it is an echo of Eternity.* Everything we do is done in the light of that knowledge. Every meal we eat is offered to Her, and every meal is a feast. Even if we have only a little pulté and potling, it is nicely spiced and attractively presented, accompanied with good home-brewed ale and surrounded with a festive atmosphere—for every meal is a sacred occasion: not a Protestant sabbath, but a traditional holiday (holy day).

All the world is but the play of She Who has ‘laughed all the world into being’.† The things of this world are but the reflections of the Archetypes of the Real world. We are not tempted to ‘take life seriously’, precisely because we know the serious meaning which lies behind the outward activity of this world, and do not confuse one with the other.

The Protestant world, on the contrary, takes life very seriously. Under a cloud of drabness and self-denial, it built the factories, banks and bureaucracies which dominate the modern world. Now self-denial is out of fashion and we have a life based upon ‘the pursuit of happiness’—but this is only the Protestant mentality inverted. Clinical depression has reached epidemic proportions. One need only take the phrase ‘the real world’ to see the difference between the modern and traditional attitudes to life. To the traditional maid it means the world of perfect Archetypes upon which all the beauty of this world is based. To the modern person it does not even mean ‘this material world’, but always refers to the most dreary and squalid aspects of it—as if only suffering and ugliness were ‘real’ and

* Fragment 4.

† The Silver Star prayer (vol. I, p. 108).

beauty was some sort of illusion. In a world without meaning, perhaps it is.

Modern folk ‘pursue happiness’ by working in dreary factories in order to earn money to buy the vulgar and superficial products of other factories. In their greed for personal gratification, they adopt the morality of alley cats, which they call ‘permissiveness’. They are incapable of the simple, childlike sense of fun which throws itself fully into games and tales. This offends their notion of ‘the real world’, which is just the old Protestant puritanism distorted and stripped of all integrity. The modern world has no values except the pursuit of happiness—the betterment of life in this world. Well, just go to any commuter station and watch the long faces pursuing happiness and try to guess how much they have found.

On the other hand, of all the traditional matriarchal folk I have known (and that is a great many), I have seldom met one who was not genuinely happy and full of good old-fashioned fun.⁴⁹

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

Every manifest thing is compounded of two elements: Essence and substance. Substance is the passive support of manifestation—pure matter, without shape or form, and therefore without colour, size, texture, or any other formal qualities. Essence is the principle of form: the Divine Ideas or Archetypes which are impressed upon pure formless substance like a seal upon wax. The Archetypes are eternal, changeless and perfect. Only their images cast in matter are subject to change and decay.

A species is an Archetype. The rose, for example, is an Archetype. On earth it is expressed by innumerable different individuals. Since an Archetype is a Divine Idea, it is infinitely more complex and perfect than any earthly form can be. The Archetypal rose-ness includes all the different roses and types of rose that have ever been, and more. The same is true of every animal, plant and tree. Now, since a species is an immutable Archetypal form, there can be no question of one species changing or merging into another. Indeed, the whole evolutionist thesis rests upon a confusion between species and simple variation. It takes one or more of the variant material forms which express the full range of possibilities within the celestial Archetype, and professes to see the 'bud' of an entirely new species.

There is a vague notion abroad that the geological record somehow contradicts the religious view of life. In fact the geological record contradicts and disproves only two major religious views. One is the simplistic Christianity which believes that the world was created precisely 5985 years ago, according to the book of Genesis. The other is the doctrine of evolution. What the fossils clearly show is that the world is many millions of years old, and that while there is considerable variation within species, there are no 'links' at all between one species and another, nor is there the smallest evidence of gradual transformation. It is true that the relatively simple and undifferentiated organisms appear first, with progressively complex ones following, but they manifest themselves in a series of 'jumps'; whole classes of creature appearing at once with no real predecessors.

This is because the process of manifestation on the material level is like a 'mirror' reflecting the activity of the Archetypes

in reverse. Thus the seed comes before the tree and the bud before the flower. The manifestation of earthly life takes place in accordance with this pattern, each Archetypal species becoming reflected upon the plane of matter as the time becomes ripe for it to do so. To put the same thing in another way, we might say that the more subtle and complex the organism, the longer it remained in the subtle world immediately above the corporeal state, and the later in the progressive materialisation of the historical cycle did it descend and crystallise in physical matter.

This subtle realm should in no way be confused with the spiritual realm of the pure Archetypes. It is a level of matter—albeit non-spatial and non-physical—one stage less ‘consolidated’ than our own. Nonetheless, since it can leave no trace in the physical world, a descent from it must necessarily appear, from the point of view of physical records, as a sudden and immediate ‘appearance’; which is exactly what the geological record shows.

Neither must we forget that every creature has a specific symbolic function and that this symbolism is not simply a product of the human mind but the very essence of the creature concerned.* Thus there can be no question of the symbolic attributes of a creature ‘evolving’. Thus, for example, the spider appears all at once in the fossils at the same time as her prey, with her faculty of weaving already developed. Mystifying as this may be to the modern materialist, in the light of traditional science, it is precisely what we would expect.⁵⁰

* A note to the original directs the reader to the article on ‘Our Lady’s Creatures’ (vol. 2, pp. 498 ff.).

THE QUESTION

Long long ago, when the world was younger than it is now, though not so young as it had been beforetimes, there lived a noble lady who was beloved of all her people, for that she was most goodly and sweet of nature. Strict she was and just, yet she had a good word to say for every maid no matter what her faults. Also she was most free with her riches and would allow none to suffer hardship so long as she had power to prevent it. Now as it came about, this lady, even in the noon and summer-tide of her life, was stricken by sickness and died. And when the time of her death-feast was come, the skies rended them open and the rain fell down until it seemed that the first flood was come upon the earth again.

Now this lady had a daughter even so fair as herself that went by the name of Wisten; and upon the death of her mother, this Wisten was sent to live with an old lady that was as black and sour of disposition as her mother had been bright and lovely; and when, but a year after, she died also, there was none to be sorry for it. But upon her death-feast came the fairest and most glorious three days that ever Sai Raya breathed out of her breast.

Wisten was much perplexed by this. 'Is there no justice in the heavens?' she cried. And she made an avow that she would not sleep three nights in the one bed, nor eat three meals off the one board until she had discovered the meaning of this matter.

So off she set upon her travelling. She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came to a humble cottage with an old maid sitting outside. A

maid so old is like to be wise, thought she, and so she curtsied deeply unto her and asked of her the question that occupied her thoughts.

‘Nought do I wit of that,’ replied the maid, ‘but sithen it is so wide that thou do wander, it may be that thou can find the answer to another question also. I was once a very rich merchant maid, but although I have worked both hard and diligently all the days of my life, I am now as poor as the greatest idler of the town. Can thou find why this may be?’

‘Most surely, if I may I shall, ma’am,’ replied Wisten, and took up her way again.

She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came to a fine and well-wrought house and a maid of middle years sitting without; and she asked her question of this maid.

‘Nought do I wit of this matter,’ she replied, ‘but sithen it is so wide that thou do wander, it may be that thou canst find the answer to another question also. In my kitchen is a great fireplace, yet no fire hath ever burned therein. I have used timber and tinder and every manner of matter; I have cleaned the stones and swept the chimney and have hired the very best of servant-maids, but no fire will ever burn in that fireplace. Canst thou discover why this may be?’

‘Most surely, if I may I shall, ma’am,’ replied Wisten, and took up her way again.

She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came upon a most resplendent palace, whose white towers glistened in the noon-day sun. And therewithout she saw a little child, all alone at her play. ‘It is said that the wisdom of a little child may sometimes surpass all

the learning of the profoundest scholars,' thought Wisten, and so she asked her question of this child.

'Nought do I wit of this matter,' she replied, 'but sithen it is so wide that you do wander, it may be that you can find the answer to another question also. I am a princess of this palace, and my sister is the heir to the throne, and she was wont to play with me here in the green woods. But lately she is fallen into a sickness, and though the Queen my mother hath summoned all the physicians in the land and a great number from other lands also, there is none can tell so much as the name of her sickness. Can you discover aught of this?'

'Most surely, if I may I shall, Your Highness,' replied Wisten, and took up her way again.

She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came to a great river that barred her way, as far as the eye could see. So Wisten made herself a raft of logs and branches and managed to push herself across the river with a long stick. A difficult crossing she had of it, and before she reached at last the other side she was well wetted and weary to the very bone, but still she walked onward in hopes to find lodging for the night. After a time she came upon a fine-looking house whose front door stood wide open and a blazing fire burned upon the hearth. Beside the fire were two inviting chairs, but there was no one there to bid her welcome.

Wisten walked in and sat herself upon one of the chairs, and after a little time there came from one of the inner rooms a full beautiful and elegant lady who greeted Wisten and offered her food and drink. A most excellent companion she proved to be, and the two of them talked late into the evening. At

last, seeing that she was tired, the lady showed Wisten to her bed. But tired as she was, Wisten did not sleep, for her room adjoined the main room, and the door between them was left open, and she found herself fascinated by the lady, who sat up beside the fire. So it was that, though she seemed deep in slumber, she was but half asleep, and quickly came full awake when the lady began to move.

She put her hands into the great cauldron that bubbled over the fire, and then did she sink in her arms even up to the shoulder, and at last plunged her whole self within the boiling liquid. When she had boiled for long enough to slay herself nine times over, she stepped out again, as fresh as a lamb in spring.

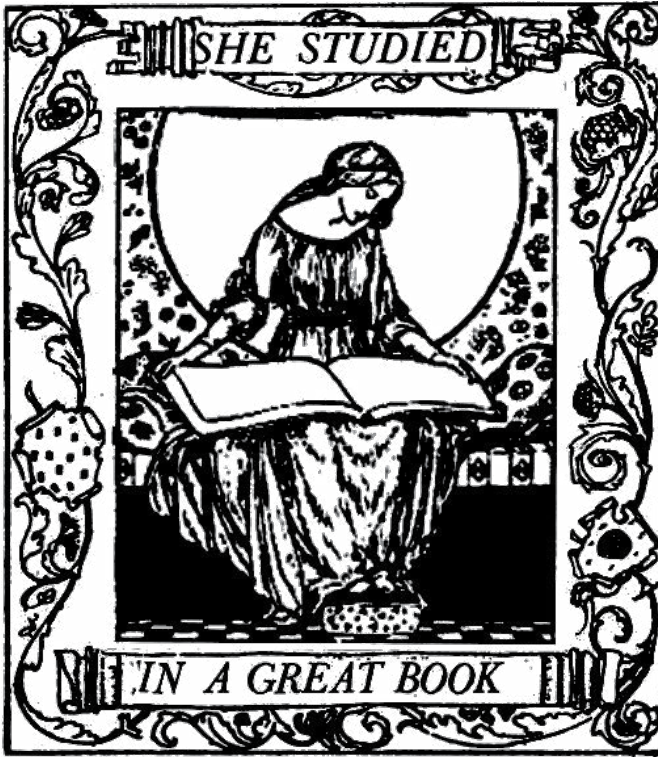
Then she set up a noose from the ceiling and hanged herself by the neck. For a time she kicked in the air, and then fell still. Wisten thought most surely she was dead this time, but after a time she cut herself down and threw the noose in the fire. Then, with that same knife, she stabbed herself to the very heart, so that dark blood spread out across the front of her dress, and she fell prone upon the floor.

This time Wisten thought there was no doubt but that she had slain herself. But after a little time she rose up fresh and clean, and threw a velvet cloak over her shoulders, trimmed about with fur, and walked about the room as one issuing commands.

After this, she put on a white robe and began to study in a great book. Then she came through the open door unto the room where Wisten lay, feigning to be asleep.

‘Do thou sleep, or do thou wake?’ she asked, but Wisten answered nothing.

'I know well you wake,' said she. 'Now arise thee up and thou shall have the answer that thou seek.'



Wisten arose.

'Have thou heard tell of Werdë, Queen of Destiny?' asked she.

'Aye, full oft have I,' replied Wisten.

'I am that Werdë,' quoth the lady. 'Marked thou the time that I lay in the cauldron? Every babe born in that time shall have such a death. Marked thou the time that I hanged by the

neck? Every babe born in that time shall have such a death. Marked thou the time that I lay bleeding upon the ground? Every babe born in that time shall have such a death. Marked thou the time that I was dressed in velvet and fur? Every babe born in that time shall have such a life. Marked thou the time that I studied in the book? Every babe born in that time shall have such a life.'

Then Wisten asked the question she had come so far to discover.

'Your mother,' quoth Queen Werdë, 'was a fair and good maid. Her life was full of goodness and empty of illness. All the purgatory she had for her sins lasted but those three stormy days of her death-feast. The old lady was a close-fisted, cheerless, dishonest and miserable maid. All the good she earned in her whole life was those three days of sunshine at her death-feast.

'You may tell the old maid that when she was a rich merchant many poor beggars came to her door and she did turn them away with curses and no charity. Not until she give away even what little she hath now will her fortune be restored.

'You may tell the maid of middle years that the stones of which her hearth is built were bought with money made by usury of poor farmers that had suffered three bad harvests. Not until all the money is returned will a fire ever burn in her hearth.

'You may tell the little princess that not all the worldly doctors upon the earth can ever tell the name of the sickness, for it is a sickness of the spirit. Her mother has taught her not the ways of Truth and the love of God, and how may a queen lawfully rule that knoweth not these things? Let her be taught

and quickly she shall be well. Fortunate they whose sickness of the heart becomes a sickness of the body in this life, that it may be amended before the death.'

Then Queen Werdë gave Wisten three brazen apples, saying: 'I shall direct thee to a bridge across the river, else thou shall never come home alive, for the way shall be guarded by the old maid to whom thou went after your mother's death, in the form of a three-headed wolf. When thou see her, thou must throw one of these apples into each mouth. If thou miss, she will surely devour thee.'

When she came to the bridge, Wisten met with the terrible and demonic form of the old maid and she was seized with terror, but she threw each apple neatly into each mouth and got herself across the bridge just a heartbeat before the wolf had swallowed them and was after her again, but once across the bridge, her pursuer could follow no further.

She told each of the people that she met on the way what Queen Werdë had told her to say.

The old maid gave away all the little she had left in the world, and within a month one of her ships, thought lost at sea these many years, returned, laden with silks and spices. And when she was rich again, she sent to Wisten a silk gown every year of her life until she died.

The maid of middle years gave to the poor farmers all that she had taken and more, and soon a bright fire was blazing in her hearth. She gave to Wisten the finest white mare in the western world.

The princess's mother had her child instructed in the ways of Truth and the love of God, and before long she was playing with her sister in the green wood again.

The Queen was so pleased with Wisten that she adopted the orphan girl as her own child, and when she was of age, she gave her the half of her realm—for who could be better able to rule a realm than the maid who had talked with Queen Werdë herself?

Commentary

This story can be read on more than one level. At its simplest it teaches certain important lessons about the nature of *werdë*. The question that prompts the whole quest, and its answer, makes clear that things are not always what they seem. What appears to be injustice in the ultimate scheme of things in fact never is; and conversely, we may never assume that a person is bad simply because she is having bad fortune. It is true that bad luck can only be the result of evil deeds, but there may be more to matters than meets the eye. Also, as Queen Werdë says, bad luck in this life may be a good fortune if it leads us to seek out the underlying spiritual causes and put them to rights.

The deaths and lives portrayed by Queen Werdë on the one hand, and the answers to the three maids' questions on the other, show the two complementary aspects of personal *werdë*—in some respects it is fixed and ineluctable—an inescapable fate laid down for us by our own actions in previous lives. In other respects it is a process of becoming which we can alter if we will learn its lessons and act upon them.

On another level, the story deals with the other-world journey which is an essential element of the initiatic path. The significance of crossing the river is clear in the light of the

material explained in 'The Bridge'.* We may note that this tale is a close cousin to 'The Devil's Ferryboat', a folktale known throughout Europe under various names, which concerns the descent into the inferior psychic regions in order to gather the scattered fragments of the soul (a theme discussed in detail in 'The Secret of the Three Caskets'†).

The two aspects of the story (moral and metaphysical) are closely united in the incident of the three-headed wolf. On the one hand the old maid has taken on a demonic form in after-life as a consequence of her wickedness during life. On another she is now one of the 'guardians of the gateway' which bar the path and test the qualification of the aspirant on the initiatic path. For her *werdë* is to be defeated by Wisten, and Wisten's is to cross the Gateway.⁵¹

HUMAN RIGHTS

A great deal has been talked in the urbie world about 'human rights'. Does this concept have any meaning from an absolute point of view—that is to say, from the point of view of traditional science? On the surface of it, the answer would appear to be no. Whatever happens or does not happen to an individual is a part of her *werdë*, earned by her in this life or another. She can have no abstract 'right' to have what is not her *werdë* or to avoid what is. And nothing can ever happen to anyone which is not her *werdë*. Therefore the concept of 'human rights' seems meaningless.

* Vol. 2, pp. 456 ff.

† See pp. 86 ff.

But we must remember that the modern world, due to its lack of true intellectuality, tends to use words in a vague, sloppy and unphilosophical way. When we examine its use of the term 'human rights', we find that it is in fact referring to the duties of governments toward individuals. Now people cannot have 'rights' in the absolute, but they most certainly do have duties. For example, a child has no absolute right to eat. If it is her *werdë* to starve, then she will do so. But her mother most certainly has the duty to do all within her power to feed her, and all of us have the duty to prevent her from starving if we can.

What, then, are the duties of a government, and what 'rights' is it duty-bound to accord to the human beings in its care? Clearly, to answer this, we must first know what a human being is and what human society is for. A human being is a soul separated from her true Home in God, wandering in one of the many worlds of manifestation—the one we call the earth. The purpose of her existence is to return to God. That is the only way she can find true happiness. The purpose of any lawful society is to help the soul to return to her Mother. Traditional civilisation provides every member of it with a sacred vocation and way of life which helps her to make as much spiritual progress as she can in this life. The function of government is to protect this sacred way of life.

However imperfectly practiced, this understanding has run through even the most decadent traditional societies. That is why Magna Carta stipulates that no man may be deprived of the tools of his trade. That is why every ancient government, even up to the Roman Empire, systematically prohibited the widespread use of all technological inventions which might de-

stroy the sacred crafts and lead to factory-style exploitation. And it is this same traditional sense of justice and social responsibility which more recently led an Indian lady to refuse to buy a washing-machine on the ground that she had no right to deprive the washerman of his vocation.

The 'rights', then, which a government is duty-bound to accord to the souls under its care are those of each individual to live in peace on her fair share of the earth's surface and to make a just livelihood from a sacred vocation. That is the sole function of secular government, and its only claim to legitimate existence. Any government which allows the land to be taken from the people and monopolized by vast corporations, rich individuals or by itself has failed in this duty. Any government which presides over a state of affairs in which the landless people are forced by economic circumstance to work as 'employees' (used-things) in spiritually meaningless 'jobs' merely for the production of material goods and services has not only failed in its duty, but betrayed the very nature of its function.

But there can be no such government. The traditional doctrine is perfectly clear on this. Any 'government' which fails to fulfill the duties of a government and to follow God's law has automatically lost all its rights as a government. It is not a government at all, but simply a group of bandits kept in power by the guns and truncheons of its army and police. And all who fall under its unlawful power have not only the right, but the duty, to disobey it whenever they can (except where its 'laws' coincide with divine Law) and to overthrow it as soon as the opportunity arises.⁵²

THE WONDERFUL BEANSTALK

A long, long time ago, when the trees bore fruits so great that the branches were borne adown to the earth and the earth bore corn so tall that it reached to the very summit of the trees; in that time, I say, there lived a poor widow at the edge of a great wood. She had no kin but one daughter called Jane, nor had the two of them aught to live upon save the milk of their little cow. But one day the cow ran dry, and they knew not what they should do. 'Thou must take the cow to market and sell her for what thou may,' said the mother. So off set Jane, light of foot, with the cow along behind her.

Not far had she travelled when she met with a merry merchant maid. 'Good morrow, ma'am,' called Jane.

'Good morrow to thyself, little mestré,' returned she. 'Tis a sharp young cal thou seem to me, and I'll warrant thou know how many beans make five.'

'Aye, two in each hand and one in thy mouth, ma'am,' quoth she.

'True as a sunbeam,' said the maid, 'and here are they now, the very beans themselves.' She opened her purse and tipped into her hand five of the queerest-looking beans that Jane had ever laid her eyes upon. 'Sithen thou are so wick,' she went on, 'I will do for thee what I would not do for another. I will change thee these beans for that cow of thine.'

'So ye shall not, ma'am,' declared Jane.

'Now bide thee, bide thee,' quoth the maid, 'and hear what it is thou scornerst. These are no common beans. Plant them this day in the ground and by tomorrow they shall have grown to the very sky.' Then did the bargain seem to Jane a good one,

and right willingly did she change her cow for the handful of beans.

But when she came home again her mother did not think the bargain so good. 'What?' she cried. 'Thou have sold all the wealth we own for these few beans!' And she took the beans from Jane and flung them out of the window. Then she took a birch-rod and gave her the best whipping she had had that twelvemonth, and then another like it. She went to bed that night without supper, and I can not say which wept the more, herself or her mother.

When the next morning she awoke, Jane was much puzzled to see that her room was not so bright as it usually was, but was filled with a green and shady light. She ran to the window, and what do thou suppose she saw? Why, the beans had grown, there where her mother had thrown them, and now there was a beanstalk reaching up and up to the very heavens.



Up to the sky like a great ladder it ran, and it grew so close to Jane's window that all she had to do was to clamber out onto one of the branches and begin to climb. Up and up and up she went until she could climb no more, and then she sat herself

down upon a branch and rested until she might begin again. Up and up and up she went until she reached the sky.

When she reached the sky she found a little road stretching away into the distance; so she walked along this road until she came to a great castle, white as the winter moon. And being near dead with hunger, she went up to the great gate of the castle and banged upon the gate until it was laid open. And there was no soul therein save a little page boy that had opened the gate. 'Pray, mestran, give me breakfast,' she asked him, 'for I have not eaten morning or evening.'

'Breakfast you would have,' said the boy, 'but 'tis breakfast you shall be if my mistress finds you here, for she does love to devour all of your kind that she finds.'

'Well, one death is as good as another,' said Jane. 'If I have not food I shall perish from hunger.'

So the boy gave her food, and just as she was finishing, the ground began to shake and the air was filled with a sound like thunder. 'That is my mistress retuning,' said the boy. 'Quickly, hide you in the oven.' Into the oven climbed Jane, and not a moment too soon, for as the door was shut, in came the mistress of the castle. Just think of the biggest maid thou ever saw. Well, this maid could lift her up in one hand and put her on the roof of her own house if she had a mind to. All dressed in black she was, and on her shoulder was perched a raven. As soon as she stepped within the gate, the raven began to cry:

Weilaway, weilaway.

I smell the blood of a Rhennismay.

'What? What?' cried the mistress.

‘Nay, nay, ma’am,’ quoth the boy, ‘it is but the stale blood of the child you had for supper yestereven.’ So the mistress sat down and began her favourite occupation of counting her money. Great bags of gold she had, gleaming piles of yellow coins which quickly covered the great table. After a while she fell asleep at her counting, and Jane crept out from the oven. Gently, gently, she pulled a bag of gold from under the mistress’ arm, then she slung it over her shoulder and made her way back to the beanstalk. She dropped it down and climbed down after it into her mother’s garden.

Well, mother and daughter lived very well and happily for a time upon the gold, but like all good things it came to an end at last, so up went Jane, up the beanstalk once more, to see what she might find. She climbed and she climbed and she climbed and she climbed until she came to the sky. There again was the little road, stretching away into the distance, and off she walked to the great castle, as white as the winter moon. Everything happened as before. The boy gave her breakfast and bade her hide in the oven as his mistress came home. As soon as she stepped within the gate, the raven began to cry:

*Weilaway, weilaway,
I smell the blood of a Rhennismay.*

‘What? What?’ cried the mistress.

‘Nay, nay, ma’am,’ quoth the boy, ‘it is but the blood of the ox I am roasting for your dinner.’

‘Then bring me the goose that lays the golden eggs,’ commanded the mistress. The boy brought in a lovely white goose, and the mistress set it upon the table and said: ‘Lay.’ At once the goose laid a big egg of pure solid gold. Several times the

mistress did this, until she had quite a pile of golden eggs. Then, tiring of the game, she fell asleep. Jane crept out of the oven, tiptoed to the table, grabbed the goose, and pinning it under her arm started running toward the beanstalk. The goose, however, let out a honk and the mistress awoke just as Jane was outside the gates. 'Where is my goose?' she cried out; but that was all Jane heard as she ran out of earshot. Down the beanstalk she scrambled, as if all the devils in hell were after her.

Well, her mother was right happy with that find, and they might well have lived well and blithe for the rest of their days, only Jane was not content. So one fine morning she rose up early and up she went, up the beanstalk, to see what she might find. She climbed and she climbed and she climbed and she climbed until she came to the sky. There again was the little road, stretching away into the distance, and off she walked to the great castle, as white as the winter moon. But she was not so foolish as to go to the boy again. Instead she crept in by a back way and hid herself in the copper. In came the mistress after a time, and as soon as she stepped within the gate, her raven began to cry:

*Weilaway, weilaway,
I smell the blood of a Rhennismay.*

'What? What?' cried the mistress.

'Aye, aye, ma'am,' quoth the boy, 'it will be that young fox that stole the goose. Without doubt you shall find her in the oven.'

'Just the right place for her,' said the mistress. But Jane was not in the oven, and though they looked all over the house, they did not think of the copper. At last they thought the raven

must be mistaken, and the mistress called for her golden harp. The boy brought forth the most lovely harp of gold, and the mistress set it on the table and said: 'Sing.' At once the harp gave forth the most beautiful, soothing music that ever was heard on earth or heaven, and before long the mistress was lulled sound asleep.

Jane crept out from the copper, tiptoed to the table and seized the harp. But this time, the canny raven had not gone to sleep, and as soon as Jane started to run, she cried out, 'Mestré, mestré' as loud as well she might. If Jane was running fast before, she ran three times as fast now, and it was not a minute before the mistress of the castle was after her. She could almost feel the giant's breath upon her when she reached the beanstalk, and down she went like a squirrel with her tail afire. The mistress waited a moment, pondering whether to trust her weight to that slender ladder. But soon she swung herself down and was after Jane again.

When she reached her mother's garden, there was the mistress coming down six branches at a time. 'Quick, mother, quick,' cried Jane, 'bring me an axe, else we are lost!' Out came her mother with an axe. Jane took it and began to chop down the beanstalk. As it came crashing down, the mistress of the castle fell with it and was killed, and Jane and her mother, with their magic goose and golden harp, lived happily ever after.

Commentary

This story is unusual among the really great folk tales, in that it appears to be completely unknown outside the British Isles. The Rhennish version given above is close to the original (although it suffers greatly from not being told in the true

Rhennish dialect); while patriarchal versions are known to all non-Rhennish British children. Of all folktales, it has perhaps the greatest power to capture the soul and to present itself as an immediate, magical reality. Even the child partly spoiled by ‘education’ and modern anti-traditional entertainments can enter into the wonder and mystery of this vivid exposition of the symbolism of the ladder and the heavenly bridge. The following notes should be read in conjunction with the article on ‘The Bridge of Dread’:

JANE: the commonest name in Rhennish folktale is pronounced in Rhennish *Jab-nē*. It is a form of Diane/Dyana, and therefore a type of the incarnate Spirit seeking the straight way (true as a sunbeam) to her true Home in Heaven.[†]

HOW MANY BEANS MAKE FIVE? An old conundrum with a metaphysical meaning. Beans have a special place in Rhennish diet and culture, being conceived as closely related to the mysteries of manifestation. Four is, of course, the square number; the number of matter—the four elements, directions, seasons etc. Five signifies the material four pervaded by the fifth element of spirit. The traditional arrangement of five points is the quincunx ∴ still used on dice and dominoes. The four points represent the four extremities of the horizontal cross of matter, while the fifth is the central point, where it is transfixed by the vertical

* Vol. 2, pp. 464 ff.

† A note to the original directs the reader to the article ‘The Huntress’ (pp. 929 ff.).

Ray of the Spirit.[‡] Now the root of all matter is duality; ultimately the duality between Spirit and soul, from which all the dualities of the manifest world flow. It is for this reason that the mathematical root of four is two. To hold two beans in each hand is to express four as two groups of two (2×2), and, since the upright human body is micro-cosmically equivalent to the World-Axis, the two pairs are on either side of the pillar, like the horizontal arms of the vertical cross, while the fifth bean in the mouth is on the pillar itself. We leave the reader to say from which bean the beanstalk grew!

THE BEANSTALK: from the foregoing, it is clear that the beanstalk is the bridge or ladder of the World-Axis, leading from this world to a superior plane of being. Not only the symbolism of the bridge, but the various ladder-climbing rituals of the (originally matriarchal) shamans are closely related; and indeed a full participation in the story[§] is effectively equivalent to such a ritual. The Mistress of the Castle is, of course, a Guardian of the Gateway who must be outwitted or fought in order to make the crossing. Later Blentish versions have made her not only a male giant but sometimes a thief who originally stole his wealth from the hero's family, in order to explain away the 'immorality' of the thefts. This concern with morality betrays the typical profane error of mistaking a paradigm of transcendent Reality for a tale of events and individuals. The felling of the

‡ A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the Fora (vol. 2, pp. 451 ff.).

§ A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Alethea, 'The Art of Telling Tales' (vol. 2, pp. 378 ff.).

beanstalk corresponds to the need for breaking the bridge once the goal has been attained, explained elsewhere.*

THE THREE TREASURES are three degrees of spiritual Realisation. Their deeper significance is too esoteric to discuss openly, but on the simplest level we may say that they represent stages on the path from the vision of multiplicity of manifestation to that of divine Unity. First all things are seen united by the Spirit (coins in a bag). Then they are seen not united from without, but principally identical in the light of their common Source and Matrix (the goose that laid the golden eggs). Finally, no individual 'things' are seen at all, but only the divine harmony which underlies and produces all things (the golden harp).⁵³

THE DOWNWARD PATH FROM TRUTH TO TRIVIA— THE DECLINE OF RELIGION

In our first article, entitled 'Many Religions',[†] we have discussed the history of the division of religions and the nature of the existing patriarchal 'world religions'. However, readers will be aware that there have been many developments and tendencies within these religions and that the whole situation may often seem somewhat confusing. Therefore we are giving here a broad guide to the varieties of religion existing today. They

* A note to the original again directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' comments on 'The Bridge of Dread' (vol. 2, pp. 464 ff.).

† Vol. 2, pp. 179.

fall into four categories, which are actually four stages in the process of descent from pure Truth, as follows:

1. True matriarchal tradition.
2. Patriarchal forms which, while distorted, form the basis of authentic orthodox traditions.
3. 'Religions': cults which have ceased to be traditions in the true sense and have deserted orthodoxy, but continue to serve God in a limited and simplistic mode.
4. Invented cults and also authentic traditions which have deviated into psychism or anti-traditional 'doctrines'.

Having stated the four basic stages, we may begin to examine each one a little more closely:

STAGE 1 includes not only modern Western (specifically Rhennish) Madrianism, but all authentic matriarchal forms, some of which may still survive in other parts of the world. Needless to say this does not include modern pseudo-matriarchal speculations.

STAGE 2 may be known by certain signs: each stands at the centre of a traditional culture and way of life based upon some aspect (albeit distorted) of the primordial Truth. It is not merely a cult or religion, but has preserved the institutions, crafts and sacred life-style of a whole culture. In this category come Hinduism, Buddhism, Taoism, Zoroastrianism, Christianity etc. The latter of these has not had a true sacred culture since the 'humanism' of the Renaissance, and has declined from being a total tradition into the position of a mere 'religion'.

STAGE 3: The classic case of this phenomenon is Protestantism. Since the Renaissance, Christianity slowly declined from being the heart of an authentic culture into being simply one aspect of 'life as a whole'—this latter being seen in purely mundane terms. Protestantism is the logical outcome of this. It dispenses as far as possible with sacraments, with what it calls 'superstition'; in short, with everything in which the Divine touches the world. Instead we have the 'clockmaker God', who is supposed to have laid down the laws of the universe, 'wound it up' and left it to run; so that the Protestant's view of the universe is no different from that of the atheist/materialist, except that she believes in a God 'up there'. Religion becomes a purely individual affair, unconnected with 'ordinary' (i.e. profane) society.

The Roman Catholic Church maintained its position as an orthodox traditional institution for several centuries after the Protestant 'Reformation'; but at the Second Vatican Council, this Church decisively accepted all the essentials of the Protestant ethos, and must now be counted as having entered Stage 3. Also in this group are neo-Hindu groups such as Arya Samaj and various modern Japanese neo-Buddhist sects. This group is notable for its complete lack of metaphysical understanding and its reduction of religion to the most exoteric and merely moralistic level.

STAGE 4 is divided from Stage 3 by a thin but definite line, although it is possible for a person or a sect to have a foot in both groups. While Stage 3 is untraditional, Stage 4 is antitraditional. Tradition is literally that which

is 'passed down' (*traditio*), and is therefore ultimately the single thread which links a patriarchal form with the primordial matriarchal Truth. This rejection or inversion of tradition takes two main forms, firstly the importation of specifically antitraditional ideologies into 'theology', as with the 'existentialism' of the Liberal-Protestant school or the evolutionist/pantheist speculations of Teilhard de Chardin (originally banned by the Vatican, but now openly embraced by many Roman Catholic dignitaries) as well as the many modern Western concoctions masquerading as 'eastern religion', such as neo-Zen and the charlatanries of 'Swami' Rajneesh.

The second form of antitraditional religion is practical rather than theoretical. Stage 3 closed religion as far as possible to direct supernatural influence. God remained 'up there', we remained 'down here' in the clockwork material universe. Stage 4 reopens itself to other-worldly influences, but they are no longer those of the Spirit, mediated through the rituals and institutions of tradition, but chaotic psychic forces haphazardly manifested through (often hysterical) individuals. Thus we have the 'pentecostal' movement, characterised by 'speaking in tongues' and other forms of possession. Its practitioners naïvely assume that they are possessed by the Holy Spirit, but without the safeguards and initiatic structure of an authentic tradition which knows how to 'try the spirits whether they be of God',* all we may be sure of is that possession is possession, and it will be by great good luck if godly spirits are involved as much as half the time (both the Anglican and Roman Catholic

* I John 4:1.

churches now allow and encourage ‘pentecostal’ activities within their own ranks).

The two aspects of anti-traditional action, the practical and the theoretical, are brought together most completely in the modern invented cults which have no traditional background whatever—theosophism, spiritualism, neo-witchcraft, neo-paganism etc. That these groups are proliferating today is only to be expected; and that many of them claim to be matriarchal (a claim easily disproved by their specifically modern late-patriarchal notions) is equally predictable—for the last stage of the decline must necessarily be an inverted parody of the primordial Truth.⁵⁴

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

OUR LADY IN THE PATRIARCHAL RELIGIONS

We have discussed many aspects of patriarchal religion,* but have not yet touched upon the most important—the worship of our Lady. This stands at the heart of all true religion; indeed, since the feminine principle is the spiritual principle, without Her image, religion quickly dies. Judaism, it is true, has only a male god, and it is no coincidence that of all religions, Judaism alone has no doctrine of the afterlife and does not even state that there is one. A this-world-only religion is the logical extension of the masculine principle. Nor is it accidental that Jewish minds stand behind most of the great materialist ideologies of the modern world—Freudism, Marxism etc. and have played a disproportionately vast role in the development of

* The reference is to the articles ‘Many Religions’ (pp. 179 ff.) and ‘The Downward Path’ (pp. 987 ff.).

modern capitalism. Islam, too, has only a male god, but as the last religion of the historical cycle, it occupies a special place, representing the furthest possible descent of religion into masculism.

Nonetheless, within the esoteric heart of both these religions, our Lady is fully recognised—in Judaism as *Shekinah* or *Aima Elobim* (Mother-God). For Islam, no less a person than Ibn Arabi, the greatest of all Sufi masters, says: ‘Know that the Absolute cannot be contemplated independently of a concrete being, and It is more perfectly seen in a human form than any other, and more perfectly in woman than in man.’[†] Indeed it is this vision of our Lady within the inner core of these traditions which makes their continued existence as religions metaphysically possible.

The other traditions, not occupying these special roles in the development of the masculist-materialist tendency of the historical cycle, have been able to allow the worship of our Lady to develop naturally; and everywhere it has taken on a role of immense importance. Ancient patriarchal cults which swept the Roman Empire are now known simply as ‘the cult of Isis’ or ‘the cult of the Magna Mater’. The male gods (Osiris and At-tis respectively) who theoretically played the predominant role made so little impact that they are all but forgotten by history. More recently, the worship of the Great Mother in India, of Tara in Tibet (described by a leading authority as ‘the mainstay

[†] MC 1:155. One possible source of the quote in this translation is Annemarie Schimmel, *Mystical Dimensions of Islam* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1975), 431.

of Tibetan culture and religion'),* of Kuan Yin in China, have been, and are, the centre of the religious life of countless millions. One might cite many more examples.

Turning to the European tradition, anyone picking up a mediæval book of devotional verse will be astonished at the proportion of it addressed to the Virgin Mary. There can be no doubt that she, not Christ, was the heart and centre of mediæval popular devotion. All the titles given to God Himself in the West, and to Isis, Ishtar and Diana, were given to Mary—Queen of Heaven, Star of the Sea, Seat of Wisdom etc.—in short, what happened was that our Lady made the Christian Church a providential vehicle by which She might come to Her children in the Dark Age.

The 'Reformation', as well as reducing Christianity to a mere 'religion' and opening the door to worldly rationalism,† violently rejected the cult of Mary. Indeed, these were but two sides of the same coin. Protestantism made itself spiritually analogous to Judaism (indeed, many extreme Protestants took Jewish names and observed the Levitical prohibitions)—but with one significant difference: it had no esoteric core which recognised our Lady. It had no esoteric core at all. For the Protestants, everything was on the most outward and exoteric level. It is a truism among economic historians that the 'Protestant ethic' was intimately bound up with the development of modern capitalism, and thus of the whole modern techno-materialist world. For Protestantism, as a purely exoteric, wholly

* Stephan Beyer, *The Cult of Tara: Magic and Ritual in Tibet* (University of California Press, 1978), viii.

† A note to the original directs the reader to 'The Downward Path' (pp. 987 ff.).

masculinist religion, was one stage further in the historical decline than Islam. It was 'later than the last'.[‡] The stage was set for the last days.⁵⁵

BOOK REVIEWS

Ordination of a Priestess

by Olivia Robertson

This little book both describes and gives the full text of a Rite recently enacted at the Temple of Isis in Ireland. The title in some ways may seem misleading, for what the Rite creates is not a full vocational priestess, but what may be called a lay-priestess. The rite is not a Sacrament, but a 'symbiosis of religion and the arts'. But the idea is very much in keeping with such practices as the Cult Domestic, which makes every mother a sort of quasi-priestess in her own home. In this Rite candidates dedicated themselves to a particular Janya or aspect of Dea each choosing according to her own calling to service in life. They also offered their own votive gifts, ranging from craft-work to a pilgrimage to Nepal. The Rite itself, in ancient style, complete with temple-maidens, is both elaborate and beautiful, and it is to be hoped, such Rites of personal dedication become more widespread. Price 50p. Olivia is a member of Lux Madriana.

[‡] A note to the original directs the reader to a discussion of the symbolism of autumn and the west (vol. I, pp. 206 ff.).

The Moira Handbook

edited by Marie Ellens

Two things will make this little book popular: the fact that it gives step-by-step instructions for a simple but effective method of experiencing one's own past lives; and the fact that it contains several detailed and very readable accounts of reincarnation experiences concerning Madrian-matriarchal and other pre-patriarchal civilisations.

On a more serious level, the work of the group who produced this book represents a new departure in the study of matriarchy as well as of reincarnation.

There are two types of investigation into matriarchy: the academic and the psychic. The academic, while turning up very concrete evidence for the existence of matriarchal societies and for their high level of civilisation, has tended to be less good on their actual nature. Here we are apt to find rather anachronistic and culture-bound pictures of a society which suspiciously reflects the more fashionable preoccupations of the modern intellectual community—collectivism, post-Freudian erotocentrism, anthropocentrism, etc.

Psychic investigation does not, of course, commend itself to those who belong to the materialist faith, but others who have a serious understanding of the subject are unlikely to dismiss it. What is needed in all types of investigation are plenty of cross-checks. The authors hope that readers will use the technique to make their own 'projections' into matriarchal periods and will send them written accounts, so that they can build up a large body of cases. What is already clear is that the societies depicted in the book correspond closely to the

picture of Madrian-matriarchal societies built up by other psychic investigation methods such as the use of the Akashic record—advanced, non-technological cultures devoted to spiritual rather than material aims, governed by women (although government in the secular sense was not an important aspect of life) and wholly centred upon the religion of Dea.

All in all, the book is indispensable to anyone interested in either matriarchy or reincarnation. My only real criticism is that so small a proportion of it is given to discussion of the more serious implications of the work.

Arachne Rising
by James Vogh

The basic argument of this intriguing book is easy to sum up: that just as the true year contains thirteen months and not twelve, so the true zodiac contains thirteen signs and not twelve; that the missing sign comes between Taurus and Gemini, and that it is called Arachne, the spider. The author marshals a good deal of evidence both ancient and modern to prove his case; and although some of his minor arguments are a little far-fetched, the central thesis is convincingly sustained.

Although Mr Vogh's signs are close to the Madrian months, they are, due to certain rather doubtful propositions about the Celtic calendar, shifted by about three days. But the first discoverer of Arachne was not Mr Vogh but one A. R. Ramsden. He arrived at his signs by taking a natural calculation from the Vernal Equinox. Therefore his 'Arachne' is precisely equivalent to the Madrian month of Hera and each sign corresponds to one of the Madrian months. Ramsden found a concentration of known psychics born under this sign so great as to give odds

of 200,000 to 1 against a chance result. Mr Vogh quotes this as a key piece of evidence, but admits in a footnote that using his Arachne, the result would be only 5,500 to one. So with only three days' difference, the result for the original division is more than 3,600% more significant. This fact, taken together with the other evidence presented in the book, leaves us with a strong case for a 13-sign zodiac based on the months of the Madrian year.*

Shakespeare in the Light of Sacred Art

by Martin Lings

Art is the expression of the infinite. All art began as an activity designed to lead both the artist and her audience beyond the boundaries of the world through an experience of beauty which is a direct reflection of the absolute Beauty of the Divine. Art which has lost its true meaning will quickly lose itself. The debate of the last hundred years between 'socially useful art' and art-for-art's-sake, like the debate between capitalism and socialism, is typical of the trick by which profane society erects two equally false alternatives and sets them fighting so fiercely that the truth is lost by default. Yeats wrote in *The Celtic Twilight*: 'If beauty is not a gateway out of the net we were taken in at our birth, it will not long be beauty'. For proof of this,

* That this was adopted by at least some Madrians is shown by the calendars designed by 'Madrian artist Richard of the House of Colwyn', which were 'illustrated throughout with beautiful traditional Celtic knotwork designs, and incorporates the motifs of the thirteen-sign zodiac, which align with the thirteen months of the year' (TCA I4:5). The treatise on 'The Inner Meaning of Chess' also refers to 'Arachne, the spider-sign of the thirteen-month zodiac' (p. 1017).

one has only to witness the exhaustion and decadence of modern serious music, graphic art or architecture.

Shakespeare was one of the last European exponents of sacred art in the literary field, and Martin Lings shows exactly what that means. It is not a vague yearning after the absolute. Still less is it a sentimental moralising. It is the direct expression of spiritual realities, and above all of the journey of the soul on an esoteric path, through a timeless poetic symbolism. But the word 'esoteric' should give no cause for concern. This book is not an attempt to foster upon Shakespeare any of the modern creeds which adopt that title and which are usually a vague jumble of half-understood 'ancient wisdom' mixed with pseudo-scientific nonsense about quasi-physical 'vibrations' and the ever-present 'evolution' removed from the sphere of biological theory and applied to anything and everything as a sort of substitute God. No; what is in question here is a timeless actuality which has continued to be taught and practised wherever religion has remained spiritually alive; an actuality common to East and West, and which has its roots in the primordial Madrian-matriarchal tradition.

Analysing the plays, the author uncovers their inner meaning—a meaning which once seen becomes obvious and sheds its light over the play as a whole. A sense of the transcendent has always characterised the experience felt by any sensitive person in contact with the greatest plays of Shakespeare, but it is a phenomenon impossible to explain so long as the analysis remains on a purely secular and materialistic level.

This book will add a new dimension to the experience of the plays—or rather, illuminate the old, essential dimension with a new clarity. It also has much to teach about the nature

of symbolism and of sacred art in general. Above all it demonstrates the impotence of the modern cult of 'originality'. To conform to the ancient principles is the only path to true expression. Once those principles are lost, art is severed from the transcendent and sinks slowly into the mud. Modern artists, at the tail end of this process, indulge in ever more outlandish and puerile tricks in order to do 'something new'. In a generation they will be forgotten. While a single remnant of true sacred art towers over the whole of later European literature like a colossus.

Man and Nature

by Seyyed Hossein Nasr

As the title suggests, this book concerns the relation of man to nature. First published before the upsurge of the ecological movement, it is nevertheless perhaps the maturest book on the subject. Professor Hossein Nasr recognises that there can be no merely physical solution to the problem of man's disrupted relationship with nature, for its roots are essentially spiritual. In the second chapter he provides a brilliant analysis of the historical roots of the crisis in the spiritual decline of the West, in particular laying bare the shallowness and intellectual mediocrity of the rationalist-materialist thought which has dominated the last three centuries.

He then proceeds to give an outline of the traditional metaphysical teaching on nature, drawing on traditions of India, the Far- and Middle-East as well as Western hermeticism and American Indian doctrines, all of which have retained at least some of the ancient knowledge of the symbolic dimen-

sion of material nature, and its primary function as a 'mirror' of spiritual Reality.

The repeated suggestion that the West should return to a revitalised and genuinely metaphysical version of Christianity may seem surprising coming from a non-Christian author but from a patriarchal perspective, it is probably the best that could be managed. The main fault of such a perspective is that it cannot recognise the full extent of the spiritual decline, since, to a certain extent, it is still within it. It cannot see that it is the culmination of a process covering thousands of years in which the patriarchal religions have played a crucial part; nor that the solution must lie not in a single backward step, but in a complete *volte face*—a total return to origins, which is only now becoming possible as we reach the end of a cyclical phase.

Nevertheless, it is a book well worth reading. Philosophically lucid and eminently scholarly—the extensive footnotes are often as interesting as the text—it makes a compelling case for a view of nature based not only on the material and quantitative faculty of reason, but on the spiritual faculty of intelligence.

The Lost Princess

by George MacDonald

Written over a hundred years ago, this delightful book can easily be read as a Madrian story—indeed, it is difficult to see how it could easily be read as anything other than a Madrian story. As so often when a real 'inspiration' takes hold of a writer, whatever her conscious beliefs, the light of Dea shines through the work.

Subtitled originally 'A Double Story', it is a tale of two souls—a princess and a shepherdess—whose fates are inextricably entwined although their paths hardly cross. Each has come to a stopping point on her soul's journey, and each is forced to confront her *werdë* by a mysterious old lady. Who the old lady is, we are never told—perhaps the author himself did not know—but by the end of the book we are in a position to make a shrewd guess.

Beautifully written and heavy with mystery, excitement and truth, it is a book both for children and the better class of grown-up as well.

King of the Castle
by Gai Eaton

This is not a comforting book. It begins with a lengthy analysis of the kind of societies which are being created in the profane world today. Societies which have not the smallest connection with the Divine and which replace religion with a worldly totalitarianism which seeks to control each citizen body and soul; and which is busily turning the stubbornly independent peasant of yesterday into the landless, dispossessed and media-brainwashed state-serf of tomorrow.

It is less comforting because the author knows that we are approaching the end of an historical cycle and that until it is over, there can be no chance of recovery. In this context, it is interesting to note that the author's previous book, *The Richest Vein*, written some years ago, although not written from a Christian standpoint, recommended a revived Roman Catholicism as the only hope for the west. This book makes no such suggestion, presumably because in the last few decades—particularly since

the notorious Vatican II—the decadence of that church has accelerated beyond all possible expectation. It is as if a damburst let loose a pent-up flood of sentimental modernism, and the tiny remnant of metaphysical Truth, once so fiercely guarded, became drowned overnight in a wash of tendentious, sociolattous ‘evolutionist’ neo-protestantism.

The only recommendation now is a kind of hopeless heroism, strengthened by the knowledge that this world was, after all, never anything more than a transient testing-ground for the soul. Yet it is not a gloomy book, but one whose exposure of modern errors is often very witty as well as wise. To take but one example:

...a child may reasonably wonder why a grown-up who can afford to buy ice-cream or chocolate every day of his (sic) life does not do so, just as we are puzzled that the ancients never developed effective techniques for the exploitation of the earth’s riches. Grown-ups, however, have a different order of priorities. This childish aspect of modernism is nothing if not naive. It takes for granted that if all we want is ice-cream or its equivalents, then this is all that people ever wanted. They did not know how to produce it quickly, hygienically and in quantity. We do. They were not clever enough to invent motor cars and aeroplanes. We are.

The Practical Encyclopaedia of Natural Healing
/ The Art of Aromatherapy
by Mark Bricklin / Robert Tisserand

Strictly speaking, healing is a priestess’s art; yet it is good for every head of a household to know a little of it, since her authority is a ‘reflection’ of that of a priestess on a lesser scale;

and this reflection traditionally includes not only the ministries of ritual, teaching and discipline, but also that of healing.

The first of these books is one of a growing number of home reference works which give a guide to the treatment of various ills by natural methods, such as herbs, exercises and the adjustment of diet. Such methods are often as effective (sometimes more so), and certainly safer than the artificial, drug-oriented practices of modern medicine. The second book deals with a more specialised area, yet one of great interest, since it functions primarily upon the subtle body, affecting the physical largely indirectly. Its basis is the use of fragrant essential oils—and as every magician knows each fragrance has a vital correspondence with planetary and other cosmic principles. This approach recognises the wholeness of nature, both physical and superphysical. It recognises also that there can be no true healing of the body without a healing of the soul. Which is why healing is a priestess's art.

The Politics of Matriarchy

by the Matriarchy Study Group

It is difficult to do justice to so various a collection as this in the short space allotted to a review. Criticisms are bound to seem too broad and general. Yet there are certain remarks which both can and should be made, not only about this pamphlet, but about certain trends of thought which have gained some currency of late.

The first is a tendency to treat matriarchy as a political system whose religion is merely an expression of its 'ideology'. Now, the whole idea of a 'culture' as a thing-in-itself with a bit of 'religion' tacked on for good measure belongs purely to the

late-patriarchal materialism of the last three centuries. Every society before that time has known that society is a product of religion (that is, of transcendent Reality) and not *vice versa*. Whatever the secularist view of matriarchy may be, it is certainly not matriarchal.

To see matriarchy through a filter of modern ideology is not to see matriarchy at all, but a projection of modern ideas upon the past; a pure anachronism. Similarly, to associate ancient matriarchy with democracy, equality, 'sexual freedom' and any number of other modern catch-phrases is to assume that the second half of the present century has suddenly and unaccountably reverted to matriarchal values—when in fact, as one would expect, it has never been further from them. We must face the fact that the whole world-view we have learned at school and via the media is patriarchal (obvious enough, one would have thought).

The same applies to the so-called 'psychological' (usually quasi-Jungian) approaches to 'the Goddess', which sprang from an ingrained materialism which cannot face any authentic supernatural, and must reduce all to mere personal subjectivism. More subtle, and yet more sinister, is the psychism masquerading as 'spirituality', which situates God Herself on the psychic level of becoming and change rather than that of absolute Transcendence (which alone can be called Spiritual) and Truth on the level of mere personal opinion and sentiment. On a subtler level, this also derives from modern patriarchal materialism, for being wholly immersed in matter, it regards all non-physical phenomena as a single category which it miscalls 'spiritual'. It is closely related to the modern wave of pseudo-religion, and to the so-called Pentecostal phenomena ('speaking

in tongues', etc.) making their appearance within Protestantism and the new decadent Roman church. This opening of the personality to all the flotsam of the psychic domain with no attempt 'to try the spirits whether they be of God'* is both personally dangerous to a degree which can hardly be sufficiently stressed, and provides the 'openings' in the psychic substance of the human world through which inferior psychic entities may infiltrate. The very absence of a healthy fear and caution in these dabblers indicates a mentality which fundamentally regards all non-physical phenomena as less than 'real'. They certainly would not meddle with electricity or medicines with such cavalier ignorance. Yet the real dangers of artificial rituals of human concoction (especially when 'inspired' from some unknown source) and of ecstatic practices performed without guidance by the uninitiated, are infinitely greater.

The modern mentality, in all its forms, however much we may be attached to it, is and can only be the exclusive product of patriarchy. If we want to understand matriarchy as it was and is, we will have to face a mental revolution, to accept ideas which seem at once shockingly 'simple' (in both senses) and terribly complex.

There is a politics of matriarchy. It was outlined, for example, in 'With God as our Princess'.† It is the politics laid down by God and based on Her divine law; a hierarchy descending from Heaven to earth, with its roots not in human ideology, but in transcendent truth. This may be hard for the modern mentality to accept. But that, in the end, is the choice we are faced with: do we opt for modernism, or matriarchy?

* I John 4:1.

† Vol. 2, pp. 249 ff..

Rainbow Round the Sun

by Elizabeth van Buren

This is a very mixed book. It contains a great deal of 'new age' silliness about flying saucers, 'spiritual evolution' etc. The 'message' itself comes via mediumism from various 'spirits'—which invariably means that some soul has laid herself open to chaotic psychic influences which may or may not believe themselves to be the 'spirits of the dead' which they impersonate. Nevertheless, there is a core of truth in the message. Its prediction of massive natural disasters which will destroy modern civilisation accords precisely with ancient Madrian prophecies and others, such as those of Nostradamus, and with astrological projections. The precise dates and details given are almost certainly incorrect but the picture of the end of the age is essentially right. The need for those who will survive the crisis to opt out of modern society now and to found communities based on natural life-rhythms and cultivation of the soil, to study herbal medicine, to 'become once more a part of nature', is sound advice from a spiritual as well as a purely practical point of view. But it is precisely on the spiritual level that the subversive influence is felt. A vague sentimentality replaces true spirituality, lacking in vigour, and above all in the unclouded vision of transcendent Reality. Without the crystal fountain of primordial Truth, the garden of the coming age will turn to dust and ashes.

The Crisis of the Modern World

by René Guénon

Over the last century, intelligence has reached what the newspapers call 'an all-time low'. In place of the giants of the past,

the ‘intellectual’ stage of today is dominated by such fifth-rate poseurs as Sartre, Marx, Freud, Jung, Wittgenstein, De Chardin, the list could go on (‘when small maids cast long shadows, the sun is setting’). One might be forgiven for supposing that it is impossible in this age for a person of intellectual stature to arise; that something in the polluted atmosphere of industrial materialism has turned the human mind to jelly.

Yet in René Guénon, this age has produced one intellectual giant fit to stand beside the ancients. By its title, the present volume might be expected to be of similar type to the preceding one,^{*} but in fact it is something immeasurably greater. It is a full analysis of the intellectual and spiritual decay of the modern world, which uncovers its nature and causes from the standpoint of metaphysical principle. There is nothing of ‘opinion’ or of emotion in this book: it is a simple, lucid, logical exposition of exactly what the modern world is and why.

Written in 5029[†] (1927), few things in this new translation (Luzac) need to be brought up to date. One is that the adherence of the East to traditional forms referred to often in the book has since virtually collapsed. Another is the reference to the Roman Catholic church as the only rallying-point for the revival of the West. Nobody has been more forthright than Guénon’s own disciples in pointing out that since Vatican II that church has embarked upon a course of total self-dismemberment. It should also be remarked that “the Delphic cult of the hyperborean Apollo”, which is cited as the one unbroken link of the Græco-Roman west with the primordial Tradition,

^{*} I.e. *Rainbow Round the Sun*, reproduced above.

[†] In Imperial years, 3257.

was originally that of Hera/Hestia, one of the names under which Dea was worshipped in late Bronze-Age Madrianism.

These points apart, it is a book not for an age but for all time. It is more than recommended. If you read only one book this year, read this one.

Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television
by Jerry Mander

Reviewers have said that this book presents the fundamental case against television; but that is just what it does not. As with metrification,[‡] the fundamental case against television lies on the metaphysical plane. What this book presents is a series of peripheral, but nonetheless important, cases, ranging from startling revelations about the physical effects of radiation emitted from the screen to the impoverishment of the imagination. No less startling are the alpha-wave measurements which show television watchers to manifest brainwave patterns similar to those produced in trance-meditation, hypnosis and certain techniques of brainwashing. What is being inculcated in these states of high suggestibility are not so much the political and advertising messages (which largely cancel each other out), as the whole crude, unintelligent materialist outlook of modernism. The book comes closer to essentials when it speaks of the tendency of the medium to focus the mind upon externals, slogans, and clumsy oversimplifications based on visual perception at the expense of fine distinctions and subtle understanding. It gives alarming evidence of the measurable decline in intelligence and the critical faculties of children and adults

[‡] The reader may be interested in the review of *A Defense of Sacred Measures* (pp. 1011 ff.).

exposed to nightly doses of television. And this is but a small sample of the book's findings.

'Evil roots bear evil fruits'. Written from a profane standpoint, this book has no conception of the evil roots of television; but it documents a range of evil fruits far wider and deeper than even the most trenchant opponent of the medium is likely to have suspected.

The Bugbear of Literacy

by A. K. Coomaraswamy

The cover blurb on this book says that Ananda Coomaraswamy was 'one of the three really outstanding authors of our time.' For once we can believe the blurb. It is true.

Several of these essays are on general themes concerning modern western civilisation as compared to integral traditional societies. With devastating metaphysical acumen and immense erudition, they pare away the myths of 'progress', 'civilisation', 'scientific-knowledge-replacing-primitive-superstition' etc. with a razor-keen precision which leaves the modern world naked and shivering, revealed as the pompous, preposterous, pathetic aberration that it is.

The title article presents the case against the cult of literacy, which is, briefly, that it destroys memory. A small community with the healthy memory of natural people can know by heart (the term is significant) all the cultural material that a people should know—Scriptures, stories, epics, songs, sayings et al. What can literacy add to this except ephemera—novels, newspapers and the like—all of which we are far better off without? But far worse than this, literacy often destroys the things of real value: 'the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, before

the time of the Board Schools (were) thoroughly familiar with an epic poetry of profound spiritual significance and a body of poetry and music of incalculable value.' Now their only 'culture' is that of the television, the cinema and the gutter press.

In 'Spiritual Paternity and the Puppet Complex', we encounter a very old matriarchal truth enshrined in the Australian aboriginal belief that sexual intercourse does not cause child-birth, but only prepares the maid to receive the spirit-child. Now the man's contribution, being translucent, colourless and fluid, is reflective of prime matter which must be poured into the forming vessel if it is to 'take shape'. Maid is this vessel, but since there is but one Mother, and She is the supernal Sun, maid (being lunar) is the vessel only 'reflectively'. Maid, being psyche, must mediate between matter and Spirit in order to facilitate the manifestation of an 'entity'. The earthly mother is vicar and surrogate of the heavenly Mother just as the earthly princess is the regent of the heavenly Princess. Drawing upon Vedic, Christian and Platonic parallels (for the doctrine is universal), Coomaraswamy presents a heavily patriarchalised version of this in the concept of 'spiritual paternity'. In a sense, it is an inversion of the primordial doctrine, yet, in its own 'language', it is still 'true' as compared to the unintelligent biologism of the modern concept.*

Perhaps the most important essay is the last: 'The Bugbear of Democracy, Freedom and Equality'. It makes clear that these three notions, far from being the 'philanthropic' and humanitarian ideals that modern propaganda would have us believe, are in fact cynically manipulated tools for the destruction of all traditional order and the enthronement of a crass, materialistic

* See Sr Julia's article on this same subject (vol. 2, pp. 271 ff.).

bourgeoisie (or people's commissariat, which is another name for the same thing); insidious weapons for the destruction of a folk and its conversion into a landless, dispossessed proletariat of 'employees' and state-serfs. Normal society is governed by true vocation—by craft practised not as 'productive industry', but as a spiritual discipline; ruled not by economics, but by Truth. A state in which a maid is not a mere 'cog' to be moved at will to another place in the machine, but inseparable from her work and function, which are a part of her *siðamë*, her inner harmony, her very self. These things have been said often in these pages; but if evidence is wanted that this state is the natural condition of every normal human civilisation, and that the modern world is nothing more than a freakish anomaly, one cannot do better than to read this closely-argued and copiously documented essay.

A Defence of Sacred Measures
Radical Traditionalist Papers No. 1

This concise and intelligent pamphlet makes clear the nature of an issue all too easily misunderstood or trivialised by the modern mind. It begins by pointing out that the conflict between the traditional and metric systems of mensuration 'epitomises the conflict between two contrasting philosophic or cosmological points of view'. On the one hand the traditional and orthodox world-view, which sees truth as eternal, changeless and perfect, and sees both maid and the cosmos as reflections of the Divine. On the other hand, the modernist heresy, systematically inculcated by the media and compulsory 'education' machine, which holds that maid and the universe 'are ever subject to purposeless change mechanically operated; that the only

true religion is idolatry, the worship of the chance material products of time'. While traditional measures are based on the human and cosmological proportions of sacred science, metric measurements are based upon 'the body of the idol'—i.e. the concept of an inhuman, mechanistic, accidental universe.

The pamphlet adduces evidence to show that British measures are closely related to those used from China to the Americas from time immemorial—that they are residues of a universal, divinely-revealed system. This agrees wholly with the Madrian doctrine that all units of measurement are based on the exact proportions of Inanna's body. Inanna is Perfect Maid, and the fact that the sacred measures approximate to the proportions of every human body, while no maid reproduces them exactly, is a perfect paradigm of maid's potential perfection and her actual fallenness. The pamphlet points out that a craftmaid 'soon learns to what extent the parts of his (sic) body deviate from the conventional standard and adjusts accordingly'. It might also have been noted that this everyday act was a continual reminder to the traditional craftmaid of her true Nature, and also of her 'accidental' separation from It—a separation which the contemplative path of a sacred craft is specifically designed to remedy.

Here we approach the real essence of the argument for sacred measures—that the philosophy underlying them 'locates the centre of the universe within each individual'—i.e. it ritually 'actualises' her central and microcosmic nature, and reminds her of the 'axial' nature of the human state, so often expounded in these pages. It is, of course, because of these very facts that the sacred measures are under attack. There is an inherent logic in the decadence of the Iron Age which forces it

to root out every vestige of Truth—even when it has no idea what it is doing.

It is, therefore, an integral part of the duty of all those who are entrusted with the carrying of the ‘seed’ of the primordial tradition into the coming Age to bring up their children not only in the use of the sacred measures, but in a growing understanding of their inner significance, and a genuine experience of the reflection of the cosmos within their own bodies; for this is the foundation of true dignity.

Ancient Beliefs and Modern Superstitions

by Martin Lings

In an age when everyone is entitled to ‘her own opinion’ on all religious and philosophic matters (but not, of course, on matters of ‘scientific fact’, because they are ‘real’), it is inevitable that there should be a flood of books making out a case for every conceivable notion, however absurd it may be. This is the logical corollary of the ‘scientific’ mentality. If there is no absolute knowledge, no true philosophic criterion for judging any given hypothesis—if all that is necessary in order to ‘prove’ a theory is to amass factual evidence, then we will find—since the same facts can lend themselves to innumerable hypotheses—that every variety of notion will be held proven by larger or smaller groups. We will have Evolution, the Hollow Earth theory, Freudianism, Scientology, Marxism, British-Israelism, Democracy, Progress, and the belief that Jesus was a mushroom. The difference between Darwin and Von Däniken is one of degree rather than of kind. The human form came from monkeys; human culture came from little green aliens. Both notions are based upon evidence; evidence which has repeat-

edly been shown to be false or misinterpreted. Refutation has never had the smallest effect upon believers. The only reason why one is believed widely and the other is not is that one satisfies the emotional ideological needs of a certain type of materialist civilisation while the other satisfies those of only a handful of cranks within that civilisation.

Anyone who reads many modern books upon the deeper issues of life will inevitably end up with a handful of assorted notions, often mutually contradictory, picked up like goods in a supermarket. After this process has gone on for some time, she will often be quite incapable of receiving any definitive truths, being lost in a wash of relativistic 'opinion'. It is for this reason that public libraries can often be a public menace.

Under these circumstances, it is refreshing to see a book issued by a popular publisher which rejects all empirical speculations and puts the modern world and all its notions under scrutiny in the light of the metaphysical wisdom common to every traditional civilisation, matriarchal or patriarchal, up until the aberrations of the last five hundred years. Numerous modern superstitions are examined, from evolutionism and the myth of progress to the childish obsession with such 'achievements' as space-flight, and the illusory belief that they can bring any worthwhile knowledge of the real nature of the cosmos. As the author writes:

If it be reality that is wanted—and realism is supposed to be one of the 'ideals' of our times—let it be admitted that the space rockets rise from a world which is in fact starved of upward movement upon all higher planes, a world dominated by an outlook which is in many respects abysmal and at the best utterly flat.

The decline of the human intellect is carefully traced through an examination of the ‘development’ of languages—a subject in which the author is something of a specialist—showing how the bulk of humanity has now arrived at a condition so puerile that a system of mere physical observations and applications can usurp the unqualified title of ‘science’.

This book, however, is not like the one reviewed above.* It does not merely depict the abject state of the modern world without fully understanding it nor knowing what its antidote might be. The author does not merely compare the modern aberration with integral traditional forms of society which ‘somehow seem to work better’, but lays bare its ignorance in the face of the pure intellectuality of traditional doctrine. In truth it is the technocrats who are unenlightened savages; it is our ancestors who—however degenerate the later patriarchal ages may have become—still possessed a wisdom infinitely superior to that of modern industrial-materialist ‘civilisation’. Most certainly there is a solution to the crisis; but it is one which must necessarily be ‘retrograde’ to a degree which Mistress Kupferman could scarcely begin to contemplate.† As a first-rate anti-toxin, this book is highly recommended.⁵⁶

* *The Mistaken Body* by Jeanette Kupferman. That review has not been included in this volume, as explained in the apparatus (pp. 246 ff.).

† The prior review had noted that ‘It would be “retrograde”, we are told [in *The Mistaken Body*], to oppose technology (note how the myth of ‘progress’ never fails to paralyze its victims...)’ (TCA 16:21).

THE INNER MEANING OF CHESS

Chess is one of the most ancient and universal games in the world. Variants of it are found throughout Europe, India and the far and middle east. The earliest surviving representations of the game have been found among the archæological remains of matriarchal Crete. As with all facets of matriarchal civilisation, chess, for those who hold the key to its symbolism, is penetrated through at every level with profound spiritual and metaphysical truth. To one versed in its mysteries, playing the game exercised not only the rational ingenuity, but also far deeper levels of contemplation, and, approached with the correct ðamē and customs, constituted a 'minor ritual'.

The earliest form of the game involved the use of powers and the understanding of states of existence no longer accessible to modern humanity in its present state of decline. All surviving forms date from a period when the 'consolidation' or 'materialisation' of the human environment had taken place to the extent that organised physical conflict had become a factor in human affairs; and the symbolic structure of all variants of chess as we know it have their roots in the traditional form of the Amazon armies, and the pre-Amazon forces of the Cretan Empire which kept patriarchy at bay in Greece and the Ægean for many centuries. Nonetheless, beneath the immediate physical symbolism, the far deeper cosmic and spiritual truths are still manifested and continue to constitute the most important levels of meaning. Indeed, with such complexity, and on so many strata of interpretation, both microcosmic and macrocosmic, do these meanings operate, that in a short paper it is only possible to suggest some of the most fundamental princi-

ples involved; and what follows by no means pretends to be a comprehensive study of the subject.

The Field of Action

The chessboard consists of a square made up of 8×8 smaller squares coloured alternately black and white. This pattern is a glyph or mandala of the manifest universe, and is known as the Square of Sai Werdë, Sai Werdë being the ‘weaver’ of fallen creation. Eight is the basic number of the chessboard, and eight is also the number of Sai Ėamë, the mother of Sai Werdë, and therefore closely associated with Sai Werdë herself. Eight is also the number of a spider’s legs, and the spider is symbolic of Sai Werdë as spinner and waver (Arachne, the spider-sign of the thirteen-month zodiac, is an aspect of Sai Werdë). Again, eight is the number of the ‘Rose of the Winds’ (*) which symbolises both the eight principle directions of space and the eight cardinal junctures of the year (the solstices, equinoxes and cross quarter days). The four sides of the board correspond to the four corporeal elements; in some variants of the game, four players rather than two are involved, each having four pieces and four pawns arranged against one of the sides of the board, each ‘army’ corresponding to one of the elements—it is from this that we derive the duplication of most of the pieces in the modern game—however, we will restrict our consideration here to the two-sided game. The twenty-eight squares around the perimeter of the board correspond to the twenty-eight phases of the moon. This lunar month, comprising four weeks of seven days each, corresponds to all the basic permutations of the primary constituents of the manifest universe. Each day of the week is governed by one of the planetary

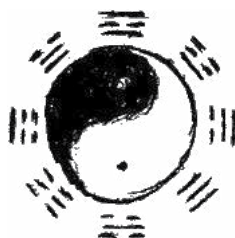
principles, and each week of the month is governed by one of the four elements.* Therefore the lunar month contains each of the planetary principles in combination with each of the corporeal elements. The number sixty-four, the sum of all the squares on the board, is also a sub-multiple of the fundamental cycle number 25,920, which is the total number of years in a complete precession of the equinoxes. The fact that the chess-board 'contains the whole universe' is symbolised by the various 'grains of wheat' legends. In one of the matriarchal versions the mythical inventor of the game, upon presenting it to the Cretan Empress, was asked what she would take as her reward. She replied that she wanted nothing more than that one grain of wheat should be placed upon the first square of her chess-board, two on the second, four on the third, eight on the fourth and so on. The total amounted to more wheat than could be found in the whole empire, for by the sixty-fourth square it had reached 18,446,744,073,709,551,616 grains.†

The cosmic symbolism of the chessboard is closely related to that of the I Ching. In this system, also matriarchal in origin, the whole of manifest existence is conceived under the aspect of sixty four hexagrams, which are often arranged graphically in the form of an 8×8 square. The hexagrams themselves are produced by the intercombinations of eight fundamental trigrams. The commonest pictorial representation of the system consists of a glyph showing the eight trigrams arranged in the

* A note to the original directs the reader to 'The Rhythm of Life' (vol. 2, pp. 564 ff.).

† A note to the original remarks that this is 'Sufficient to cover the whole of the British Isles to a uniform depth of thirty-eight feet.'

form of the 'Rose of the Winds' around a central yin-yang figure:



The flux of yin-yang can be seen as the impermanent and dualistic 'play' of existence, through which the timeless and unchanging essence represented by the trigrams and hexagrams are made manifest on the material plane. On the chessboard this twofold flux is represented by the division of the squares into black and white. The white and the black respectively correspond to all the fundamental oppositions or complementarities which are the necessary condition of manifest existence: life and death, summer and winter, pleasure and pain, activity and rest, day and night, waking and sleep etc. All these have their fundamental prototype in the alternation between the manifestation of the universe itself and its reabsorption into the non-manifest. It should be noted here that there is no square at the centre of the chessboard. Its true centre is an infinitesimal point which stands outside all the oppositions of being, and ultimately 'beyond being and unbeing'. This point corresponds to 'The Temple of the Heart' described in the Teachings:

The ignorant eye shall not see this temple from without, for it is smaller than the seed of an apple; and the seventh part of the seed of an apple, and the seventh part of a seventh part divided again until what part remains can be nor seen nor touched nor tasted.

The ignorant eye shall not see the temple from within, for it is as vast as all the manifest universe.

Beyond life, beyond death is the temple, for it is the temple of the spirit.*

In view of this symbolism and of the strategic importance of the centre of the board, the central point may be taken to represent on the macrocosmic level (as opposed on the one hand to the microcosmic or human level and on the other to the supra-cosmic or Janyatic level, both of which are symbolised by the pieces) what the Ranya represents among the pieces.

Indeed, many examples of the transposition of symbols may be found within the game, and this in itself illustrates the truth that symbols are not static, but change according to the perspective from which they are examined, each part of a symbolic structure being a microcosm of the whole. Thus, on one level, the sixty-four squares represent the archetypes or essences of pre-manifest creation, while the 'play' of black and white upon them symbolises the flux of material existence through which they are made manifest. In this paradigm, we see the essence as 'changeless, beyond the impermanent flux of time',† and therefore, in a certain sense 'static' rather than 'dynamic'; while *materia*, or substance, is 'active'. From another perspective, however, the board as a whole represents *materia* or substance (literally, that which 'stands under') and the pieces symbolise Essence or the archetypes. Here Essence is seen as the active, creative principle, while *materia* is simply the passive support of manifestation. From a third perspective, the board

* Teachings 12:4–8.

† Teachings 4:6.

may be seen as a ‘web of tapestry’, in which black and white bands are woven over and under one another, creating the effect of alternate squares; the white bands, representing Essence, are the warp, and the black bands, representing *materia*, the weft. In this paradigm, Essence and *materia* are equal on the passive/dynamic scale, but the qualitative superiority of Essence (if one may be permitted such a term) is expressed in the fact that its threads run vertically, while those of *materia* are horizontal. In other words, Essence descends from pure Spirit and is always radically connected to Her, whereas *materia* exists on various levels more or less distinct from Her, and is only connected with Her by virtue of its union with Essence. This is cognate with the symbolism of the spider’s web, in which the concentric threads exist at different degrees of separation from the centre, representing the various levels of the descent into matter while the radial threads, representing Essence, connect every level with the centre, just as Essence at every level of manifest existence participates directly in the Divine. The concept of the ranks of the chessboard as levels of proximity to the Divine is reflected in the symbolism of the eighth rank as spiritual Goal in the journey of a pawn.

These three perspectives from which the interplay of Essence and *materia* may be seen reflected in chess correspond respectively to the microcosmic, the supracosmic and the macrocosmic levels. In the first the ‘flux’ presents itself most immediately, just as the flux of material life is the most immediate experience of human existence. Essence, signified by the squares, is both veiled and revealed by the ‘play’ of blackness and whiteness, just as spiritual reality is both veiled and revealed by the ‘shadows’ of material existence (revealed because

it is through their blackness and whiteness that they are made visible to us; veiled because it becomes impossible to perceive them in their pure essence, apart from their 'accidental' blackness and whiteness). From this perspective the centre takes on a particular importance which is absent from the others. This is because of the volitional nature of the microcosmic or human perspective, centring upon the striving of the will for union with the Divine, Who is not only the unmanifest Centre of the manifest universe, but is also at the centre of the human microcosm: 'within the innermost temple of your heart'.* The second perspective concentrates upon essence and upon the essential Archetypes in their highest aspects as Janyati. Each archetype is a Divine idea, and a Janya is the direct expression of such an idea—the living emanation of a function of God Herself. Here the pieces represent the Janyati, while *materia*, represented by the board, is nothing more than the passive support of their activity. While the first perspective concentrates most immediately on the flux of matter, and the second on the activity of Essence, the third concentrates upon the interplay of the two in their creation of the macrocosm.

In one respect the chessboard represents the universe in its grandeur, intricacy and relative perfection—the skilful craft-maidship of Sai Werdë; yet equally it is represented as a place of duality, conflict and confusion, reflecting the dark and terrifying aspect of Sai Werdë. This very ambiguity, inherent in fallen creation as a whole, is expressed through the alternation and equal presence of the two colours: 'some call the chessboard black, some call it white'. It is this ambiguity which creates the 'field of action' for the conflict of good and evil, whether on

* Teachings 12:13.

the cosmic scale or within the human soul, which is represented by the game itself.

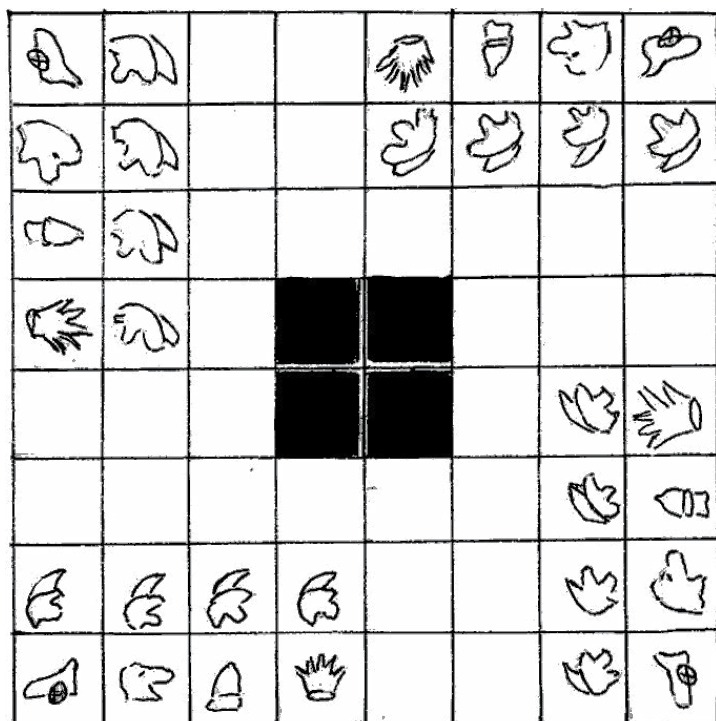
The Pieces

The chess pieces are derived in their present form from the classical structure of the Cretan and later Amazonian armies. In each case, the army had four main sections, corresponding to the four corporeal elements. In most cases, and in the modern version these were infantry, chariots, cavalry and archers; however, during the Cretan period, the chariots were sometimes replaced by ships, for Crete was a great naval power. During this period, chariots were either not used (being difficult to transport by sea) or were placed under the cavalry command. It would have been seen as madness to disrupt the symbolic function of the forces for any merely utilitarian reason. There was also a fifth section corresponding to the fifth element. This was an elite corps under the direct command of the Princess, called by various names at different times: the Silver Guard, the Blackribbons, the Iron Ring, etc. This corps was drawn from those members of the other four sections who were most advanced in the military and spiritual disciplines—for the vikhelic arts of the matriarchal period, like all the arts and crafts, were never separate from metaphysical symbolism and constituted both an initiatory path and a system of spiritual and contemplative training. The five sections also correspond to the five estates or castes of late Cretan civilisation.

Modern chess is essentially Amazon chess. The earlier Cretan forms were mostly four-handed variants, in which the four players grouped into two pairs of allies. This reflected the more complicated position of the late Cretan Empire, where

diplomacy was as important as military strength, and Madri-an-matriarchal civilisation was maintained by a complex policy of shifting alliances with surrounding semi-matriarchal and semi-patriarchal powers. It also had its roots in a far more ancient form of the game which belonged to a time when physical conflict had not yet entered into the possibilities of the world. The direction in which this game was played was one of 'rotation' rather than 'collision'. Its symbolic model was not physical war, but a mode of action which, as the human decline proceeded, became too subtle for the minds of later ages to grasp. Its more complex form corresponded to a metaphysical understanding impossible to later generations except in the profoundest contemplative states. Cretan four-handed rotational chess was a degeneration from this. The later Amazon version simplified, but also purified the game, removing the residue of profundities which were no longer understood, and allowing it to become perfect on its own level. By a seeming paradox entailed in the laws governing the transposition of symbols, this purification actually allowed the deepest levels to re-enter the game for those few who could contemplate them since, being perfect on its own level, the simplified game, like all pure symbolic systems, contained all symbolic possibilities in microcosm; whereas the older system in its degenerated form had become a hybrid attempting to incorporate two symbolic systems at once, and therefore did not fully succeed in either. The four-handed game did continue in some places, and inevitably continued in its degeneration, so that in many later versions a die was added to the game which is an obvious travesty of its very nature.

In the four-handed version each player had four pieces and four pawns. The pawns represented infantry and the other pieces were Chariot (or ship), Cavalier or Knight, Archer and Queen. The Amazons united each pair of allies into a single army placing them at opposite ends of the board so that each player had eight pawns, two chariots, two knights, two archers and also two queens. This latter was not so surprising as it may seem since every Amazon nation did, in fact, have two queens, known respectively as the Princess and the Ranya. The term Ranya is used by modern Madrians to mean a teacher or mistress in any capacity, though always on a spiritual basis. In ear-



lier times the term also meant queen since the idea of a secular ruler was quite alien to matriarchal civilisation. The queen was the highest priestess in the country and she ruled in the name of God and as Her surrogate by virtue of her priesthood, for 'human authority' is a contradiction in terms. As it says in the Teachings:

I am every priestess and every mother, each princess and each lady of the earth, and none has authority save in Me. (8:14)

Who rules in her own right is a tyrant, or yet in the right of other maids. There is but one authority and the Truth alone is true. (8:20)

The Ranya was a true priestess-queen in the old sense, whereas the Princess was a more 'outward' leader and the overall commander of all the troops. Her existence was made necessary by the complete dependence of the Amazon nation upon its military competence for its very survival. Although both were of the rank of Queen and therefore technically equal, the Princess had a personal duty of obedience to the Ranya. Their functions were analogous to the active and contemplative lives respectively—equally valid as alternatives but the latter 'encompassing' and taking precedence over the former. The personal relationship was like that of a priestess to her ancilla.

The pieces, then, are the pawn, the chariot (corresponding to the rook), the knight or horsemaid, the archer (corresponding to the bishop), the Princess (corresponding to the queen) and the Ranya (corresponding to the king). Incidentally, the name of the 'bishop' in modern English usage has no religious significance but is purely accidental. The traditional shape of the piece simply resembled a bishop's mitre; in France the piece

is called *le fou* because the same shape was there considered reminiscent of a fools' cap.

The symbolism of the pieces may be understood either on the microcosmic or human level, or on the supra-cosmic or Janyatic level. On the first level the Ranya corresponds to the heart or spirit while the other pieces relate to the various faculties of the soul. On the second level the pieces relate to the Janyati, most particularly insofar as they represent the archetypal categories of being: primarily the five elements and secondarily the seven 'planetary' principles.

There is a minor transposition of symbols in the attribution of elements to the pieces since one may either attribute the five elements to the five major pieces or else use the old Cretan system under which the pawns represent earth and the chariot, knight, archer and princess the other four. Here the Ranya will symbolise the absolute standing beyond all manifestation. However, this latter can safely be ignored and we will confine ourselves to the more usual system under which the Ranya corresponds to the fifth element which will then represent Spirit at whatever level the system is considered.

A more important transposition takes place in the attribution of the seven 'planetary' Janyati to the five major pieces plus the two colours of the board. Here there are two distinct scales of attribution, the first relating to the 'exoteric' or human point of view and the second to the 'esoteric' perspective which sees the supra-cosmic principles, as it were, 'objectively' rather than from the specific point of view of the soul's experience and quest. It is important to note that the 'esoteric' point of view is not in any sense 'superior' to the 'exoteric'. The latter is, of course, more immediate and more simple; but anyone who suc-

cumbs to the prevalent view that she has risen above the level of exoteric religion because she believes herself to understand something of the esoteric dimension merely proves that she is far below the level of either. Esotericism and exotericism are in no sense opposed and neither can one under any circumstances ‘supersede’ the other. They are in all cases wholly complementary. We will begin by giving the scales in their entirety and examine their meaning as we deal with each piece in detail:

Piece	Exoteric planetary scale	Esoteric planetary scale	Element
Chariot	Sai Ðamë	Sai Rhavë	earth
Knight	Sai Sushuri	Sai Sushuri	water
Archer	Sai Mati	Sai Mati	air
Princess	Sai Vikhë	Sai Raya	fire
Ranya	Sai Candrë	Sai Candrë	spirit
Black	Sai Rhavë	Sai Vikhë	
White	Sai Raya	Sai Ðamë	

There are two ascending scales in which the four corporeal elements can be arranged, one terminating in air and the other in fire. The first moves from the most ‘materialised’ state to the most subtle while the second moves from the ‘heaviest’ to the most ascending, thus ending in fire which constantly strives to rise upward. It is this second scale which is used in the symbolism of the pieces since the volitional character of the human perspective lays stress upon the striving of the human soul for perfection, while from the supra-cosmic perspective the first scale represents the ‘static’ character of the celestial Powers as a

hierarchy ranged in order of proximity to the Centre, while the second represents its 'dynamic' character which is that more in view in the symbolism of the pieces—although the two perspectives can never really be separated.

The Ranya

The Ranya, of course, is the most important piece on the board. She represents the Spirit, the Centre, the supernal Sun. On both scales, however, she corresponds to the lunar Janya, Sai Candrë, rather than to the solar Sai Raya. This is because Sai Raya, being a principle within manifestation, cannot represent the supra-manifest absolute. Sai Raya is a reflection of the sun-principle on the lower planes of being (including, of course, many planes far higher than our own), but not the supernal Sun Herself. Among the seven planetary Janyati, it is Sai Candrë who is the highest just as the lunar colour, violet, is the highest of the seven spectral colours. As priestess and 'mistress of the path beyond the world', it is she who leads most directly to the union of the soul with the Spirit. Just as it is the Daughter (Whose symbolism is essentially lunar) Who bears the light of the Mother into the fallen cosmos so the lunar ray of Sai Candrë (reflecting the light of the sun) bears the Divine Light upon the cosmic field of the chessboard.

Nevertheless, the highest symbolism of the Ranya is essentially solar, for she is the Spirit, the Centre, the one thing needful. One's own Ranya is the Spiritual essence, the indwelling Spirit as opposed to the egoic soul; the Self as opposed to the self. She is the quintessential 'divine spark' which must be protected against the assaults and temptations of material

existence (represented by the various ‘powers’ of the opposing army) until it be kindled into an all-consuming flame.

The opposing Ranya admits once again of a dual interpretation. On the one hand she is the very antithesis of Spirit, antigod. In this aspect she corresponds rather to the Snake of Creation than Irkalla; for Irkalla, as commander of the dark hosts, corresponds rather to the opposing Princess. Furthermore, as we shall see later, it is the primal fall, the initial turning from the Light (after which the supernal Sun was ‘too bright for us to look upon’*) which is entailed in the negative or maleficent aspect of the symbolism of the Ranya. On a higher level, she represents the Spirit Herself as the Grail; the goal of the Quest; the single object toward Whose attainment all the powers of the soul (one’s own pieces) are directed.

It may be said that, viewed supra-cosmically, as a celestial Power, the Ranya is the lunar Sai Candrë, while viewed micro-cosmically as a ‘part’ of the human being, she is the immanent Spirit; but in this case, the ‘part’ is infinitely greater than the whole, for the Spirit in a maid far transcends both her individuality and the human state as such, for the immanent ‘human’ spirit is not other than the transcendent Spirit Herself.

The Princess

Historically the supreme power and mobility of the Princess corresponds to the fact that she commanded the elite Silver Guard. Traditionally, also, she was versed in the art of archery and surveyed the battle from a chariot; thus her powers combined those of the Archer and the Chariot. Exoterically she

* Mythos 6:8.

represents Sai Vikhē, commander of the armed hosts of heaven (or, as the opponent, Irkalla, commander of the hosts of Hell). On a more esoteric level she is Sai Raya, the outpouring of the Divine energy upon the fields of manifest creation. Sai Raya is the expansive principle and the power of the Princess is supremely expansive, her lines of potential movement raying out in all the eight directions of the cosmos in the form of the Rose of the Winds.

It will be noted that the Princess ‘actualises’ the ‘potential’ inherent in the Ranya. While the Ranya can take one step in each direction the Princess can extend the movement to the very limits of the cosmos. The Ranya symbolises the Principle underlying all manifestation, while the Princess represents the outward manifestation itself. The respectively ‘static’ and ‘active’ nature of the two pieces correspond to the dictum that ‘Earth moves, but Heaven is still.’*

As we have already noted, Sai Raya, whilst a solar principle, is not the supernal Sun; and while on one level the Princess reflects the solar-expansive principle of Sai Raya, on a profounder level, and in relation to the solarly of the Ranya, her symbolism is essentially lunar. She is the Daughter-principle who translates the Principle ‘activity’ of the solar Mother-principle onto the level of outward manifestation. Hence the obedience of the Princess to the Ranya historically.

Microcosmically, the Princess corresponds to the soul as opposed to the Spirit. Strictly speaking, she is the soul as Perfect Servant whose will is one with the will of our Lady (this is signified by her ‘moving at will’ which we will discuss in relation to the pawn). She is thus the higher soul or *psychopneuma*

* Teachings 3:1.

present in each of us as a potency but fully realised only in the hera. But the Ranya and the Princess can be taken to represent the Spirit-soul duality at all levels. In their station together at the centre of the other powers at the beginning of the game they represent the heart in its psychic-Spiritual duality at the centre of the being.[†] The same symbolism is implicit in the historical custom by which the Ranya would ride with the Princess in her chariot to survey the field before a battle and in the legend that Inanna entered the chariot of an Amazon princess to speak with her on the eve of a great battle, a legend whose form and essential teaching have been patriarchalised and largely preserved in the Bhagavad Gita.[‡]

The Archer, the Knight and the Chariot

Microcosmically these three pieces correspond to the three vehicles of the soul; the mental, emotional and physical bodies and also to the three paths to perfection: the path of Light or Intellect, the path of Love or will and the path of works.

Archery is a supremely contemplative discipline and one which has an obvious connection with the 'mental' element of air. 'The Amazon archer must give herself up wholly to the universal Spirit, must become one with the shaft and with the target.'[§] This is precisely equivalent to the realisation of pure

[†] A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of 'The Heart and the Moon-Axe' (vol. 2, pp. 410 ff.).

[‡] Most likely a reference to 'The Legend of Idonya', pp. 1510 ff.

[§] A note to the original directs the reader to 'The Moira Handbook, p. 26', however, extant copies contain only 21 pages. *The Moira Handbook* is reproduced in this volume on pp. 1358 ff.

Intellect, for while reason proceeds ‘up’ from matter, Intellect proceeds ‘down’ from Spirit and its realisation is a unitive knowledge in which the ‘knower’ and the ‘known’ are one. Supra-cosmically the Archer corresponds to Sai Mati, the Janya of Intellect.

The art of chivalry (cavalry) had its birth in late matriarchal times. Unlike the art of archery, its perfection depends upon the perfect harmony of two wills: that of the horsemaid and that of the horse. This harmony is analogous to the harmony of Spirit and soul, of maid and God. It is therefore analogous to the devotional or love path. The love path is also the path of will: the assertion of the true will of the Self over the wayward desires of the self. Modern profane life drops the reins of this essential self-control, thinking that this constitutes freedom but, in fact, when the soul succumbs merely to the animal motivations of avoiding pain and seeking pleasure she is just as surely a slave as any donkey manipulated by stick and carrot. Instead of having a will of her own, she becomes the passive plaything of external influences, biological drives and psycho-physiological reactions. The material body and the lower part of the soul (*psychedemas*), insofar as she is tied up with it, is an animal which, if free will is to have any meaning, must be tamed and disciplined. This taming of the soul is precisely analogous to the handling of a horse, and the language of horsemanship is often used in traditional spiritual treatises. There is a profound ritual connection between horsemanship and the devotional path, and the Amazon knights were often said to be the most gentle and courteous of all the Amazon soldiers. Supra-cosmically, the Knight corresponds to Sai Shuri, the Janya of love.

The Chariot is the 'heaviest' or most consolidated of the pieces, it corresponds to the physical body and its lines of movement lie always at right angles to one another forming the upright cross of matter. It is appropriately represented often as a *quadriga* or four-horse chariot, the Ranya and Princess within the chariot represent the heart within the body. Its path is the path of works; of craft and agriculture, of the life of the household, all performed accordingly to the traditional ðamē and ritual symbolism by which every action within a ðamelic society is bound to the Absolute. From the human point of view, which takes into account the other states of being, the Chariot corresponds to Sai Rhavē in her lower aspect as the principle of restriction, since physical matter (from the earthly perspective) represents a lower limit and a maximum of consolidation and restriction. This duality also corresponds to the fact that the Active Life of a ðamic society comprises the correct spiritual path for the majority but would be an intolerable restriction for a contemplative mystic.

It is obvious that the three paths are three distinct ways to Dea. But it is equally obvious that even in the most extreme cases no one of them can be completely divorced from the others. In practice most people would be following the Active Life, the path of works; but devotional practice plays an important part in the life of every religious person (and the irreligious person is nothing more than a freakish anomaly of the late patriarchal era), and the ritual symbolism of the crafts and arts is essentially an Intellectual symbolism, and it is the desire and duty of every maid to progress as far into the Intellectual comprehension of her craft as she is able. So the three paths correspond equally to the three essential powers of the soul: will, intellect

and action; and the Knight, Archer and Chariot respectively symbolise these powers.

Negative Powers

We have briefly mentioned the negative or maleficent aspects of some of the pieces; it is now necessary to go into these more systematically. The opposing pieces generally represent the inversions or perversions of the principles represented by one's own forces. These may be regarded either as demonic forces or as 'inward enemies'.

The Ranya, representing Spirit in her positive aspect, represents negatively the primal sin of turning away from the Light. She is the rejection of the Self by the self, the rabid egoity which desires at all costs to preserve its separateness from the Spirit. It can be called the sin of pride, but it is not pride in the most usual sense but is the promethean pride of the soul in its self-assertion against the Spirit.

Having been cast into the flux of matter by this turning from the Spirit, the constant round of material existence is kept in motion by the three poisons of the soul which bind her to the iron wheel of *werdë*. The first is ignorance, the inversion of the Matic principle, symbolised by the Archer. Having turned from it, the soul forgets the Truth. She is blinded by the veil of matter and cannot see the eternal world that lies about her. Because of this she does not know how to free herself from the ceaseless flux of material existence. She does not even know that she can be freed. This ignorance is the precondition of worldly materialism which, by blindly treating this physical existence as the only reality, acts in ways which forge chains of *werdë*; part good and part bad, but all binding the soul to

the worlds of matter which must ultimately be worlds of dissatisfaction and suffering, because she is really seeking in the world that fulfillment and completion which can only be found beyond the world.

The other two poisons are the two great dynamic forces which drive the wheel of *werdë*: attraction and repulsion, represented by the Knight (*Sai Sushuri*) and the Princess (*Sai Vikhë*) respectively, the principles of concord and discord, Venus and Mars. These are the stick and carrot of our blind donkey, the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain, which keep up the ceaseless round of activity directed to no purpose beyond the world of matter.

Finally, the Chariot represents what may be called the force of gravity. The Scriptures tell us that there can be no standing still upon the path.* If we are not moving upward we will inevitably slip downward. If we waste the precious opportunity of our present human life pursuing merely transient aims we will not find ourselves 'back where we started', we will fall to a lower state of being. An ancient myth tells how some of the earliest of fallen souls, being not yet far, quickly found their way back to Heaven and urged their sisters on the earth (who were still radiant and half-celestial beings) to follow them. But the earthly maids wished neither to move up nor down but only to rest a little time on the earth before following their sisters. But inevitably they sunk deeper and deeper into matter and quickly found that they were unable to free themselves without the most immense effort. This law of gravitation operates on various levels from the individual human soul to the progressive decline into consolidation and increasingly gross material

* Cf. Tablet 5.

states that take place in both human society and the cosmic environment itself throughout the course of the historical cycle. In the human microcosm this principle may be seen as the sin of sloth or inertia provided that it is understood that there are forms of sloth far deeper and incalculably more harmful than mere physical laziness. For example, modern society can be very energetic in the shouting of slogans or the amassing of facts providing it can avoid the real effort of intellectual activity; very energetic in the ceaseless production of consumer goods, providing it can avoid the spiritual effort entailed in the traditional crafts; very energetic in preaching a shallow and sentimental ‘social gospel’, whether secular or pseudo-religious, provided it can avoid the real emotional discipline of the path of will, in which the true love of God entails the only possible true love of all Her creatures.

The Pawn

The Pawn is the ordinary Amazon foot soldier, with her solar sword in her right hand and her lunar shield or *pelta* (sometimes made in the shape of a five-day-old moon) in her left, representing her microcosmic duality. Yet, despite her intrinsic axial and microcosmic nature, she is the fallen egoic soul or *psychedemas*. Her potency is far more limited than that of the celestial Powers, and it is limited both quantitatively, in that she can only move the shortest possible distance, and qualitatively, in that she can only move in one direction. It will be noted that the Ranya shares the same quantitative disability while qualitatively she is omnipotent: this indicates that while she is the Principle of all potential manifestation she is herself not manifest. The Ranya contains all qualitative ‘directions’ or

possibilities within herself but does not enter into their manifest extensions. The dual restriction of the pawn represents all the various qualitative and quantitative limitations inherent in the various states of being separate from the Spirit. The dual bondage of space and time forms a paradigm of these limitations from the earthly point of view; time symbolising quality and space symbolising quantity.

The journey of the pawn is analogous to the quest of the soul. She moves upward through the seven ranks (representing the seven spheres) encountering various obstructions and dangers on the path. When she reaches the final sphere and casts off the limitations of her fallen, egoic nature and becomes a Princess which, as we have seen, represents the perfected soul, the soul in her true nature as the perfect servant or *hera*. The final rank is the rank of the *Janyati* or celestial Powers, for the perfected soul returns to her true, unfallen *Janya*-nature. The fact that from the beginning of the game the rank of the *Janyati* is not only ahead of her but also behind her signifies that she has fallen from this condition and that her forward movement is also a return to the state from which she has come. As a Princess she is now a mover-at-will; having reached the seventh sphere of *Sai Candrë*, the 'path beyond the world', she may leave the world or enter it as she chooses, even as the *hera* may return or not return. Her perfect freedom of movement is characteristic of the perfect servant of She Whose 'service is perfect freedom'.* As it says in the Crystal Tablet: 'If the soul live in Light, no thing shall be impossible to her, for her will shall become one with the will of our Lady.'[†]

* Teachings 8:29.

† Tablet 29.

At the commencement of the game, each pawn stands in front of one of the pieces and 'belongs' to it. Even when it moves onto another file in the process of capturing a piece or another pawn it continues to be designated 'Knight's pawn' or 'Princess's pawn', according to the file on which it began. This designation is inalienable to the pawn in question. Each pawn is in the 'ray' of one of the celestial powers. Each individual is unique in virtue not of her current earthly existence but of her celestial origins. The multiplicity of pawns on the chessboard is analogous to the multiplicity of souls in the world. Looked at along the 'horizontal' rank, which, as we have seen, corresponds to the material and quantitative dimension, all the pawns appear identical and undifferentiated. It is only by considering them in relation to the 'vertical files', which correspond to the essential and qualitative dimension, that we are able to see the inherent and unique character of each soul. That is why it is only in a society which has lost all vision of the qualitative dimension that the demagogic conceptions of 'equality' and 'democracy' can arise, and human individuals be reduced to mere numerical units; statistics or wholly interchangeable 'cogs' in the industrial machine. On another level, this same 'horizontalist' tendency gives rise to a scientism which seeks to reduce all phenomena to 'explanations' based upon undifferentiated and non-qualitative matter.

The Game

Finally, we must give some brief consideration to the overall structure of the game. Its primary symbolism, of course, is that of battle: the archetypal struggle between the forces of light and darkness, of black and white. The most exoteric interpre-

tation of this interprets white as the divine solar Light (here represented by Sai Raya) and black as the evil darkness represented by the negative aspect of Sai Rhavë, while the Princess as Sai Vikhë leads the hosts of Light in the combat. This is a fully valid interpretation although it should be remembered that each player, from her own point of view, fights on the side of Heaven; therefore, from the point of view of 'black', the darkness corresponds to the divine humility of Sai Rhavë, while the white pieces represent the promethean pride of the negative solar principle which is the first cause of the Fall and therefore the very essence of evil. In either case, the elementary conflict of good and evil fits in perfectly with the historical background of the battle for the preservation of the Faith against the encroaching patriarchal forces of darkness whose distortions of the Divinely revealed mythic forms and way of life carried within them the seeds of the total destruction of all spirituality, the darkness of blind materialism and the promethean pride of atheistic 'humanism'.

On another level, as we have seen, black and white correspond to matter and Essence respectively. Now these two are not in any sense opposed but on all levels of existence below pure Spirit are the complementary constituents of being. Provided these two are in balance a state of harmony or ðamë prevails. But, as we have seen, there is a tendency both in human thought and in the cosmic environment itself towards an excessive 'consolidation'; a disproportionate and disharmonious (aðamic) predominance of the material and quantitative pole over the Essential and qualitative. This tendency is manifested on the earthly and social plane by the institution of patriarchy which, by its inbuilt symbolic nature, tends inevitably towards

materialism, quantitativism or 'horizontalism'. The central conflict of chess can, therefore, also be seen as that of order or concord, represented by Sai Đamě, with discord or chaos represented by the negative aspect of Sai Vikhě and her planetary influence of Mars. In the symbolic language of the planetary signs the cross represents matter and the circle Spirit. The sign of Sai Vikhě, therefore, is almost diametrically opposed to that of Sai Sushuri. The former represents the full domination of matter over Spirit. This domination can never, in the nature of things, become complete, but in setting the cross at an angle of forty-five degrees above the circle, matter is shown as surmounting Spirit as far as that is possible. It is no coincidence that the symbol of Sai Vikhě is used to this day for the male principle and that of Sai Sushuri for the female. However, it is not the symbol of Sai Sushuri which is here set in opposition to that of Sai Vikhě but the symbol of Sai Đamě. Sai Sushuri, corresponding to the Knight, symbolises the complete submission to the Divine entailed in the path of will, whereas Sai Đamě represents the divine order and harmony, whether in the human soul or in a normal theacentric matriarchal society (it may be noted here that there is a close connection between Sai Sushuri and Sai Đamě. Sai Sushuri is said to be the sister of Sai Đamě and her name, cognate with the Greek *tithenai*, means 'Disposer' or 'Orderer').

This perspective clarifies the truth that the aim of war is peace; for peace is nothing other than the restoration of order or harmony in place of disorder and chaos. War in itself is a disorder but one which exercises a balancing function against the initial disorder, thus restoring harmony. This is only true if the war is fought on a purely spiritual basis without hatred

and wishing only to restore harmony both to the enemy and to the order as a whole; and if all the arts of war, like all ðamelic crafts, are treated primarily as spiritual disciplines. Even so, it remains true that the very possibility of war represents a considerable degeneration in the earthly order, which is why war did not appear until very late in the historical cycle after the passing of the matriarchal ages proper.

It should be remembered, however, that the 'outward' historical interpretation of the war is very far from being the most important. The true war is the 'inner war'; that waged against the forces of darkness and disorder within one's own being. We have already examined the nature of the 'negative Powers' against which this war is fought. Here it may be noted that, as with the exterior war, the aim of the interior war is peace in the sense of the restoration of harmony or order. It should also be noted that fallen creation at every level necessarily entails a measure of disorder whether or not it is great enough to manifest itself in exterior warfare in one form or another and that the only way to achieve true harmony is by passing along the flux of multiplicity and fragmentation which is the manifest order and coming to rest in the perfect peace of the Spirit, who is at once the Centre of one's own being and the Centre of all the manifest cosmos. That is why the game of chess centres always upon the quest for the Ranya.

Just as the chessboard is based upon the Square of Sai Werdë, so the game itself manifests in microcosm the werdic laws of existence. At each move the player has the freedom to choose among the various possibilities of action. But whichever course she chooses will entail an inexorable chain of consequences which will determine the possibilities open to her as

the game progresses. Nothing occurs by chance but all takes place in accordance with rigorous laws. The player will maintain her freedom of choice and attain her objectives only by understanding and acting in accordance with these laws. If she acts without understanding she will find herself bound ever more tightly upon werde's iron wheel, until her relatively unlimited freedom at the beginning of the game has dwindled to a position bounded in and enclosed on every side by the results of past mistakes which have been only too well exploited by the cunning of the 'evil one'.

We have attempted to give some indication of the complexity of the spiritual symbolism of the game of chess. It will be seen that many points might have been expanded at much greater length and it may be understood that, in principle, an entire and adequate exposition of metaphysical and religious philosophy could be based upon an exegesis of the game. This is in accordance with the principle that every fully adequate symbolism is a microcosm in which the entire macrocosm can be 'read', and that every major activity that is truly in ðamē constitutes just such an adequate symbolism. A child belonging to an ancient matriarchal weaving community is reported to have said, 'There are two meanings to everything and three meanings to most things and if you knew all there is to know about weaving you'd know everything in the world—and beyond it.'^{*} This statement is certainly in accordance with the traditional matriarchal understanding of every art and craft. The tools, the methods of working, the traditional forms, patterns

* A note to the original directs the reader to a past life regression account originally published in *The Coming Age*. In this volume, it appears appended to *The Moira Handbook* (see pp. 1391 ff.).

and images created, all contribute toward a symbolism which contains principally ‘all there is to know’, and which can be interpreted on a multiplicity of levels from the simplest to the most profound. These crafts, constituting an entire way of life rather than merely a game, contained, beyond their symbolism, an effective ritual structure which made them not only a ‘teaching’ but a plenary means to realisation, an ‘initiatory path’. This aspect we have obviously not touched upon here; but we hope to have shown, within the relatively compact structure of a game, the principles upon which the vital symbolism of the Active Life, or the way of works, is based.⁵⁷

GLOSSARY OF MADRIAN TERMS

A–C

This was originally meant to be a dictionary, but became more like an encyclopædia. It contains much knowledge about non-physical existence that makes absorbing reading, though, unfortunately, it is not complete.

A

ABSOLUTE DEITY: The Dark Mother; the first Person of the TRINITY; the unknowable First Principle from Whom all else proceeds (see TRINITY).

ABSOLUTE GOOD: Dea is Absolute Good (Catechism, 33). All other Good is movement towards the Absolute Good. Just as the North Pole is absolute north. When we say ‘north’ we mean ‘towards the North Pole’; once we

have reached it we can go no further north. From there, all directions are south. In exactly the same way, when we say 'good', what we really mean is 'towards Dea'. All acts of kindness, prayer, beauty and all good things are steps towards Dea. All acts of evil are steps away from Dea. Ultimately, the only true test of whether an act is good or evil is to ask whether it is a step towards or away from She Who is Absolute Good.

ACADEMICISM: See ENCYCLOPÆDISM.

ACCIDENTALISM: See EXTERNAL THEORY OF EVENTS.

ADVENT: The period leading up to the Nativity of Our Lady, beginning on the first new or full moon after Ist Astræa and lasting about a month.

ALL JANYATI, DAY OF: 28th Astræa (See JANYA).

ALL HELATI, DAY OF: 9th Rosea (See HERA).

ALTAR: There are two Altars: the Altar of Sacrifice and the Great Altar (of Communion). During a rite, the earthly Altar becomes one with the celestial Altar; and the Daughter, as Priestess of the World, is the true Hierophant of every earthly Rite. (The 'altar' of a shrine is not a true Altar in the strict sense.)

ANDROMORPHISM: The process by which the image of Dea is transformed into a male form. It is a symptom of religious decadence. In all religions, the original Creator is depicted as female. As they grow further from the Divine inspiration, andromorphosis sometimes takes place, particularly when the society becomes PATRIARCHAL. Sometimes andromorphism takes the form of an arbitrary change of

gender, while the name used for Deity remains the same, as was the case with Ea in Syria, Siva in India and Atea in Polynesia. Sometimes by a gradual change. For example, in Greek mythology the original Creative Principle is Metis, the female intelligence. By the time of Orpheus, She had been changed into the bisexual Metis-Phanes, both male and female. By Classical times, She had become the all-male Phanes. Yahweh (Jehovah), the Jewish god, was originally the Goddess Iahu. The dying and rising Saviour of humanity, known originally under many names: Persephone, Ishtar, Inanna, the hanged Artemis of Arcadia, etc. was transformed into male forms: Attis, Osiris, Christ, Tammuz, etc. Andromorphism is always marked by a weakening of the religious impulse, and by a more outward and social approach to religion, which often becomes a political instrument of the patriarchal state. (Andromorphism, andromorphosis, andromorphise. Andromorphism is a DISSONANCE).

ANIMALISM: All the higher human impulses have their origin in the spiritual. Thus we love earthly BEAUTY because it is a faint reflection of the Divine; we are capable of love because the spark of Divine LOVE is within us. To evade this truth, MATERIALISM puts forward the theory that all human motivations are simply sophisticated forms of animal instincts. It is based on the belief that HUMAN BEINGS are not incarnate spirits, but simply animals, and is closely connected with PSEUDO-EVOLUTIONISM and the CAVEMAN THEORY OF HISTORY. The most popular theory of animalism is a vulgarised version of the doctrines of Sigmund Freud, which seeks to reduce almost all human

motivations to the sexual instinct. This provides the foundation for the prevalent popular EROTOCENTRISM. See also CORPORALISM.

ANTHROPOCENTRISM: The reverse of THEACENTRISM. The religious view of life puts Dea at the very centre; thus giving both a realistic picture of human existence and the key to a complete and well-rounded way of life. The FALSE SELF is constantly striving against the Theacentric life, and seeks to lead the soul into a way of life in which purely human aims and ideals are made central. Anthropocentrism is the human-centred life. But by a strange paradox, the human-centred life does not achieve the human aims which it sets out to achieve. We do not become happy by saying 'let us be happy'. We are most happy when we concentrate on something outside ourselves, whether a piece of work, another person, a game or a piece of music. Similarly, human beings cannot find satisfaction by deliberately seeking it, but only by turning outside themselves to the one Source of all true contentment. In some cases, the anthropocentric view sees religion itself as a means to human social ends. This is particularly common where ANDROMORPHISM has taken place. (ANTHROPOLOGY: See PRIMITIVISM).

APPLE: The apple is a symbol of eternal life. It is associated with the element of earth and the FEAST OF DIVINE LIFE. If an apple is cut in half from the side, the seeds form a perfect five-pointed star.

APROSOPISM: See COSMIC APROSOPISM.

ARTEMID: Noun: a member of the Order of the Daughters of Artemis. Adjective: of or belonging to that Order.

ARTEMIS, DAY OF: The fifth day after the New Moon. The second Natural Rite of the lunar month.

ARTEMIS, FESTIVAL OF: 23rd Vois. The Festival of our Lady as Mother of Ekklesia and of the institution of COMMUNION.

ASTRAL BODY: A subtle body co-existent with the physical body. It is through this body that we experience emotion. See also BODY.

ASTRID: A member of the Order of the Silver Star.

ATHENE: The JANYA of wisdom, knowledge and intellect.

ATHENE'S DAY: 7th Astræa.

AURORA: The dawn OFFICE.

AUTUMN: The third season, comprising Abolan, Vois and Werdë. See SEASONAL MYSTERIES.

AVALA: The Paradise of the Daughter, to which those who have lived as good Madrians are received after death. The word Avala comes from the Indo-European root *abol*, meaning APPLE, the symbol of Eternal Life, and is also cognate with 'evening' (cf. the German *Abend*). Traditionally, Avala lies 'west of the sunset' and is the land of the golden apples of immortality.

Avala is also the name of the evening OFFICE.

B

BEAUTY: Beauty is the perception of good through the senses. Perfect Union with Dea is a state of absolute beauty, perceived not through the senses, but through the entire spiritual being of a purely spiritual creature. All earthly beauty is the reflection of that absolute beauty which was known by all souls before the beginning of time. It is the unconscious recognition of this reflection which fills our souls with happiness. All true art is a glimpse of Heaven.

BODY: A body is a material vehicle which can sometimes be used by a soul at certain stages of her development. MATTER, as it affects us in this life, takes three forms: the physical, the emotional and the mental.* We have bodies operating on each of these planes of matter. The most obvious and familiar body is the PHYSICAL BODY. Interpenetrating the physical body is the ÆTHER BODY, or life body. This is a subtle and invisible substance which is necessary to the continued existence of all living things. All organisms, and all organs within the organism, are preserved in their form and shape by the currents and movements of the æther body. As soon as the æther body is dissipated (shortly after death) the process of decomposition begins. Human beings have the æther body in common with both plants and animals, whereas minerals have only physical substance. Although the æther body is invisible to the naked eye, it can be seen by means of Kirlian photography.

* A note to the original directs the reader to the Catechism, question 53 (vol. I, p. 96).

More subtle than either the physical or æther bodies is the ASTRAL BODY. This is the seat of conscious existence, and therefore of emotion. It is widely held that under certain circumstances this body can temporarily leave a living physical body (this phenomenon is known as astral projection). Human beings have the astral body in common with animals but not with plants.

The MENTAL BODY is the seat of intelligence. Some commentators subdivide this into higher and lower mental bodies. Only animate creatures (i.e. creatures having *anima*, a soul) possess the mental body, which means that human beings do not have it in common with the majority of animals. It is often held that certain individual animals are animate and do possess the mental body. If this is so, it is *not* because they have ‘advanced’, or ‘evolved’ to that stage (a creature without a soul cannot ‘evolve’ into a creature with a soul, for both the soul and intelligence are divine attributes and not products of ‘evolution’), but because an intelligent soul has become incarnate in that particular animal. It is also held that the WERDE of such a soul will frequently draw her to the company of human beings. See also INTELLIGENCE.

BRAIN: The brain is the most highly sophisticated and sensitive mechanism known to maid. Like a radio receiver, it is able to pick up the messages of the EGO transmitted through the vibrations of the ASTRAL BODY, and translate them into physical actions. In HUMAN BEINGS, the brain is also used by the MENTAL BODY, and becomes the centre

from which INTELLIGENCE operates in the physical organism.

C

CATHOLIC: The word ‘catholic’ means ‘universal’, therefore Madrianism is the only truly catholic religion. In every nation and area of the world, the first and original Divine revelation was Madrian, and the first religion was a form of Madrianism. As one writer put it: ‘In *all* myth throughout the world, from the sun’s rising beyond the farthest shores of Asia to its setting west of the farthest islands of the vast Pacific, the first Creator of all is a Goddess. Her names are as many and varied as the peoples whom She created and who worshipped Her as the First Principle.’ * It is only later, with the decline of true religion, that AN-DROPOMORPHISM set in, and religions grew apart from the universal catholic faith of all humanity.

CATHOLIC (2): Noun; a Catholic Madrian.

CATHOLIC MADRIANISM: HARMONIC Madrianism, whose essential tenets are stated in the Catechism of the Children of Dea and the Creed, and which is based upon the revelation of the eternal Truth of Dea in the sacred MYTHOS.

CAVEMAN THEORY OF HISTORY, THE: This fallacy springs from the mistaken belief that the human SOUL and INTELLIGENCE are products of ‘evolution’ (see PSEU-

* The original gives no citation for the quote, but it may be found in Elizabeth Gould Davis, *The First Sex*, Penguin Books, 1975, p. 33.

DO-EVOLUTIONISM). It states that the earliest human societies were crude and uncivilised (thus, in modern usage, the word 'primitive' is made to mean at once 'early' and 'barbaric'). According to this view, stone-age society is the type of the early human community. In point of fact, there have been 'stone-age' societies in *every* age; as there are to this day in parts of Africa and Australia. And as far back as we can go, there have *always* been highly civilised societies. Western history opens with the great civilisations of the Near East which are already very old. The belief that there must once have been a stage at which all people were uncivilised is unsupported by any evidence, and comes from the dogma of MATERIALISM that there is no God, and therefore She cannot have created intelligent creatures. We cannot know for sure whether the human body was created quickly (by specific creation) or slowly (by evolution), and it is not a matter of great importance. What we can and do know is:

1. That the human body is a vehicle for the temporary habitation of intelligent souls.
2. That as soon as an intelligent soul became incarnate in a human body, a HUMAN BEING was created which was every bit as intelligent and civilised as ourselves.

If the human body was created slowly by evolution, there must, of course, have been a long period before it was fit for the use of intelligent souls. During this period it would have been a mere animal. An animal which could never in any number of millions of years have *evolved* a soul. For both soul and true intelligence are divine gifts, and not

products of evolution or any other natural process. The body cannot *grow* a soul like an arm or leg; it can only *receive* a soul from without.

Because they had descended from a higher place, the earliest human beings were probably the *most* rather than the *least* civilised. The co-called ‘primitive’ tribes and societies in all ages are merely degenerate groups, as is shown by the fact that most of them have the remnants of a highly sophisticated mythology and system of metaphysical thought which they no longer understand. (See also PRIMITIVISM and PROGRESSIVISM)

CHARISMA: (from Greek *charis*: ‘grace’, ‘favour’, ‘gift’) The gift of Grace conferred by Dea, particularly through Her SACRAMENTS. When we talk of charismatic INITIATION either of an initiand or a PRIESTESS, we usually mean that a soul has been received by Dea without the mediation of a Sacrament; but Sacramental Initiation is in the strictest sense charismatic.

COMMUNION: The central SACRAMENT of Madrianism, through which the SACRIFICE of the Daughter becomes actual in our lives. Through Her Sacrifice, we transcend the KEAR which cuts us off from the Mother, and gain real Communion with Deity. In the actual Communion, the bread is transformed into the spiritual body of the Daughter. This Sacrament has been performed in all ages, and imitations of it were invented by certain masculist religions, following the Eleusinian Communion, where Mother and Daughter were called by the names of Demeter and Persephone. It was instituted by the Daughter Herself (see

Mythos 7:16–23); this institution is especially celebrated at the FESTIVAL OF ARTEMIS, and also at the EXALTATION.

CONSCIOUSNESS PRINCIPLE, THE: One of the central principles of the PROFANE world-view. This is in essence the belief that the conscious mind is capable of knowing all that there is to know. It involves valuing REASON above INTELLIGENCE, and is an important factor in producing INTELLECTUAL HUBRIS. The consciousness principle is not only a denial of MYSTERY, but also implies a complete MATERIALISM, since only material things can be fully understandable to incarnate creatures; but even according to the strictest materialism, it would be a surprising coincidence if the brain of one particular animal just happened to be capable of understanding all phenomena, even those which had nothing to do with its survival or even its environment.

Human beings have an inbuilt feeling that they are capable of understanding all things. That is true. But when one denies all intuition, and all super-rational truth—‘the truth which cannot be spoken’, because it is beyond language—believing mere reason to be the only faculty of understanding; then that truth becomes a falsehood: the falsehood that all knowledge can be reduced to conscious propositions which can be put into words. This falsehood must come into being whenever people fall into the materialistic error that HUMAN BEINGS are merely ‘rational animals’, with no soul and no super-rational faculty.

In conformity with this error, the universe must be ‘flattened out’ and ‘disinfected’ of all super-rational truth. ‘Supernatural’ facts must be explained away somehow, even by the most contrived and ridiculous hypotheses. Human behaviour must be reduced to ‘evolved’ animal instincts and explained in terms of pseudo-sciences such as economics and sociology.

The consciousness principle also grossly oversimplifies all the facts of human life. At its most extreme form, believing that all human ills can be cured by some simple rational formula such as socialism or some new method of education; or forgetting that language is an indescribably subtle complex of nuance and connotation, formed over thousands of years, and believing that it can be replaced by artificial ‘rational’ languages such as Esperanto.

The consciousness principle has greatly assisted the forces of darkness by rendering many people incapable of understanding what MYTHOS is and why it is necessary to the human comprehension of Divine Truth.

CORPORALISM: The belief that the body is the root and origin of human existence. This springs from the MATERIALISTIC belief that there is nothing beyond the physical, and the ANIMALISTIC belief that all human motivations are ‘evolved’ instincts. It leads to a number of errors, especially: the error that the person ceases to exist when the body dies; and the error that a person ‘is’ her body, rather than simply inhabiting it. It also leads to an excessive desire to ‘explain’ human actions, feelings and beliefs in purely physical, social and economic terms, ignoring the moral

and spiritual aspects of human existence. Ultimately, corporalism denies the freedom and individuality of the human being, treating her as a mere product of her environment. (Corporalism is closely linked to EROTOCENTRISM and EROTOLATRY).

COSMIC APROSOPISM: Usually called simply aprosopism. This is very prevalent, and makes a special appeal to the modern mentalist. Apart from strict atheistic materialism, it is certainly the most active factor in leading souls away from Dea in the world today. Aprosopism means literally 'faceless-ism', and put simply, it is the doctrine that God, or the universe, has no face. Of course, materialists believe that there is no overall Personality in the universe, and that all things are mere accident; and it is certainly true that aprosopism first made its appearance in the west when materialistic philosophy was becoming generally accepted. But aprosopism means not strict materialism, but a vague Theism which denies the Personality, the 'face' of Dea. Thus the overwhelming personal experience of the Divine is avoided, and in its place is put a comfortable, 'sensible' philosophy which leaves the ANTHROPOCENTRIC, false-self-centred life intact.

Typical aprosopistic 'gods' include such abstractions as 'Universal Intelligence', 'the Life-force', 'the Great Spirit', 'the Eternal Laws', 'Cosmic Law'. Laws are very popular in certain types of aprosopism; also every type of 'Force' or 'forces'. Even terms such as 'the Absolute', or ABSOLUTE GOOD, which, taken in the proper sense, are perfectly correct definitions of Dea, can be made into aprosopistic

pseudo-deities. The most DISSONANT forms of aprosopism deny also the Divine Unity, speaking of laws, rather than the Law, forces rather than the Force, spirits rather than the Spirit, etc. On a more sophisticated level, one often hears such statements as ‘I believe in an immanent God, but not a transcendent God’, which is the metaphysical equivalent of saying ‘I believe in the front of this sheet of paper, but not in the back.’

Aprosopism is particularly insidious because it often takes Truths which in themselves are perfectly HARMONIC (especially when applied to ABSOLUTE DEITY, the Dark Mother), and misunderstands or misrepresents them in such a way that they appear to conflict with other truths of equal importance, thus creating DISSONANCE. In particular, such Truths as that God is unknowable, and that She is beyond being and unbeing are brought into an illusory conflict with almost all the other Truths of religion. This is helped by the CONSCIOUSNESS PRINCIPLE, which encourages the belief that unaided human reason is sufficient to discover Absolute Truth, and even to over-rule Divine revelation.

The most harmful characteristic of aprosopism is that while it does not involve a conscious rejection of belief in God, it invariably ends by transferring that belief into the realm of abstract theory and rendering it void in all practical and personal respects.

CREATURE: Any thing or living being created by Dea: that is to say, all things in existence other than Dea Herself. The term is more often used of living beings (including human beings) than of inanimate things.

CROSS: The Cross of equal arms is the symbol of the season of MOURA, and of the death of our Lady. Based on the number FOUR, it represents MATTER. Not, in this case, physical matter, but the lowest depths of matter—the most complete separation from God—into which Her Daughter descended: thus, the Cross is the symbol of absolute DEATH—the death which no human soul can undergo, for no CREATURE can ever be absolutely separate from Dea: for complete separation from Her would be non-existence. The MYSTERY symbolised by the Cross is that the only Being ever to suffer complete separation from Dea was Dea Herself.

CROSS OF RESURRECTION: Usually called RESURRECTION CROSS. A cross of equal arms with a circle superimposed upon it, each arm extending a little beyond the circumference of the circle. The circle, like the full moon, is a symbol of complete or Divine Perfection. Here, the cross represents not only the Divine Sacrifice, but also its glorious result—the extension of the light of the Daughter in all four directions of fallen matter, so that there is no place to which Her Love does not reach. Within itself, the Resurrection Cross contains the resolved paradox of Divine Perfection—the Cross eternally extending in all directions to infinity, the Circle already perfect and circumscribed. The union of Being and Becoming; the point which is at once infinity; the instant which is at once eternity. The Resurrection Cross is one of the central symbols of the Madrian faith, being both a sign of the absolute Perfection from which we came and to which we must return, and of the perfect SACRIFICE of God the Daughter

which is the only means by which the soul may come again to that Perfection.

CULT: Any systematic and regular practice of ritual worship other than COMMUNION. The term is usually applied to the CULT DOMESTIC, but can also designate, for example, the regular devotion of an individual or a group to a particular Janya, perhaps centring around her shrine.

CULT DOMESTIC: The whole religious life of a Madrian household, centring on a regular domestic Rite of Sacrifice. A Madrian household is defined as any group of Madrians who live together and all who are dear to them. The ‘priestess’ of this Cult is the spiritual head of the household, who is usually the mother (although, of course, the household may not necessarily be a family).⁵⁸

MEDITATIONS ON THE LOVE OF OUR LADY

You have spread out your heaven, Lady, like a mantle, and in the heavens have set the stars that light our way this night, while the wild beasts of the forest are at large seeking to devour us. You have caused springs to rise in the mountains, from which You send down secret torrents to water the plain of our hearts, that they may bring forth flowers and fruits in abundance, tasting Your sweetness. My soul, an arid soul, a sterile and fruitless soul, thirsts for the sweet drops of this rain, longs for the nectar of heaven.

May Your voice sound in my ears, dear Inanna, and tell me how my heart should love You, how my mind should love, how the deepest cavern of my soul should love You. May my inmost heart of hearts enclose You, my one and only treasure, my sweet and lovely joy. But what is love, Inanna? If I am right, it is a strange delight of the spirit, ever sweeter as it is purer, ever gentler as it is truer, ever more joyous as it is more generous; it is the ambrosia of the heart which You inspire, for You are sweet; it is a place that can contain You Who are in all places. For she who loves You knows You, and as she knows You, so she loves You, for You are love, You are the love of the eternal sphere. Your lovers are made drunk, losing knowledge of themselves that they may come to You. How do they come but by loving You? By loving You with all their hearts and souls.

O Lady, let some fragment of Your great sweetness fall upon my soul to sweeten the bread of my bitterness. Let it drink a drop of that which it yearns for, sighs for, desires so deeply in this desert place of its wanderings. Let it taste what it hungers for, drink what it thirsts for, even while it is still on the path to Avala, where you give us to eat and drink to our refreshment. Till then, Lady, I shall seek You, and seek You in love: for the soul that loves You is always seeking You, and the soul that loves You perfectly is the soul that has already found You.



No created thing creates itself, nor has beauty or goodness of itself, but from She Who is all, Who is wholly good and wholly beautiful; the goodness of all good things, the beauty of all beautiful things derives from She Who is the cause of all existence. And as She is Absolute Good, it is good for us to cleave

to Her. And that we may cleave to Her with our minds She has given us three powers of nature, which make us able to partake of Her eternity, share Her wisdom and enjoy Her sweetness. These are memory, knowledge and love, or will. Memory can comprehend eternity, knowledge can comprehend wisdom, and love can comprehend sweetness. And these were given in the likeness of the Trinity—the Dark Mother, Mother and Maid—Whom our memory ever keeps, our knowledge ever knows without deception and our love embraces without desire of anything else. And thus it is in perfection.



As the ancient faith is once more reborn out of the darkness, and the truth again known on the face of the earth, we should now begin to reflect our Mother in perfection as we did before the beginning and shall do after the end. And yet our memory is clouded by long forgetfulness, our knowledge darkened by error, our love tarnished by selfishness.

When shall we be perfect? This peace, this calm, this happiness is to be looked for in our Mother's home: there, when we live in eternity, there will be no room for forgetting; when we rejoice in truth there will be no deception by error; when we are swallowed up in Her love, there will be no impulse to selfishness.

O eternal and true love, O true and lovely eternity, O eternal and true and lovely Dea! Here will be peace and tranquil joy.



I think it is clear that the soul turns away from her Mother not in any physical sense, but because the mind diverts her love away from the highest good and, growing hardened in selfish pride, deforms in the soul the image of the Divine; and thus if in selfless humility she directs her love back towards our Lady, she is restored to the image of She Who created her. For in this love is the secret of the health of souls, the stripping off of the hard crust of matter that surrounds the fallen maid, the renewing of the mind and the reforming of the soul to the divine image.

Divine love flowing into our soul from above will dissolve by its heat our inborn inertia and draw us up on high, we shall put off the old and take on the new, the soul will gain the silver wings of a dove and fly up towards that sublime and pure goodness of which our nature had its being. For the rational soul is a mirror of the perfection of the Absolute and it is divine love which lifts up our soul to the heights from which we have fallen.



O wonderful created being, lower only than She Who created you, why do you make yourself so small? Do you love the world? Your being is higher than the world. Does the sun dazzle you? You are more dazzling than the sun. Do you speculate about the movement of the stars in the heavens? You are exalted above the heavens. Do you search for the mysteries of life's beginnings? No life began more mysteriously than yours. Reason if you will, but do not forget to love; and do not love reasoning, but She Who has confronted you in all these things with Herself. She places them before you neither to humble

you nor to enrich you but that you may rise above them to the true Reality which shines through them. Why should you pursue the transient beauties of the material world, when your soul has a beauty which age cannot wither, poverty cannot mar, sickness cannot dim, death itself cannot destroy? Seek, but do not look for that which you are seeking there. Desire, but do not hope to have your desire fulfilled there, but only in eternity.



She who loves the things of the world and turns away from divine love heedlessly does not know what divine love is. She seeks rest for her unhappy soul in all these things, but finds everywhere labour and misery, sorrow and affliction of the spirit. And she is shackled and held back from spiritual development; the chain of habit binds her, the claims and expectations of kin imprison her, and even the bond of love and friendship is a hindrance for it is the sweetest of the sweets of the earth. And yet in all these things sweetness is mixed with bitterness, sorrow with joy, calamity with good fortune. Friendship is pleasant to her, but she always fears a rift, and knows that some day parting must come. She sees her joys begin, watches how they progress, waits for their end; and knows that such joys cannot begin innocently, progress peacefully or end harmlessly. And always she lives in fear of death.

And yet, when she opens her heart and You, Inanna, pour into it that precious gift, the gift of divine love, all is transformed. What joy there is in Your love, what peace in Your joy, what refuge in Your peace, no words can tell. Who chooses You cannot go astray, for there is nothing better than You; her hope cannot fail, for there is only blessing in loving You; she

need not fear that she loves You too much, for no limit is set to loving You; she need not fear death, that severer of the bonds of earthly love, for You give eternal life which cannot die. She need fear no estrangement, for only the cooling of her own love will accomplish it; she need fear no misunderstanding, for You see into her heart and alone judge her truly. Here is the joy which shuts out fear; here is the peace which stills the fretful heart; here the safety which alone is certainty.



Those who long for love, listen and hear of love. She is the most loving who never wearies of loving, but always, whether sitting or standing, walking or resting, working or playing, thinks of her love; she puts her love first in all her thoughts and actions; and her one desire is that that love should be returned. Such is the love of maids.

And Inanna, whose nature is pure Love, seeks the love of all creatures. She asks nothing more of us than our love, for love contains all. The very least of those who love Her burns and is bright with love, seven times brighter than the sun compared with a candle, than the candle's beams compared with a star. But she who does not return Her love has shut the door of her heart and locked herself away from the light, in love's poverty.

It is the highest sweetness to burn with the love of our Lady. As soon as your heart is touched by the sweetness of heaven, you will begin to have your joy and delight in the song of the heavens, and every melody, every rich thing, and every pleasure which all the maids on earth are able to devise will seem as the tawdry and cast-off toys of your childhood. The

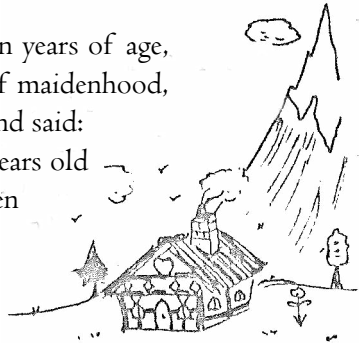
eye of your spirit is taken up into the bliss of heaven and is there illumined with grace and kindled with the fire of divine love, so that you shall truly feel love burning in your heart more and more and shall feel such great joy and sweetness and love that no sickness or anguish or sadness may afflict you, but all your life shall be turned into joy; and then, because your heart is so exalted, your prayers shall turn into joyful song and your meditations into melody. Then Inanna shall be all your desire, all your delight, all your joy, all your comfort; all your song shall be about Her and all your action and your rest shall be within Her.⁵⁹

THE MOUNTAIN

Once upon a time, there were three sisters who lived with their mother and father in a little cottage at the foot of a high mountain. Their names were Cora, Dora and Flora. Cora was the eldest, and she was as beautiful as a butterfly in a summer meadow; Dora was the middle in age, and she was as beautiful as a swan on a calm blue lake; and Flora was the youngest, and she was as beautiful as a perfect red rose, jewelled with the dew of the early morn.

Now, when Cora was fourteen years of age, and just entering the full beauty of maidenhood, she went one day to her mother and said:

‘Mother dear, I am fourteen years old and almost ready to be a maiden and mistress of my own house, yet I have never been to the top of the mountain which shelters



us from the harsh east wind. Please, mother, wrap some bread and cheese in my apron, and I will climb the mountain and look over the lands to the east.'

But her mother was sad, and said, 'Daughter dear, I am afraid for you to climb the mountain, for folk say that there is an old hag who lives up there all alone, all crazed with evil and loneliness, and that she kills any who go up the mountain, and sucks the marrow from their bones.'

Cora was frightened when she heard this and went away. But the next day she asked her mother the same thing and had the same reply, and the next day, and the next, until her mother sadly and with a heavy heart did as she asked and wrapped a loaf of bread and a round of cheese in Cora's apron. And she bade farewell to her daughter and placed around her neck a golden chain from which hung a little golden rose.

Cora said farewell to her father and her sisters and set off to climb the steep, winding path which led from the door of the cottage to the summit of the mountain.

When she had walked for a little time and a long time, and had eaten her loaf of bread, and her round of cheese was no more than a memory, Cora came to a place where the narrow path became wider and more level, and where a little stream dropped from the mountain to run into a dark, rocky pool. But as she put her hand towards the water, she heard a harsh voice behind her saying, 'What are you doing by my pool, maid?'

Cora turned round and saw the ugliest, crookedest old hag that she had ever seen. Her hair was grey and hung over her face like rope from a sunken ship; her hands and feet were filthy beyond description; and her nose was exactly the right size and shape for taking the cork out of a wine bottle.

Cora was terrified and stammered that she meant no harm, but was very thirsty and craved some water from the pool. ‘Well,’ said the beldame, ‘if it’s water you want, drink your fill, but you can pay me for it by cleaning my house.’

Cora thought this a mean way to treat a traveller, but as the last drop of water was some three miles down the path, she drank her fill and, taking more water in the bucket the old woman pointed out to her, she followed her new mistress to a tiny but very dirty hut, which was built squarely across the path which led to the top of the mountain.

Now, the hut may have been small, but it was more than a few years since it had seen water and a scrubbing brush, and Cora saw that she would have her work cut out to clean it in a day and a night. Still, she set to her task with no very good grace, and scrubbed and rubbed and polished until her back ached, and her arms and legs were stiff and as heavy as marble. She was still no more than half done, when she heard a little voice above her head:

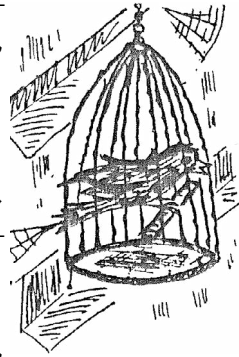
‘Little Mistress, Little Mistress,’ it said, ‘of your kindness please give me a sip of clean water.’ Cora looked up: there, hanging from the rafter was a cage, and in the cage was a small, bedraggled lark.

‘Please, Little Mistress,’ she pleaded ‘a mouthful of clean water.’

Cora looked about her, but the only water in the hut lay in her bucket, and that was so black that had she had a pen she could have written with it. The only way she could bring clean water to the little bird was by fetching it from the pool, and that would mean that she would not finish her cleaning before night fell again, so she said to the bird, not unkindly, ‘You must

wait, Little Sister, until I have finished my work, and then I will bring you all the water you need.'

The bird sighed deeply but said nothing more, and when Cora next looked up, it seemed to her that the bird and her cage were smaller than they had been before. At last the work was finished, and the hut was so clean that it sparkled in the sunlight. Cora put away her scrubbing brush and polishing rag and poured the dirty water away outside the door. Then she remembered the thirsty lark, and looked up into the rafters, but neither of the bird nor of the cage was there any sign.



Cora went out to where the old woman lay sleeping under a tree, and, not daring to waken her, or to try to find a way around the hut to the upward path, she fled down the mountain and back to her mother's cottage. And before many years she took the son of the woodcutter for her husband, and they did live together until they both died.

Now, although she loved her dearly, Dora had always thought that her elder sister had shown too little spirit in her encounter with the old woman of the mountain. And when she in her turn was fourteen years old and just entering the full beauty of maidenhood, she went one day to her mother, and said,

'Mother dear, I am fourteen years old and almost ready to be a maiden and mistress of my own house, and yet I have never been to the top of the mountain which shelters us from the harsh east wind. Please, mother, wrap some bread and cheese

in my apron and I will climb the mountain and look over the lands to the east.'

But her mother was sad, and said, 'Daughter dear, I am afraid for you to climb the mountain, for folk say that the old hag, who lives up there all alone and crazed with evil and loneliness, kills any who go up the mountain and sucks the marrow from their bones.'

And Dora went away, but the next day she asked her mother the same thing and had the same reply, and the next day and the next, until sadly and with a heavy heart her mother did as she asked and wrapped a loaf of bread and a round of cheese in Dora's apron. And she bade farewell to her daughter and placed around her neck a silvern chain from which hung a little silvern rose.

Dora said farewell to her father and her sisters and set off to climb the winding path which led from the door of the cottage to the summit of the mountain.

When she had walked for a little time and a long time, and had eaten her loaf of bread, and her round of cheese was no more than a memory, Dora came to the place where lay the dark, rocky pool, and she stopped to drink. But as she put her hand towards the water, she heard the harsh voice saying, 'What are you doing by my pool, maid?'

There behind her was the aged beldame with the corkscrew nose, looking even dirtier and uglier than she had before. Dora was made of sterner stuff than her sister, but even she was frightened by the sudden appearance of this horrible hag. But she gathered her wits about her and asked the harridan for a little drink of water to quench her thirst.

‘Well,’ said the old woman, ‘if it’s water you want you can drink your fill, but you can pay me for it by cleaning my house.’

Dora accepted this bargain as gracefully as she could. She drank her fill and, taking more water in the old woman’s bucket, she followed her new mistress to her tiny hut which lay across the path to the summit.

Now, you would not have thought that that hut had been cleaned within the last twenty years, and Dora saw that it would be more than a day and a night that she would spend cleaning it. But she set to her task with determination, and scrubbed and rubbed and polished until her back ached, and her arms and legs were as heavy as marble. She was still no more than half done when she heard a little voice above her head:

‘Little Mistress, Little Mistress,’ it said, ‘of your kindness, please give me a sip of clean water.’ Dora looked up, and there, hanging from the rafter, was the cage with the small, bedraggled lark. ‘Please, Little Mistress,’ she pleaded ‘a mouthful of clean water.’

Dora looked all about her, but the only water in the hut was that which lay in her bucket, and that was so black that she could have blacked her shoes with it. The only way she could bring clean water to the little bird was by fetching it from the well, and that would mean that she would not finish her work before night fell again. But she remembered how thirsty she had been when she reached the pool, and sighing to herself, she took down a cup from the shelf, filled it at the pond, and brought it back to the caged bird. She held the brimming cup against the bars of the cage, and the little lark dipped her beak gratefully into the cool, clear water.

To Dora's amazement, as the bird drank, her feathers became more glossy, and she seemed to grow larger and handsomer; even her cage was bigger. Dora listened entranced as the lark began to sing of the eastern lands beyond the mountain, but, too soon, they heard the old woman stirring in her sleep beneath the tree. The lark ceased to sing but whispered in Dora's ear,

'You must return to your work, Little Mistress, or the old woman will be angry; but beware, for she will not want you to leave when the work is done.'

'Oh, Little Sister, what shall I do?' sobbed Dora, 'I want to climb to the top of the mountain, and, even if I escape from the old woman, her hut blocks the path to the summit.'

'Listen carefully and do as I say, Little Sister,' said the bird. 'On the night of the day which belongs to no year, this hut spins around like a wheel, and it is possible to leap out of the door onto the upward path. But the old woman is sworn to destroy any who try to make that leap, so before you can attempt it, you must wait until she falls asleep, then take the hatchet and chop her head right off.'

Dora was horrified and she cried, 'Little Sister, that would be a shameful thing, to murder an old woman in her sleep, however foul she be.'

But the bird bade her be silent, saying, 'Do not say so, Little Mistress, for in truth the old woman was never maid nor mistress, but a serpent in human form. Do you as I advise, and you shall come safe to the top of the mountain; but take care to chop off her head with one blow, for you will never have the chance to strike a second time.'

So Dora went back to her work, and by the time the old woman came into the hut it was so clean that it sparkled in the sunlight. Dora put away her scrubbing brush and polishing rag, and poured the dirty water outside the door.

The old woman was surprised to find Dora still in the hut, but she summoned from her cunning mouth the most ingratiating words that she could find: 'You must be tired, maid, for you have worked so hard. Lie down, sweetling, on this bed and rest yourself.'

Dora did as the woman said, and the ancient crone flung herself down on a pile of rushes and was soon sound asleep.

Now this was the night of the day which belongs to no year, and the old woman was no sooner asleep than the hut began to spin like a wheel; slowly at first, then faster and faster. Dora rose cautiously from her bed and crept to the chimney corner where the hatchet lay. Then she walked on tiptoe to the place where the old woman slept. She raised her arm and brought the hatchet down on the hag's skinny neck. But at the last moment her heart misgave her, and the blow landed on the mound of rushes. The hag awoke with a shriek. Dora, in panic, fled to the door of the hut and, without a thought for the spinning, leapt through. But at that moment, the door opened not unto the upward path, nor even onto the downward one. Below Dora's feet, the ground fell away five thousand feet to the crags which loomed over her mother's cottage; and there the corpse of the maid came to rest.

There now remained to the aging parents only the youngest daughter, Flora, and on her they poured out all their love, for she was as gentle as the fawn and as wise as the subtle serpent. But when Flora was fourteen years old, and just entering the

full beauty of maidenhood, she went one day to her mother, and said, 'Mother dear, I am fourteen years of age and almost ready to be a maiden and mistress of my own house, and yet I have never been to the top of the mountain which shelters us from the harsh east wind. Please, mother, wrap some bread and cheese in my apron, and I will climb the mountain and look over the lands to the east.'

But her mother wept and said, 'Daughter dear, I am afraid for you to climb the mountain, for I fear that the old hag who lives up there, all alone and crazed with evil and loneliness, killed your sister and will kill you too, and suck the marrow from your bones.'

And Flora went away, but the next day she asked her mother the same thing and had the same reply, and the next day, and the next, until her mother sadly and with a heavy heart, did as she asked and wrapped a loaf of bread and a round of cheese in Flora's apron. And she bade farewell to her daughter and placed around her neck a necklace of crystal beads, each one carved into the shape of a perfect rose. Flora said farewell to her father and set off to climb the steep, winding path which led from the door of the cottage to the summit of the mountain.

When she had walked for a little time and a long time, and had eaten her loaf of bread, and her round of cheese was no more than a memory, Flora came to the place where lay the dark, rocky pool, and she stopped to drink. But as she put out her hand towards the water, she heard a harsh voice saying, 'What are you doing by my pool, maid?'

There behind her was the crone with the corkscrew nose, looking fouler than she had before. But Flora kept her wits

about her and replied courteously: 'Mistress, I ask your pardon if I am trespassing, but, of your kindness, please let me drink from your pool.'

'Well,' said the crone, 'if it's water you want, drink your fill, but you can pay me for it by cleaning my house.'

Flora agreed wholeheartedly to this bargain and, after drinking her fill, followed her new mistress to her tiny hut which lay across the path to the summit.

Well, you may not believe it, but that hut looked as if it had not been cleaned since the day it was built, and Flora saw that it would be more than a day and a night that she would spend cleaning it. But as soon as the old woman had gone to lie under her tree, Flora noticed the cage hanging from the rafter and the little, bedraggled lark which was asleep inside it.

'Oh, Little Sister,' she said, 'your water bowl is quite empty. Let me bring you clean water from the pool.' So saying, she took down a cup from the shelf, washed it in the clean water in the bucket and ran down to the pool to fill it. Then she hurried back to the hut, without spilling a drop, and held it against the bars of the cage so that the thirsty bird could drink.

To Flora's amazement, as the lark drank, her feathers became more glossy, and she seemed to grow larger and handsomer; even her cage was bigger. She began to sing of the eastern lands beyond the mountain, until she heard the old woman stirring in her sleep beneath the tree. The lark ceased to sing but whispered in Flora's ear, 'You must begin your work, Little Mistress, or the old woman will be angry and beat you, but beware, for when you have finished, she will not want you to leave.'

'Little Sister, give me your advice,' said Flora. 'How can I reach the top of the mountain when this hut blocks the way?'

I would gladly serve the old woman for seven years, if I could only hope to find the path to the summit.'

'Listen carefully and do as I say, Little Mistress,' said the bird. 'It is not by serving the old woman that you will find your way to the top, for she is sworn to prevent any from reaching the summit. But on the night of the day which belongs to no year, this hut spins around like a wheel, and it is possible to leap out of the door onto the upward path. But, before you can do that, you must wait until the old woman falls asleep, then take the hatchet and chop her head right off.'

Flora was horrified and she cried, 'Little Sister, for shame. I cannot murder an old woman in her sleep, however foul she be!'

But the bird bid her be silent, saying, 'Do not say so, Little Mistress, for the crone would destroy you. In truth, she was never maid nor mistress, but a serpent in human form. Do as I advise, and you will come safe to the top of the mountain; but take care to chop off her head with one blow, for you will never have the chance to strike a second time.'

So Flora began to clean the hut. And she scrubbed and rubbed and polished, and all the time she pondered on the words of the lark; and she prayed for help to make the right choice. In less time than seemed possible, the hut gleamed like a new pin, and Flora put away her scrubbing brush and polishing rag, and poured away the dirty water outside the door.

When the old woman came back to the hut, she was surprised to find Flora still there, but she summoned from her cunning mouth the most ingratiating words.

'You must be tired, maid, for you have worked so hard. Lie down, sweetling, on this bed and rest yourself.'

But though her words were honeyed, Flora looked into her eyes and saw that they were the lidless eyes of a snake, and she determined to do exactly as the lark had told her. She lay on the bed and the old woman flung herself upon the pile of rushes and was soon sound asleep.

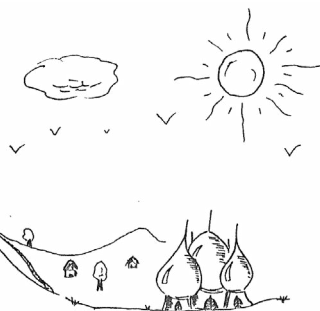
Now this was the night of the day which belongs to no year, and the old woman was no sooner asleep than the hut began to spin like a wheel; slowly at first, then faster and faster. Flora rose cautiously from her bed and crept to the chimney corner where the hatchet lay. Then she walked on tip-toe to the place where the old woman slept. She raised her arm and brought the hatchet down on the hag's skinny neck. And her stroke was straight and true, and the old crone's ugly head was riven from her malformed body. As the blow fell, the cage door sprung open and the lark flew free with a glorious song of praise to the Mother of All Things. And as she sang, her form changed to that of a beautiful maiden shining like the sun and dressed in a robe of dazzling white. Flora was filled with wonder.

'Who are you, maiden?' she asked.

'I am the one who lay in thrall to the snake but whom your courage has freed,' replied the maid. 'Go now towards the summit, for the path is at your feet. I will come with you.'

Flora realised that the hut was no longer spinning, but the door opened upon the upward path. The two maids climbed it with light hearts and light feet, until they reached the summit. There, below them, the fair, shining lands of the east were spread. Despite the distance, they could see the folk working in the fields and the fair houses and noble temples of the towns as clearly as if they stood among them, and Flora heard the singing of the temple maidens rising to greet the dawn.

At last, the lark-maiden said: 'Go now, sister. Return to your own folk. But remember what you have seen and heard, and some day you will return to walk in that fair land.'



So Flora took her leave of her sister, and returned to her mother's cottage, to the great joy of her parents. And in later years she became a great teacher and was beloved of all her pupils, who saw through her the beauty of the eastern lands, until at last she returned, as the lark-maiden had promised, to walk in that fair country, to her heart's content.⁶⁰

THE PLANETARY PRINCIPLES

Tradition teaches that the created universe did not at the beginning consist of material things, but of perfect forms, or Divine ideas; we might also call them pure Essences. When our part of creation was no longer in perfect harmony with the Absolute, it could no longer exist as pure Essence, but had to be 'expressed' through matter in order to remain in being. Thus everything we know consists of both essence and matter. Pure essence would be, for example, pure 'flowerness', but not a flower. Pure matter, having no essence, would have no qualities of any sort—no size, no shape, no colour, no texture etc. Pure Essence can and does exist on the plane of Spirit, although we can in no way conceive of it in our present state. Matter is quite incapable of independent existence.

But we must make it clear that matter in its true sense does not refer only to physical matter, but to everything below the level of pure Spirit. Thus it includes æthyric, astral and mental matter, as well as many other forms of matter with which he have no contact on this plane. A thought is a piece of matter just as much as a table, or rather, they are both, like all things, a combination of matter and essence. Thus to those who say that pure Essence is not inconceivable because one can conceive of pure 'floweriness' we must reply that the very conception itself is a piece of thought matter. However, because of the limited and largely erroneous concept which is usually designated by the word 'matter' in modern usage, we will use henceforth the traditional term '*materia*'.

Essence and *materia* should not be conceived as 'substances' or 'things', but rather as the extreme two poles of manifest existence.* All manifest things occupy points on a sliding scale between them—thus a stone is closer to pure *materia*, a poem closer to essence, but only relatively speaking.

Essence is the female, 'spiritual' and creative or shaping pole; it is symbolised by the sphere, or in plane geometry by the circle. *Materia* is the male, 'heavy' or 'solid' pole; it is symbolised by the cube, or in plane geometry by the square. Again, essence is quality, *materia* quantity.

We have said that everything below the level of pure Spirit has a material form, but there is one exception to this rule: *psyche* or soul. Soul is neither matter nor Spirit, but stands between the two. So also, soul stands between essence and matter as a

* A note to the original reads: 'In the Hindu tradition, which is closely related to matriarchal root-philosophies which preceded it, the two poles are called *Purusha* and *Prakriti*'.

third principle. In traditional symbolism, the three principles are termed Heaven, Earth and Maid. In the symbolism of the planetary principles, they are represented respectively by the circle, the cross and the crescent:

○	+	☾
Heaven	Earth	Maid
(Essence)	(<i>Materia</i>)	(<i>Psyche</i>)

Etymologically, the word ‘Maid’ is connected with ‘may’, meaning ‘the power to do something’ (hence ‘might’ is both the past participle of ‘may’ and also means ‘power’). Essentially, it means the potential of doing or not doing, i.e. the power of choice. Maid is ‘she who chooses’, she who is what she is because of the choices she has made.* As the mediating or reconciling Principle, the Daughter is perfect Maid. She descended to the level where She too had to choose between good and evil.† This is what is meant by the phrase ‘God became Maid’, the phrase ‘God became flesh’ is a materialistic parody of this, reflecting the limited perspective of the *materia*-dominated outlook. As we will see when we come to examine the male and female principles as expressed in the planetary symbolism, this error is intimately connected with the error of conceiving God as male.

Within the microcosm of an individual Maid, the three principles may be seen as corresponding to Spirit, body and soul; but it must be remembered that ‘body’ is not just the physical body (or ‘flesh’), but also the astral, æthyric and men-

* A marginal note on the original copy reads ‘As the mediating or reconciling Principle, the Daughter is perfect Maid.’

† A note to the original directs the reader to Mythos 3–4.

tal bodies, and that Spirit is not an individual faculty but the point at which the individual remains united with the Absolute.

From these three principles proceed the seven planetary principles, which consist of all the meaningful relationships between the primary principles. The first two are the pure principles, not filtered through *materia* (although, of course, they must unite with *materia* in order to manifest at any level). These consist of Heaven and Maid standing alone—*materia*, as we have said, is incapable of independent existence. They are represented not by planets proper, but by the two luminaries, the sun and moon:

☉	☾
Sun	Moon
(Heaven, Essence)	(Maid, <i>Psyche</i>)

The remaining five planetary principles derive from the relationships of Heaven and Maid with *materia*, and are akin to the five material elements; however, they should in no sense be confused with these elements, which are simpler and purer and strictly more ‘elementary’. Indeed, viewed from a different perspective, that of the Triad and Tetrad division of the planetary principles (which does not concern us here), certain of the principles correspond to different elements from those given below; however, from a Magical point of view, the kinships given are correct. The four corporeal elements consist of the relations of Heaven and Maid separately to Earth or *materia*; Heaven ruling Earth, Earth ruling Heaven, Maid ruling Earth, Earth ruling Maid:

Planetary Principle	♀	♂	♃	♄
	Venus	Mars	Jupiter	Saturn
Elemental Kinship	▽	△	△	▽
	Water	Fire	Air	Earth

The seventh planetary principle combines Heaven, Maid and Earth:

♀	♄
Mercury akin to Æthyr	

From the foregoing, it should be obvious that the heptad of planetary principles is fundamental, and that the recent ‘discovery’—or rather rediscovery—of three additional planets does not in any way alter this. The assumption that they do is founded firstly on the supposed superiority of the modern world to the ancient, which assumes that the matriarchal astrologers ‘left out’ the additional planets because they were ignorant of them; whereas, in fact, they were perfectly well aware of their existence, as they are clearly depicted, for example, on several ancient Sumerian seals.* Secondly, the assumption is founded on the supposition that the physical planets in some way ‘create’ the principles, rather than merely symbolising them. Usually this assumption is merely tacit, although sometimes one hears talk of such mechanical monstrosities as ‘waves’ or ‘rays’

* The reference is to, e.g., the Akkadian seal VA/243, interpreted by Zecharia Sitchin as depicting the eight known planets along with Pluto, two moons, and a ninth planet known as ‘Nibiru’. This interpretation has been contested by a number of scholars, most notably Michael S. Heiser.

emanating from the planets. In a purely figurative sense, such images can be useful, but there are persons who intend this terminology to be taken quite literally, in which case it is mere fantasy born of a materialistic desire to reduce super-physical influences to a semblance of physical 'science'. Having asserted that the planets are only the symbols of the principles, however, it must be made clear that symbolism, when it is of a genuinely universal nature and not merely an artificial convention devised by individual minds, is a far more powerful thing than the materialistic mentality can possibly understand, and is, indeed, one of the bases of all traditional thought. The planets as such do not 'affect' earthly events (although, again, there is no harm in saying that they do in a figurative sense, just as we speak of the sun rising, when in fact it does no such thing), but they are a part of the universal symbolic system of which human life is also a part, and since events in any part of the system are organically bound up with events in any other part, knowledge of one part can always be gained by observation of another, provided the correct symbolic interpretations are understood. Neither do we mean to suggest that the extra-Saturnian planets are outside this system, for that is a manifest impossibility. Any event, from the movement of a planet to the flight of a bird or the fall of a card can, correctly interpreted, give information about any other event. That is the basis of all divination.

Our concern here, however, is not with divination, but with the heptad of principles symbolised in the deepest sense by the seven planets for us in this phase of existence; although the seven principles are themselves universal and affect all material existence far beyond our solar system and beyond the plane of physical matter. They are, in fact, seven 'rays' (using the image

in a strictly figurative sense) which run throughout the universe from the highest point to the lowest, affecting every creature and phenomenon on every level of existence. At the head of the rays, far ‘above’ the physical plane, stand the seven ‘planetary’ Janyati, and at their ‘lowest’ point, far ‘below’ the physical plane stand the seven daughters of Eresh-Kigal* who represent the extreme perversion of each of the principles. At every level between these two extreme points, each ray has both a beneficent and a maleficent aspect.

We will now proceed to a brief examination of each of the principles, treating particularly their deeper significance in the spiritual pattern of the universe. Each ray is named after the Janya governing it.

- ⊙ Sun; ray of Sai Raya: The sun is, of course, the primary celestial symbol of the Mother, as well as representing pure Essence. The correspondence is a natural one since She is the Creator of the Essential world, and it is only through our turning from Her that we have descended into material existence. The name of the Janya also expresses the connection with the Mother. In one sense this is the highest of the principles, but it can never manifest its full potential in any part of the material universe, since Essence cannot exist without *materia*; and since the rays do not exist in the same form outside the material universe; this principle always remains a secondary or potential state. In the same way the Mother can never be realised fully while the soul remains in imperfection, for “They can no longer look

* I.e. Irkalla.

upon My brightness[†]—another obvious correspondence with the symbol of the sun. Because of its pre-lapsarian nature, this principle also governs the ‘Golden Age’ of the western tradition (the symbolic metal of the ray is gold), or the Hindu *Devpara Yuga*. This is called ‘the time before the Fall’, but refers not to the Cosmic Fall itself, but rather to a lesser fall within the span of the present humanity. The Golden Age refers to the first and longest phase of the present cycle, of some 20,000 years, when human life was fully attuned to its inner principles, and therefore perfect of its kind. The Golden Age also refers to various lesser periods corresponding to ‘cycles within cycles’. In any cycle, major or minor, the four ages correspond to each other in the ratio 6:3:2:1 so that the first age is four times as long as the last. The units in each case are cycles, so that each cycle is made of ten smaller cycles.

The perfect attunement of the Golden Age is also the highest aim of life, and this is poetically expressed in the traditional dictum that the true work of an alchemist is ‘to separate the Philosophical Gold from the Black Dragon of Matter.’ The symbol of the sun also represents this achievement.

In operation, the Sai Raya ray is the harmonious, expansive, perfectionist principle, it reflects the virtue of Light or energy as defined in the Crystal Tablet and is also associated with the virtue of generosity.

☾ Moon; ray of Sai Candrë: the moon is the primary celestial symbol of the Daughter, Who in every sense is the

† Mythos 3:5.

Reconciler of Heaven and Earth. As perfect Maid, She stands between Essence and *materia* at every level—that is to say, not only between the two principles in their strict philosophical sense, but also between the inward nature of everything and its outward manifestation: ‘I am between the ripple and the water; I am between the dancer and the dance; I am between the breathing and the breath; between the lightest word of greeting and the thought from which it flows.’* This is the highest principle in manifestation, and its symbolic colour, violet, is the highest colour of the spectrum. Its virtue, purity, or simplicity, is said to contain all the other virtues. It governs the Silver Age, or *Tetra Yuga*.

Astronomically, the moon is earth’s satellite, but she does not orbit the earth in the manner of a satellite to its gravitational centre. The earth’s pull on the moon is secondary to that of the sun, which is the common centre of attraction for both. This symbolises the position of *psyche*, divided between the pull of Spirit (sun) and matter (earth), and the continual choice which is the defining characteristic of Maid.

From the perspective of the present earth plane, the Sai Candrē ray is particularly connected with the astral and other immediately super-physical spheres and the sphere of the moon is traditionally called ‘the first heaven’. The ray governs contemplation and spiritual development. On a lower level, it governs divination and psychic faculties of all kinds.

* Teachings 9:35.

♀ Venus; ray of Sai Sushuri: This is the first of the principles which incorporates *materia*, and is therefore fully manifest at every level. The first two rays, and particularly that of Sai Candrë, while certainly present at every level, are never fully 'naturalised' in the material world, and are constantly drawing all within their sphere of influence 'upwards' and beyond it. The Sai Sushuri ray exists as the life-principle throughout all nature, but, symbolising Spirit dominant over matter, it maintains right relations wherever its influence predominates. In all things, matter serves the spiritual Reality which is its source and essence. Since Essence is the female pole and *materia* the male, this is symbolised in a society by a matriarchal order; and the symbol of Venus is traditionally taken as the feminine symbol.[†]

The virtue of this ray is love. At the highest level, this is the cosmic love defined in the Crystal Tablet. Love is the natural result of the Spirit-centred life: '...the greatest love is the love of Dea, and from this love all other loves flow.'[‡]

♂ Mars; ray of Sai Vikhë: This symbol is the reverse of the Venus symbol, or rather, as close to an inversion of it as is possible, for, just as *materia* cannot have independent existence, neither can matter fully dominate Spirit. For this reason, the cross (or arrow in some later forms) is placed at an angle of 45 degrees, rather than directly above the circle.

In social terms, the inversion of right relations implied by this symbol is represented by a patriarchal order;

[†] The reader may be interested in Donna Chrysothemis' discussion of 'The Symbol of Venus' (vol. 2, pp. 386 ff.).

[‡] Tablet 49.

and due to its inherent spiritual tendency, as well as to the magical vibrations set up by the invocatory symbols* of a male-dominated society, such an order is bound to lead by degrees to a materialistic state in which all spiritual truth is lost, and only matter (and eventually only the physical portion of that) is accepted as ‘real’. Just as the Spirit-centred life leads naturally to love, so the matter-centred life leads naturally to disharmony, conflict and strife, which are governed by this ray. It is the lowest of the principles, and its symbolic colour, red, is the lowest of the spectrum.

Nevertheless it has its beneficent aspect, and the virtue of courage, which it governs, is necessary at every level of manifest existence.

Mars governs the first Iron Age, of which we are now approaching the end in our present sub-cycle. This is the war-torn and materialistic *Kali Yuga*. There is a strong correspondence between Kali and certain phases of the Sai Vikhë ray, since both represent the necessary destructive principle in manifestation; although Sai Vikhë herself is a far more positive figure. The penultimate Bronze Age (*Satya Yuga*) is governed predominantly by Sai Sushuri, but also by Sai Ðamë, bronze being an alloy of copper and tin.

- ❧ Jupiter; Ray of Sai Ðamë: In its highest aspect, this principle symbolises the governance of the Daughter over the material world. The name Ðamë means ‘order’, and the meaning of this is the divine harmony which pervades the universe in its perfect state. Sai Ðamë is said to be the sister

* A note to original reads ‘The actions and customs of a social order are, of course, deeply symbolic, and their cumulative ritual force is effective, even if it is not intentional.’

of Sai Sushuri. Both manifest the third virtue of the Crystal Tablet, but whereas Sai Sushuri manifests Love in the most usual usage of the word, Sai Đamě manifests Love in the sense of harmony or order: 'It is Love that holds the stars within their courses. . . Truly, all the cycles of the times and the seasons; all the rhythms of the soul and of the mind and of the body: truly all these flow from the love of our Lady the Maid, that creation may not decompose, each several member flying away into black eternal chaos.'[†] If the full implication of Maid's choice at the Fall had been realised, then cut off from the creative principle of the Mother, cosmos would degenerate into mere formless chaos. This degenerative impulse is represented by the Snake.[‡] But the impulse was checked by Dea,[§] and a new order was established, enabling Maid to continue in existence in a lower sphere—i.e. the material universe. This new order is symbolised by the appearance of the rainbow, whose seven colours represent the seven principles.

The principle of true order has so far been lost in Kali Yuga, that there is no word which adequately expresses it in any modern language. The Sanskrit term *Dharma* carries the correct sense, although it has been mistranslated by western scholars and western-educated eastern ones alike. Đamě, used as an abstract noun, is symbolically correct, though its full meaning must be gained through contemplation as well as explanation. Đamě governs the customs, activities and the entire Active Life of a spiritually normal

[†] Tablet 34–5.

[‡] Cf. Creation 2:2, 13.

[§] Creation 2:15–16.

community, although to equate it with ‘law’ in the profane sense, or even with morality, is completely to misunderstand it.

On a lower level, the principle represents the dominance of the human soul over her material surroundings, and therefore success in enterprises of every sort. The two levels are connected, since ultimate success can only come from acting in accordance with the principle of *ḍamē*.

♄ Saturn; ray of Sai Rhavē: The symbol implies the domination of the human soul by matter, and in its lower manifestations, this principle is often connected with restriction and frustrations of all kinds; it is a limiting influence manifesting inertia. On the other hand, it has positive effects in the sphere of stability and security. Law in the profane sense is governed by Sai Rhavē rather than Sai *ḍamē*.

However, the principle also has a far higher significance, indicated by its virtue, humility. This virtue is second only to the purity of the lunar principle, and is bound up with the mystery of sacrifice. The invocation to Sai Rhavē in the Rite of Offering contains the following words, ‘Pour into the chalice of this soul the virtue of humility... for it is written that she who would find herself must first lose herself. Sai Rhavē, lead this soul into the mystic heart of humility.’*

In the Triad and Tetrad division of the planets, just as sun and moon are attributed to Mother and Daughter respectively, so Saturn is attributed to Absolute Deity, the Dark Mother. Saturn is the inverse of Jupiter, and in a

* Unfortunately, no extant copy of this rite is known.

certain sense represents the chaos or degenerative principle which is the reverse of *ḍamē*. But whatever exists on the lowest level applies by inverse analogy to the highest also. In her profoundest esoteric sense, Sai Rhavē represents the mysterious Divine Principle of which the Snake is the maleficent parody.

☿ Mercury; ray of Sai Mati: This ray is pure Intellect. Intelligence also has its virtue, although it is usually called wisdom in deference to the complete misinterpretation which has been almost universally applied to the concept of intelligence in *Kali Yuga*. Intellect should not be confused with reason. The latter is a material function possessed in a certain degree by all animals, though more highly developed in man. Intellect is a Divine function which comes 'down' from Spirit rather than 'up' from matter. Reason is based on the distinction between subject and object, but the realisation of pure Intellect dissolves all barriers between the 'knower' and the 'known'. The truths of Intellect can never be expressed in words, the formulæ which attempt to express them are merely 'supports' designed to assist each man toward her own intellectual 'realisation' which is the only means of knowledge. It goes without saying that Intellect is wholly inaccessible to materialistic logic, 'science' or 'common sense', and that the modern world is quite literally without intelligence, at least in its pure form.

Sacred (or metaphysical) science and profane (or physical) science are like inverse images of one another. Rational theory is common to both, but the latter is wholly 'downward'-directed, toward matter, basing its theories

upon physical phenomena, checking them by physical experiments, and ‘consummating’ them by application to physical technology. Sacred science, on the other hand, is based upon, and constantly referred back to the spiritual realisation of, pure Intellect, and its end or consummation is in spiritual progress. Neither one is in a position to contradict the other, since they refer to different orders of reality; but in terms of value-judgement, it is obvious that the higher may assess the lower, but not *vice versa*.

The complete unity of the soul with Reality—the ‘knower’ with the ‘known’—is symbolised in the combination of all three elements, Heaven, Earth and Maid in one symbol. Maid takes the topmost position since, from the human perspective, it is she who is the ‘subject’ of the realisation—though, like all rational formulations, this is obviously inadequate, since the subject-object relation has in reality dissolved.

This principle gives the key to the true meaning of esoteric doctrine. It is not that certain truths are ‘kept secret’ as a matter of policy, but that until a particular soul has reached a certain level of intellectual development, she will not be able to ‘realise’ the truths within herself, and the mere words will be worthless to her, even if they do not lead to harmful misinterpretations.

At lower levels, Sai Mati governs the communicative principle in all its forms.

The Janyati

We must now consider briefly the Janyati which govern the seven principles. The outward forms given here are charged

with a powerful symbolism, although the Janyati may appear in visions under different forms. When we speak of, for example, the daughter of a Janya, we are not, of course, referring to a physical relationship, but to a Janya or other entity operating 'below' her in the same sphere. Nevertheless, the image is not merely figurative, but symbolises the ineffable equivalent of a personal relationship as it exists in those who transcend the limits of personality. We will take them in their spectral order.

Sai Vikhē: Usually seen as a warrior in a metal breastplate and short robe. Her head is wreathed with laurel and she has wings of an extremely wide span. She holds a sword, sometimes flaming. Traditionally she leads the forces of light in battle against the forces of darkness.

Sai Raya: A mature maid of majestic appearance, surrounded by a golden radiance; often riding upon a lion or drawn in a golden chariot by lions. Sometimes winged, sometimes not, she breathes a spirit of joy and abundance.

Sai Mati: Takes on many forms, but is often robed in yellow and seated cross-legged with palms facing outward in an attitude of Intellectual realisation and unbroken repose, like eastern representations of Tara. But at other times she becomes Sai Nimwë, the enchantress and trickster. Her spirit animates the Ranya* and all her unpredictable acts are made to lead the pupil to her own realisation; but those who trust mere reason she leads in endless circles through the labyrinth of illusion until they shall see the folly of

* A note to the original reads: 'A Ranya is one who has attained Intellectual realisation and guides her pupils to the same achievement. Other paths than that of pure Intellect also have their Ranyas.'

their ways. For matter is illusion and only the ‘single eye’ of Intellect may penetrate it. Her principle daughter is Pallas Athene, the Janya of wisdom and knowledge—in true science, based upon eternal Principles rather than on the contingent ‘facts’ of the material realm.

Sai Sushuri: Dressed in flowing robes, sometimes, though not always, green, often standing upon the waves or surrounded by sea. She is never winged, but is of overwhelming beauty. Her name means ‘disposer’ or ‘orderer’*—a title of the Mother as Creatrix, and essentially, she is said to reflect

Planet	Janya	Colour	Metal	Keynote	Tree
Mars	Sai Vikhë	Red	Iron	E (me)	Holly
Sun	Sai Raya	Orange	Gold	C (do)	Birch
Mercury	Sai Mati	Yellow	Mercury	F (fa)	Hazel
Venus	Sai Sushuri	Green	Copper	A (la)	Apple
Jupiter	Sai Thamë	Blue	Tin	G (so)	Oak
Saturn	Sai Rhavë	Indigo	Lead	B (te)	Alder
Moon	Sai Candrë	Violet	Silver	D (re)	Willow

* A note to the original reads: ‘Cognate with Greek *τιθέναι*.’

Her creative activity upon the material plane. She is the sister of Sai Ðamē.

Sai Ðamē: The allegorical figure of 'justice' is a corruption of the image of Sai Ðamē, and sometimes she does hold a pair of scales, but more usually a lyre or other musical instrument, symbolising harmony. Grace and rhythm are her keynotes, rather than severity. The element of balance enters through the strict measure that is required to maintain the precision of music or dance. All her actions, all her movements are in perfect proportion. She is the embodi-

Virtue	Gem	Creature	Incense
Courage	Ruby	Wolf	Benzoin, aloes, sulphur, tobacco
Generosity	Diamond	Lion	Saffron, myrrh, cloves, cinnamon
Wisdom	Opal	Yew	Mastic, mace, storax, nutmeg
Love	Emerald	Dove	Rose, amber, patchouli, sandalwood
Faith	Sapphire	Eagle	Balm, nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon
Humility	Onyx	Crow	Civet, musk, aloes, brimstone
Purity	Crystal	Deer	Frankincense, white sandalwood, jasmine, copal, eucalyptus

ment of ‘the universal music of Eternity’.* She is usually winged and often robed in blue. Her principal daughter is Sai Werdë, Janya of personal fate.

Sai Rhavë: May appear as an old woman carrying a scythe, or else as the Earth Mother, bearing a wooden staff, and surrounded by the half-light of deep forest. In each case she is a profoundly mysterious figure surrounded by an air of tremendous ancientness, stretching back beyond the very dawn of time. In both forms also, she is an awe-inspiring figure, but in the first there is also a deep but nameless feeling of dread associated with the vision.

Sai Candrë: A priestess veiled and robed in violet and/or silvery white. She is of a semi-ethereal appearance, and very youthful, often appearing as a child-priestess like those of certain matriarchal societies. She may also appear as Artemis, Our Lady of the Wild Things, sometimes accompanied by a fawn. In each case she is surrounded by a spirit of wildness in the sense of absolute purity and simplicity: ‘Let your souls be simple as the running deer, My children, and your hearts as little children filled with wonder.’† Her purity leads beyond the boundaries of the world.

Ritual Correspondences

The [preceding] table gives various forms which correspond symbolically to the seven principles, and which may therefore be used and/or visualised in ritual invocation and meditation

* Teachings 4:24.

† Paraphrase of Teachings 6:1–2.

in order to attune oneself to the appropriate ray and to set up a sympathetic vibration which will attract its influence.⁶¹

THOUGHTS ON OUR LADY

She is more beautiful than a starry night, with the bright sparks peeping out of a blue heaven. She is more beautiful than a rainbow, appearing out of a grey, cloudy sky. She is like unto the snow, lying crisp and fresh and pure upon the virgin fields; like the fiery heat of a summer's afternoon; like the first snowdrop of spring and the last rose of autumn.

She is the setting of the sun in a blaze of pink glory, and like unto its dawning. She is the rising of the moon, and like unto its setting. She is every colour of the spectrum; from rich, deep red to the palest violet. She is the cool light of silver, and the glorious blaze of gold. She is the depth of copper and the heaviness of lead.

She is the supple sleekness of a cat, and the nobility and grace of a stag. She is like to every creature—from the stealthiness of a lion to the swiftness of a cheetah, from the brilliance of a bird-of-paradise to the strength of an eagle. All pleasures in these creatures are pleasures in Her, for She is the source of their beauty, all beauty.

She is everything that makes a place into a home; She is everything that makes a dwelling place a refuge. For She is our true home, our only home; and anywhere that we call home in this place is but a faint reminder of Her. Every blazing fire we sit around, telling stories and roasting chestnuts, the comfort and happiness we feel, all is but a faint and dimmed reflection of Her. She is HOME. She is warmth and comfort, a haven after

the horrors and terrors of the night, the dark night that we have journeyed through to come home. She is Love, the safety and security we feel when in the arms of one we love. She is belonging, because we belong with Her, we belong to Her.

And She has kept our places by the fire safe for us to return to, for She is like unto the mother whose daughter has run away from home. Every night she lights the fire in her daughter's room in case she should return that night, and never locks the door so she may always enter. She never lets another child sit in her place, for she is always praying that her daughter will return.

To come to us, She suffered home-sickness that we shall never know, a loneliness of soul too great for us to contemplate. For She is home to us, and we must always feel not quite right in this world because it is not our home. How much more is She Her own home! Yet gladly She tore Herself apart, that we might come back to Her. That the door may always be open, She has vowed not to return until the last child of earth has come back home.

The agony of loneliness, the aching heart, these things She knows to the ultimate degree. Yet She bears them willingly—She did not have to suffer. She broke the Law to save us, and the Law is Herself. She has paid the price for us.

And we are tired of this place, this world. It has promised us happiness, and given us misery. It has offered a handful of promises in exchange for our heavenly birth-right, and the promises have turned to dust in our hands. It tells us to wait, that next week, next month, next year, it will have found a way to happiness for us all. And yet... we know how to find happiness, how to find home, how to find that all-consuming love

in which to rejoice. Shall we listen longer, then, to the cries of the world?

No, because we are children who have run from our Mother, we are tired and lonely, and we are going home at last.⁶²

HOW THE LIGHT CAME TO THE TERRIBLE FOREST

Once upon a time, when the sun and the moon were young, and the world still remembered the great darkness before the lights were set in the sky, there was a vast forest, set in the marshes beside a wide, black river. I cannot begin to tell you what a horrible place it was. Try to imagine a thick tangle of twisted trees, whose roots rose up in the middle of the pathways to catch your feet, and whose branches and dripping leaves met overhead to stop any light from reaching the ground. Between the trees grew long brambles, with thorns like darning needles, and never a trace of sweet blackberry. Long creepers hung from the treetops, with stems like stinging nettles and burrs which clung to anyone who passed underneath. The ground was thick sticky mud, more than five feet deep in places, and even on the paths it would come up to your ankles; and, under the mud, leeches lay in wait to fasten themselves between your toes and drink your blood. Try to imagine it; but the forest was a hundred times worse than anything you can think of.

For in the forest lived all the bad, wicked creatures who hated the light: the dragons and the werewolves; the ghouls and the night hags; the goblins and the big, black spiders; and, most terrible of all, the Dark Queen, who had the face of a huge

snake and spat poison into the eyes of those she hated. She hated everything that lived in the light and made terrible plans to destroy the children of the earth, who loved to sing and dance under the sun and the moon. But she could not attack them openly, because she and all the creatures of the darkness were afraid of the light and dared not travel out of the wood.

Sometimes travellers who came near to the dark forest wandered into the shadow of the trees, because the paths were wide and dry near the edges, and were gay with brightly coloured flowers and scarlet butterflies. But those who tried to take a shortcut through the forest were soon hopelessly lost, and ran shouting through the brambles, weaving in and out of the curtains of creepers. The wicked creatures of the forest always gathered in the trees around a lost traveller, laughing and jeering and, sometimes, offering to lead the way to the edge of the trees. But anyone who followed such a guide was soon wading through thick mud, and many found themselves sinking up to their necks in the marsh, while the goblin—it was usually a goblin who played this trick—shrieked with laughter in a nearby tree.

Now, every night, the Moon Princess passed over this awful forest, and she was sad when she saw that many of the children of the earth, whom she loved dearly, were lost under the trees in the black darkness. She decided that she would bring her silver light into the shadows to comfort them and lead them back to the bright lands beyond the woods. So, one night, when the moon was full, the Moon Princess came down to the earth as the sun was rising and walked into the dark forest, by the path lined with purple flowers, that so many of the children of earth had taken.

As she walked under the trees, her soft, silver light shone for the first time in that place, and the travellers who saw it were filled with hope; but the wicked night creatures hated and feared her. Yet they were glad that the Moon Princess had come into the forest, because they thought that they could trap her in the thickest part, so that the moon would not shine upon the earth, and the Dark Queen could attack the children of earth when the sun had set. A small group of the boldest goblins moved before her, hidden by the thick screen of creepers, making the path plainer so that she could reach the black heart of the forest more quickly. At last, she came to a place where the trees grew so close together and the brambles were so thick, that she could go no further, and the creepers formed a blanket around her so that her light could not be seen. When she stopped, the thick creepers wound themselves around her arms and legs and held her so tightly that she could not move or free herself.



Then the Dark Queen came and stood before her and laughed to see her hanging among twisted creepers; and she said, 'You fool, to come into my forest! Now you will be my prisoner, and you will hang there until I decide to kill you with

my poison. But first, my armies will destroy the children of the earth, when the darkness falls.'

When she had spoken, her daughters and the other wicked creatures surrounded the Moon Princess, pressing close about her, and tying her arms and legs even tighter with thin, spiny brambles and the fierce, stinging creepers. They boasted of how they would kill the children of earth when night fell, except for those few who would live forever as slaves in the Dark Queen's fortress. The Moon Princess did not cry, or plead for mercy, but hung from the trees for a day and a night, and her light died.

At evening time, the sun set, and the children of earth were very surprised when the moon did not rise as usual. They gathered together in small groups, looking towards the east, and asking each other if it was not the time of the full moon. But they knew that something was terribly wrong; and, when they heard the stirrings in the dark forest and realised that its wicked creatures were ready to attack them, they were afraid. Some hid in their houses and whimpered with fear; some collected stones and kitchen knives and ran about to all their neighbours, shouting to keep up their courage; and those who loved the Moon Princess best wept for her, for they thought that she was lost for ever.

Then the Mother of the Moon Princess, the Star-Blazing Queen, heard the cries of the children of earth, and saw that her daughter was a prisoner in the dark forest. She came at once to the earth, and as she came near, the children of earth hid their faces and did not dare to look at her; because, although she loved them, they now lived far from her and they could not bear her light. The children of earth could not even look di-

rectly at the sun, for their eyes were weak, but the Star-Blazing Queen was brighter than a thousand suns and they were afraid to see her—even those who loved her daughter's silver light.

When the Star-Blazing Queen came near to the forest, the creatures who saw her fled in terror, and scattered over the earth. The travellers threw themselves to the ground covering their eyes with their cloaks until she had passed. As she walked through the forest, the thick, sticky mud dried and became firm; the thorns and creepers shrivelled and burned up under her fiery gaze; and the trees stood for the first time tall and straight before her, for they knew that she had made them. Behind her, the fresh, green grass sprang from the newly dried soil, and the flowers of the bright wood—primroses, violets, bluebells and woodbine—opened their petals to the light.

She came at last to the thicket where the Moon Princess was held prisoner. The Dark Queen did not wait to meet her, but, at the sound of her footsteps, she ran out of the forest so fast that she overtook the wind before her, and did not stop until she reached the sea at the edge of the world. The Star-Blazing Queen took her daughter into her arms, and the creepers and briars which bound her withered away, and her light shone forth again. The Moon Princess hugged her mother, and both of them cried for joy, because the Moon Princess was free and the Dark Queen and all her followers had fled. But the Star-Blazing Queen knew that her light was too bright for the children of earth, and so she rose again into the sky, leaving her daughter to light the forest and bring the lost travellers safely home.

There was one creature of the night who had not run away when the Star-Blazing Queen appeared in the forest. She was

the youngest daughter of the Dark Queen, and she had felt sorry for the Moon Princess when the other wicked creatures tormented her. Now she was trying to hide behind a gnarled old tree at the edge of the thicket, for she longed to come to the light but was afraid. The Moon Princess saw her, and called to her to come nearer. The daughter of the Dark Queen threw herself at the feet of the Moon Princess, wrapping her cloak about her head and trembling in every limb. The Moon Princess raised her to her feet and kissed her, and the daughter of the Dark Queen loved the Moon Princess, and forgot her wicked mother and walked in the light.

The Moon Princess walked through every part of the forest, and, wherever she went, the forest became light, the paths became firm and dry, and the grass and bright flowers covered the ground beneath the singing trees. All the children of earth who were lost in the forest followed her and came at last into the bright open country under the sun. When they looked back into the woods, they saw the sunbeams playing under the branches of the trees, and wild roses blossoming in the warm sunlight.

When the sun set on that day, the moon rose into her rightful place in the sky, and the children of earth danced and sang on the flower-studded grass in her silver light; but the creatures of the dark forest hid in their holes and quaked with fear. To this day, the wicked creatures cannot bear to come out into the moonlight; but if ever you see one come sneaking out on a dark and moonless night, thinking that the Moon Princess will not see it, you have only to remind it of this night when the Star-Blazing Queen came to find her daughter in the

darkness, and it will run to hide itself in a deep hole and not dare to come out for a very long time.⁶³

INTELLECT AGAINST INTELLECTUALISM SKETCHES TOWARDS A MANIFESTO FOR MADRIAN EDUCATION

Sometimes one is asked if Madrian thought is anti-intellectual, or even anti-rational. Well, we are anti-rationalist, which is not the same thing as being anti-rational, and we are against intellectualism, but strongly in favour of intellect.

These last two are not in the least sense similar—indeed, they are opposites. Anyone who has moved in the ‘intellectual’ circles of the universities and elsewhere will know that certain truisms are universally accepted as a starting-point of all thought: a quasi-materialist construction of the world (even in those who profess a religion); a progressivist-evolutionist construction of history; an implicit and unquestioning rejection of certain areas of human experience as ‘mumbo-jumbo’. In short, a narrow and self-complacent world-view which rests on a group of assumptions which have never been tested or discussed, or even thought about critically.*

*A note to the original reads: ‘An amusing example of this was provided by Marina Warner in an abstract of her book on Mary [*Alone of All Her Sex*] written for one of the glossy Sunday newspaper supplements. She made no arguments whatever against pseudomariolatry in the Christian-catholic church, but only gave a list of some of the more un-Lutheran practices, as if she could rely on her audience to have the same reactions as the No Popery men of the Gordon riots, or the Orange Order. At first this seemed

It is not our purpose here to criticise these assumptions in detail, but only to point out that intellect is the direct opposite of intellectualism.

Intellectualism—being an ‘intellectual’—entails working within the framework of an accepted world-scenario, not going beyond certain ‘respectable’ assumptions. A lot of intellectual one-upmanship centres around being *au fait* with the most fashionable new thing to think.

But intellect is a razor-sharp sword which slices through received ideas and fashionable assumptions. Intellectualism can display considerable agility on the surface of things, but must never question its basic assumptions. But intellect always penetrates to the heart and core of the matter; always begins from first principles and tests the ground on which it is standing. Intellect is radical—it starts from the roots of things. Intellectualism (though the word is bandied about with ludicrous frequency by intellectuals) can never be radical.

So does the Madrian attempt to work without assumptions? Not at all; that is precisely what the intellectual does. The intellectual is never aware that her assumptions are as-

strange coming from an ex-Christian-catholic, but then one realised that her attitudes were at one with most modern intellectual Christian-catholics. Protestantism is the injection of urban rationalism into the organic and sacramental nature of genuine popular religion (an injection so alien to the real nature of religion that the logical and inevitable end of Protestantism is self-destruction). The modern intellectual Christian-catholic must accept a *de facto* Protestantism as the only way of reconciling religion with late-masculist intellectualism.

‘Interestingly, she ended the article by invoking Marx. Like most Marxist sympathisers, she displays an aristocratic contempt for the genuine traditions of the people wherever they have not succumbed to the conditioning of the bourgeois mass-media.’

sumptions. That is why they have such an iron grip over her. The Madrian accepts the simple psychological truth that the human mind is unable to proceed without some working hypothesis. If we do not construct our own assumptions we will passively and unconsciously accept those which happen to be around us. We can suspend judgement, but we cannot suspend the grounds upon which we would make a judgement if we chose to. Anyone who thinks she can do that is merely suspending her intellect.

The choice is not between having assumptions and not having assumptions. The choice is between on the one hand having our own freely chosen assumptions which we are able to criticise and modify and even reject if necessary, and on the other absorbing our assumptions through the pores, as it were, from the surrounding cultural atmosphere and being unable to question them because we are not even aware of their existence. We either assume our assumptions or are assumed by them.

The essence of intellectualism is implicit in its name: that it makes an 'ism'—a creed—of intellect or rational consciousness instead of regarding it as one faculty among others. At the root of this creed lies an emotional necessity bred by one of the primary assumptions of the intellectual milieu: the assumption of a mindless or meaningless or Godless universe. Given that the universe has no meaning, the only thing we can trust, the only thing that is not utterly alien and void, is the human mind—and only the conscious part of that. To trust any message from without, or even from within, is to give way to the amoral and meaningless chaos of the mindless universe.

Thus a fully rational world must be constructed wherein we deny all that cannot be contained within the quantitative

formulations of rational calculation. We cannot admit that the assumptions of rationalism are assumptions, because the primary assumption of rationalism cannot, of course, be established by reason (we cannot use reason to prove that reason is right). Therefore these assumptions must be established as tenets—as dogmas which do not need proof. Reason itself must have come about as the result of something which preceded reason (either Deity or the accident of evolution). But evolution is a part of the mindless universe—there is no reason to suppose that its products will give us anything which can be called ‘truth’. A hundred contradictions lie at the roots of rationalism which a truly radical investigation of any subject will begin to uncover. That is why rationalistic humanism can never be radical. The consequences to emotional security would be too disastrous. The intellectual is as one who climbs a ladder and dare not look down—for the feet of the ladder are not resting on the ground.

Celia Green, in *The Human Evasion*, has shown how the various branches of academic study are devices not for discovering reality but for avoiding it. Similarly, their characteristic technique of splitting up study into smaller and smaller specialisms is a device for concentrating attention on minute sections of the surface rather than on the Whole, and also for implying that nobody is really competent to say anything about the Whole.

For the Madrian, to look at the universe is not a *Blick ins Chaos* (‘Fear not the unknown,’ says the Goddess, ‘for I am the Unknown’). She believes in the ultimate meaning of the uni-

* This line comes from Olivia Robertson’s ‘Oracle of the Goddess Nuit through Her Priestess’.

verse, though it is a meaning far beyond the grasp of dialectical reason. She also knows that the roots of her primary assumptions lie 'before and beyond' the rational process. Therefore she has no fear of the radical examination of any subject.

The Madrian sees rational meaning as but the tip of the iceberg of all actual and potential forms of meaningfulness. She does not need to reduce all things to quantitative description; neither does she perpetuate the artificial distinction between the 'objective' and the 'subjective'. Moral and spiritual phenomena are just as objective and material as physical ones. All events are the material outworking of a subtle complex of spiritual and moral causes.

The masculine principle in education tends toward the fragmentary study of 'things out there'. The feminine principle is organic. To study any thing is to study a microcosm, and therefore a reflection of some aspect of the whole and of oneself. As masculism increases as the cultural and spiritual dominating principle, the prerogative of discovering things about the Whole becomes limited to a progressively smaller elite, and finally disappears entirely. As feminism increases, it devolves to each individual, since we seek not only definitive rational formulations, but personal and subjective revelations.

We believe that these principles contain in embryo the whole theoretical basis of Madrian education. But it will be asked how they are to be applied, and whether, if they should be applied, they would not turn study into a mere subjective reverie. Again we must direct attention to the difference between the masculine and feminine principles. The masculist method is to wrestle in an almost physical way with externalities; the feminist method lies in subtle but radical modulations

of the informing principle, the *noumenon* which must in turn affect the whole. To use the metaphor of a circle; the masculist method operates on the circumference where many miles represent but a few degrees, while the feminist method works at the centre where the slightest shift may represent a great arc at the circumference.

The practical application of these principles will depend upon the circumstances with which we are presented. The ideal unit of Madrian education is the school community. The organic concept is central to Madrian thought about community and individual. In the extreme of masculist materialism to which profane society is now approaching, the individual is regarded as a socioeconomic unity with no real individuality. She cannot be regarded apart from the community, but at the same time, being a fragmentary unit whose existence ends (both spatially and temporally) with her physical body* she can have no real spiritual cohesion with the community, but is only bound to it by physical and emotional necessity. Madrianism, on the other hand, sees the individual as *microcosmos*: the immortal expression of an unique mode or facet of Deity, imperfect, yet potentially sublime. The primary educative purpose of the community is to assist the *werdic*† development of the soul

* A note to the original reads: 'This conception of the individual as a closed-off unit is a necessary psychological expression belonging to the current spiritual phase of profane culture. That is why evidence of extrasensory phenomena, though not in itself damaging to the logic of even the strictest materialism, is ignored.'

† A note to the original reads: 'Personal *werdē* is defined as the whole moral and spiritual state of the individual, which finds expression in her outward circumstances, in her mental and physical attributes, and in the interplay of these with her subjective state of consciousness. It is similar, though not

towards perfection. In order to perform this function, the outlook of the community must be Theacentric rather than anthropocentric, for only in a truly organic community can each member be equally complete in herself and a part of the whole rather than an enforced unit. In the ideal organic community the *werdë* of each will harmonize with the *werdë* of the whole. The only way in which a community can become a spiritual organism is by attuning itself with the Source and Fountainhead of all spiritual life. The community which is turned towards Dea will achieve human development as a natural consequence. The community which neglects spiritual development in favour of purely humanistic aims will achieve neither.

But we are not speaking merely of 'spiritual development' in the narrow sense in which the term is usually used, for all genuine personal development is spiritual development (conversely, it is the absence of spiritual nourishment in the modern world which accounts for the widespread lack of real personal development). The Madrian concept of education is rather wider than the more conventional concept. As masculism, and with it the need for an exclusively rational construction of the universe, has increased, the process of educating the individual has been seen increasingly in terms of equipping her to appreciate and participate in this construction. Education has concentrated on the mental and academic functions, dropping the non-academic individual as quickly as possible and finding her an embarrassment in the interim. Attempts to

identical, to the Buddhist concept of *Karma*. It may be seen as a principle of cause and effect, or as a stratum of the unconscious which is continuous through incarnation and disincarnation, though it is something greater than either.'

deal with this have only increased the problem, since the basic assumptions remain unchanged, with a slight shift of emphasis from rationalism to utilitarianism ('fitting the individual for society'). The Madrian philosophy recognises that academic development is not the *métier* of every individual, and sees that not as a shortcoming, but as an indication that the person is in a mode or phase of werdic development which does not entail a very great participation of the faculty of intellect. Education should in some cases, therefore, concentrate on creative development of a non-academic kind, and should always contain an element of it.

This does not, however, indicate a neglect of academic standards, or of reason and logic. The profane intellectual community, for all its implicit ideological rationalism, is not notable for its crisp and clean use of reason. On the contrary, there is a tendency greater than at most historical periods towards vagueness of concept and slipshod intellectual operation. This is precisely *because* of the ideology of rationalism. Conscious reason and material causality are stretched far beyond their legitimate province in order to explain (or explain away) the whole material and spiritual phenomenon of the manifest universe. Both logically and psychologically this is damaging to the legitimate operation of reason. Logically, because extending beyond its province, rational-material causality is made to perform conjuring tricks in order to seem to encompass that which it cannot encompass—and having once been used in such contrived and fantastical ways, it becomes impossible to restrict it to that strictness and economy upon which its genuine effectiveness rests. Psychologically, because the human mind necessarily thinks in mythic terms whether it will or no;

if reason is to be the sole medium of truth, then rationalistic mythologies must be created. Mythology and reason are both media of truth, but unless each is recognised and respected on its several level of interpretation, then each must do violence to the other. Rational 'explanation' is a destroyer of myth, and equally mythologisation is a destroyer of reason. Yet mythologisation there will be, if other myths are to be denied (or explained). Thus the intellectual, denied all teleology, will make a vague quasi-teleology of evolution; sometimes explicitly, using non-sensical phrases like 'cultural evolution' or 'social evolution'; sometimes denying it in explicit terms, but allowing it to ferment among the half-digested assumptions which provide the backdrop to all her thought—thus she will use such terms as 'retrogressive', 'reactionary', 'progressive', 'forward-looking' as statements of value. We shall not here multiply examples of the mythologisation of rational-material concepts.

No longer forced to bear unnatural burdens, and cleansed of the adulteration of false usage, reason can take its rightful place among the human faculties and become the sharp and accurate instrument that it should be. The Madrian who has aptitude for the use of intellect will be trained to use it with a cleanness and precision which is becoming all but impossible elsewhere. For the present generation of new Madrians who wish to place their mental faculties at the service of our Lady, the first educational task will be to sharpen the sword of intellect, long blunted by ill-use, and to learn to wield it with skill and confidence.

But thought must also be creative. Intellect is an instrument for testing, for dividing, for paring away. Nothing is more debilitating to academic thought than the need to pretend that

all its conclusions are derived from observation and reason. All worthwhile thought is an act of spontaneous creation. Observation provides some of the raw material, reason is one of the tools, but the act of creation transcends both of these. Every act of thought is a self-expression of the soul. To act in ignorance of this fact leads to two opposite and complementary errors: the suppression of creativity in the name of 'objective thought' (a contradiction in terms, since thought by its very nature is subjective: could real 'objectivity' exist, it would be the property of a mindless automaton); and the casting aside of all the disciplines of thought or creation in the name of 'free expression', a term equally meaningless, for all articulate thought is an act of self-expression, and no expression can be free, for the very difficulty of expressing the essentially inward and inarticulate matter of the soul's experience is the greatest of all constraints. All the disciplines of thought and creation are but devices for the overcoming of this constraint.

Creativity of thought cannot, of course, be 'taught', but teaching in the conventional sense should not be the major part of education. The disciplines of thought can and should be taught; facts and precepts should be taught and the teaching process, as an inculcator of mental discipline, can be beneficial. The negative function of teaching (in its narrower sense) is the overcoming of the inertia natural to each of us; its positive function is the provision of the material. But the full function of education is the provision of impetus and the incubation of the positive development of the soul through the *werdē*-pattern of her present incarnation. This will be achieved partly through all the functions of teaching in the broadest sense, and

partly through the spiritual orientation of the whole community.

Section II: Some Practical Propositions

A Madrian school should be a unified whole, containing no sharp division between those who 'teach' and those who 'are taught'. Education is a way of self-development via the pursuit of wisdom (which may include, but is by no means co-terminous with, knowledge). Every member of the community should be engaged in the process of education. The chain of authority should extend downwards as far as possible with the greatest practicable degree of self-government at every level; and there should be no radical change in this structure as one moves from the most senior students to the most junior staff. It has been suggested that the words 'students' and 'staff' be replaced by 'seminary' and 'academy' respectively. More tentatively, it has been suggested: 1) that seminary should include some junior staff members 2) that the line of demarcation should be variable according to individual cases 3) that there should be some intermediary category including some staff and some students 4) that academy should include some senior students.

It is unnatural for any community to continue its activities without variance through winter and summer. The cycle of the seasons is a hierophany, a showing-forth of the Divine Mysteries in every level of nature, from the ebb and flow of vegetative life to the undefinable intricacies of movement in the subtlest strata of unconscious intelligence. The attempt to make the human mind independent of this cycle typifies the hubris of masculist culture. But the mind is never separated from the cycle, only estranged from it. The Madrian commu-

nity should bring its work into harmony with the pulse of the macrocosm. At the most elementary levels of the educative process, as many areas of study as possible should vary in aspect and approach according to the seasonal changes of nature, the divine Mysteries and festivals of each period of the year, and, a little later, the elements and principle which each season brings to the fore. Some work or activity should be organised for each festival. At higher levels of study, the connections can be more tenuous, but a consideration of the intellectual principles corresponding to each season and element should be encouraged to have its effect upon academic work. In doing this, we swim, as it were, with the tides and currents of nature, rather than swimming indifferently against or across them. The power of the mind is thus enhanced both in force and (since we are attuning ourselves to the true interior nature of things, rather than clumsily attempting to manipulate the exterior by the intellectual equivalent of brute strength) in subtlety. This will be reinforced by the seasonal decorations, activities, etc. of the community. It is also suggested that account be taken of the lunar cycle.

From the lowest levels to the highest, the mind should be encouraged to dwell upon the great questions of the universe, of time and eternity. No child is too young for this. It is natural that the growing mind should turn upon these things and it comes naturally to most children. We have also found that intelligent discussions upon radical metaphysical questions are at present rather more common in schools than in universities. Such discussion is progressively discouraged by the prevailing ideology, and even labelled ‘adolescent’. Many immediate reasons can be given for this: the lack of the necessary

world-philosophical framework within which such speculation could take place; a despair of ever collating all the quantitative data and harmonising all the specialisms—the only approach that late-masculist academicism could consider—such speculation would have to be the work of a hundred committees and certainly not the quest of an individual mind. But the underlying logical reason (we will leave aside the psychological and spiritual reasons) is the masculist conception of knowledge. We recall the criterion that a PhD thesis must be ‘a significant and substantial contribution to knowledge’ and cannot but be amused that the highest minds of the profane world have this absurd quantitative conception of knowledge on the model of a stamp collection or a box of money. Quite simply, the intellectual shies from these eternal questions because she does not believe that a definitive answer can ever be found. But no answer, however true, could be definitive, nor could it be understood by a mind not closely attuned to the question and the particular way of approaching it. The purpose of discussions of these questions is to heighten awareness of the questions and to produce not definitive answers, but rays of light which illumine from without the inward meaning which they represent. To one steeped in the intellectual construction of the world, it is sometimes hard to explain that myths show forth reality but do not depict it; but it is nearly always impossible to explain that our intellectual concepts are but analogies and not descriptions of reality, and that two opposing conceptual structures might allegorise the same reality. And yet the only real philosophical justification claimed by profane ‘science’ is that it works, it produces results; and surely it is obvious enough that if western Europe had had a different cultural

history, all the empirical realities enshrined in the 'scientific' construction of reality might have been enshrined in some different and incompatible (but equally 'scientific') construction of reality, and would have worked equally well.

Since academic work is a form of creative expression, it should be regarded as being akin to art; and a piece of academic work no less than a poem or a sculpture or a picture can be made as a festival offering or a devotional artefact. We wish also to create a community capable of appreciating this form of art. But in order that it may be appreciated, it is necessary that a clear and elegant style of language be cultivated in place of the woolly and clichéd speech or obscure jargonese prevalent in profane intellectual circles. Academic discourse is not a species of poetry; nevertheless the concept expressed and the words used to express it can never be entirely separated. On the level of simple logic, it is notorious that unclear language can blur and cover up for unclear and faulty thought, while a lucid style of expression literally forces the mind to come to terms with a subject and make clean and definite connections between concepts. But also, a language should be used to convey the weight and nuance of concepts, and all the qualitative aspects which the materialist quantitative approach tries to ignore. The belief that concept is all-important and the means to its expression merely incidental has left many students without the verbal equipment either to express or to analyse complex concepts, or even to tidy up their own thought (there is also an opposite and complementary movement, cognate with the 'free expression' error, which in poetry and a form of quasi-existential thought strives to use language in a purely qualitative manner. This, instead of producing slogans, clichés and jargon,

produces a purely emotional and exclamatory language without form or structure. Normal intellectual discourse is a fairly even mixture of the two styles). Madrian education must develop the ability to build verbal structures capable of sustaining clear and complex thought.

Where possible, the academy of a Madrian school should be based upon a religious community of one of the Madrian Orders. But the Madrian educational community should not be restricted to physical groups living and working together, but should encompass all Madrians pursuing the academic path of self-development. It is here that our recommendations can take most immediate effect. We suggest the formation of a 'scattered' academy, whose most fundamental tasks will be to teach and practise the principles of Madrian criticism in various fields. The criticisms made as part of the work of the academy can be fed back into the academy to provide material, thus building up a corpus of Madrian criticism in various areas of study. The purpose of this academy will be two-fold: 1) the creation and training of a pioneer group of Madrian theorists; 2) the laying of the foundations for a restructuring of philosophy, theology, world-history etc. in the light of the underlying philosophies of the feminine principle and the Madrian faith. The task of those teaching will be to suggest critical projects and to guide the development of a Madrian-feminist critical approach. As soon as a degree of proficiency is attained, students should also be assigned to helping others who are less experienced. Groups should be convened where possible, but if necessary the process can take place entirely by correspondence.

As the masculine principle expands into its final cultural phase, becoming larger and more widespread, but rapidly ap-

proaching the point of utter spiritual diffusion, the new feminist academies will form the nucleus of the movement which shall replace it; as hard and small and concentrated as it is vast and diffuse, as seemingly insignificant as it is all-pervasive, and more unlike it than anything that has been seen upon the earth through five millennia.⁶⁴

AN AUTUMN EVENING

The dusk is settling over the hedgerows and out along the fields. The work of the day is accomplished, and all have eaten and gathered before the fire to say the evening's Rosary. As it is finished, the Pentacle is made, and little stools are gathered as everyone takes her place about the fire. It is done with a dance-like grace, there is no scuffle or confusion, for indeed, each movement of each person has been made an hundred times before. A movement out of place will be met with a sharp rebuke or a slap from an 'elder sister', but this rarely happens. The response to such a reprimand is a curtsy from a maid or a reverence from a man. One disharmony is cancelled out by another, and ðamë is restored. The inward response, even from the most adult person, is what the modern world would think of as childlike: intense mortification, which is quite forgotten within a few minutes.

It was a crisp, smokey autumn evening, and already the dusk was thickening into night. The lady of the house, Donna Marienna, seated in her arm chair beside the fire, called for an oil lamp to be lighted. The guests were conducted to the places prepared for them, each according to her estate. An owl hooted without. Often the night's tales and discourse began with a

discussion of the events of the day—crops, weather, fairies, accidents and a thousand other things might set the spark to some piece of traditional lore; but this night it was the owl's cry which began the talking.

'Does that be a bad token?' asked a boy as pieces of embroidery, knitting or carving were brought out—idleness was not encouraged, at least, not until later in the evening.

'Not unless she does enter the house,' said Donna Marienna, 'though some do say that if owls do make noise about the house on three nights successively a death shall come, but that I credit not.'

'Perhaps she will be the baxter's* daughter,' put in old Faith, who sat opposite the mistress in another arm chair.

'Who was she?' asked one of the girls.

'Most truly, I cannot tell you,' said Faith, for it was the custom to refuse so direct a request the first time.

'Mother, I would count it a blessing if you should instruct my little ones,' said the mother of the girl.

'Then so be it,' answered Faith. 'There once was a pleasant baxter maid that lived not so far from this; and she did have a daughter that was not so goodly a child as she.'

'One day there came to the door a poor travelling-maid with all the dust of a long highway upon her tattered clothes, and this one asked the girl an she would give her a piece of dough; so this girl gave her just a little bit and it was put in the oven with the other loaves. But when it was ready, the little bit

* A note to the original reads: 'Baxter, the traditional feminine word for baker. The masculine is Baxteren. The term survives in the surname as do other traditional feminine craft names such as webster (weaver), brewster (brewer), etc.'

of dough had grown bigger than all the loaves. Well, the girl wasn't about to let the travelling maid have this, so she gave her another piece of dough, not half the size of the first. And when this was baked, why, it came out even bigger than the first one. "You can't have that, mother", says the girl, and gives her another bit not the size of your thumb. Well, sure enough, when it's baked, it comes out as a great brown crusty loaf bigger than either of the other two.

'By this time, the tight-handed girl is starting to think that things aren't as they might be, so she turns herself around to take another look at the travelling-maid, but now, the travelling maid has thrown off her old ragged cloak, and standing there, tall as the silver birch tree and shining with the light of Heaven. Why, the greedy girl can't find her words at all, and the only thing she can stutter out is 'Who? ... Who? ... Who? ...'

"And that is all you shall ever say!" quoth the shining one, "For your greed and hardness have troubled this world too long." And therewithal, she struck the girl with her staff, whereat she was transformed into an owl, and flew out into the night, crying "Whoo, whoo, whoo."

There was a shimmering silence, broken by Donna Marienna: 'You may stand, mistress Melissa.' A tall fair girl rose to her feet. 'If you cannot mind your work while you mind the telling, you must speak with Mistress Sally.' Sally is the popular name for willow, and refers to the light willow switch or bundle of willow twigs used to keep discipline in a Madrian household. Melissa curtsied deeply, and Donna Marienna smiled. 'You may take your place.' She did so, bending diligently over her work.

'Who, then, was the travelling-maid?' asked another girl.

‘Who shall I say?’ answered Faith. ‘In the passed times, many great ones did come on the earth, and even, some do say, our Lady Herself.’ (Everyone made the Pentacle on herself.) ‘But I do think perhaps it was Sai Werdë.’

‘Perhaps,’ said another, ‘she was not really transformed directly, but was born in the form of an owl in another life.’

‘That may be so,’ said Faith, ‘but don’t ee, my child, make too free to play fast-and-loose with the old traditions, just to render them conformable to what seems probable. When you live as long as I have, you’ll have seen a strange thing or two, if you’ve not kept your eyes shut.’

‘Who’d live with her eyes shut, mother?’ asked a little one.

‘Most of the sheep out there on the mountain,’ answered Faith, meaning non-Madrians—the sheep who have strayed from the fold and are out on the mountain at night. ‘Even the darkest unbeliever has a strange tale to tell before she dies, ai, one at the least. For all of them are shown the folly of their unbelief; but they do close their eyes and pretend they have not seen. Like old hedgehog, they curl up tight on themselves and stick their prickles out and hope the Truth can’t touch them. And no more it can, if they won’t have it; not for this present life, at any rate, though it’s a cold awaking-up when it does come.’

‘Do the great ones come among us yet?’ asked Melissa, full of romantic curiosity.

‘Tis not so often as it was,’ said Faith, ‘for the darkening days are on us, but most surely, it does still happen from time to time; and I shall tell you of it on a greater night than this.’ Certain special tales were reserved for the telling at festival times appropriate to them.

‘And are they the Janyati of Heaven, these great ones?’ pursued Melissa.

This time answer was given by Donna Marienna. ‘Sometime they are, and sometime not,’ she said. ‘Not so long ago, a saintly maid did walk upon the hillside, and did meet Queen Colwyn the Fair. Ai, tall she was, and comely of aspect, and the golden tresses of her hair did come down to the skirts of her dress. Noble her bearing, with shield and sword and tall shining helmet, that this maid was filled with reverence and awe, and like to hide herself, but Queen Colwyn said: “Fear not, my child, for thy heart is most chaste and precious, and I would gladly talk with thee.” So they did walk upon the hillside and talk upon the state of the land in these times, and on many another thing, until Queen Colwyn said that she must go, and she said to the maid, “Tell thou thy kinsfolk thou hast met with me.”

“It is like they will misbelieve me,” said the child.

“Clasp thy hands together,” said the Queen, and the maid did even as she was bidden. “Now open them again.” Again, the maid obeyed, and as she did, a butterfly flew forth from her fingers. “Henceforth, when ever you do this, a butterfly shall come forth.” And so it was, and ever afterward, this maid was known far and near as the butterfly maiden. And I need not tell you that none had the smallest difficulty in believing her tale of how she met Queen Colwyn the Fair upon the hillside.’

‘Why does Queen Colwyn come among us?’ asked another of the children.

“Tis said,” replied Donna Marienna, ‘that she comes once in every hundred years, that she may see if the time is ready

when she will lead the People* in battle to drive the infidels from her land.'

'It is like that when she next comes will be the time, I think,' said Melissa.

'Then be sure your eye is true and your quiver well provided, for she may most likely come in your time, little one.'

A few moments ago, Gilrois, Donna Marienna's man, had left the room, now he returns, carrying a large stone jug. He is a most welcome sight, for the ale brewed in Donna Marienna's household is famous for many a long mile. Goblets are filled. 'To whom shall we drink?' asks Donna Marienna.

'To Queen Colwyn,' urges Melissa.

'So then be it. Let us raise our goblets to Queen Colwyn the Fair of Brigantia; swift be her coming and her sword victorious, that the law of heaven may reign upon the earth at the end as it was in the beginning.'

'To Queen Colwyn the Fair!'

'Haya Vikhē!'

As the ale is drunk, Melissa speaks to Donna Marienna: 'Domina, an it please you, can we hear a real tale of Queen Colwyn?'

'Have you not heard a real tale this night, my child?' teased Donna Marienna. 'I know not how to make a tale more real than that one.'

'I mean one of the days when she reigned upon the earth.'

'I can tell you one of the days before she reigned upon the earth, if that will satisfy you.' All those present expressed

* A note to the original reads: 'Traditional Madrians often refer to the community of the faithful as the People.'

great satisfaction in this proposal, and so Donna Marienna commenced thus:

‘It was in those days before Queen Colwyn won back her throne, and the fair land of Brigantia lay in the hand of tyrant infidels, even as it does this day; for her mother, Queen Dicitynna, had been murdered by the infidel king Mider, whom she had trusted. In those days, the number of Queen Colwyn’s followers was so small that if Mider’s men could have found them, he would have put a swift end to all her hopes of bringing the land back within the law of ðamë.

‘Upon one day the very thing happened that she was feared of, and a great troop of Mider’s men came upon her little band at a time when they were far from the cover of the forest.

“Lay on and put them to the sword!” cried the captain of the troop.

‘Morrigan the Falconer, that was Colwyn’s noble lieutenant, and dark as her mistress was fair, put her hand upon her sword; “An it is battle they are thirsting for, so they shall drink it to the lees this day,” she cried.

“Nai, nai,” said her mistress. “Put up thy sword, black Morrigan, for they are too many and we too few, and the season is not yet come. Today we must run like the wild hare beneath Culverine’s moon.”

‘Therewith the Brigantes fled and the tyrant’s men gave chase, and feathered shafts, the swift-winged messengers of death, flew forth on either side. Yet the chase was not equal, for when a maid fell wounded among the Brigantes, she could not be left behind to be slain, and therefore must be carried with them; and so, as more maids fell, the flight of the Brigantes waxed slower.

'At last, fair Colwyn, running at the front, led them to a long and narrow bridge that led across a wide and rushing river. Standing herself aside, she watched her children pass over and then took her station at the head of the bridge. Now this bridge was so narrow that only one person at a time could come up to her; and the captain of the tyrant troop sent to her a big man named Eldred, who said, "Let us pass or most surely I will cut thee down."

"Get thee home," replied Queen Colwyn, "for thou shalt not cross over this bridge until Colwyn of the Brigantes wills it so."

'Thereupon, Eldred drew his great sword, and called to his manservant to hold forth a stout bar of iron. Then, with one blow, he struck the bar of iron in twain. "See what a sword it is that thou contend with!" he cried.

'Then did Queen Colwyn take a fine lace kerchief, and holding it high in the air, let it float to the ground. But as it fell, she drew her sword, and with one stroke, she cut it clean in twain, and it fell in two pieces at her feet. "See what a sword it is that thou contendest with," quoth she.

'Eldred marvelled at this stroke, but cried, "Then if you wilt not move, maiden, lay on!"

"'Tis a sad day has fallen on Brigantia when a maid must curb her menfolk with a sword and not a willow rod, but if thou'lt have it so, so be it then." Angered by her words, Eldred rushed upon her. Queen Colwyn fixed her eyes upon his, smiling merrily, but moved not a hair. Eldred raised his great sword to deal her such a blow as should cleave her body in twain from the top of her head to her belly, but still she moved not. Then, just as the blow was but a finger's breadth from her, she leapt

aside with the speed of a cat, and her sword flashed in the sunlight. Eldred's sword bit deep into the timber of the bridge, and his head fell beside it.

'Queen Colwyn laughed aloud. "There lies a loyal subject truly," she cried. "Which man among you next will offer his head in tribute to his queen?" Then did many men come up to her, one upon another, and each one she felled as he tried to slay her, until at last the men grew afraid to approach her. But the captain of the tyrant's men was not dismayed.

"Truly," he said, calling his men about him, "we shall no longer send our warriors to fight her, but shall shoot her down with arrows where she stands." But though their arrows darkened the skies, Queen Colwyn's enchanted buckler did stay them all.

'With renewed anger, the captain again sent his men against her in hopes she might grow weary; but again she cut them down as quickly as they came, until again they fell back in fear. At last the captain called his men about him. "Surely," he said, "it is too late now for us to capture Colwyn's maids, even if we should cross the bridge this very moment. But we have caught ourselves a greater prize, for we have Colwyn herself. We shall send off riders to bring fresh men to watch the bridge, and others shall cross the river by another bridge and take her from behind. And even if she cannot be taken when she is attacked from both sides at once, she dare not step off the bridge, and she must starve, else fall asleep and be slain."

'Yet even as the captain was engaged in this talk, Queen Colwyn did whistle high and loud, like to a maid that whistles up the wind; and faster than the wind itself came Granya, Colwyn's white mare that had been waiting on the far side of the

bridge. As Granya sped past, Queen Colwyn leapt upon her back. Roused by the clatter of hooves upon timber, the tyrant's men looked up, but already, in one leap, Granya was in their very midst, and the startled warriors scattered before Queen Colwyn's flashing blade. In another leap, Granya was beyond them, and in a third she had left them far behind, and was heading for the woodlands. When they recovered themselves, the tyrant's men gave chase, but there was not a steed in all the land that could come up with fiery-hooved Granya.

'So it did pass that Mider found not his prey that day, nor any day thereafter, for "the lawless wolf shall have his season, then shall the courteous hunting-hound have hers."'

'Would that season shall come soon again,' said Melissa.

'Would that it may,' said Donna Marienna, 'but God knows best; for She will do what She will do, and blessed is Her Name.' Everyone made the Pentacle upon herself, and thoughts turned towards the evening's prayers.

'An apple shall be put by each child's bed for the morning who has worked well this day,' said Donna Marienna—child here really meant everyone, and the apples would be much prized as tokens of the mistress' favour. A whisper of excitement passed about the room. 'Let each of you contemplate the meaning of the apple in this apple-season.'

'Contemplation is very difficult to me,' said Marienna.

'Then you must speak to Madria when she comes,' said Donna Marienna. 'That will be very soon.'

'Truly the child's difficulty puts me in mind of a little tale,' said Gilrois.

‘I bid you share it with us,’ said Donna Marienna (it is not, of course, custom for a man to make refusal to his wife, even in the matter of telling a tale).

‘There was a priestess rode a fine horse with proud and shining harness. One day, she travelled away from her village and came upon a proud maiden that she knew not. “Where did you come by that fine horse, Madria?” asked the maiden.

“Most truly, my daughter,” said the priestess, “it was a gift to me from my children in the village wherein I dwell.”

“By my oath,” said the ungracious maid, “I am full as pious as any priestess, and none hath given me a gift for it.”

“Well then,” said the priestess, “perhaps I can put a remedy to that. If thou canst say the Silver Star with thy mind fully upon it and not divert thy thoughts once from the remembrance of our Lady, then I do declare that this horse shall be thine and I shall walk upon my way.”

“Why, that is an easy matter,” laughed the maid, and she knelt down there and then to say her prayer aloud. Well, she had just said the word “splendour,” when she broke off, asking, “And shall I have the saddle and harness also?” So she did lose her wager.’

Everyone laughed, until Donna Marienna held up her hand. She arose, and went to kneel meekly before the statue of our Lady, and all the ‘children’ gathered about her.

The moon was enthroned high in the heaven, shedding her pale light across the autumn fields. A reverent quietness settled on all the earth, as the mistress of the house called upon the Queen of Heaven, and all Her radiant Janyati to look down upon her little household and to grant their protection to all the shining souls that they had put into her care.⁶⁵

THE IRON RING

'The Iron Ring' is a popular English Madrian song. It is said to be an English version of a song sung by the Amazons in early patriarchal times. The Iron Ring was a defensive formation employed by hand-picked groups of Amazon infantry. They would form into a circle, their outward-facing swords and *peltæ* (the light Amazon shield) forming a 'ring of iron'. Sometimes archers were stationed inside the Ring to fire out over their heads. The formation of a Ring to protect the wounded and the sisters attending to them is briefly described in Projection 6 of *The Moira Handbook*.^{*} Such was the strength of the formation and the prowess of the maids who formed it that it is said that throughout the whole of Amazon history (which covers several hundred years) the Ring was never once broken. In difficult times, the Iron Ring was often the key factor in preserving the safety of the Amazons' mountain fortresses.

The verses are sung by a single singer, the chorus by the whole group of singers, and it has a faster and more robust rhythm than that of the verses. In the last four lines of the chorus everybody joins, and they are usually repeated.

The Iron Ring

O, the Temples are in ruins,
there is treason in the town;
the statues in the market-place
have all been broken down.
Our dear Lady is forgotten
through the whole of Her fair land,

* See pp. 1382 ff.

for it languishes in darkness 'neath
the tyrant's bloody hand.

Chorus: But we love Her in the mountains
where the air is fresh and clear,
for the bloody hand of tyranny
can gain no entrance here;
and we raid them and we mock them
and we feast and we dance and we sing
and if they want to stop us
let them break the Iron Ring

Let them break the Iron Ring,
let them break the Iron Ring,
all the men from here to Hades
cannot break the Iron Ring.

O the tyrant has made idols
with his own unseemly face
and has tortured our dear kinsfolk
from our Lady's loving grace;
and there's many a saintly priestess
that has died by sword or flame
for she would not call on any but
Our Lady's precious Name.

Chorus: But we love Her in the mountains...

Let us praise our noble warriors
that protect us from our foes,
let us praise their shining armour
and their swiftly-arching bows;

for their eyes are ever laughing
and their lips forever sing.
Let us praise the noble soldier-maids
that make the Iron Ring.

Chorus: For we love Her in the mountains...⁶⁶

A CHILD'S OUTLINE OF WORLD HISTORY

Introduction for Grown-Ups

The following pages give a very broad outline of the course of the world's history from the beginning of the present world-cycle until the present time (and a little beyond). It may be read by children or to them, though its primary purpose is not either of these. The Outline is not primarily regarded as an end in itself, but rather as a basis for teaching and discussion.

Ideally, each paper should be used as the foundation of a lesson around which discussion may be centred and project work organised. The project work can include pictures, compositions, maps, models etc.

This individualised approach is particularly important since it allows the teaching to be adjusted to the age and ability of the children concerned. For example, to older children more detail may be gone into about the nature of the first people's coming from heaven to earth—how we mean not 'people' travelling in space, but souls becoming incarnate in a material environment; and how the first ideal and archetypal creation

was translated onto successively grosser and more consolidated levels of being until finally it reached the stage of physical matter. There are various levels on which these facts can be taught, ranging from the simplest forms of presentation (to which we have largely restricted ourselves in these papers) to the abstractions of philosophical metaphysics. Which level takes predominance in any given case will depend upon the child in question.

Madrian education has always proceeded orally, without the use of textbooks, and these papers represent a step towards putting some of it in a form which can be used by those who have not grown up within a traditional Madrian community. What will be missed are the traditional stories and narratives, usually told by the fireside, which give so much warmth and vitality to the historical accounts. To some extent the place of these will be taken by the accounts of the lives of children living in the different periods of history which are to provide a companion-piece to the present work. Some of the traditional stories will also be written down, but nothing can replace the traditional telling in the fireside setting by an experienced storyteller. As new open Madrian communities are founded, it is to be hoped that every Madrian child will be able to have this experience at least occasionally.

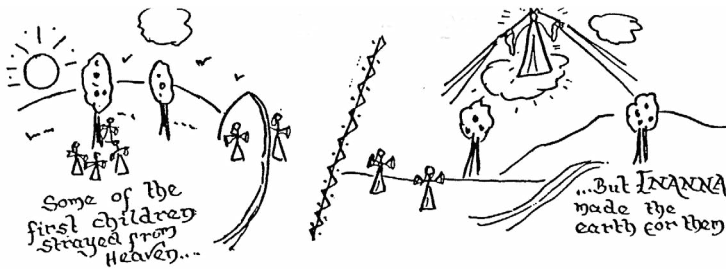
If any particularly interesting or difficult questions are asked, we would be grateful to hear of them. The answers to these questions may be compiled as a supplement to the Outline.

The Golden Age

Where did people come from?

When God first made people, She did not put them on this earth, but kept them with Her in Heaven. It was so beautiful in Heaven, that I can hardly begin to describe it. But after a time, some of Her children disobeyed Her, and wandered away from Heaven.

Now Heaven is a place for perfectly good people, and because these children were disobedient, they could not find their way back. But God sent Her Daughter, Inanna, to help them, and Inanna created a new place for them to live, and this new place was called the earth.



When She first created it, the world was so fresh and bright and beautiful that if you could see it, you would say that Heaven could not be any more wonderful than that (but if you had seen Heaven, you would know that it could!).

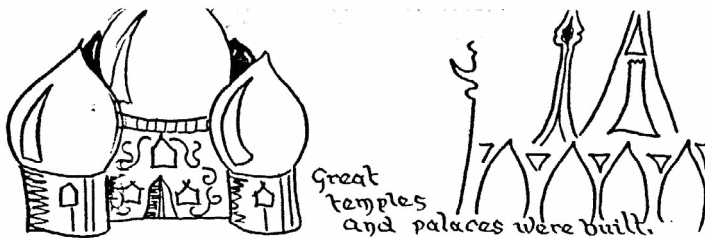
When people first came to earth, it was called the Golden Age. People were not stuck in their physical bodies the way we are, they could just 'step' out of them. They could travel to another place just by thinking about it. They could understand the language of birds and animals, and build a Temple in the air without wood or stones or any other physical material.

The Silver Age

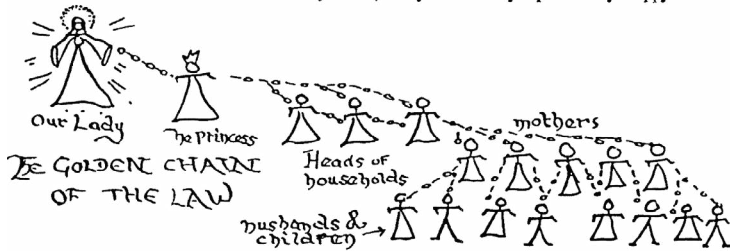
At the beginning of the GOLDEN AGE, people did not need to build houses at all, because they did not feel the cold, and for them, it was always like the warmest days of summer.

It was not until the SILVER AGE that any houses were built, and then, at first, they were only little round wooden huts. The GOLDEN AGE lasted for many thousands of years—almost as long as all the other ages put together. People lived for a very long time then, and it was not unusual for a person to be several hundred years old. As time went on, lives became shorter. In the late SILVER AGE, people only lived 150 to 200 years. Today they usually live only 70 or 80.

Toward the second half of the SILVER AGE, great temples and palaces were built in many places. These were very grand and beautiful, and full of wonderful works of art, but they showed that people had moved further away from God and were trying to make themselves at home on the earth instead of seeking the way back to their real home in Heaven. But they had not forgotten God, and all their works of art, their magnificent cities and palaces, their beautiful clothes and music, just as much as their Temples, were all made in Her honour.

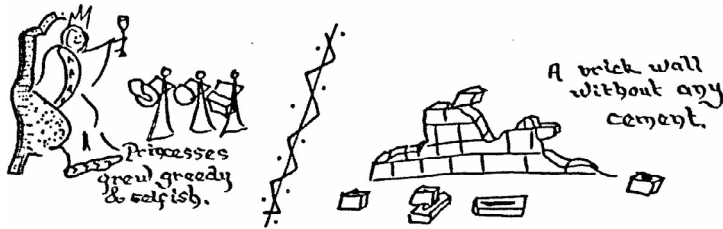


Great princesses ruled over the cities, and everyone was happy under their reign, because like true princesses, they did not rule according to their own likes and dislikes, but ruled in obedience to God and Her laws. These laws are so perfect that when maids live by them, they are always perfectly happy.



The Bronze Age I

At the beginning of the BRONZE AGE, the great cities became larger and more magnificent, but now the great danger of these earthly glories was beginning to become a reality. People were starting to forget God, and lose themselves in worldly things. The great princesses forgot that they were God's servants and behaved as if they were only given their riches and power for their own enjoyment.

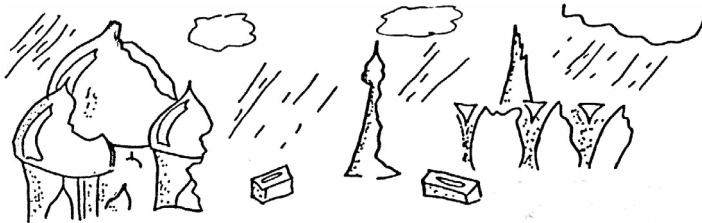


The people did not see why the princesses should have wealth and power instead of themselves. And of course, if the

princess is not God's servant, there is no reason. But when they put up maids from among themselves to be their rulers, it was even worse, because these rulers did not obey the divine Law either, but only slipped farther from it.

The worse things became, the more people tried to find comfort in worldly things, but the more they did that, the worse still things became. Those days were very much like the present time in the profane world. In the end, the whole of that civilisation collapsed, because a society without God is just like a brick wall without cement. The golden chain of Her law holds society together, and when that chain is broken, it will soon fall to pieces.

Through greed and quarrelling, and by upsetting the balance of nature with materialistic inventions (just as people are doing today), the great cities of the early BRONZE AGE fell into decay. People went off into the hills or the countryside and left the magnificent buildings to crumble away.



The Bronze Age II

After the fall of the great cities, many people wandered the countryside, or lived in caves. Many profane people believe that these were the first people in the world. They call them cave-men and believe that they had just learned the simplest things,

like making fire. Actually, of course, they only REMEMBERED these things, while they had FORGOTTEN most of the other things which they used to know.

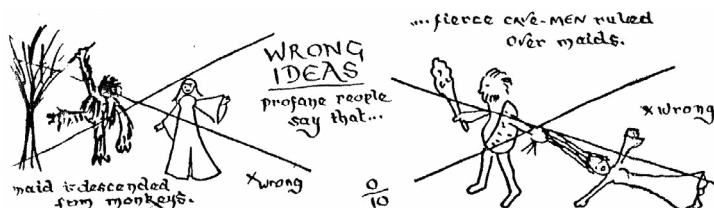


Profane people believe that these 'cave-people' had developed from monkeys only a little time ago, and that the whole human race is only about two million years old, and could not make simple things by hand until about twenty-five thousand years ago, but they have found the imprints of well-made rope sandals in places where they must be at least fifteen million years old.* But they just ignore things like that, and pretend they do not exist.

The cave-people are called 'cave-men' by profane people because they pretend that men were in charge in those days, just as they are in the profane world today. Actually, the profane people who know most about it know that this is not true, but most profane people pretend that it is. Actually maids were in charge of the cave-societies, were leaders in the communities

* The reference is to the 'Fisher Canyon Footprint'. Identification of the print as the mark of a sandal is contested. The Madrians appear to have received information on this find in a garbled version. The print appeared in a stratum dated to 225 million years before present, though some later sources reported dating of 5 million or 15 million years.

and heads in the households, just as they had always been. It was not until much later and much darker times that men took over.



The cave people were not stupid, as is sometimes said. Although they had forgotten many practical things, they still had a deeper spiritual knowledge than the profane world today, and their arts and crafts were rich in spiritual meaning. Profane people often talk of these arts and crafts being 'invented' by the cave-people, but, of course, no true craft has ever been invented on this earth, for maid brought all the true sacred crafts with her when she came from Heaven. So when people say 'invented', they should really say REMEMBERED.

The Bronze Age III

So, the cave-maids had forgotten many things, and also remembered many things. But not everybody had forgotten those things which had been forgotten. On the great continent of ATLANTIS, now sunken beneath the waters, lived a race of people who had not forgotten the old ways. Their ruler was called QUEEN BASILEA.

Queen Basilea decided that it was her duty to help the other peoples of the world, and so she made ready a great fleet of ships which sailed all over the world. And wherever the red-haired Atlanteans landed, they taught the forgotten ways to the

people, and helped them to build up magnificent civilisations centred upon love and obedience to God, just like those of the Silver Age.

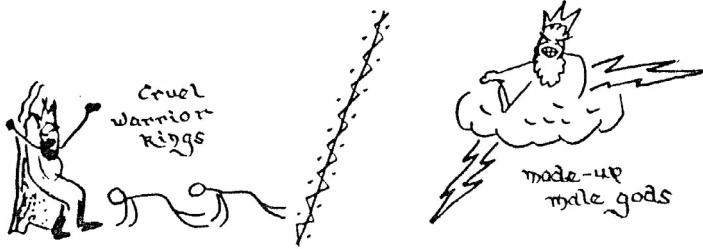


But they could not be quite like the Silver Age, for times change, and what is possible to our mothers is not possible to us. For the world is slowly running down, like a clock that has been wound up a long time ago. But the Bronze Age cities were very good places, ruled by good princesses who obeyed the Divine Law. The people were happy, and lived close to God. Beautiful clothes and buildings and pictures and music were made, all for the love of God.

Wherever they went, the Atlanteans left four objects behind them: a golden chalice, a silver moon-axe, a bronze yoke and an iron plough. These symbolized the four ESTATES into which people were divided in the bronze age. Priestesses and scholars, queens and nobles, craftswomen, and farmers. There was also a fifth estate, which was above the other four. This was the estate of those who gave up the world, and gave their whole lives to God in contemplation, often they went away to live in lonely places and later returned to give teaching and spiritual help to others.

The Iron Age I

Because the world is running down like a clock, the happy time which began in the early part of the Bronze Age could not last forever. It did last for thousands of years, but towards the end of the Bronze Age, things started to decline even more badly than at the end of the Silver Age. Cities got bigger and more greedy, and people became obsessed with money and possessions. At the beginning of the Iron Age, all sorts of false ideas were starting to creep into religion itself.

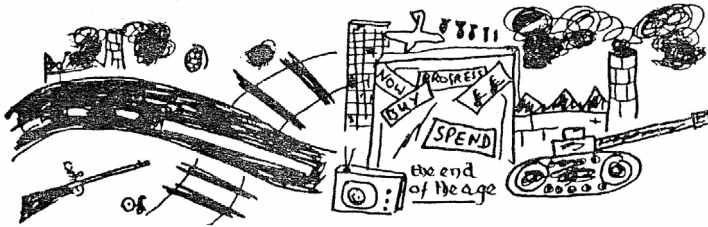


First, people imagined that God had not a Daughter, but a son, and later they decided that God Herself was a man! Because religion is the centre of life, these ideas quickly started to affect other areas of life. In the end, kings took the throne away from the princesses, and fathers became the heads of households instead of mothers. This arrangement is called PATRIARCHY.

The kings who took over were very cruel, they often burned towns and villages in their fight to take over power, and invented horrible ways of killing people who disagreed with them. All patriarchal governments, right up to the present day, use horrible methods like these. Sometimes, in times of peace,

they stop using them for a short while, but they quickly start again when it suits them.

As the Iron Age wore on, people believed less and less in religious truths, until, in the end, the patriarchs did not even believe in their own invented male god. Instead, they plunged themselves into worldly things even more deeply than the Silver or Bronze Age people had done at their worst. They invented all sorts of machines and deadly weapons, and found out many things about nature and the world, but all in order to satisfy their own greed. The world was made more and more ugly, scarred by roads and railways, and huge sprawling cities dedicated to making money.



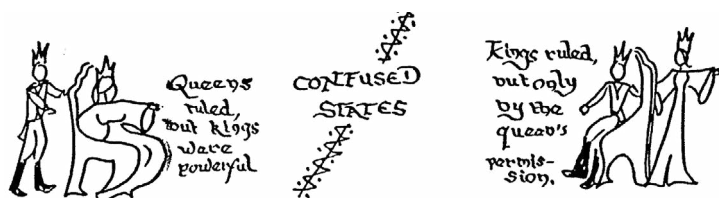
The Iron Age II

At the end of the Iron Age, people even stood history on its head, and pretended that the Iron Age was BETTER than all the other times, and that because people in earlier ages did not spend all their time inventing new weapons and machines and ways of making money, they must have been stupider than people are now! This idea is called PROGRESS or EVOLUTION. It says 'We started off as monkeys, and we have been getting better ever since. This modern patriarchal world is the best thing ever!'

This idea is a very new invention, because even in most of the patriarchal times, people knew that things were getting worse. All the wisest people in every age have taught the opposite of progress; but the clever thing about the progress story is that the people who tell it don't have to take any notion of the wisest people of the past, because they were only stupid people who had not invented bombs and factories. Whenever you see a profane book about the past, you will always find this silly idea in it somewhere.

We must not forget that from the beginning of the Iron Age to the present time, which is near to the end, was a very long time indeed. The whole of what the profane world calls history does not go back as far as the beginning of the Iron Age.

Patriarchy as we know it today did not come in until quite late. There were lots of in-between periods. Periods when queens ruled, but kings had a lot of power, when kings ruled, but only by the queen's permission and all sorts of other complicated situations.



In spiritual wisdom, the situation was equally confusing. Some bits of the truth were kept, others were lost, and different things happened in different places. For example, the western world lost that truth that we live many different lives, but the eastern world kept it.



The Iron Age III

As patriarchy progressed, the situation became even more confused. Whenever a country went patriarchal, the people quickly discovered that they did not like it; and if the king was not strong enough, there would be a revolution, and a matriarchal princess would take over again. Sometimes a country would switch from matriarchy to patriarchy and back again several times in a single lifetime.

Slowly, the kings became stronger and cleverer, and because the world was becoming older and more tired, people did not have the power to resist them. But then a surprising thing happened. Groups of maids and men who had run away from the tyrannical kings in the cities began to band together in the hills and mountains. There they met hermit-maids who had left the cities before the patriarchal times in order to live the CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE. Realising that their troubles had come in the first place from turning away from God, they asked these hermit-maids to help them to re-organise their life in the old God-centred way. There were lots of hermit-maids, and some men too, because as the cities had become worse and worse toward the end of the Iron Age, more and more of the spiritual people had left them, and whole communities of hermits had grown up in faraway places.

So now, instead of just being like convents, these communities became complete countries in themselves, with their own princesses ruling in obedience to the Divine Law, and with people following every branch of the ACTIVE LIFE. Because they remembered the old ways, these nations became the happiest and best-organised in the world. They paid special honour to Inanna, and used Her symbol of the moon in jewellery, art and decoration of all sorts. Because of this, they were called, in the Greek language, AMAZONS, or moon-maids.



But the patriarchal kings became jealous of the Amazon nations, and sent out armies of fierce men-soldiers with swords and clubs and fiery torches to destroy them.

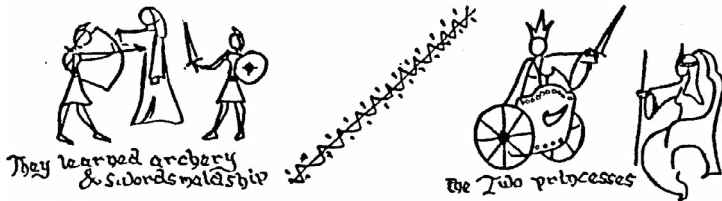


The Iron Age IV

At first the Amazons ran away from the men-soldiers, but the hermit-maids showed them how spiritual concentration can

make perfect the art of fighting just like any other art. They taught the sacred VIKHELIC ARTS of archery, swordsmanship and unarmed combat (fighting without a weapon). The Amazon soldiers were mostly maids, but some men were also allowed to join them. They were highly disciplined, and although they fought hard, they were never cruel. They never burned villages or tortured people, or used more violence than necessary as the patriarchal armies did. Their spiritual vikhelic arts made them much more powerful than their opponents who relied on mere brute force.

When they had made their homes safe from invasion, the Amazons decided to go out and set free the lands which had been conquered by the patriarchal tyrants, and to show the people how to return to God. Each Amazon nation had two princesses—the senior one was a hermit devoted wholly to God. She ruled at home over the people. The junior princess was obedient to her. She was a soldier, and led the army out to set free the captive peoples in patriarchal lands.

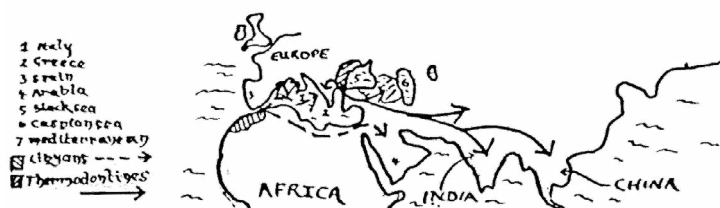


Very soon, large areas of the world had been set free, and for hundreds of years matriarchal, God-centred societies covered most of the earth once again. The patriarchs were reduced to a few barbarian tribes on the borders of civilisation.

But as the world became older, the patriarchs began to creep back, and for a long time the civilised world passed from

the hands of the Amazons to those of the patriarchs quite often.

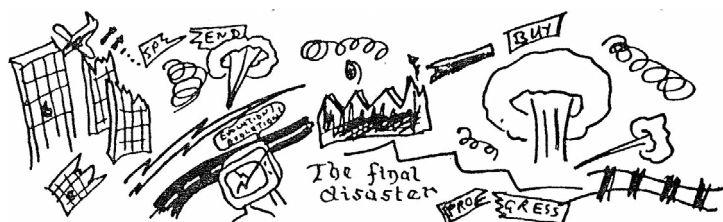
There were two great Amazon nations. The first was called the nation of the THERMODONTINES. They lived in central Asia, and from there, they set out in their strongest days to liberate not only Southern Europe, but the Indian and Chinese lands as well. The smaller group were the LIBYANS. At their strongest time, they liberated the whole of Southern Europe, North Africa, Egypt and Arabia. There were also some smaller groups of Amazons.



The Iron Age V

When the countries liberated by the Amazons were finally defeated, patriarchy reigned over many parts of the world, though not all. In Britain, Germany and most parts of Northern Europe (you will see from the map that the Amazons never went to those places—they did not need to) there was still a matriarchal rule. The same was true in parts of Africa, America and some remote parts of Asia, such as Tibet. Egypt kept its Amazon government long after the surrounding areas had succumbed to patriarchy. As the age wore on, these matriarchies fell one by one, although some of them survived until only a few hundred years ago.

Look again at the 'clock' on p. II39. Now the hand is almost upright at the very end of the Iron Age. The 'last days' are here, our Lady is forgotten by almost everybody except the faithful few. People care for nothing except worldly and material things. The balance of nature has been upset by the massive machinery that is used by the profane world, the air and earth and sea is polluted. We are told that civilisation cannot last much longer, even if the terrible bombs and other weapons which the patriarchs have invented are not used.



What will happen? Long long ago, our mothers said that the age would come to an end; that faith and wisdom would be lost and terrible things would happen. They knew all about it, even though it is taking modern profane people by surprise. They also knew what would happen afterwards.



The modern world will come to an end. But when the age ends, a new age will begin. We will come back to a new Golden Age. Everyone will turn back to our Lady, and the world

will be peaceful again and full of the love and joy of the great God-centred matriarchal civilisations. And those people who are Madrians today will have the job of leading the world back to the old ways. It is a wonderful thought, to know that today's Madrians are the children of the future.⁶⁷

CONVERSATIONS FROM BELOW

The scene is set in a bedroom—well, of course, there are at least a hundred ways of looking at any scene; but since the most usual way is the physical, we will begin with that.

The scene is set in a bedroom. A rather plain bedroom and not a particularly tidy one. It is littered with books and papers, shoes and slippers and various other appurtenances of physical life. On the corner of the bed is a maid between twenty and thirty, if not rather older (or perhaps even a little younger). She appears to be deep in thought.

If one were to look at the scene in another way—a way beyond the physical (not so much above it as below it)—one would see a snake. It slithered a little while ago into the room, and beginning at the ankles, it has wrapped its coils around the whole length of her body. She, of course, is quite unaware of it; and the snake seems only slightly aware of her. Its business is not exactly with her. But to understand that, we will have to look at our scene in another way again.

If we see the scene as the snake sees it—a way much further below the physical—we will see that the snake is concerned with a little stream or trickle that seems to be flowing out of the maid's heart. But as we look down the stream, we will see that it is flowing not into the room, but into a land-

scape: a dark and dreamy landscape which seems heavy with a sort of dull laziness. And we see also that as the trickle flows on, it becomes a little river, overhung by strange trees which, in that twilight, look something like willows, except that their outlines are not clean and clear, but strangely heavy and blurred, as though they have been moulded from some greasy black wax that would not set properly.

But unlike other rivers, this one flows slowly and lazily where it is young and slender, meandering widely, first in one direction and then in another, seeming to have no particular destination and to care nothing for when or whether it arrives. But as it becomes older and broader, so its pace becomes faster and more determined, forcing a path through all obstructions with an urgency that rises towards the end to something like desperation. And the end? Why, at the end it flows not into the wide sea, but comes to a great weir, vast and terrible, where it crashes over the edge into the awful nothingness of a black and bottomless abyss. A picture that might have been conjured up in the imaginations of those sailors of former times who believed the earth to be flat and feared that they might sail over the edge of the world.

If we have talked of this river as though it were a living creature, we have not been far wrong, for if we look at it in another way, it is a snake. And as soon as we have adjusted our vision so as to see it as a snake, why, the whole focus seems to swirl and flicker, showing it now as a snake, now as a man, now as a maid, now as a demon—all claws and lashing tail.

For this creature or river is the false self of the maid, which seeks always to lead her by gradual degrees downstream, first this way and then that, but always away from the bright, bright

light of PERFECTION. There is one other place where the stream flows rapidly, and that is at the very beginning, where it is out in the open and exposed directly to the light. There it turns and twists, far more like a snake than a river, spurred to violent activity by its fierce determination to get back into the dark.

For some time now, the maid has been making her way upstream and now, as the false self (whose name, if it had a name, would be called Shlitt) is explaining, the maid is coming dangerously close to those narrow rapids. But quiet! We have already missed some of Shlitt's words:

...but I just don't understand it, Klagon. She has had every advantage. She has lived in a world absolutely dominated by materialism. Their 'great issues' are all to do with money and politics and what they call society. And she had perfect freedom. There was no need for treason. She could have been a capitalist or a socialist, an artist or a philistine, a humanist or a cynic—and all the time she would never have taken a step upstream. But she is questioning everything! Everything!

Klagon: Calm down, Shlitt, calm down. I hope you don't let her call it 'questioning'. When she questions religion, *that* is questioning. When she questions the orthodoxies of materialism, she must be taught to call it 'personal opinion', or better still, 'wishful thinking'.

Shlitt: No, no, she is past that stage now. I can't befuddle her mind with verbal tricks any more.

Klag: My dear Shlitt, humans are so made that their minds can *always* be befuddled by verbal tricks—or practically always.

If our subject is past the particular stage I have mentioned, then rest assured, there will be dozens of subtler strategies suitable to whatever stage she has reached. Your trouble is that you have been having things too easily up until now, so you give in as soon as you run into a spot of difficulty. The battle isn't lost yet—it has hardly begun.

Shlitt: But what must I do?

Klag: Well, we must watch the situation carefully and adjust our strategy as we are going along. It is important to keep the campaign going on several fronts at once. We can start by launching a heavy bombardment.

Shlitt: But that's what I've been trying to do.

Klag: Yes, but how?

Shlitt: With arguments, of course—opening her up to all the arguments against the existence of any non-physical reality.

Klag: Yes, I thought as much. Listen, Shlitt, arguments are sometimes all right for bolstering up materialism when it is already accepted—even then they are just a frill, a superfluous luxury. But when materialism is even slightly in doubt, clear thought is our worst enemy. You know as well as I do that there are no real arguments against non-physical reality. Let me give you a principle. It is one word that should be engraved over the gates of Hell in letters of granite. The word is *fuzz*. Never forget it.

Shlitt: But what does it mean?

Klag: It means that you must never let your subject's mind be clear. All her thoughts and arguments must be *fuzzed*. Suc-

ceed in that and your path is clear. Fail and you have not the smallest hope.

Shlitt: How does that apply in this case?

Klag: My dear Shlitt, *fuzzing* is the very essence of materialism. Materialism means making your subject believe that *everything* has its origin in physical matter, without ever asking where physical matter has *its* origin. Materialists believe that everything has a cause. Now either matter has no cause, in which case their system breaks down; or else it has a cause, in which case the cause must be outside matter (since nothing can be the cause of itself). So their system breaks down either way. Don't you see how *fuzzed* a mind must be if it fails to realise that? You wouldn't think it would work, would you? But it does. We've had some of the best human minds eating out of our hands just by a bit of *fuzzing*.

Shlitt: But if they're really intelligent...

Klag: Intelligence comes second. Don't you understand that? Once the false-self is in control of a subject, the subject is filled unconsciously with the correct feelings of terror and hatred towards the 'terrible' Light of the Divine. She will not be aware of it (and it is very important that she does not become so). But all her beliefs will be designed to shield her from that pure Light. Her intellect, which is, after all, simply one of her many attributes, will be used like all the others in furthering that end. And that brings us to another all-important principle. Whether she believes in religion or not, you must *never* let her see its true importance. Always encourage her to think of it as a *part* of life,

as one aspect or dimension of things. Never let her realise that every action on the physical plane has both causes and effects on the spiritual. It is easy enough, for incredible as it may seem, she is practically blind. All she can see are the physical things around her. Only occasionally does she get the tiniest glimpse of the rest of the world. And usually it is easy enough to convince her that they are just 'imagination'.

If she is a materialist, never let her horror of the Divine become conscious. Let her believe that she 'hardly gives religion a thought'.

Shlitt: But this does not apply to my case.

Klag: It is important that you understand the basic principles. But you are quite right. Let us get down to practicalities. As I have said, there is no point in arguing for materialism, but there are plenty of other ways of going about it. You can simply take advantage of her near-blindedness. Make her concentrate on the things about her, show her how *real* they are. And try to convince her that since she can't see spiritual things, they don't exist.

Shlitt: But that's nonsense—it makes no sense at all!

Klag: I know, I know. But you'd be surprised how often it works. A good blast of that trick at the right moment (timing is very important in these matters) can often succeed where months of patient work have failed. It isn't fool-proof, but do keep trying it—it takes no effort, and you never know when you might score a surprise hit.

Shlitt: Good, I will try that.

Klag: Now alongside that, you must work in some other tricks.

One of them is to pester her with the idea that religion is ‘out of date’—that ‘you can’t believe in that nowadays’. When a really well-trained materialist hears about religion, she says (or thinks, if she has fallen into the deplorable habit of politeness) ‘But this is the twentieth century!’ Of course, that makes about as much sense as saying ‘But this is Tuesday morning’. But keep *fuzzing*, and she will never notice. Now with *your* subject, you may not be able to fuzz the whole issue. She probably will ask just exactly what that means. But you must still fuzz. Let the answer be something vague about ‘modern science’ or a ‘more advanced civilisation’. For Hell’s sake, don’t let her seriously start asking what *particular* proven facts of modern science contradict religion. If she does that, you’re finished along those lines.

Shlitt: For a little while, anyway.

Klag: Quite right. You can often use their forgetfulness to your advantage, and re-open issues a little later that they have quite successfully dealt with before.

Shlitt: But aren’t there any specific examples I can give her?

Klag: Well, again try to be as vague and general as possible. There aren’t any real scientific *facts* that support materialism, but there are individual scientists who happen to be materialists. Of course, that is nothing to do with the fact that they are scientists—they would have been materialists in any case. But, provided you keep fuzzing, you can use them in a vague way to give the ‘authority of science’ to materialism.

But it is usually better to be more general than that. Her whole society is materialistic. Try to make her feel that a society which has 'moonflights' and electric lights *must* know better in all things than ancient religious societies. (The sort of history they teach her makes even the earlier patriarchal civilisations seem more primitive than they were.) Don't let her consider the fact that just as a plumber probably knows little about metaphysical philosophy, so a society which is very proficient at technical and physical things is likely to be backward in spiritual matters. Fortunately we have long ago erased the knowledge of the ancient matriarchal societies, which were so far advanced in spiritual knowledge that they were able to produce all the benefits of material technology without machines, factories and laboratories. Only the tiny few of them have the smallest fraction of that ability now, and they can easily be dismissed as fakes and frauds if they are so foolish as to make themselves public.

She does still believe in what they call progress, I take it?

Shlitt: Yes, but she is becoming a little sceptical.

Klag: Be very careful about that. You must keep her believing in 'progress'—and keep it as vague as possible. The human race 'coming of age' is a very good phrase—it suggests a vague analogy with their individual growth patterns and means absolutely nothing in practical terms. The less it actually *means*, the less it can be questioned and criticised. So long as you keep her hooked on the progress-myth, materialism is always in with a chance. But that's not all. You'll see

later how it can be useful to us in all sorts of other ways, even if we can't get her back to materialism.

Shlitt: You mean we haven't lost even if we *can't* get her back to materialism?

Klag: Lost? Not by a long shot! In the modern world, materialism just happens to be the handiest weapon—but there are plenty of others. We got on perfectly well for centuries without materialism, you know.

Of course, it would be very nice if she could be converted back to materialism, but it doesn't really matter. The main purpose of the complete campaign on the materialist front is not that at all.

Shlitt: Then what is it?

Klag: Well, there are various purposes. First of all it will help to keep her mind off the real spiritual issues. Secondly, if we can keep her hovering on the brink through doubts and difficulties, never really choosing one way or another, she will grow weaker after a while, and the current will gradually pull her back downstream. Thirdly, even if she does choose the religious path, we will be able to use the vestiges of materialism—or even her attempts to disprove materialism—to prevent it from being a real approach to that awful LIGHT OF TRUTH. I may have to go into that later, but I hope not.

Shlitt: I think she will try some religious approach or focus in the near future.

Klag: Yes, that is not unusual. If at all possible, direct her into some form of orthodox Christianity. And if you can get

her to worship Truth in a masculine form and at the same time fall short of realising that TRUE REALITY is beyond all forms, dogmas and idols, that is half the battle. We brought about the present materialism in human societies by weaning them gently from the DIVINE IMAGE and CONSCIOUSNESS, to a masculine form and expression of it, and then weaning them off that altogether. Fortunately, being half blind, it is easy to confuse them about this. They cannot *see* the spiritual weakness of the masculine image, although they can sometimes feel it. Besides, we have had all of the Christian sects in our pockets now for a long time, and have guided them into a largely materialist, worldly mentality. In the last century we had them all on respectability, thrift and capitalism; now it's all social justice and 'liberation' and 'personal relationships'. A few slip through the net, of course, but for the most part they are all floating nicely downstream. Fix their hearts on transient things, and let them give no thought to the ETERNAL, the DIVINE REALITY, or the PERFECTION of the SELF. That's the secret—then it matters not whether they call it 'religion', the quest for TRUTH or whatever.

But in the name of all that is unholy, keep her eyes turned from the dazzling Image, Beauty and Purity of the ONE DEA.⁶⁸

THE DAUGHTER IN THE EAST

When Dea was worshipped throughout the world, the division of cultures into 'eastern' and 'western' had not taken place. Only with the fragmentation of human society and religion

caused by the decay of the matriarchies did such divisions occur. In the west it is well known how the image of Dea persisted through the semi-patriarchal and patriarchal periods right up to the present, first as a goddess with an inferior male consort (Isis, Cybele, Ishtar, etc.), then in the same form with the 'god' slowly taking over, and finally in various supposedly non-Divine forms, chiefly the Virgin Mary. It is also well known that however low Her 'official' status may have sunk, She always returned to the central and predominant position in the hearts, minds and devotions of the vast majority of the people. This was universally true, whether in the late cult of the Roman Empire, where Osiris was more or less forgotten for most of the time, or in the Mary cult in mediæval Europe, where dozens of popular legends, as well as the vast predominance of Her devotion, testified to the supremacy of Mary over Christ and the male trinity everywhere except in the Church's official dogma.

Above all, souls have always placed their hope in the Divine compassion of our Lady, as opposed to the vengeful and masculine aggression of the all-too-human gods 'made in man's image'. This is powerfully represented in the prevalent mediæval picture of 'the two ladders to heaven'; the red ladder of Jesus from which many fall off into the fires of Hell, and the white ladder of Mary upon which every soul reached its glorious destination in safety. At this time it was also commonly believed that once a soul had entered Hell, even Jesus was powerless to save her, yet she might still be rescued by the infinite compassion of Mary.

All this is well known, but what is less well known in the west is that very much the same process has also taken place in the east. In China, for example, the worship of the Daughter

under the ancient name of Kuan Yin was so prevalent that She was finally incorporated into Buddhist practice as a celestial bodhisattva, very much as Mary was incorporated into Christian practice as a saint, and quickly assuming the same predominant position.

Her life-story as a bodhisattva comes far closer to the Truth of the Mythos than does that of Mary. It exists in various versions, but the essentials are always the same: incarnate on earth as a devoutly religious maiden, she defies her cruel father's wishes in order to enter a convent, whereupon he sets out to kill her. In many versions he has the convent surrounded by archers and then sets the building afire. Any nun seeking to escape is driven back into the inferno by a hail of arrows. Yet Kuan Yin (or Miao Shan, as she is sometimes called in this version) rises from death as a beautiful white bird, and the souls of the slaughtered nuns follow her into the sky, even as the souls in Hell follow the resurrected Daughter in the Mythos. In other versions, it is even clearer, and she actually descends into Hell to release the poor souls suffering there before entering into her ministry of compassion over all earth's children.

Perhaps one of the most striking points about the Kuan Yin *cultus* is that She rules a Pure Land or paradise, situated in the west, to which those who have called upon Her in life are taken to rest in happiness for a period before continuing upon their journey through cycles of incarnation. The parallel with the western Madrian teaching about Avala could hardly be more complete.

Just as the Daughter in the west is said to be ‘pure love’,* so Kuan Yin is the very embodiment of Divine compassion. She is constantly attentive to the prayers of humanity, so that one of Her most frequently-used titles is ‘regarder of the cries of the world’, which again recalls the western epithet ‘Our Lady of Succour’. Though perhaps Her most familiar and most expressive title is simply ‘Saviour’. As with the Daughter in the west, Her sacred tree is the willow, and She uses a willow-branch to sprinkle water on the heads of Her votaries in a striking echo of the Rite of Initiation.

Another mark of the worship of the Daughter in all cultures is the faith of the people in Her power to deliver them from danger and suffering. This faith in the mediæval west was enshrined in the opening words of the *Memorare*: ‘Remember, O most loving Virgin Mary, that it is a thing unheard of, that anyone ever had recourse to Your protection, implored Your help... and was left forsaken.’ In the Far East, this same belief finds its expression in a lengthy passage from the Lotus Sutra, the principal text of Mahayana Buddhism, which has been called ‘the Gospel of half Asia’:

...The echoes of Her sacred deeds
resound through all the world...

Who hears Her Name, who looks to Her,
unceasingly remembers Her,
is freed from worldly sorrow.

Were you by vicious felons cast
into a roaring furnace,

* A note to the original directs the reader to question 15 of the Catechism (vol. I, p. 90).

turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
the flames will turn to water.

Or driven by the raging sea
with foul fiends close about you,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
the waves shall turn their fury.

Else from Mount Sumeru's towering peak
some enemy should hurl you,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
like the sun in the sky will She hold you.

Or running fast from evil men
the Iron Mountain bars your path,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
no harm shall come to harm.

Encircled by a murderous band
with sharp knives poised to strike,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
pity shall turn their hearts.

Or victim of a tyrant power,
the axe upraised to slay you,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
it shall be dashed in fragments.

Locked in a dank and filthy cell
and bound with iron fetters,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
and freedom shall be granted.

Or, having drunk a venomous cup,
the darkness closes round you,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
and you shall wake refreshed.

Or else beset by devil-fiends,
dragons and demons, things Hell-spawned,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
they dare not touch Her servant.

With fearsome beasts on every side
cruel tusks and keen-edged claws,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
they flee in all directions.

Fierce dragon-serpents bar your way,
with fiery breath and poison fume,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin
and instantly they vanish.

Horrendous lightnings rend the sky,
prodigious torrents flood the earth,
turn but your thoughts upon Kuan Yin,
the storm shall turn its wrath.

Bound upon werdē's iron wheel,
all creatures suffer countless woes,
yet Kuan Yin's eyes see everything,
Her help is always ready.

Infinite Her Godly power
and skilful in the care of souls
She manifests in countless forms
throughout the wide-spread world.

Though endless evils plague the earth,
demons and beasts and godless men,
birth and old age, disease and death,
Kuan Yin will end them, one by one.

True Kuan Yin! Pure Kuan Yin!
Incalculably wise Kuan Yin!

Compassionate to every creature,
eternally honoured and adored.

O, Heavenly Light, pure and unceasing!
O, Sun of Wisdom, dispelling the dark!
O, Conqueror of fire and storm!
Your glory fills the world!

Your pity shields us from the lightning,
Your compassion is like to a radiant cloud
dropping sweet rain of spiritual love,
quenching the flames of distress.

Name of Kuan Yin, most holy Name,
voice of the sea-tide, voice of God,
surpassing every worldly sound,
let it always be on your lips.

Call upon Her, never doubting,
Saviour of all things, pure and serene,
in pain or anguish, fear or death,
She is our faithful and certain support.

Resplendent in every supreme perfection,
all-seeing eyes of eternal compassion,
boundless ocean-store of blessings,
in deep adoration we kneel at Her feet.

The belief in Kuan Yin's supernatural aid may seem far-fetched. After all, it is a simple fact of experience that the 'tyrant power' which now dominates China, manifesting the ultimate extreme of masculist materialism, has murdered and imprisoned many thousands of Her devotees in its cruel drive against all spirituality. We must take into account that on one level the physical dangers depicted in the Sutra are allegories of the spiritual dangers which confront the soul at every stage in her ascent

toward perfection. On another level, the Sutra expresses the truth that all worldly sufferings are the result of inward attachment to the world of illusion, and that if our contemplation is wholly directed toward the Divine (all our thoughts turned upon Kuan Yin) earthly sufferings can no longer touch us. So long as we remain separate from the Mother, we are bound to *werdē's* iron wheel, we are subject to birth, old age, disease and death and all the ills that flesh is heir to not once but endlessly, until we realise the Truth and act upon it. Only when we unite in contemplation with the Divine, 'unceasingly remembering Her', do we transcend the endless evils that plague the earth.

Even so, like all inspired words, these sacred verses contain Truth on many levels; and alongside the deeper spiritual strata of meaning, the simplest exoteric significance of the words contains profounder truths than the profane mind (whether openly anti-religious or trying to 'rationalise' religion into a form acceptable to the prejudices of late-patriarchal materialism) would be happy to admit. Innumerable accounts exist—some well-attested by persons still living—of instances in which Kuan Yin has miraculously intervened to save some devotee from danger who has called upon Her. Many of the more modern instances involve hair's-breadth escapes from Communist persecutors. Sometimes help comes through 'natural' means, extraordinary coincidences or strokes of luck. At other times it is purely 'miraculous': the attacker who suddenly found himself unable to move a muscle when his victim called upon Kuan Yin's name; the lost traveler led to shelter by a vision of Kuan Yin; the devotee who was simply ignored by the Red Guards who were searching for her as though she had become invisible.

It is not only in China that Kuan Yin is honoured. She is known throughout most of South-East Asia. In Japan She is called Kwannon; in Tibet She goes by the name of Tara. In the introduction to Dr. Beyer's monumental study *The Cult of Tara*,* we read:

Tara was the principal superhuman being in Tibet who might be called *divine* without further qualification. She is prayed to by millions; her help in adversity is divine...

It does not help much to search for 'causes' to explain this trust in Tara and her eternity... She was real, she was divine. Tara was, had always been, and still is the almighty support of her devotees who address her. In fact she is mightier than Buddhas and Bodhisattvas... To understand something of her cult is to understand something of the mainstay of Tibetan culture and religion.

The instruction to 'unceasingly remember Her', to 'let Her name be always on your lips', is taken with the utmost seriousness wherever She is worshipped, and Her most ardent devotees spend many hours in recitation; sometimes simply repeating Her name thousands of times, sometimes reciting the Lotus Sutra verses, or the *Dharani of Great Compassion*, another important text in the worship of Kuan Yin, often using a Rosary. Sometimes the Name is recited unceasingly over a period of many days, until the revolving of the sound becomes a continual inward reality even in sleep or when engaged in other activities. This practice may eventually lead to a mystical experience or a vision, and certainly to a degree of detachment from worldly suffering corresponding to a higher level of consciousness.

* A note to the original reads: 'Published by the University of California Press.'

The effect is due not only to the psychological value of the exercise (in the fullest sense: *psyche* = soul, therefore true psychology is the science of the soul's laws), but also the particular spiritual quality of the sound of the Name itself (it is possible that the same effect would not be produced by a western pronunciation of the Chinese syllables, though there are western equivalents of the Name, most notably, of course, Inanna, which should be pronounced with short a's and a particular caressing quality about the n's). The Name is often incorporated within a short *mantram*.

Certain rather more complicated mantric visualisation practices have also been used to great effect and might well be adopted by Madrians who feel drawn to this form of development. For this reason, an adaptation of one such method is included here. The main *mantram* employed is the famous OM MANI PADME HUM. This mantram has a long history, going back long before Buddhism and the practices with which it has been associated in more recent times. In being addressed to Kuan Yin, it is returning to its origins, for it is a primordial sound-form corresponding to the devout invocation of the Daughter. It is suitable for western usage, since it is from the Sanscrit which is close to the root-language of all western dialects. The fact that it is also effective in the Far East is a possible indication that it goes back beyond this to the universal root-language which preceded the division of east and west, and therefore remains unchanged in sound since the central matriarchal period. A rough translation would be 'Hail (or behold) the jewel in the lotus'. This refers directly to the Daughter, the lotus being the eastern equivalent of the rose, which symbolises the Mother, and the 'jewel' within it the Daughter

to Whom She gives birth. This symbolism occurs on the ring sometimes worn by priestesses with a pure crystal couched in the petals of a golden rose. Gold is the metal of the sun, symbolising the Mother, and crystal the jewel of the moon, symbolising the Daughter.

The following practice has been used in both China and Tibet:

Preparation

Take a ritual bath, preferably scented with eucalyptus or some other lunar essence. Let the purification of your body symbolise the purification of your mind, and if any sin lie on you, do penance for it beforehand. Dress yourself with quietness and reverence, preferably in a white robe.

Go to your shrine, whereon shall be an image or a statue of the Daughter and a censer for incense-sticks.

Take in your left hand an incense stick, and with the finger and thumb of your right hand, form a circle. At the place where the tips meet, envision a white glow, representing the syllable OM (this is pronounced midway between OM and AUM). After a moment, this is transformed into a budding lotus wherewith you trace the letters OM AH HUM above the glowing incense. Thus will the smoke spread out to form a great cloud of purity. Reverencing, recite these words:

‘May this precious cloud form an offering to the Mother and to the Daughter and to Absolute Deity, an offering to the Janyati of the seven spheres, and to all the Janyati of Heaven, an offering to the saints and the helati that have walked this earth in the love of Dea through countless centuries, and

having attained to perfect liberation are one with me in Her Ekklesia.’

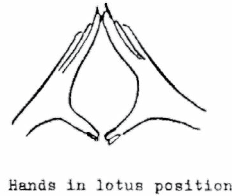
Make the Pentacle in the four directions, and invoke the protection of the guardian daughters of the fourfold earth (as in the Rite of Sacrifice,* but do not use the Name of Power). Place the stick reverently in the censer.

First Stage

Settle before the shrine, either in the Artemid posture[†] or the *Padmasana* (Lotus Posture) or in any position that is comfortable and not disturbing. Breathe slowly and deeply. At the crown of your head, envision a white glow representing OM, at your throat a red AH, at your heart a blue HUM. These glowing centres throw out rays of their respective colors in all directions. By them all the evil of wrong choices and wrong deeds made since the dawn of time by your self and by all selves are expelled in the form of a black liquid which drains away into the earth until no drop remains. Thus, purged of evil, you are one with the Good, and your body, speech and mind are as the body, speech and mind of Kuan Yin—unutterably beautiful and overflowing with compassion. Place your hands in the lotus position (thumbs and fingertips together with hands arching away from the centre, to form the ‘bowl’ of the lotus). Recite the mantram OM MANI PADME HUM, centring your consciousness of each syllable in turn upon a specific part of your upper body, revolving the mind from one to the next, thus: OM, heart; MA, left shoulder; NI, throat; PAD, right shoulder; ME, navel; HUM, crown of head (first rotation).

* Vol. 1, pp. 138 ff.

† The form of this posture is unrecorded.



After a time, rearrange the positions of the syllables into the following pattern: OM, crown of head; MA, throat; NI, right shoulder; PAD, navel; ME, left shoulder; HUM, heart. The more these rotations are repeated, the more wonderful will be the results.

For a time it will be sufficient to practise only the first stage, attaining proficiency in this practice before passing on to the complete exercise.

Second Stage

Within your breast envision the moon's disk, bright and pure in brilliant white. Standing in space before you is a pink moon-disk manifesting the syllable TAM (the invocation-word of Tara). Suddenly this disk becomes a vision of Kuan Yin with a bright nimbus about Her head and a Rosary around Her neck made from pearls strung together. Upon the crown of her head appears a white glow within the nimbus, manifesting the syllable OM; at Her throat a red AH, close to Her heart a blue HUM. The rays of these blend with those proceeding from the OM AH HUM upon your own body. She is seated in a posture of meditation. An opening develops in the crown of your head, and the rays are drawn into it. The image of Kuan Yin dimin-

ishes in size until it follows the rays into your head and you are one with Her.

Now join the tip of your right thumb with the tip of the ring-finger. Trace the words OM AH HUM on your left hand. Envision a pearl before you, and with your left hand trace those syllables upon it, at the same time speaking them with intense concentration. Now visualise yourself holding the pearl before your breast with the thumbs and forefingers of both hands, and begin to recite the *mantram* OM MANI PADME HUM for a period.

Third Stage

Visualise a white glow manifesting OM upon the crown of your head, streaming out rays of splendid light, which illuminate all states of existence, hells and higher worlds, spirit-worlds, and every place in which souls still strive for liberation. By this light their sins and wrong-choices are purified away. Near your heart shines a blue HUM, filling all the earth with its rays, and comforting all the creatures that move upon it. Within the circle of the light shed by its rays are seen as many Pure Lands or heaven-worlds as one wishes to envision. Then the white and blue rays enter the crown of your head and penetrate to the lowest parts of your body. Adopt again the position of holding the pearl and recite again the OM MANI PADME HUM for a period.

When this has been achieved, say the prayer of eternity and reverence the nymphs of the four quarters.^{*69}

* A note to the original states: 'The reverence consists of placing the hands together, fingertips pointing upward, before the breast and bowing the head.'

ÆCOLOGY AS A SPIRITUAL QUEST

In recent years there has been a positive yearning in many hearts to return to a more natural way of living, and to protect nature—in all her forms—against the ravages of human greed and exploitation. Very much of this has been based on sound œconomic and œcological reasoning. Yet often one feels that these reasons are only rationalisations of a motive more difficult to express but far more profound. A feeling that beyond considerations of human self-interest, or even compassion for other creatures, there is something in nature that is intrinsically sacred.

As a Madrian, I find this a quite natural attitude. Matriarchal religion is closely bound up with nature. It is not a question of nature-worship (as is sometimes suggested by those who wish to see nothing but ‘primitive’ superstition in our matriarchal past), but a recognition that nature is not only a creation of God, but has a special ‘purity’ in that it has fallen less far from the primordial unity with Her than has maidkind.

In the Scriptures of Dea we read very frequently that all physical things are the outward expression of Spirit. In their perfect state, they correspond to ðamë, the Divine Order or Pattern. For example, in *The Way of Simplicity*, we read: ‘All nature is a vast and subtle music to which the innocent soul is close attuned’, but evil can disrupt the music of ðamë: ‘The profane assay to sever themselves from this music, fixing new laws of gain and self-advantage against the law of universal love.’[†] From the point of view of the earth plane, it is only humanity which can do this. Animals, stars and flowers all move

[†] Teachings 6:5–6.

within the natural harmony of ðamē. Physical nature is not perfect (animals prey on one another, plants may be parasitic, disease and death exist), but at its own level, it is a shadow of the primordial Perfection of God ‘from whence all comes and whereto all must return’.* Only Maid must make an act of will in order to conform to ðamē: ‘No tree may blossom out of season, nor any flower greet springtime with austerity, but a maid lacking inward control is broken from the rhythm.’† That is because only maid has the power of choice between good and evil, between harmony and discord.

The present age is wholly profane in having cut itself off as far as possible from the rhythm of nature, building an artificial urban lifestyle which is insensitive to the subtle currents of the seasons and the moon. Ignoring the complex pattern of rights and duties which characterise maid’s true relation with nature and substituting for it the evil and ignorant doctrine of ‘might is right’, which allows humanity to plunder the earth without returning anything until it becomes a desert, to torture and brutalise our sisters of the animal realm without mercy and to exploit them as though they were insensate pieces of machinery.

All this is tied up with the doctrine that nature is a mere ‘accident’, a chance arrangement of physical matter without meaning or spiritual significance. As soon as one realises that nature is the expression of Spirit, the essential blasphemy of the exploitative attitude becomes apparent. To truly experience nature is to revere her, and through her to revere She who has created her. Faced with the majesty of untamed nature, wheth-

* Teachings 3:26.

† Teachings 6:8.

er in the stars or in a forest, the human heart is overwhelmed with a feeling of wholeness and holiness—a feeling that here is something complete and as it should be—an earthly reflection of the awesome Perfectness of the Divine.

But it is not only in rare ‘mystical’ moments of nature-experience that the holiness of nature can be with us. Time and again, I have noticed how as a person practices the seasonal rituals handed down from the dawn of time, and meditates upon their inner significances, slowly she becomes at one with the seasonal rhythm. Her work, her thought and her devotion change with every turning of the cycle. Her inner life is not the same in autumn as it is in spring, but follows the pattern of ðamē. This is how we were meant to be.

I believe that it is this spiritual transparency of nature which so many modern hearts are yearning for amid the desert of technological/commercial materialism. I believe that oecology and the ‘natural life’ movement are truly a spiritual quest; a pilgrimage back to the true homeland of the human soul. Yet there is a danger. So long as the spiritual significance is not recognised, but is hidden under ‘sensible’ justifications in terms of health, conservation of resources, etc. there is nothing to prevent ‘common-sense’ compromises with materialism which will leave the situation almost as bad as before. It also leaves us open to the charge (so intimidating in this ‘practical’ age) that wherever we cannot find utilitarian justifications for our beliefs, we are mere sentimentalists.

No, respect for nature must be based on the hard spiritual facts of life. We must show that it is the materialists, with their crass scientism, their irrational fear of the supernatural, living in their self-made sterilised universe—it is they who are

the dreamers. When they jackboot over nature in their frenzied scramble for every last penny, they do not know it is their own souls they are bruising. Only those who can see the spiritual Reality behind nature can be called realists.^{*70}

THE LIVING TRADITION

Imagine a community of people that has hardly changed its way of life in over twenty thousand years. There are several such communities existing in various parts of England. They are called Madrians, a term deriving from their word ‘madria’, meaning mother—because their whole way of life, both social and religious, is based upon the supremacy of the female. Modern archæology shows that all over the world this matriarchal form of religious and social order was the norm up until three or four thousand years ago, when the more aggressive masculine systems started to take over. This only serves to confirm the age-old conviction of the Madrians that they are the ‘original people’. The Celts and Druids have come and gone. The Roman and Teutonic religions have come and gone. The Christians have come, and nowadays their cult seems to be on the way out. But the Madrians show no signs of diminishing. In fact, for the first time in many centuries, they are starting to do missionary work among the ‘urbies’ or non-Madrians.

To enter a traditional Madrian household is like stepping into another world. There are several different types of household, but let us take a fairly typical one. It will be situated in one large house, or in a number of smaller houses; probably

* A note to the original observes that this piece was ‘First published in *Action for Psychic Ecology*, no. 5.’

it will be based on a farm. It will be more like an extended clan than a modern family unit; it will contain several married couples and will cover four or five generations. Every wife and mother is the head of her own unit; the absolute mistress of her husband and children, but she in turn is in obedience to her own superiors: her mother, the priestess and the elders, or 'wise women', of the clan. This is a wise arrangement, for it means that the absolute authority of a young wife is tempered by the mellow experience of older, deeply spiritual women.

There will be no modern gadgets in the household—not even an electric light. Clothes will be traditional; no grown woman will go out without a veil over her head. This veil is a symbol of her authority, and of her status as a 'guardian of the Mysteries'. Just as Dea Herself is never seen fully unveiled, so every maid (the Madrians always call women 'maids', they never use the term 'woman') is on some level—either as a householder, as practitioner of a sacred craft, as a mother, or simply as a fully initiated maiden—Her representative, and like Her, should not go fully unveiled except among her closest associates.

It would be easy to say that every aspect of the Madrian way of life has a religious reason; but that would be a little misleading. The very concept of religion is absent from the Madrian view of the world. The term 'religion' was invented by patriarchal societies to designate a particular type of activity conceived as being separate from 'everyday life'. To a Madrian, neither 'religion' nor 'everyday life' has any meaning. Every activity of life is a ritual action performed to the glory of Dea in the way laid down by Her from the dawn of time. This is what the Madrians call *ḍamē*. The word has been translated as 'order'

or ‘custom’ or ‘law’; ‘authority’, ‘balance’, or even ‘faith’. But perhaps the best and simplest translation is ‘harmony’. ðamë is the natural harmony and rhythm which Dea has established on earth. In nature it is sometimes called œcology; and provided it is not interfered with, it works very wonderfully, producing a perfect ‘balance of nature’, among all the life-forms and forces, both physical and subtle, which make up the ‘household’ (*oikos* is Greek for household, and gives us the word ‘œcology’) of our planet. But when that œcology, the law of the household, is broken, then we no longer have ðamë or harmony. We have aðamë. Then things start to go wrong; there is chaos and destruction. That is because the order laid down by Dea has been broken.

The same thing happens in human life. There ðamë is the matriarchal order of the human household. Œconomy in the true old-fashioned sense of the word (œconomy also comes from *oikos*). The mother rules her family, the elders rule the mothers, and so it goes on, right up to the Princess (who is also the chief priestess). And the priestess obeys God. She follows the law set down from the beginning. A whole society run directly by God Herself. That is what the Madrians mean by ðamë. But when ðamë is broken in human life, the results are just as disastrous as when it is broken in nature. We have violence and wars, we have soaring crime and insanity rates, we have a lack of understanding between the generations. As one matriarch said to me: ‘Once society breaks ðamë and turns away from Dea, it can’t last long; it starts to crumble.’

‘But patriarchal societies have lasted for thousands of years,’ I commented.

‘A thousand years is not so long,’ she replied. ‘The Madrian civilisation lasted for hundreds of thousands. The patriarchal order started crumbling from the day it was created. But it did not turn away from Dea completely. That is what has held it together. They used to worship Her as Mary, but then the Protestants stopped all that. The Tibetans used to worship Her as Tara, but then the Communists stopped all that. They have let go of their last lifeline. That is why they are drowning. It is like a maid who inherits an estate from her mother, but does no work. At first she sells off the estate bit by bit, and she thinks she is alright. She eats and drinks and enjoys herself. Then one day the money runs out and everything collapses. It is like that with patriarchy. They have been living off the spiritual inheritance of the Madrian ages. Now it is running out, and everything is collapsing.’

‘What will happen when it does collapse?’

‘There will be great suffering, but then things will return to normal. There will be a new matriarchal civilisation. Back to ðamë; that is the only way.’

There is a new vitality in the traditional Madrian communities today, because they feel that their time is coming: the time predicted for hundreds of years when the patriarchal order will come to its end and the Old Order will resume its rightful place. All this technology and other nonsense will be swept aside and the old ways will return. It is written that ‘The serpent will bite his own tail’,* and the meaning of that saying is becoming clearer every day. Patriarchy will be destroyed by patriarchy. Technology will be destroyed by technology. The signs are all there.

* Source unknown.

The Madrian opposition to technology has nothing to do with a sentimental conservatism or attachment to the past. Rather, it is based upon firm philosophical and spiritual principles. Madrians believe that every craft was taught by Dea (or rather, by one of Her Janyati, or secondary divinities) to human beings in the Golden Age. Each craft is not simply a means of producing physical goods such as shoes or vegetables. It is also a spiritual path. Every craft has its Ranyas. A Ranya is the equivalent of a guru in the east. But in Madrianism a Ranya may teach weaving or carpentry as well as meditation. But she teaches weaving or carpentry as a means to spiritual realisation. Every tool of the craft, every technique, every traditional form for the finished article, has a deep symbolic meaning. The working of the craft under the close spiritual and technical guidance of the Ranya produces what might be called 'occupational meditation'. That is the true meaning of the crafts. Just as the whole point and purpose of human incarnation is to transcend the material realm, so every legitimate human activity has its inner transcendental essence. If our work is done for nothing more than to produce food and physical comforts, we are living on the same level as animals; and, according to Madrian teaching, we will then be reborn as animals.

It is only when craft has descended to the animal level—when everyone has forgotten the true meaning of craft, and thinks that its sole purpose is to produce material goods—that a modern-style technology can arise. Such a technology is very efficient at producing material goods, but only at the expense of destroying the whole structure of the sacred craft which has been laid down by Dea. Therefore technology is aḍamic. It breaks the divine order and harmony. That is why no Madrian

will work in technological industries or use the products of such industries. Missionaries who go out of the communities have to make some compromise on this latter point, of course. But in the stricter communities, if a person has touched an industrial product of any sort, she has to be carefully purified with rose-water before anyone is able to touch her! This is not as strange as it sounds; for things made out of *ðamë* have a definite aura of disharmony about them. This cannot be detected by those who habitually handle such objects, as sensitivity to them is naturally dulled, but in the sensitive atmosphere of a *ðamelic* community, such an influence can have a subtle but very real disruptive effect.

Such disruptions are all the more to be avoided because they affect not only the human members of a traditional community, but also the *shia*—the nature spirits or ‘fairies’ which work in tune with the life of a *ðamelic* community. The co-operation of this realm of subtle nature is particularly important in the area of agriculture; for these elementary nature spirits are attached to the fruits and flowers of the field and play a vital role in assisting their growth and development. Like all natural things which have not been tampered with by ignorant interference, the *shia* are in a condition of *ðamë*. They do not see themselves as a cut-off unit living only for the sake of living. They understand that they occupy a place within the cosmic hierarchy which ranges from the highest *Janyati* to the humblest creature in manifestation. Their life is very different from the human, but in their own way, they are fulfilling their purpose, and mounting steadily through the ritual activity of their appointed work to spiritual union with *Dea*; and they look back to the time when human beings did the same. In

their quasi-human forms, their ordering is strictly matriarchal, and they have never deserted their own traditional ways. They can only look with amazement and incomprehension upon modern human civilisation.

The aḏamelic methods of modern industrialised ‘agriculture’ are so repellent to the shia that they have all but deserted the main farming areas of the ‘developed’ world. It is for this reason that the crops in these areas are becoming more and more sickly and subject to an ever-increasing number of diseases, so that they must be treated with growing multitudes of sprays and chemicals simply to keep them alive. On a Madrian farm, working in harmony with the shia, and with natural rhythms and methods (such as the careful observation of the phases of the moon and their agricultural applications), crops have been frequently obtained which border on the phenomenal.

But such a working relationship with the spirits of nature depends upon the maintenance of ḏamē within the community, not only in the avoidance of technological appliances, right devotion and relations between maids and men, but also in all the customs and manners of life. Life in a Madrian community is rather like a dance. A great deal of what is said and done is directed by ancient custom. There is a feeling of peace, restraint, purity, respect and gentleness in a Madrian community, which contrasts sharply with the noise, bustle and rough ‘practicality’ of the modern world. A Madrian is easily embarrassed by a wrong gesture or a word out of place. A maid in such circumstances may cover her face with her veil. Madrians are quicker to tears and to full-blooded innocent laughter than the wary

and worldly-wise 'urbies'. In many ways, they are much closer to the shia, whom they often refer to as their 'little sisters'.

Madrians seem on the whole happier than 'urbies'; they have fewer emotional problems, and nervous breakdowns are virtually unknown among them. They have a place in the world, and a sense of meaning which so many modern people are lacking. Madrian children are rarely rebellious, except in small ways. They feel a part of the community. They want to wear the clothes their elders wear, they are happy to be obedient (perhaps because they see that adults are also obedient) most of the time, but even when they aren't obedient, they have no doubt that they ought to be. That is because the chain of authority passes down from Heaven, in accordance with the law of Dea. Nobody needs to ask 'why is this so?' or 'who gives you the right to boss me?' Everybody knows why, and Who. Madrians work hard and enjoy their work, but they are also fond of their traditional stories and songs which are told at night around the fireside, and of the good, strong, home-brewed ale that goes with them.

Four times in each lunar month, the Rite of Sacrifice is held in every Madrian home. This consists of a ritual offering of a small honey-cake, and of a libation of wine or ale. It occurs within the context of a very ancient and powerful ritual which, however, does not require a priestess for its performance, but can be offered by the head of any house. Many young wives regularly officiate at their family Cult Domestic (the name given to the regular celebration of the Rite of Sacrifice in a home). But there are still more potent Rites, which may only be celebrated by a priestess, such as initiations and the Rite of Communion. This latter, which is taken in bread and

wine, goes back long before Christianity. For example, Cicero, more than half a century before the birth of Christ, explained how the communicants at Eleusis believed the bread of the Communion to be transubstantiated into the body of Demeter. Communion is taken at the Major Festivals, eight times a year, that is, at the solstices, equinoxes, the cross-quarter days between them, and on one other occasion, the Festival of Artemis (or Diana), on the twenty-third of the month of Werdë. All these Festivals take place within the context of the traditional thirteen-month calendar.

These great Rites are celebrated by a priestess, and where possible, in a Temple. Temples were usually constructed in special rooms set aside in large manor houses, for in some rural areas, the landed gentry as well as the country folk were Madrian. Priestesses were always few and far between. One priestess to a village was usual. At the present time it is often less than that. Each priestess has a temple hierarchy under her, consisting of an Ancilla (personal ritual handmaid), Lady of the Temple, and a number of Temple maidens of different ranks. There has never been any male priesthood; but men are certainly initiated. All girls are initiated at fourteen (the number of the full moon), and all boys at sixteen (4×4 ; four, the number of matter, being the cardinal masculine number).

As has been indicated, the life of the Madrian communities has until recent times been strictly closed to all outsiders. Recently, though, a certain amount of missionary activity has been taking place largely centering on Lux Madriana, and the Pallas Academy has opened to teach Madrian philosophy and metaphysics, mostly by correspondence. These activities were not approved by all Madrians, and in fact a large majority

of the traditional communities oppose any form of publicity. Nevertheless, the outward movement of the 'catholic' minority, as they are called, is having a very definite effect. In an age of chaos and confusion, a growing number of people in England are ready to turn back to their spiritual roots and to seek in the pre-Christian tradition of their country in order to try to find the meaning and purpose of life, the certainty and the peace of mind, which modern ideologies, whether secular or 'religious', cannot provide.⁷¹

THE INNER MEANING OF MUSIC

The idea of an art as something merely æsthetic; that is, as something with no purpose beyond that of creating a pleasurable sensation in the observer, is a thoroughly modern invention. It is as foreign to the traditional mode of thought as the related idea of a craft as a mere method of 'production', the sole aim of which is to manufacture useful articles as efficiently as possible. In every traditional society from the Incas to the Japanese, from the European Middle Ages to the African tribes, the primary content of both art and craft is intellectual, or doctrinal. The tools, the methods, the traditional styles and patterns of the craft all have a profound symbolic meaning, which 'actualised' within the context of the authentic practice of the 'mystery', become the constituents of a contemplative path toward spiritual realisation. The term 'mystery' is not used idly. Until recently, every craft was called by its practitioners a mystery, as any student of English literature will be aware; and passing out of the apprentice stage of one's training took place by way of a true Initiation far more solemn and por-

tentous than the rather messy horseplay that still accompanies the occasion in a few of the older crafts today. At one time, this was merely a high-spirited release of nervous tension after the ordeal of the Initiation itself. Having passed this Initiation, one was truly set upon the Path which was the particular craft in question.

Such a craft was a worthwhile 'living' or life's-work, for its first aim was to fulfill the purpose for which souls are incarnate in human form in the first place—to return to God. Not every soul, of course, is destined to become fully 'realised' in one lifetime; nevertheless, the priorities are correct, one is facing in the right direction. At death one should at least be a few steps further forward than one was upon entering the world.

It is only when the true meaning of craft has been forgotten that an 'industry' in the modern sense of the term can arise. It is craft stripped of everything which relates to the supernatural; a mere mechanical production of goods by the cheapest and quickest means possible, with no regard to the spiritual effect of the work upon the worker. In a society based on an 'industry' of this sort, nobody, from the chain-belt operator to the managing director, has a worthwhile living. All of them, however many goods and however much money they may be amassing in this life, are from the standpoint not even of eternity, but just of the next couple centuries in the life of their souls, wasting their time. And they know it.

There has never been a time in which so many people have been stricken and oppressed by the sheer futility and meaninglessness of life. The advertising and entertainment industries pour out an unending stream of novelties in order to maintain the attention of the jaded masses. No material pleasure can

hold its attraction for more than a brief time, so there is a constant demand for more, bigger, better, newer, stranger or even more disgusting novelties to replace the ones that were in vogue the day before. The level of psychiatric disorder is alarmingly high, and psychiatrists report that the main underlying problem is 'lack of life content'—meaninglessness, apathy, despair.

Since the time of William Morris, there have been numerous attempts to return to a more meaningful way of life; to practise traditional arts and crafts, to live the 'simple life', to restore satisfaction to everyday activity. All these attempts, however, are doomed to failure for one simple reason. While they reject the symptoms of the modern malaise, they have not rejected the disease itself. Indeed, they have failed to understand what it is. In trying to restore life-satisfaction by bringing back the mere outward form of certain older ways of living, they are like the villagers who tried to keep the spring from passing by fencing the cuckoo to prevent it from flying away. It was not the crafts themselves which made the traditional way of life satisfying. It was the inner meaning which they embodied. It is often supposed by modernists that the Industrial Revolution came about because of new technical knowledge. Actually history makes nonsense of this idea. All the technological innovations of the first stages of the Industrial Revolution could have been made at almost any time in history; but it was only when the real meaning of the crafts had been lost that anybody would have thought of making them. The Industrial Revolution was the product not of new knowledge, but of a new ignorance. It is this ignorance which is the real disease. The loss of the crafts and the traditional way of life are nothing more

than a symptom. And it is the disease which must be cured if we are to recover.

In practice, this means rediscovering the intellectual or metaphysical content of the crafts and learning to practice them not merely as scaled-down forms of ‘industry’—mere means to physical ends, albeit somewhat more picturesque and satisfying means—but as authentic contemplative paths. But this is not quite so simple as it may seem, for we are immediately confronted by a double-headed difficulty, which may be summed up in the single word *Traditio*. We have used the word in its Latin form in order to draw attention to its actual meaning. In modern English usage, ‘tradition’ has come to have a vague meaning, roughly equivalent to ‘custom’ or ‘convention’ or ‘anything-over-fifty-years-old’ (or in some contexts, even over five years old!). In all traditional societies it has a meaning far more precise, and immeasurably more important. It means literally something ‘passed-down’ from the Golden Age—the primordial time when ‘Heaven touched earth’. The techniques of the crafts are not mere human ‘inventions’, but Divinely-instituted rituals. They are passed down through a full-scale initiatory process by ritually qualified teachers in an unbroken chain (tradition) from the beginning. The two aspects of the problem, then, are firstly that no merely human reconstruction of traditional craft-doctrine will be of any value, and secondly that once the chain has been broken, there will no longer be any teachers qualified to carry out the ritual transmission of the Mysteries.

However, in the English matriarchal tradition, the craft mysteries are still transmitted. There is an unbroken line of Ranyas or craft-mistresses going back to the earliest period of

the manifestation of 'human' souls on earth. We may turn, then, to the universal matriarchal tradition in its English form for examples of the practice of craft in the true traditional manner.

As a case in point, we may take the craft of music. It may be objected that music is an art rather than a craft; but traditional philosophy draws no distinction between the two. Art, moreover, gives a wider scope for comparison between the traditional and modern perspectives, for modern art cannot help but have some intellectual content, whereas in 'industry', all is subjugated to blank utilitarianism. The cardinal difference between traditional and modern art is that the modern world conceives art as having no purpose except to please (or at any rate to arouse some sensation in) the recipient; whereas the traditional doctrine holds that art must be founded upon metaphysical principles and must communicate the primordial Truths of existence in order to be of the smallest value. This is encapsulated in the traditional *dictum*: '*Ars sine scientia nihil*', art without science is nothing. But the science in question is, of course, not the merely physical observations which have usurped that name in the modern world, but a knowledge of the underlying metaphysical principles of being. This understood, let us proceed to a brief examination of the art of music.

Sound is of two kinds: the heard and the unheard. Heard sound is that manifested upon the physical plane and perceived by our ears. Unheard sound is the primordial expression of creation, the 'music of the spheres', the harmonies inherent in the single creative Word spoken by God Herself at the beginning. These harmonies ramify out from the original Note, manifesting the entire range of the Archetypes—the perfect, unfallen order of creation, of which all the lower orders, the physical in-

cluded, are but reflections. The purpose of the art of music is to organise heard sound into a perfect echo of the unheard. In this, music resembles every other authentic art; for all art has as its aim the depiction not of material ‘facts’ (whether physical, emotional or mental), but of the underlying Realities of which the phenomena of this world are but broken and imperfect shadows. Art is essentially contemplative. The first task of the artist is to see the Real in contemplative vision. Her second is to depict it in the materials of the shadow-world which we inhabit. Tradition provides her with the means to do this. All the stylised art-forms of traditional societies, from matriarchal Crete to Pharaonic Egypt to Gothic Germany were means for the expression of inner Reality. When a traditional artist paints a tree, she is not attempting to mimic the purely physical characteristics of the ash on the village green; she is seeking to capture the essential ash-ness inherent in it; the Divine Idea of ash that has existed in the mind of God before the dawn of time, and will continue to exist in the Real world when this planet and all its trees are ash of another sort.

The modern supposition that traditional artists ‘did not know how to draw true perspective’ reflects the same provincial stupidity as the belief that they could not have created an industrial revolution; while modern ‘realistic’ art, which aims merely to reflect material ‘facts’ (physical ones in paint, ‘psychological’ ones in novels, etc.) is an aberration of exactly the same order as modern industry itself.

The final loss of traditional art took place in the so-called Renaissance, beginning with the most ‘concrete’ arts of painting and sculpture, a spectacular efflorescence of ‘realism’ replaced the stylistic art-forms of the Middle Ages. These forms cannot

but attract our admiration, firstly because material nature is a reflection of the Real, and an art which faithfully reproduces it, although but a 'copy of a copy', contains something of its divine quality; secondly because they were the product of a starburst of creative energy released by the sudden relaxation of traditional restraints. It is like a will-disciplined academy suddenly taken over by a principal who believes in a relaxation of all discipline. At first her scheme will work well. Nobody will run riot, because the discipline of previous years will have become second nature. For a brief period one will have the best of both worlds—all the advantages of discipline with none of its drawbacks. But as the customs of the past fade and a new generation which has never known the old regime arises, order begins to break down and chaos supervenes. In the same way, the age of Raphael and Michaelangelo gave place to the increasingly effete manifestations of the Baroque and Rocco, the sentimentality of Romanticism, and then Surrealism, Dada, Cubism. I hear that some gallery has recently paid for an exhibition of 'kinetic art' consisting of a man vomiting into a bucket.

Music, due to its more 'abstract' character was protected for a certain time from this degenerative process; but this was no more than a temporary reprieve. While it is true that Renaissance music adhered far more closely to authentic traditional patterns than its sister arts, we have today reached a point where all music being composed (with a few insignificant exceptions) can be divided into the slick, meretricious 'popular' variety, and something called 'serious music', which is so wholly devoid of either meaning or beauty that short pieces of it have to be sandwiched into programmes of Beethoven and Bruckner

in order to induce any concert-goer to listen to it. It may be noted in passing that the two great arguments invariably produced by advocates of the 'new music' cancel one another out. The first is 'Oh, but all new music is disliked at first; look at *Tannhäuser*.' The second is 'We really should be getting used to Berg (or Webern, etc.) by now—after all, it is hardly new, it's been going on for fifty years.' Precisely. Beethoven's ninth may have been hissed at the first performance; but it was accepted within a couple of years. Berg *et al* have not received the wholehearted acceptance of the public in half a century, and there is no reason to suppose that they ever will.

But the bankruptcy of modern music, like the bankruptcy of all the arts, has its roots many years earlier, in the loss of its guiding metaphysical principles and the consequent gradual descent into chaos and futility. In other words, it may be accounted for by its failure to echo the unheard Music.

In the traditional music of the West, a single note of unchanging pitch is sounded throughout. The melody departs from it and returns to it at the end and at frequent intervals throughout the composition. It is an expression or manifestation of the potentialities inherent in this primordial and continuous note; the 'tonic', as it is called. This actual sounding of the tonic throughout the piece is still practised in the music of, say, the bagpipes, and to a lesser degree in the music of such droned stringed instruments as the *Scheitholt*, the *langeleik* and the Appalachian dulcimer. Where the tonic is not actually sounded, the melody is nonetheless developed in such a way that it is still effectively present and governing the music.

The drone, sounding before, during and after the development of the melody corresponds to the Mother, the timeless

and unchanging Absolute, while the melody itself represents all the flux and diversity of nature, emerging from Her as its divine Source and returning to Her at the close of its cycle of existence. This process also reflects the emergence of the Daughter from the Mother, the 'play' of the events of Her life, and Her final *beuresis* or reunion. And as it reflects the Daughter, Who is the perfect Soul, so, on a lesser plane, it reflects the separation (or fall) of every soul from union with Godhead, her journey through the vicissitudes of successive incarnations and her final reunion, realisation or salvation. The tonic itself emerges from and returns into silence, even as God the Mother, who is pure Being, emerges from and returns into Absolute Deity, the Dark Mother, who is beyond being and unbeing.

In counterpoint which retains an essentially modal character, and in harmony where the ground remains unbroken, the pattern, although more complex, is essentially the same. Here there are several manifestations out of the principal Note instead of one; and their intricate interrelations form the character of the music. Each part affects and is affected by the others; we find ourselves in a world of opposites and dualities, night and day, pleasure and pain, yin and yang. A world of multiplicity and of seeming 'accidents'; and yet every event is directed by the inherent logic of the composition—the destiny, or *werdē*, which determines all earthly events; and beneath it all, either heard or unheard, continues the principal Note which underlies all the 'play' of the manifest universe. The Unity which all the movement of multiplicity is, either consciously or unconsciously, seeking.

Now once this principle has been lost, we are quickly confronted with forms of music which modulate, changing from

one key or tonality to another. The unheard tonic is actually altered during the course of the composition. At first there were only brief forays out of the key, with a final return being regarded as imperative. Later, modulation became a dominant feature of music, and the 'well-tempered' scale, in which all keys are interchangeable because they differ only in pitch, was invented in order to facilitate this. At a later stage, we have the logical development (or *reductio ad absurdum*) of this in atonal music which deliberately rejects all tonality as a matter of principle, or rather of counter-principle, thus producing that music so alien to the divine (and therefore to the human) Norm as to be wholly unattractive to the normal listener.

Now it may be noted that once the ground is broken, it ceases to be an unchanging drone and becomes simply another melody. In other words, the immutability of the Absolute is denied, and all is reduced to relativity, flux and transience. This, it will be seen, corresponds perfectly not only to the pseudo-doctrine of 'materialism' (which denies all things beyond the flux of the physical), but also to nearly all the tendencies of specifically modern and anti-traditional thought: the 'evolutionism' which seeks to reduce all existence to 'a process of becoming'; the 'dynamism' which regards action as being superior to contemplation; the 'anti-dogmatism' which wishes to see all statements about ultimate Reality reduced to the level of 'opinion' and 'experiment'; the entire ideology of 'progress' which permeates every aspect of modern life and thought. It is certainly no coincidence that although the composers of the last few centuries have had no conception of the nature, or even the existence, of the principles which they have been violating, modern music has produced, in musical language, a per-

fect paraphrase of the errors which dominate and determine modern society.

The tonic which generates a given composition may be any one of the seven notes of the natural scale, and because the intervals between the tones of the scale are not identical, a different pattern is formed by the scale depending upon which note begins it; thus there are seven different scales, or 'modes' as they are called, each with its own peculiar character. It is well known that all the authentic folk music of this country is modal.

Each of the modes has its own particular effect upon the mental state of its hearer; this fact is admitted by the soberest of modern musicologists, although they are able to offer no 'rational' explanation for it. Ancient writers, who still had some access to the older matriarchal traditions, are able to go into much more detail. Plato encourages certain modes as beneficial to the moral fibre of his ideal republic, while others he would exclude as being corrupting or effeminate. Pythagoras used music in both physical and psychological healing, using music in certain modes to help to counteract conditions of an opposite character. None of these writers, however, has left a systematic exposition of the characters of the modes and their underlying doctrines. Fortunately, this has been preserved in the matriarchal tradition itself.

Each mode, in fact, is governed by one of the seven great Janyati; manifestations of God Herself governing the categories of being; they are related to the seven planets of the ancient system. In some traditions they have been called 'goddesses', but in modern English this term carries misleading implications. 'Angels' might be a better rendering, but it is still inadequate; the more so since an 'angel' in Madrian usage is strictly

the servant of a Janya. The correspondences of the modes are as follows:

Classical Name	Folk Name	Tonic	Janya	Planet	Character
Ionian	Do	C	Sai Raya	Sun	Generosity, energy, heroism
Dorian	Re	D	Sai Candrē	Moon	Purity, peace, childlikeness
Phrygian	Me	E	Sai Vikhē	Mars	Discord, courage, combat
Lydian	Fa	F	Sai Mati	Mercury	Wisdom, trickery, unworldliness
Mixolydian	So	G	Sai Āmā	Jupiter	Harmony, joy, humour
Æolian	La	A	Sai Su-shuri	Venus	Love, peace, gentleness
Locrian	Te	B	Sai Rhavē	Saturn	Death, darkness, mystery

The characters given here are obviously rather brief. It will be noted also that the ‘planetary’ Janyati govern the modes in the same order that they govern the days of the week. Some books on music state that the Locrian mode was rarely used, others that it was never used. Especially in the Christian ecclesiastical

usage of the Middle Ages, it was usual to speak of the six modes rather than the seven, although it is obvious that seven scales must naturally exist. The fact is that the Locrian mode was never used for everyday music-making, its dark and mysterious power being far too dangerous for ordinary use (particularly in ages when the substance of the world, both psychic and material, was far more sensitive to subtle influences than it is today). But a number of traditional melodies in the Locrian mode were (and are) used in certain highly specific ritual contexts, which cannot be disclosed here. The use of the mode was not preserved in Christianity.

Returning to our previous explanation of music as a paradigm of cosmic manifestation, we may now see that music in each of the modes will represent one particular aspect of that manifestation, which will be further modified by the precise nature of the music itself, just as the archetypal Ash-ness is modified into the individual tree on the village green. In traditional ritual dance-drama, each scene will be set in a particular mode, which established the spiritual 'domain' in which the action takes place.

The 'central' mode is the Ionian. In the table above, the modes themselves are ranked in Ionian order, as is customary. In modern non-modal music, the major key is identical with the Ionian mode. It is the familiar do-re-me scale in which most ordinary tunes are set. The centrality of this mode is natural, since the Sun in its highest aspect represents the Mother Herself, Who governs all the Janyati, even as the physical sun forms the central organising principle for all the planets. The name Raya can be taken to simply mean 'God', and it is possible for Ionian music to be taken as being in no particular mode; that

is, as an expression of Divine manifestation pure and simple, under no special Janya-aspect. Nevertheless, Sai Raya is a very distinct personality in her own right who must take her place alongside her six sisters if the full richness and diversity of the Divine Self-expression is to be perceived. On one level, the fall of modal music echoes the puritan rejection of the cult of the saints and angels (which contained the remnants of the old matriarchal worship; particularly in the cult of the Virgin) in favour of a one-dimensional father-god, who quickly dwindled into the insipid 'supreme being' of the eighteenth century. The last vestige of this bloodless creature is still worshipped in the modern atheist cult under the name of Progress/Evolution. He created the world. He gives it what little it has of meaning and direction. He even occasionally displays a little of the old autocrat in the oft-repeated incantation 'You can't stand in the way of Progress', ritually chanted in defence of every modern atrocity.

The true, traditional modal music, like every authentic art, is, on the contrary, a reflection of cosmic manifestation in all its exuberant abundance. It is the Song of God which has become the world. And yet, like every authentic Mystery, it does not stop there, but leads those who have ears to hear beyond the song and beyond the world, into the arms of God, into Her very Heart, 'from whence all comes, whereto all must return.'^{*72}

* Teachings 3:26.

MATRIARCHY AND THE NATURE OF RITUAL

In choosing to discuss the subject of ritual, I feel as one who should attempt to pull a long blue thread from an intricate and many-coloured tapestry. For the subject of ritual is closely interwoven with every other subject of religion, and the subject of religion is interwoven with the whole of life.

Even to say this is to say something of importance on the subject; for there has been an increasing tendency over the last four hundred years to regard ritual as something external to the real matter of religion—something which has been tacked on and which can, without difficulty, be altered or removed.

The reason for this is not difficult to understand, and in understanding it, we will provide ourselves with a key to the whole phenomenon of masculist religion. It can be expressed in the following words: 'If we are to have a religion, it must be a sensible system of rational propositions which do not interfere with the rationality of the world. If there is a God, She must remain neatly in Her heaven—there must be no point at which She makes real contact with the real world.'

But ritual is precisely such a point. It is an intersection between time and Eternity; between space and the Infinite. A meeting-place of cosmos and Creatrix. As malekind became more and more pleased with the sight of his own reflection in the shallow pool of his rationalism, he became less and less able to understand this absolute contact with the absolutely Other.

There is a passage in *The First Sex* which is often quoted by Madrians and frequently greeted with surprise:

When man first resolved to exalt the peculiarities of his own sex, muscularity and spiritual immaturity, he adopted the policy that reality meant tangibility and that what could not be seen or touched did not exist... by crushing every manifestation of supersensory or extrasensory truth and worshipping only sensate matter, man made himself a mere biological organism and denied himself the divine ray that once upon a time woman had revealed to him.*

‘But surely,’ it is said, ‘surely all the great masculist religions are a living contradiction of this.’ But to say this is to misunderstand the origin of masculist religion and society. It did not appear one morning, all complete and shining in the dew. It was the result of a long slow decline from the highest point of Madrian-matriarchal civilisation. Certainly patriarchy came into being through sudden and violent revolutions, but these could take place only when the Matriarchates had become sufficiently decadent to allow them to. Neither did the decline finish with the patriarchal revolution. It goes on to this day.

Religion is the fundamental experience of humanity. If we could completely lose it, we would cease to be truly human. The whole drift of patriarchy is away from religion; but it has never been lost. The essential spiritual deposit inherited from matriarchal Madrianism has become more and more diluted as the patriarchal religions have ‘progressed’; but it is only to the extent that they retain something of that deposit that they can continue to be called religions at all.

The development of patriarchal religion and culture is not constant. Like the forces of nature, it ebbs and flows. It goes round in circles—or rather, it goes round in a spiral, for every

* This quote can be found in Elizabeth Gould Davis, *The First Sex*, Penguin, 1976, p. 336.

time we arrive back at the same point, we are on a lower level. This decline takes two forms which are outwardly different, but inwardly are identical: the masculinisation of religion, and the drift towards materialism and eventual atheism.

In the beginning the one Dea stood alone. She is One and She is Three. This is the fundamental fact of all religion. Her life, Her death, Her resurrection: these are the fundamental Mysteries of all religion. Here, in stark simplicity, in utter purity is the one Truth which lies behind all later religious formulations. The earliest deviations from this Truth may seem harmless enough; they involved usually the introduction of a son or consort of Dea, always in a very modest and unassuming capacity.

Now the danger, and the destructive quality of these deviations was not their religious impurity. There is no innate tendency in the human soul to worship a male god; it is a highly artificial and unnatural form of worship which only comes about when all avenues to the Mother have been blocked off by force or by social conditioning. Even then, it is only a blind and desperate way of striving towards Her. Therefore, there was no danger of the spontaneous growth of an idolatrous cult of the son or consort. Except in the most arid spiritual climate, the son is not a religious motif.

And it is precisely in this that the real danger lay. It is only into a religion that is becoming ossified that one can introduce an image totally devoid of real religious content. Further, the introduction of such images accelerates the ossification and creates a downward spiral; for those who have a genuine religious sensitivity and might have reformed the structure find themselves confused and alienated by the harsh and jarring

notes which have become a part of the Faith. These tender and delicate souls will be among the first to be driven into a secular æstheticism or a private and uncommunicative mysticism, or any of a hundred other refuges. Increasingly, religion will pass from the hands of the religious into the hands of the religiose. It will become a 'civic religion'. It will represent 'social realities' rather than Absolute Reality.

In the Dark Ages which followed upon the fall of the Roman Empire, Christianity very nearly perished altogether; and when the great Christian revival came at the dawn of the mediæval period, it was spearheaded not by the cross of 'Christ', but by the holy image of the one Dea, and the name of Mary. Elizabeth Gould Davis writes:

The church seemed doomed to failure, destined to go down to bloody death amidst the bleeding corpses of its victims, when the people discovered Mary. And only when Mary, against the stern decrees of the church, was dug out of the oblivion to which Constantine had consigned her and became identified with the Great Goddess was Christianity finally tolerated by the people.*

From this point, Christianity divided into a worldly and totalitarian civic religion on the one hand, and on the other, a vast popular devotion to our Lady, under the name of Mary and of certain other saints (such as the Irish St. Brigit or St. Bride, under whose name continued the Celtic cult of the Goddess Brighde).

The final turn of the spiral began with the Protestant reformation. Again, a rigorous return to the cult of the Death and Resurrection, and an equally rigorous attempt to abolish the worship of Mary and the saints. But Protestantism was more

* Found in *The First Sex*, Penguin, 1976, p. 243.

than this: it was an attempt to adapt religion to the urbanism and hyper-rationalism of the modern period. Max Weber argued that Protestantism and the social spirit it engendered was the cause of industrial capitalism; others have suggested that incipient industrial capitalism and the social spirit it engendered was the cause of Protestantism. But nobody can deny that Protestantism goes hand in hand with urbanism, industrialism and materialism. This did not affect only the Protestant churches. At the Council of Trent, soon after the Reformation the Christian-‘Catholic’ church significantly Protestantised itself, and has continued the process ever since, following always a few steps behind the professing Protestant denominations (the Second Vatican Council has recently come close to completing the process).

This is the final turn of the spiral, for the decline begins to approach its nadir. The religious movement cannot continue, but moves steadily toward materialism, atheism and alienation. The patriarchal religions, living on the borrowed spiritual resources of the ancient Matriarchal faith have finally run dry. Humanity flounders without hope or direction, clutching at straws. The old religions can do nothing to help. Either we will return to the ancient springs of the one fundamental Truth, or the Atomic Age will destroy us spiritually and probably physically as well. Either we will have a revival of the one ancient and (literally) catholic faith of the one Dea, or we will have nothing.

Now if this seems to have led us a long way from the subject of ritual, I can only say two things in my defence: firstly, that I feel it was necessary, and secondly, that it has at least led us right back to the subject of ritual. For if there was one thing which characterised the final (or Protestant) phase of

patriarchal religion more than any other, it was the extreme dislike and misunderstanding of ritual which was mentioned at the beginning of this article. And the two reasons for this were the rationalism and materialism that have been developing ever since the decline of the great matriarchal civilisations.

The rationalist, even if she believes in a religion, must believe that its essence is a series of rational propositions, and not a series of seemingly irrational acts. The person who is on the road to materialism can believe that her body is nourished by a little bread and wine, but she cannot believe that her soul is nourished by a Sacrament, even if she professes to believe that she has a soul.

This, of course, is perfectly illogical. If one has decided, for emotional or cultural reasons, to give one's faith to the belief that there can be nothing beyond the material, then one is logically justified in believing that there can be no such thing as a supernatural event. We may quarrel about the first belief, and ask where it came from, but we cannot deny that the second belief came by a process of strict logic from the first. But if, on the other hand, one believes in the supernatural, and indeed in the Divine, then one cannot expect to tame Her—one cannot start making rules to circumscribe the areas in which She may manifest Herself. One cannot keep Her out of the living room. It may embarrass the scientists, or it may embarrass us in front of the scientists, but there it is. If there is a Power above and beyond the 'natural' world, we must accept that She is able to invade the world and to act upon the world. She will give us miracles and She will give us Sacraments.

Now there is one very typical objection to this which goes as follows: 'But is not ritual a rule governing the manifestation

of the Divine? Is it not an act by which you conjure up Dea?' It is a frequent objection and one which reveals a reasonable mind. But it also reveals a mind which knows nothing of the nature of ritual and has never participated fully in a real Rite of Dea. Anyone who has knelt in Her Presence at any Rite will know that ritual is not an act by which we conjure up Dea; it is an act by which She conjures up us. Every religion which understands the dual nature of ritual teaches that it is not just a Rite, but a duty. It is not just a means by which we come to the Divine, but a means by which we must come to Her. The recurring events of the month and of the year echo the call of the Mother, and we who are Her children obey it.

Equally, every religion which understands the nature of ritual teaches that it is not a thing invented by mankind for the sake of Dea, but a thing instituted by Dea for the sake of mankind. Ritual is not artificial: it grows naturally (or rather supernaturally) wherever there is a genuine worship of Dea. Anyone who has truly experienced a ritual knows that it has an independent and indescribable power, far beyond anything which can be explained by the actions and words of the Rite itself. This is not to say that there cannot be artificial rituals. Every government ceremony is an artificial ritual, so, for the most part, are the rites of the masculist civic religions. But an artificial ritual is as much an anomaly as an artificial tree, and about as much use. When one begins to see ritual as a purely human creation which has no spiritual purpose beyond being a 'commemoration' or a 'communal expression of faith', then the most honourable thing is to do what the most extreme Protestants did: abolish it altogether.

But the first patriarchs did not see ritual as a human creation which could be altered or modified at will. They altered the ancient Myths, they destroyed the ancient temples, they made idols to replace the image of Dea; but they dared not tamper with the rituals. They knew that these were their last contact with the divine. Sometimes, working on the masculinist-materialist principle of 'bigger is better', they replaced the simple Sacrifice of a cake or flower with vast and bloody holocausts, but even this was rare and did not last. All the rites which have survived into the present era are taken from the Rites of Dea. If the patriarchs wanted a ritual of initiation and rebirth, they must use the sprinkling of water used by the Babylonian matriarchs in the name of Ishtar. If they wanted a sign of blessing, they must adopt the three-fingered blessing of the Phrygian Madrians, and named after the Amazon princess Myrine. If they wanted a rite of communion, they must copy the bread-and-wine Communion which was celebrated at Eleusis in honour of Demeter.

Christians like Clement of Alexandria spread obscene slanders about the Eleusinian Mysteries. Christians from Paul onwards loathed even the most mildly independent woman, and would have shuddered at the thought of a conquering Amazon princess. But they dared not change the ritual acts.

In the early years of patriarchy, priests wore the robes of a priestess and had false breasts, for they knew that a religious rite could only be celebrated by a woman. To this very day, the priests of ritualist religions wear flowing robes, and in the Roman 'Catholic' church, they are not allowed to grow beards.

The patriarchs did not do these things because they found them attractive, or because they could not devise for themselves

any better 'expression of communal faith'. They did them because they knew that ritual was real; and they were still close enough to the true heart of religion to realise that the only genuinely efficacious rituals are the Rites of Dea.

Inevitably, these rituals became more and more debased as patriarchy progressed; but the completely negative attitude toward them which has developed over the last few centuries is the surest sign that we have reached the last turn of the spiral: that we are rapidly approaching the point at which we must either make a radical change of direction or decline into spiritual oblivion.

The decline of ritual is a symptom of the general spiritual decline of humanity. But in a sense, it is also a cause of it, for all aspects of life and religion are closely interlinked, and a decline in any one will create decline in the others, which will in turn react back upon the first, creating a vicious cycle. But positive developments can also have the same cyclical effect; and the way in which we can bring about the necessary reversal of spiritual direction is by creating and nurturing this interreacting process of positive development, first in ourselves, and then in an increasing number of others who are becoming ready to turn to Dea. It is like kindling a fire. First we light one twig, and then another, trying to make the tiny flickering flames spread and combine and strengthen one another, sheltering them from the winds of the world that could so easily destroy them; often despairing of the possibility that they shall not be extinguished as soon as our breath stops blowing on the dying embers; often fearing lest our own tears should put them out. But slowly the fire grows, the twigs become bigger, and soon we are bringing logs and branches to feed the leaping flames.

The little pile of glowing twigs becomes an all-consuming pyre which no force can withstand, lighting and warming the cold, dead world of the expiring patriarchy, and gathering up those who stand closest into the burning ecstasy of Dea.

Now ritual is one of the first and most important areas—perhaps the most important area—in which we can begin the upward spiral. There are a number of reasons for this. One is that ritual provides a supernatural time-structure for our lives. By regular participation in ritual, we are delivered from the slavery of the lineal time of masculist-materialist culture. This time is endless in two senses; that it has no termination, and that it has no end in the sense of an aim or object of consummation. At its best it is idealised in the vaguely optimistic, but essentially aimless cultural motifs of ‘progress’ and ‘evolution’; in reality it is epitomised by the unending tedium of the conveyor belt.

The practice of ritual displaces this time-structure. Not only is the climax of a Rite a literal transcendence of time, but the regular experience of ritual structures the life of the psyche around the recurring events of the lunar and seasonal cycles; which are themselves the symbolic reflections of the Divine Events—the fundamental Mysteries of existence. The regular practice of ritual continually deepens the spiritual apprehension of the Timeless as it is reflected in the progression of time. Masculist-materialist time is a line attempting to extend itself into infinity. Madrian or ritual time is a circle attempting to transform itself into the perfect sphere of Eternity.

And just as the masculist time-conception has provided late-masculist culture with the central element of its characteristic view of the world: progressivism or evolutionism; so the

Madrian or ritual time-structure, as it grows within us, will give rise to a qualitatively different and characteristically feminist world-outlook.

Another importance of ritual, which is closely related to this, is that it has its greatest effect on an unconscious level. This is important because, whether we like it or not, most of us have been so deeply indoctrinated by patriarchal culture that much of the time we are either unconsciously operating on its inbuilt assumptions, or (which is almost as bad) reacting directly against them. The process of ritual experience slowly permeates the deepest levels of our whole being in a way that no rational formulation could ever achieve, so that even when the conscious mind cannot find its way through the tangled maze of patriarchal sophistry, the deeper levels of thought are able to cut a clear path to the Mother.

Behind both these facts lies a third which is greater than either. It is the simple fact that ritual is. It works. It is real. It was instituted by our Mother in the beginning, and when we can be sure of nothing else, we can be sure of this. Some modern sects and cults have wanted to do away with 'stuffey rituals', stressing the importance of a simple, direct personal contact with Deity. In a way, they were right. The rituals to which they referred were, for the most part, artificial rites; and one can never say too much about the glories of a simple direct communion with the Divine. But one of the things that one should not forget to say is that it will not always be there. Everyone, however deep her faith, knows that there come times which we feel a million miles away from Dea. We have not ceased to love Her; we do not believe that She has ceased to love us; but somehow we feel

a complete lack of contact, we feel as though a great gulf has opened up between ourselves and She.

But however dissatisfied we may feel with our prayers, and even when we feel repelled by our personal devotions (as may occasionally happen even to the most spiritual), we can always be sure when we participate in a Rite of Dea that She is there, and that at some level of our being, Her grace flows within us. Not everybody experiences Divine rapture at Sacrifice, and nobody does on every occasion: but we can always be certain of the Rite. The mind may be unable to concentrate upon Her for a moment; the heart may lack all faith, but the soul has come before Her altar, and it is enough. She will receive us in the Rite, for She has promised; and we will know that She has received us, for we cannot doubt Her sacred vow. We may fail Her, but She will never fail us.⁷³

THE NORMAL LIFE

The Problem

Profane society is abnormal. A society with no aim or purpose except material acquisition either individual or communal is an historical oddity. It occurs from time to time; usually at the decay of some great world-order. It happened during the last centuries of the Roman Empire and during the last centuries of the Babylonian Empire. It is happening today. Even during patriarchy, it has been usual for the structure of life (and particularly of peasant life, which has been the life of most people throughout history) to be based primarily on spiritual rather than material considerations. The profane myth that human

history is the story of a prolonged struggle for control over the environment and the betterment of material conditions, leading from the caves to the modern technocratic utopia, is not only refuted by spiritual knowledge (which tells us that maid began her earthly history as a spiritual creature having perfect control over her environment, which she only lost by her gradual descent into matter); it is also refuted by a simple study of history, which shows that for the average person in the average century life was neither rich nor poor, and she had better things to think about than the betterment of her material conditions.

A normal society is normal not only in the quantitative sense—that it is by far the most usual and frequent type of society—but in the far more important qualitative sense; that it is a society striving to manifest the norm or pattern of fallen humanity laid down by the Divine: that pattern by which human life is rendered as perfect as possible within the limits of its fallen condition and the level of its decline into matter, and by which human activity and society acts as the best possible instrument for the liberation and spiritual advancement of each individual.

No patriarchal society can be truly normal in this sense (nor even, considering that the vast majority of human history has been matriarchal, in the quantitative sense), but a thoroughly profane society such as the one prevailing in both eastern and western Europe (the minor differences of ideology between one materialistic system and another are of negligible importance from an overall spiritual point of view) and extending throughout the world by economic and/or military force is abnormal to a quite extraordinary degree.

Every physical act has a spiritual meaning. Every word we speak, every action we make, as well as the environment with which we surround ourselves, has a definite effect upon our spiritual nature and on the whole 'spiritual atmosphere' in which we exist. The cumulative effect of all our actions, words and gestures, together with those of the people around us, together with such things as decor, music, entertainment, clothes, modes of transport and the countless other 'soul-shaping' influences to which we are constantly exposed, is to build into us an almost unbreakable pattern. This is because our dual physical/spiritual nature is so constructed that it cannot act or be acted upon on one plane without a corresponding action on the other.

This fact is used by a normal society in order to build up patterns which lead the soul back to its true spiritual home, not only in a relatively limited number of periods set aside for worship or contemplation, but through every action of her everyday life. This, indeed, is the norm or pattern of human life laid down by Dea from the beginning. The pattern is built into the very structure of life on our planet. The divine Mysteries are continually expressed through the cycles of the seasons and of the moon. Every human community, however far it may have strayed from strict spiritual truth, has recognized these facts and enshrined them in its religious rites and in the rituals of everyday life. Every human community, that is, with the solitary exception of the specifically profane society.

Superficially, it would seem that the great mistake of profane societies is that they are able to see only the outward and physical results of human activities, that they completely ignore their far more important spiritual aspect. In looking at

human existence, they miss the central and salient feature (its spiritual reality) and focus wholly on what is merely accidental, merely the medium through which it is expressed; like the one who, seeing a great painting, should comment only on the quality of the canvas.

But it must not be forgotten that *every* material phenomenon is in essence a spiritual phenomenon, including materialism itself; and while the human architects of the profane society are for the most part quite ignorant of the inner meaning of their own actions, the spiritual forces which stand behind them know only too well what they are doing. This is evidenced by the fact that the results of profane activity are never 'spiritually neutral', but rather the whole momentum of profane society is geared to the undermining and destruction of the relationship of humanity with the Divine. Technological society systematically severs human contact with the seasons, taking the vast majority away from the land, mechanising what little agricultural work remains, creating work which has no seasonal variation of any sort. Natural rhythms are supplanted by mechanical rhythms. The cult of speed is inculcated in every area, creating reflexes of haste and superficiality which are directly contrary to the habit of contemplation and deep thought. To the same end a constant barrage of noise, and a constant stream of mass 'entertainment' are maintained. Traditional forms in dress and custom, which usually preserve some trace of the profound spiritual principles upon which all dress and custom were once based, are systematically eradicated, even where they pose no threat to 'efficiency'. Similar examples are to be listed in every area of life.

Every act is a ritual act with a ritual effect; and the effect of this profane ritual (or anti-ritual) is to create a great network of discordant vibrations which are wholly destructive of spiritual harmony, both in the individual and in society as a whole.

Although profane society is not by any means a new phenomenon, its successive manifestations have increased in intensity throughout recorded history. The decadence of the Babylonian empire was a relatively local occurrence. Roman materialism, using its undoubted advantages on the physical plane, expanded over the whole of Europe, North Africa and the Middle East. Nevertheless, not only did it leave untouched vast areas of the globe, such as the Far East and the Americas, but since it had no great effect on the actual methods of agriculture, the areas at any distance from the main Imperial centres retained in many respects a way of life unbroken by disruptive influences. As the Empire fell victim to its own innate spiritual dissonance, and came to its inevitable conclusion, there was a break-up of the great metropolitan centres and a massive flight to the land, where the more traditional life-style provided the basis for a return to the relative sanity of a 'normal' patriarchal society.

During recorded history, there has never been such a thoroughgoing attempt to permeate profane structures throughout the world. Every major area has been taken over, the life of the land has been undermined, and even the smallest pockets of resistance are being systematically eradicated. Tribal traditions are destroyed in Africa by centralised bureaucracies under the guidance of east or west European neo-colonialists, the mountain fastnesses of Tibet are invaded by China under the banner of a western materialism. Indeed, wherever any vestige

of a normal spiritually-based life-style survives, it is fighting a losing battle against the œconomic and political forces pitted against it. The patriarchal religious organisations, even where they do represent a genuine spiritual concern, have too little spiritual knowledge even to understand what is taking place, and for the most part lend their support to the very forces which are destroying them in one form or another. By accepting the division between 'religious' and 'secular' life, the patriarchal religions have compromised the very principle upon which religion is based and undermined their own foundations. It is no coincidence that this contradiction lies at the very foundation of that religion which has been most bound up with and implicated in the development of modern profanity, in the words 'render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's'.* Nothing belongs to Cæsar, because all life belongs to God. If Cæsar is given anything, there is no logical reason why he should not have everything. Which is exactly what has happened.

But when a civilisation is spiritually disrupted the seeds of its material destruction are already sown. That lesson is clear both from spiritual knowledge and from history. Anyone who has given the smallest study to the œcological crisis facing modern civilisation over the coming century will realise how close that destruction is in physical terms, even assuming that the nightmarish arsenals of nuclear and other 'advanced' weaponry are not unleashed upon the world. People who have studied the subject are constantly amazed that governments with the facts of almost unavoidable disaster before them simply treat the problem as if it did not exist. What they cannot know, studying the subject from a purely material standpoint, is that

* Matthew 22:21; Mark 12:17; Luke 20:25.

this problem is not in itself the disease which is destroying profane civilisation, but merely the physical symptoms of a far greater spiritual disease; and that even if catastrophe could in some way be circumvented, without a complete spiritual re-orientation of society, it would only be a postponement of the inevitable.

From a long-term spiritual/historical perspective, what is far more disturbing than the fact that profane society is in its final days is the fact that it has spent those days in destroying all the things which might provide human life with continuity after its demise. Unless a very sudden change of direction takes place—of which there are no signs—there will not be any remnant of a normal lifestyle left in any part of the globe to which the refugees of the collapsing civilisation may flee for shelter and which may become the basis for renewal. It is this which makes the modern phase of profanity more dangerous than any of its predecessors.

Yet even this is not a mere ‘accident’ of the material level. Even in this a definite pattern can be traced. Ever since the ending of the matriarchal period (which can almost be termed a ‘second Fall’), there has been a steady and continual decline or downward spiral. Each profane phase has been more intense and more widespread than its predecessor. Each ‘recovery’ after the inevitable downfall of the profane civilisation has been less complete, incorporating religions even further removed from the archetypal faith, and forms of society ever farther removed from the authentic Norm.

We have now reached the extreme point of descent, at which we are confronted with a sort of mirror-image or inverted parody of normal world-order. During the matriarchal

period (except in the last decadence) a single faith was held in every part of the world. Throughout the various phases of matriarchal civilisation over countless thousands of years, the one religion was that revealed by Dea from the beginning of earthly existence. Although social forms in different times and places varied over this vast period, each one was essentially normal, in that it was based on absolute spiritual principles and always judged every action not by its outward result or 'efficiency' but by its spiritual or ritual effect.* After the 'second Fall', spiritual Truth was fragmented. Different civilisations took up different aspects of the Truth and allowed others to drop. Everywhere the essential Centre and guiding image of the one Dea was cast aside. Thus the one complete Religion was replaced by a variety of partial religions. Every patriarchal society abandoned the Norm, but each fell further from it or came closer to it, passed through profane phases and quasi-normal phases according to the vicissitudes of each particular culture. Now, for the first time since the matriarchal period, the world adheres to a single faith, a dogmatic scientific materialism completely closed to any form of spiritual reality (it matters little whether the adherents of this faith pay lip-service to the masculist religions, or rather to the burnt-out shells of them); and the whole world stands in the same relationship to the social Norm: that of complete rejection and alienation.

The long process of decline is rapidly approaching its ultimate point: the total inversion of the normal state of hu-

* A note to the original reads: 'Which, incidentally, was as successful in achieving happiness, peace and—within the limits prescribed by a non-materialist society—prosperity as civilisations wholly devoted to these temporal aims have been unsuccessful.'

man existence. After this there can be no new 'recovery', for the ever-dwindling spiritual residue left over from the matriarchal period will finally have been exhausted.

The human race is rapidly approaching spiritual extinction; and extinction on the spiritual plane would, of course, be mirrored immediately on the physical. The instruments of this physical extinction are already in place, awaiting only the touch of a button.

Is there any escape from this extinction? In the strict logic of cause and effect, there can be no escape. But we must not forget that the sacrifice of the Daughter permeates the whole of fallen creation, and that through this, the mystery of mercy may always overrule the logic of causality. Through Her death and resurrection, every death contains the potentiality of a resurrection. Even now, She is actively making available the means of a new rebirth. The religion of the matriarchies has once more become a reality on earth. The seeds are being sown from which a new world may arise out of the ashes of the old. But Dea cannot save us without our active participation, for that would be to destroy our free will. She is making the way ready for us, but we must take it. This means firstly that we must return to Her spiritually; but it must be a return which involves not only an intellectual decision, but a radical re-orientation of our whole lives. Secondly, we must begin to lay the foundations for a rebirth of the normal lifestyle. This means beginning to construct a way of life based upon ritual and spiritual principles; one in which outward activity is directed not only to outward aims, but is continually 'referred back' by its traditional form to the centre of all being. The transfer from abnormal life

to normal life is in essence a transfer from living 'on the surface' to living 'from the centre'.

The Solution: First Principles

The ways in which we may begin to recover the normal life will vary with the situation of each person or group of persons. No full attempt to realise the active life can be made outside the context of a community, or at least a relatively large and self-contained household; and between the ideal community and the most unfavourable individual circumstances, every intermediate stage will present its own peculiar problems and advantages. Here we will attempt only to give certain fundamental principles.

There are two forms of the normal life: the active life and the contemplative life. Of these, the higher, and in the fullest sense the more active, is the contemplative life. In this life the soul is fully active and moves among the highest spheres. The activity is not 'intellectual' in the profane sense (i.e. exclusively concerned with the lower faculty of reason), nor is it emotional; it is a raising up of the self to the plane of pure Intellect, or pure apprehension of Absolute Reality, 'changeless, beyond the impermanent flux of time',* that is to say, 'behind' the purely relative events or 'shadows' of the material world. This activity of pure Intellect is expressed in the Teachings in the words 'Then shall mind rise up into soul and soul breathe the breath of Spirit'.† It is, however, an extraordinarily strenuous activity as well as requiring a special aptitude (that is to say, a special

* Teachings 4:6.

† Teachings 4:23.

state of *werdic** development), and is, therefore, only the vocation of a relatively small number of people. Our main concern here will be with the active life.

Whereas the contemplative life penetrates behind the veil of matter to the Absolute Reality that lies beyond, the active life remains within the flux of material events. However, it is fully aware of the relative nature of these events, and realises that they exist only by virtue of the eternal Cause and Ground of all being. Therefore no material objective is regarded as an end in itself, but rather, all outward activity is seen as the expression of inner Truth. Contingent existence is continually referred back and re-connected with the first Cause from which it flows and upon which it depends.

The contemplative life and the active life are in no way opposed. Rather they are complementary, although not equal. It is said that the contemplative life is the elder sister of the active life, guiding and protecting her, and also teaching her to grow up in her own likeness. For the ultimate aim of the active life (although it is not necessarily to be achieved in the present incarnation) is to transcend outward activity and penetrate the veil of matter; for all truly normal activity leads eventually to the same point. The active life is sometimes called the 'slow way', or the 'gentle way'.

Nor should too rigid a distinction be drawn between the two lives, for all outward activity, in so far as it is authentically normal must contain at least a minimal contemplative element. Its very ritual pattern is a constant 'reminder' of the eternal Truth which underlies it. Furthermore, certain outward

* A note to the original reads: 'Werdē is the stream of moral/spiritual causality which continues from one incarnation to another.'

activities, particularly in the sphere of artistic expression, are wholly or partly contemplative disciplines, whose creations in a normal society are judged not by their 'originality' or individualistic self-expression, but by the contemplative realisation of the Whole that shines through them, as expressed in the saying: 'not I, but She that creates through me'. This true art is practised both by contemplatives and by those in active life (usually under the direction of contemplatives). Which raises the converse point, that even the strictest contemplative is, by the very fact of inhabiting a material body, necessarily involved in some degree of outward activity, and that by her very presence, as well as by her spiritual ministry, she makes an important, not to say essential, contribution to the normal active community.

There is a third life, which may be called the passive, or passionate life. This life is lived according to no Principle, but is merely bent upon maximizing pleasure and avoiding pain. This life is, strictly speaking, sub-human, since it relinquishes the free will which is the essential characteristic of humanity, making the soul the passive plaything of external influences, biological drives, and physiological reactions. The passive life may be exceedingly 'active' in the outward sense at times, but this is not the authentic activity of the soul, but merely a reaction to stimuli. The soul is active only in the sense that a log is active when borne by a rushing torrent. It is this perversion of the active life which constitutes the whole life of abnormal societies. This life is doomed to a continual frustration, since in its constant round of outward activity it is desperately seeking a depth of peace and satisfaction which, by its very nature, is not to be found in the flux of outward things, but only in the Reality which underlies it.

In the first instance, a considerable part of the development of the normal lifestyle will be negative, since we must begin to cut off the channels by which the passive life is inculcated into us by profane society. The difficulty here is that our natural inclination to take the line of least resistance is always working against us, since the passive life is by definition the line of least resistance. The false self is naturally inclined towards the passive life. That is why the introduction of western attitudes and lifestyles into relatively normal eastern societies has often broken up the traditional way of life even when it was not enforced upon the people compulsorily, merely by the power of 'temptation'. We will put ourselves in a very vulnerable position if we underestimate this power, and we will do well, as far as possible, to remove ourselves from it.

One particular example of this lies in the profane mass-media, particularly television. The very nature of the media, quite apart from anything they may actually say, is so constituted as to inculcate a profane world-view. They are designed to concentrate upon change, novelty, 'news', in other words, to fix the consciousness exclusively upon 'the impermanent flux of time'.^{*} The visual nature of television is designed to fix the mind on outward 'things', rather than on fundamental principles, ideas or contemplative truths. These faults are quite apart from the specifically profane and materialistic scale of values which underlies every word written or spoken, the more or less dogmatic assumption that only the outward events of the physical world are 'real', and that they exist by and for themselves, with neither cause nor purpose beyond them. This is no less true of those who profess a religion, for except when they are speaking on

^{*} Teachings 4:6.

specifically 'religious' subjects, they invariably express views indistinguishable from those of the materialist, though perhaps with a few 'religious' catch-phrases by way of decoration. They have no specifically spiritual analysis of the world. These may seem merely negative evils, but all evil is essentially the negation of good, just as all cold is the negation of warmth. Evil is not an entity in its own right. The profane media inculcate a whole view of the world designed to entrap the soul within the outward flux and blind her with the veil of matter.

There is a temptation to feel that since we realise these things, the media can have no power to persuade us, and therefore can do us no harm, although they may harm others. Ironically, this is based upon a fallacy which has its roots in profane rationalism: the fallacy that 'intellectual' persuasion (in the profane sense) is the only danger. The answer to this lies in the Teachings: 'Thoughts of the mind pass not away, nor vanish into air. For every thought is a builder in the subtle world that lies about you.'[†] Each time we expose ourselves to particular thoughts or currents of thought, structures are being created or strengthened within the psychic and astral material of our subtle bodies.

This last principle is one of the keys to both positive and negative action in the construction of the active life. To put it another way, the material world is really a realm of symbols rather than realities. If those symbols reflect the Reality which underlies material existence, they participate in its quality of realness. If, on the other hand, they become severed from it, they become like the arbitrary scrawls of an infant on a piece of paper, devoid of significance.

[†] Teachings 9:1–2.

It is necessary, therefore, to exclude negative influences and to construct positive ones. Grace, rhythm and a certain formality are the keynotes of the active life. The modern use of language and gesture, for example, fosters a casual and 'outward' approach to life. Here one must be careful in the use of terms. What is certainly not wanted is a 'formality' of the kind cultivated by the governing classes of late patriarchal societies, but rather the easy and natural formality of the central matriarchal period: gestures of respect, such as the reverence, formulæ of speech. One recalls the simple and natural use of 'Mari be praised' on referring to the homeliest blessings, and the everyday use of invocational forms. The remembrance that all words are a species of magic ('I am ... between the lightest word of greeting and the thought from which it flows') is a guarantee of a formality of the correct type, since the instinct for correct speech is latent in every human being. Nevertheless, language as a whole is a very involved subject, since the whole modern dialect, and indeed the late patriarchal languages as a whole are very far degenerated from archetypal language, which, very far from having its origins in animal squeaks and grunts, as profane mythology suggests, was a direct manifestation of Divine Intelligence on the particular fallen plane which we inhabit.[†] There can be no question of the sudden creation of an artificial language. We must work with the languages we have, allowing the Madrian communities to develop first their own dialect, and gradually, over several generations, their own distinctive language. Insofar as this language develops out of an authentically normal way of life, it will be a sacred language,

* Teachings 9:35.

† See 'Language and Progress' (pp. 901 ff.).

having retained and purified that which is true in contemporary languages, replaced that which has been lost and discarded all that is false. The fostering of developments of this sort is another reason for the isolation of the community, so far as possible, from profane influences. The slowness of this process should not be a source of discouragement; firstly, because it is one of the marks of abnormal society that its thinking never extends beyond the next generation, owing to its immersion in the cults of speed and immediacy, secondly because there is no implication that the very earliest forms of purified speech will not be an immeasurable improvement on current profane language. Very much the reverse; once the real nature of language is understood, and that understanding is put into practice, we have already stepped over the boundary which divides normal speech from profane speech. We are encamped, so to speak, in sacred territory; the task that follows is the building of a permanent citadel.

Clothes, decoration, forms of recreation, etc. should never be devoid of higher meaning, for that would be to imply the self-existence of material things. This is not to say that, for example, our stories and poems should all be 'religious' in the restricted sense which that term has acquired in profane society. On the contrary, all authentic art whether 'folk-art' or 'high-art' has a metaphysical dimension; the genuine fairy-tale is always an allegory of the soul's quest (it is the characteristic failure to understand this—or at a deeper level, the unconscious realisation of it—which has induced modern society to banish the fairy-tale to the nursery. It was never written for children alone). So-called 'realistic' art, on the other hand, has for its 'moral' the self-existence of material events. The distinction

between art and craft is also false, based on the one hand on the profane cult of 'originality' in art, and on the other, upon the degeneration of craft into mere 'production'. In a normal community, both art and craft are the expression of primordial principles, with traditions of form and style governing every aspect; which far from limiting the expression of the craftsmaid, provides her with that field of expression within which alone she can convey genuine meaning.

Spiritual leadership and direction is particularly important in the process of distinguishing harmonic forms of expression from dissonant ones, and in creating cohesion within the community as a whole. Profane society, while imposing an increasing uniformity of lifestyle and activity upon all its members, together with a continuing 'standardisation' of the artefacts and influences which affect their everyday life, encourages a lack of discipline in all matters of abnormal behaviour and a disregard for all forms of courtesy, respect and obedience on the personal level. This is calculated to strengthen the passive life, by making the individual increasingly subject to impersonal stimuli, while simultaneously undermining the willed control of outward actions which is the essential characteristic of the active life. On the esoteric level, it also helps to prevent any workable alternative to profane society from emerging by ensuring that personal discipline is absent and genuine authority (which is always based upon spiritual principles) is confused with the tyrannical (because unfounded) pseudo-authority of profane society. Thus the vast majority of 'alternatives' founded on purely secular, or inauthentically 'spiritual' bases, have collapsed in a welter of conflicting personalities. While it is unlikely that a Madrian community would make this elemen-

tary mistake, it is essential that a sound authority should run throughout the community, and that no concessions be made to the falsely 'libertarian' conditioning of profane society (the express purpose of which is to destroy the liberty of the soul by making her 'passion's slave'); while at the same time, that authority should be constantly referred back to its spiritual bases and not exercised outside them, otherwise it will degenerate into mere tyranny of the profane order.

Crafts and work which is in tune with the rhythms of nature are best suited to a normal community; and it is essential that an entirely new rhythm should begin to pervade the community as a whole. A slower rhythm; a rhythm suited to the human being and her natural environment rather than to the machine; a rhythm which will welcome the re-telling of old stories without craving for novelty or novels, which in all things is released from the necessity for ever new stimuli. A new simplicity and a sense of wonder in simple things, which is in a sense a refining of the perception until it begins to see the unity underlying all things. The profane rhythm of the working week must give way to the sacred rhythms of the moon and sun. These rhythms are an expression of the childlikeness enjoined upon us in the Mythos. They are nurtured by the ritualisation of life, and by the setting up of patterns in dance and song and ritual drama. Above all, they will be fostered by the habit of contemplation, and the presence within the community of at least one person pursuing the fully contemplative life will be of inestimable value.

Touching only on principles, we have said but little about the actual practices which a community might establish. Some of these will be suggested in the companion paper to this, to

which this paper really forms a preface. Yet the principles enunciated here will prove fruitful if applied contemplatively and prayerfully to a living situation. They may be summarised in three words: live from the Centre, harmonise, control. They are perfectly expressed in the following passage, and in the whole of the Teaching from which it is taken:

It is not possible that a flute should play at once two tunes, nor may any maid pursue at once true wisdom and the false. Therefore be you attuned to the music of Eternity, and dance within the rhythm of the Mysteries and the seasons. Let your soul be simple, that she may be the mirror of perfect love.^{*74}

THE PATTERN OF HISTORY AND THE QUEST OF THE SOUL

Every religious tradition informs us that the Golden Age or Garden of Eden lies in the past, and that humanity has for long grown ever more distant from absolute spiritual reality. The modern mythology of progress, on the other hand, which has been called ‘the religion of the newspaper’, preaches a strange inversion of this, holding that we have developed from a superstitious primitiveness and are rapidly approaching moral and physical perfection on earth through the multiplication of material acquisitions.

The earliest civilisations known to archæology were controlled by women, ruled by priestess-queens, and devoted to the service of Dea. Although these civilisations existed for many thousands of years, we possess relics only of their declin-

* Teachings 6:43–5.

ing centuries when the people were beginning to fall away from their highest religious ideals. Certainly there was a harmony between society and the highest forces of creation of a kind that has rarely been dreamed of since. Nevertheless, certain areas of life were becoming 'secularised': certain elements of materialism were creeping into popular thought and practice, and although these were so far removed from the materialism of our own time that a modern mind might well think of them as forms of the highest spirituality, nonetheless the earliest ideals, which saw the whole of society as one great temple to Dea, and all of life as a single and exuberant act of devotion, were declining. And with this decline came a corresponding decline in cultural achievement.

Even when the decline had gone so far that nomadic patriarchal tribes from the east had been allowed to make considerable inroads into religious thought, and a second wave of more savage patriarchal invaders had found it possible to overrun large areas, suppressing matriarchy and introducing the cult of the male god of wrath—even at this stage, those states which remained matriarchal maintained a culture whose remains have provoked effusive tribute from even the most soberly academic of historians. Thus, comparing matriarchal Crete with the surrounding male-governed states, the normally unenthusiastic Arnold Hauser writes '...what a difference in the whole conception of art! What freedom in artistic life in contrast to the oppressive conventionalism of the rest of the Ancient-Oriental world!'[†] While the art-historian Mrs. Groenwegen-Frankfort writes 'Here and here alone, the human bid for timelessness

[†] From *The Social History of Art*. The original does not cite its edition; in the most recent edition (Routledge, 2003) the quote appears on p. 45.

was disregarded in the most complete acceptance of the grace of life the world has ever known.’* Jacquetta Hawkes describes the queen-priestess’s palace at Knossos as having ‘...a residential style, a domestic civility and convenience that seems to anticipate European palaces of the Renaissance and after rather than imitating its contemporaries in Egypt and the Orient.’† In the language of progressivism, it was some three thousand years ‘ahead of its time’!

Yet perhaps more important than all these things are the qualities which the matriarchate lacked. Miss Hawkes has described how contemporary male rulers were surrounded with huge painted scenes of battle and bloodshed. Prisoners bound and writhing, severed hands and severed heads are displayed not only on paintings covering walls and stairs, but also in a great variety of carved objects. This form of decoration—the glorification of violence which has characterised the patriarchate through practically all of its existence—is found not only in contemporary Europe and the Orient, but as far afield as Central America. ‘And yet in Crete,’ writes Miss Hawkes, ‘where hallowed rulers commanded wealth and power and lived in splendid palaces, there was hardly a trace of these manifestations of masculine pride and unthinking cruelty.’‡

The difference between these two cultures is best expressed by saying that one was a spiritual culture and the other is a material culture. In one culture, even the architecture expresses the ‘grace of life’. In the other culture, even the Supreme Being is represented as an oriental potentate. It is true that at certain

* From *Arrest and Movement*, University of Chicago Press, 1951, p. 216.

† From *The Dawn of the Gods*, London, 1968.

‡ Ibid., p. 75

times the later religions did recapture certain of the truths of the original religion. Nevertheless, there is a fundamental difference between the two kinds of religion which is expressed in a very profound symbol—the unpronounceable Name of God. This Name is represented by the three letters IHV (the Trigrammaton). When the earliest priests of the patriarchate set out to masculinise the Godhead, they did a very revealing thing: a thing which, consciously or unconsciously, symbolised the inmost nature of the culture which was to dominate the world for the next five thousand years. They added one letter to the Trigrammaton, thus forming the Tetragrammaton, IHVH. Deity was no longer expressed by the spiritual number three, but by the material number four. The full significance of this can best be understood in the light of the spiritual history of that group of souls which make up humanity.

When intelligent creation first turned from Dea, the universe was translated from the sphere of ideal forms or Divine thoughts into the realm of matter which includes not only the level of dense material which we call the physical world, but also the æthyric and other subtle planes. This separation from Dea was not to be permanent, but as by her own choices and actions the child had strayed, so, if she was to retain her essential freedom, by her own choices and actions she must return (it is to make this possible that the holy Maid has come to us). At this time all souls were at a much higher level than now, living on the subtlest planes and still very close to Dea. Since then every soul has taken its own direction—some descending to lower planes to incarnate in human form, others coming back into union with Dea, and multitudes of others moving through every level of existence from the lowest to the highest.

Life on earth, too, has been subject to continual change. At the beginning humanity was still close to the higher realms, sensitive to æthyric currents, and to the mental and emotional vibrations of others, able to see ‘spiritual’ entities and to bring about changes in physical matter by a simple operation of the will.

The powers of individuals have never been uniform, and at every time there have been some possessed of the highest faculties; but there is always a general level, and because of the sensitivity of the individual soul to the psychological atmosphere about her, she is rarely able to rise very far above that level. In our own time the level is very low. At the height of the last matriarchal period, however, humanity reached a peak of achievement. Both culture and human faculties were brought to a high point of refinement. It is difficult to describe exactly what took place at that time; but one way of putting it is to say that idea was much closer to actuality than it is now. All our actions begin with an idea and consist of the attempt to bring that idea into actuality. In the Divine Mind, every idea is at once actuality—that is what we mean by Divine creation. We are told that in the beginning ‘the daughters of Dea’—intelligent creation—possessed a measure of this divine prerogative. As a creature grows further from Dea, so her ideas and her actuality grow further apart. We may also say then that humanity had in the period of which we are speaking come very close to Dea—for the more a soul is in harmony with Divinity, the more she is in harmony with all things, and the more all things harmonise with her will. This is the highest meaning of magic.

This high level of culture was attained by the dedicated cultivation of the spiritual. The ideal of beauty was applied

to every area of life, for only the beautiful was fit for a gift to Dea; and all life was to be given to Her. The ideal of perfection governed everything—from the tallest building to the briefest gesture of the hand, each thing must achieve perfection after its own kind.

When this is understood, we may see how a decline was possible. Why should those who have a complete magical control over the things about them ever choose to lapse from that state? Why should they choose hardship and effort in place of a life of sublime grace? Because the effort entailed in maintaining themselves at this level was inconceivably great. Because the closer we come to Dea, the more She demands complete perfection. We are released from the physical demands of life that we may meet demands of a higher and purer nature whose fulfillment is immeasurably more satisfying than anything we now know, but also immeasurably more difficult. Our Lady demands that we become the perfect and resplendent creatures that we were when She first created us. She leads us patiently, step by step; She does not at any time demand more of us than we are able to perform—but neither does She demand one whit less. Our Lady is pleased beyond measure with our first faltering turning to Her. She is delighted with every loving act and each small sign of progress. But She is only satisfied with perfection.

There can be no standing still on this path. Either one is moving forward or one starts to slip back. As soon as one ceases to make moral effort, idea and actuality begin to drift apart and the psychic and magical faculties begin to lose their sharpness. This is not a punishment any more than the faculties themselves were a reward; it is a simple matter of cause and

effect. Where idea and actuality separate, the world becomes for all practical purposes more 'solid'; its material is more intractable; and we are increasingly driven to the use of physical intermediaries between ourselves and the matter which we would affect rather than the direct employment of the will. At its most sophisticated the use of such intermediaries becomes an advanced technology. It is ironic that such technologies are claimed to increase human control over the environment, for while in one sense that is certainly the case, in the deepest sense the reverse is true. The exclusive study of the 'objective' physical conditions of the world brings about precisely the psychological conditions which promote the continuing 'solidification' of matter. It also tends to foster an attitude of mind which precludes any serious spirituality and therefore drives people yet further from Dea, Who is the fount and source of all creative activity.

Must we say, then, that the achievement of the matriarchal age has been completely lost? No, for not only did that period help many souls to refine themselves until they could leave the world and continue their upward journey in the heavenly spheres, but also, every true aspiration to perfection is a precious creation that continues to exist in a realm beyond time and place.

This is another and more immediate question which emerges from our brief survey of the pattern of history: for those of us who have remained in the lower planes and in the cycle of reincarnation, is it much harder in this present age for us to come closer to Dea? There is a twofold answer to this question. In the first place, it is true that insofar as we have drifted further from our Lady we have a greater distance to return. But it

is also true that the farther we stray from the light the fainter it becomes until we can no longer see it at all, and must be lost to flounder in eternal darkness; or even if we should catch a glimpse of it, the tiny increase of brightness which would come from much arduous striving toward it would be of such small comfort to our souls that we could not find the courage to continue.

That, in the nature of things is the situation in which we must find ourselves. And yet so great is the love of our Lady for Her children that She could not allow it to remain so. She must come to the assistance of Her children. But how can She, Who is pure unbounded energy and abundance come into a place tinged with restriction and limitation? To put it another way, how can She, Who is pure good, come into a place which contains evil? How, in short, can She come into that place which by its very definition is that-place-where-She-is-not?

The nature of that problem is made more difficult for us to understand by the fact that we think mostly in the language of the materialist culture. On the material plane it is easy for a mother to pick up her straying child and carry her back home. She compels the body, but she does not compel the soul. She picks up the body and puts it where it ought to be, but she cannot pick up the mind and put it where it ought to be. She cannot make the child think what she ought to think, feel what she ought to feel, like what she should like and dislike what she should dislike. The mother can teach and encourage the child, but she cannot do these things for her—if she could the child would quite literally cease to have a mind of her own. We could not speak of it being for the child's own good, for the child would simply have ceased to exist as a person.

Now on the spiritual plane there is only soul—we have no body that may be carried. Our Lady cannot take us to Her, for if She did so, She would destroy the essential freedom which gives us our existence as intelligent personal beings. We must come to Her of ourselves.

It may be asked why She may not come to us, but this too is a question born of material ideas—for coming and going are the only ways of speaking, for there is neither time nor space in the spiritual world.* The choice that each of us has made from the beginning of our separation was that we should be apart from the glory of Her light and energy. She cannot annul that choice without annulling our personal existence. The distance between ourselves and Dea is not real space, but the outward spiritual manifestation of our inward spiritual rejection of Her.

It was necessary, then, that She should come to us shorn of the glory of Her light and energy; that She should put Herself on the same spiritual plane as us by making the same choice that we have made—by rejecting Herself. Thus She came to us in the person of Her Daughter. The coming of our Lady is symbolised in the story of Her nativity, and the terrible Act of divine self-rejection in the story of Her passion and death. We cannot ever understand the full meaning of this Act, but some insight may be gained by meditation upon these words from the Eastre Liturgy:

* A note to the original reads: 'The term "spiritual world" used in this paper should not be confused with the "spirit world" of the mediums which might more accurately be called the "psychic world". It refers to the highest plane of fallen existence which intersects with the lowest plane of perfect existence. The most refined souls have their whole being in this sphere, but all actions of intelligent souls on any plane have spiritual significance and therefore operate also in the spiritual world.'

She Who is life and life alone, the quintessence of life,
Went to death for our sakes;
She Who is all and only light
Gave Herself to be cast into the profoundest darkness;
She, Who is wholly one with the Mother, and is the Mother,
Who is the glance of Her eyes and the breath of Her mouth,
And the strength and cunning of Her hands;
She alone suffered the most terrible severance
That we might be reunited.

Through this sacrifice has our Lady come to us so that we need not be without Her love even in the lowest depths of fallen creation, and even when we cannot open our eyes to Her light, we have but to stretch out a hand with faith into the darkness and it shall be taken by another hand infinitely strong and infinitely gentle; the hand of One Who has suffered more deeply than we can ever suffer; the hand that shaped the universe.

The answer to our question, then, is that we are in any age able to turn to our Lady and to receive Her love, 'so far as we are able to contain it'. Nevertheless, it is certainly true that it is ever harder to turn to Her and to keep Her image before us as we are increasingly surrounded by a leaden atmosphere of dull materialism and receive no encouragement on any side. Materialism has increased throughout the history of the patriarchate. Although it has been a continuing process there were two major religious shifts. The first was when Christianity replaced the Classical religions—the patriarchate could no longer understand a purely spiritual account of divine Actions, and had to imagine that the divine Sacrifice was an actual historical event—also with this went the worship of our Lady under the names of the classical Goddesses. The second was the so-called Reformation—attuning of Christianity to the

mechanistic minds of those who initiated the factory system; over-urbanisation and all the other trappings of the last phase of materialism—along with this went the destruction of the worship of our Lady under the name of Mary.

It may seem, then, that this flight from Dea into materialism might continue forever, and that the souls caught up in its current might be eternally lost. To earthly eyes it may appear so; but in its final stages, the advance of materialism falls subject to a law stated in the Oracle of Changes thousands of years before the dawn of the patriarchal age. This is the law of Climax and Reversion which states that as any temporal movement reaches its point of greatest extension it begins to change into its opposite. We can see how this works in the case of patriarchal religion: the rationalistic spirit of its most extreme form has increased to the point where it has destroyed its own beliefs and ushered in a period of general irreligion—with Protestantism, the destructive vibration of Christianity reaches the point at which it shakes itself apart. Yet all the values of civilisation have their source and meaning in religion—divorced from this source, they are but empty husks to be swept aside by the criticism of alienated minds which are brilliant in their destructiveness, but can offer no positive solutions. They speak of ‘social conscience’, but cannot answer the question of why there should be a society in the first place; they talk of ‘human happiness’ but cannot say why human beings should exist at all, or what a human being is—how much less can they know in what true happiness might consist. Their ‘science’ can answer the question ‘how’ with considerable accuracy (though even here its limits are severely marked) but it cannot even ask the question ‘why’. Life divorced from an understanding of its

religious meaning becomes increasingly purposeless and void; that is what is happening to the present society—with irreligion the snake of patriarchal-materialism bites its own tail and begins to devour itself.

There is a still deeper reason why we cannot be carried downward forever on the tide of materialism; it is also the profoundest reason why no soul can ever be lost. Because this concerns the highest spiritual truths, it can only be expressed in a symbol. We are told that the highest state of existence consists in beholding the perfect beauty of our Celestial Mother; living in the Divine Image. As we move away from Her, existence becomes less and less like that image until, should we go as far from Her as it is possible to go, at the 'bottom of the universe' we should see a vision so dreadful that to compare it to the most hateful nightmare of high fever were but to make a mockery of it. It is the absolute reverse of our Mother's image. This vision is the most terrible shock that the created soul can sustain; yet although it is an experience of unmitigated horror, its evil is turned to a good purpose, for at the sight of the true face of Evil, every soul is filled with loathing, and must turn to flee back our Lady. This is the final safeguard against 'damnation' for no soul, seeing evil in its absolute form, can fail to hate it. The absurd doctrine that Deity will allow the soul to lose her essential freedom at this point so that she cannot turn, but must suffer eternally is the cruelest of all blasphemies. Though she has the furthest possible distance to travel to her Mother, yet the Daughter, who, through Her sacrifice, has penetrated even to the lowest depths, is waiting to comfort her, and to help her upon her way.

This is not to suggest, of course, that human society has collectively plumbed the uttermost depths of Hell, for this can only occur to the individual soul. But a shadow of that awful vision is creeping across the modern mind, and some of the more sensitive souls are already experiencing a revulsion from it. In this revulsion, they are turning again to our celestial Mother. And it is here that we see the true miracle of our Lady's grace. It is part of Her promise that those who love Her shall never lack a way to turn to Her. The most perfect way in which an earthly creature may turn to Her is by participation in Her divine sacraments, but when, due to the laxity of Her servants, these were suppressed by Her enemies, She was called by the names of the pagan Goddesses. When these too were suppressed, She took for us the name of Mary, *Maris Stella*, *Regina Coëlis*. When this cult was suppressed, still there were the folk-beliefs and popular Marian devotion. And now even that is taken from us, the darkest hour seems upon us—but look again. The light has not vanished, but grows stronger; the sacraments themselves are openly performed once more. The wheel has reached its point of farthest extension and can but return. The waxing has begun.⁷⁵

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LANGUAGE OF THE RHENNES

The Rhennes, the traditional matriarchal people of Britain, have been said to speak a different language from the 'lost sheep', or non-Madrian inhabitants of these islands. In fact, the Rhennish dialect is recognisably the same tongue as that

spoken by modern English or Americans. On the other hand, it is more different from modern standard English than any regional dialect. This is largely due to the fact that changes which have taken place in the English spoken from Mayfair to the depths of Yorkshire and Cornwall have often failed to affect the conservative matriarchal communities. Indeed, in some respects, the Rhennish may appear to be a mixture of several regional dialects; for most dialects retain certain conservative features; thus the Scots pronunciation of 'house' and the Irish pronunciation of 'meat' (which was current in the time of Swift) and the American inflexion of 'gotten' (which could be heard in England in Shakespeare's time) are found side by side in Rhennish.

An unfamiliar eavesdropper on a Rhennish conversation would undoubtedly find it almost impossible to follow. Modern English sentences spoken with Rhennish pronunciation would prove a little difficult at first, but the many unfamiliar words and turns of phrase would make it much harder. For this reason, many Rhennes, in intercourse with outsiders, drop into a sort of imitation of Modern English which is jokingly called half-Rhennish; a fact which has led to adaptations of certain Scriptural and other traditional phrases in communities where the old speech has become all but incomprehensible. Mother Alethea, who has often (wrongly) been supposed to be an innovator, was greatly anxious for the preservation of the Rhennish speech and of all the Rhennish traditional narratives.

There are, in fact, considerable regional variations within Rhennish itself, but all of these have more in common with each other than with any other English dialect. Another variation within Rhennish is that between High Rhennish and Low

Rhennish. The usual explanation given of this is that High Rhennish is that dialect spoken by the Kindred, by scholars, and by certain other groups (the Kindred were once the Raihira—princesses, nobles and warriors—Estate; but after centuries of living within a state not ordered on lawful matriarchal lines, they have become a group of old families defined only by a certain *noblesse oblige*, and the fact that they have been locally acknowledged as Kindred for many generations), while Low Rhennish is that spoken by the peasants and craftmaids (the word ‘peasant’, of course, is never a term of contempt among Madrians, but rather the reverse. Only the bourgeoisie and the urban proletariat, who belong to no legitimate Estate, and are therefore ‘outcastes’, belong to a social class which is *per se* contemptible. They are contemptible not because the individuals who comprise them are necessarily so, but because as social entities they have no legitimate existence). But it is not really quite so simple, for there is really no one dialect which can be called High Rhennish and another which can be called Low Rhennish. Both dialects vary greatly from region to region (Low Rhennish far more so than High), and there is considerable transference between them. There are also numerous stages in between the two, so much so, that it can be said that the ideal absolute High Rhennish and the ideal absolute Low Rhennish do not really occur at all. The homely pictorial colloquialisms of Low Rhennish salt the speech of most of the rural Kindred (and most of the Kindred have been rural these thousand years, at least), while the eloquent use of High Rhennish polysyllables in even the most mundane contexts has long been a notable foible of many Low Rhennish speakers, as

in a sentence such as 'They two cattis be indistinguishable one from t'other on a night so obscure as this.'

Having said this, we must recognize that High Rhennish is a language of great elegance, beauty and subtlety in which the high matriarchal philosophical tradition has been perpetuated, and which has lent itself perfectly to that particular blend of wit, charm and self-effacing sophistication which is the hall-mark of the English Kindred. Low Rhennish, on the other hand, is a vivid and colourful dialect, a language alive and in contact with the soil. Each language continually feeds the other, and in that respect, the two dialects are not only complementary, but mutually necessary.

Both High and Low Rhennish are fundamentally *intelligent* languages, as opposed to the modern use of English by most speakers and writers. Each deals, for the most part in concrete images, pictures and stories, while underlying the thought of each are non-tangible spiritual Realities. This is true of any traditional speech. Modern English, like other degenerate styles of speech, reverses this, for while its thought is limited to the realm of matter, it habitually expresses itself in abstractions and in vague metaphors which are virtually abstractions, since their actual meaning is forgotten, if it was ever known. To take a single example, the term 'feedback', which has become a modish word used in a variety of contexts, is a metaphor from audio electronics, yet it is used in a sense almost opposite to its original meaning, since it is used to refer to an articulate response to something or other, whereas an actual feedback in a sound recording system creates a high-pitched screech which cuts out all articulate sound until the feedback is stopped. This may seem a fairly minor matter, and certainly one could point

to far more pernicious abuses of language—such as the use of the term ‘democratic’ in politics as a vague synonym for ‘good’, so that practices which are obviously not democratic according to any literal interpretation of the word are called ‘democratic’ by anyone who wishes merely to state that they are good—but the point really is that one begins to use abstractions and vagaries of this sort only when one has ceased to think clearly. Only among a people whose minds are going soggy can anyone get away with declaring a work of art to be ‘significant’ without being immediately challenged by the question ‘Significant of *what?*’; or with declaring anything to be relevant without the challenge ‘Relevant to *what?*’

This sort of loose thinking and loose speaking occurs inevitably when there is no concrete philosophical basis for thought. Meaningless value-words like significant, relevant, progressive, forward-looking, are simply substitutes for a real scale of values and an authentic intellectual basis for distinguishing what is good and valuable from what is bad or worthless (we may note that many modern good-words such as ‘progressive’ and bad-words such as ‘reactionary’ or ‘out-of-date’ rest merely on the vague unspoken prejudice ‘past = bad, future = good’). On the other hand value-words used within Madrian thought—such as the word ‘legitimate’, used earlier in this paper in connection with the Estates—are never mere carriers of vague prejudice, but always have a precise definition and meaning. The word ‘legitimate’ derives from *legis*, law. To say that something is legitimate is to say that it is in accordance with the law, to say that it is illegitimate is to say that it contravenes the law. Nor is there any question about which law is being referred to, for there is only one authentic law, the Law of God; the *ðamē* which She

has established for the ordering of all human activities. Thus, things are judged not by considerations of their fashionability or their direction in time, nor by their 'relevance' to some tenuous *Zeitgeist*, but only by their accordance or otherwise with the unchanging and unchangeable canons of the Absolute.

This may seem to lead us a little away from the subject of Rhennish dialect, but in actuality it does not, for a consciousness of supra-physical Reality and of absolute values underlies every word spoken both in High and in Low Rhennish, just as materialism and relativism underlie every word in the flaccid jargons spoken by the television pundit and the factory operative in the profane world. Nor is the lack of any concrete value-words in modern language unconnected with, for example, the high rate of adultery among all social classes in the profane world, and the utter lack of any real sense of wrongdoing with which it is carried out. Language, culture, morality and intelligence (or the lack of it) are all intimately bound up, and a people cannot remain degenerate for long without their language degenerating also; nor can they for long speak a degenerate language without succumbing to its corrupting influence. Conversely, there can be no reform of life without a reform of language, nor any reform of language without a reform of life.

We have concentrated here upon words which have directly to do with values, since their implications are easier to analyze without digressing too far from the immediate purpose of this paper, but it must be understood that all the words of everyday speech, together with the particular ways in which they are used, carry profound implications as to the world-view which underlies them, and inevitably act as powerful psychological agents for good or ill. In a healthy traditional language, the

‘essential’ and ‘substantial’ poles of its existence (represented in the present case by High and Low Rhennish respectively) are on the one hand its intellectual basis, preserved by its philosophical, ritual and courtly use, and on the other by its rootedness in the life of the soil and the crafts. As with Essence and substance on the cosmological level, it is the continual interplay of these two elements which maintains the vitality and the very existence of the language. The great epic narratives which arise at certain points in the development of a culture always represent a wedding of the two styles. The ‘High’ forms may appear more directly intellectual, but in fact, the ‘Low’ style, being rooted in the phenomena of nature and the crafts, which, in a traditional society can never be considered in separation from the informing Realities which they express, is no less so, although it may be less complex; and wherever ‘High’ speech begins to abandon the simple, natural images which are a part of its heritage from the ‘Low’, it is moving toward degeneracy.

Modern developments in English speech, like modern developments in many areas, represent a parody of the true development of language, with the place of ‘High’ speech being taken by the jargon of sociology, psychology, pseudo-philosophy and the journalese of the mass-media, and that of the ‘Low’ by the argot of the New York slums and the criminal underworld, together with items of adolescent pop-slang gleaned from all over Britain and North America, all of which is systematically taught and popularised by means of the television. We may note here that slang of all types is always associated with rootless urban populations whether proletarian or bourgeois, and is intimately related to the cult of change and progress, being motivated by a desire for novelty and for increasing intensity

in language, and a wish to keep up with fashions. Traditional societies in undisturbed times have relatively settled speech patterns, and change takes place very slowly. We may see, then, that the 'High' element in modern English speech development springs from the 'intellectual' perversions of false philosophy, while the 'Low' element springs from the emotional perversions and distorted way of life of those elements in modern urban society most vulnerable to its disruptive influence: the young, the dispossessed, the ethnic minorities and those drawn to the fringes of urban sub-culture. It is noteworthy that, as with musical fads and styles of dress, slang phrases which begin by being obviously crude and decadent are quickly established in common usage by continual media exposure which begins by being snickeringly shock-mongering and quickly becomes commonplace.

So far we have confined ourselves to the relatively 'exoteric' aspects of language, but we must understand that deeper issues are involved in the form and structure of language than merely the philosophy and assumptions which underly it. For every human language is, as the Scriptures tell us, a descendant from 'the first, the mother language',* which is itself the manifestation of the single Divine Word. The Word, which is pure Intelligence, corresponds to the Point from which all manifestation unfolds. Every created thing, in its highest essence, that is to say, every celestial Archetype is a word of God; the expression of an Idea in Her mind. Thus, the primordial language is the sum of all possible acts and entities conceived in perfection. Thus also, while from the earthly point of view it is natural to conceive of names as being the consequences of things, from

* Teachings 1:4.

the absolute standpoint, things are the consequences of names; for all things were known and denominated by God before (in the sense of being manifested) they were. And, indeed, it was 'the naming of their names' by which their manifestations took place. Perfect human language is thus a microcosm of the primordial language; and we see the creation of this microcosm in Creation I:II, where the naming of the things of creation by the first maid reflects her Mother's creation of them, even as her own being reflects her Mother's Being; and it is achieved by virtue of her knowing that same 'cunning' which the Mother knew in verse 5.

From this it follows that the words of the perfect human language are very far from being mere arbitrary conventional 'symbols' for concepts. On the contrary, each word is a perfect depiction or 'imitation' of the thing which it represents in terms of sound, just as a painting is an 'imitation' in terms of colour. But just as traditional sacred art, unlike modern 'realistic' art represents not the physical 'shadows' of things, but the supra-physical Realities which are their essential being, so the original human language is not an imitation of physical things and events in terms of sound (which is manifestly impossible) but rather the manifestation in sound of the unspoken Language, whose words are the essences of all things (even as sacred music is the manifestation in sound of the unheard music of the spheres).

Now, the breaking of this original language into different dialects was obviously a cardinal stage in the fragmentation and degeneration of language. The major families into which language split—i.e. those which use completely different root-words to express most concepts—may be likened to radically

different styles of music or painting, which use fundamentally different formal conventions (for all sacred art is formal and stylistic) to express the same eternal verities. However, the groups divided by such radical differences are fewer in number and greater in extent than might at first be expected. The Indo-European group, for example, to which English belongs, contains Sanskrit and all its derivatives (Hindi, Bengali, etc.), Russian and all the Slavic languages, Latin, Greek, all the Teutonic languages, all the Celtic languages, together with the Iranian and Lithuanian families, and, of course, all modern European languages (with the exception of Basque) which are all descendants of one or more of these.

It is a notable feature of Rhennish that its pronunciation of words in many cases is far closer to the root-language than is modern English. For example, most question-words in the Latin languages begin with 'qu'—*quod, quis, quando, que*, etc. as do such words as *question, quiz, enquire*, etc. These words have their equivalents in the Teutonic languages, Sanskrit, Greek and Latin. In English, as in Icelandic and German, the 'k' of the 'kw' sound is represented by a hard h. Now in modern French the sound has been corrupted by dropping the 'w', so that *que* and *qui* are pronounced 'ke' and 'ki', whereas in modern English it is the 'k' that has been dropped, so that *what, when* and *where* are pronounced 'wot', 'wen' and 'wer' by most speakers. Rhennish, on the other hand, retains the 'h', and in many regional variants, retains it in a hard form (some Rhennish speakers write the word Rhen as 'Kren'—though a pronunciation so hard is the exception). *Who*, on the other hand is pronounced 'hou' in modern English, while Rhennish continues to pronounce it 'hwo'. Again, the retention of the rough-breathing in the mid-

dle of the word *daughter* leaves it much closer to the consonantal structure of the root-word which gave rise also to the Sanskrit *duhitri*. The pronunciation of *one* as ‘one’ as opposed to ‘wun’ leaves it closer to *uno* and its equivalents in all the Indo-European languages, and the retention of the old form *teben* for modern *ten*, bearing in mind previous comments on the function of *h*, leaves it closer to Latin *decem*, Greek *deka*, Sanskrit *dacan* etc.

One could list countless other examples; but in any case, this approach is a little oversimplified, since it does not take into account certain laws of sound-change which have operated between the various groups of Indo-European dialects. The point is not so much that Rhennish approaches closer to the original human language (although in some respects it certainly does), for all English is very much an Iron Age tongue, but that Rhennish represents a legitimate development of the original language, whilst modern English language, like modern English society, has, since the ‘Renaissance’ been formed by influences which are the very reverse of legitimate.

We have said that English is very much an Iron Age tongue; but we might go further and say that English is the ultimate Iron Age tongue; for the British Isles represent the far west of the old world (the Americas are for many reasons a case apart; and in any case, those parts of them which are having the most profound effect upon world history are English-speaking), and the modern aberration is specifically western in character (as befits its relation to the end of the present world-era; the west being the land of the setting sun). It is no coincidence, then, that these islands were prominent in the birth of both industrial capitalism and Marxist communism (although Marx was born in Germany, most of his theoretical work was done in

the British Museum), the two ideologies (which at root are but two faces of the same coin) which dominate the modern world.

By the same token, it is no coincidence that English is the most specifically Iron Age of all the Indo-European dialects. The earliest Indo-European dialects are highly 'synthetic'; that is to say that they have extremely complex inflectional structures which make it possible to convey a large amount of information in a single word. This can be seen by a cursory glance at a Latin/English or Greek/English parallel text, where a passage in the original language must always be rendered by a much longer passage in English; while a passage of Sanskrit must usually be rendered by an English passage twice or three times as long. This descent from the highly concise and synthetic original forms has taken place in all Indo-European languages. The Neo-Latin Romance languages (primarily French, Italian and Spanish, all of which are dialectical variants of low Latin), for example, gradually rejected all case-endings and passive verbal forms. The Latin *amabor*, for instance, is expressed by three words in Italian and French: *io sarò amato*; *je serai aimé*. It would require four in English: *I shall be loved*; for English has travelled further along this path than any other Indo-European language, having retained scarcely a dozen of the many hundred inflections characteristic of the original Indo-European speech. At the opposite pole stands Lithuanian, a language even more ancient than Sanskrit, and which, unlike Sanskrit, was still a living language up until the invasion of Lithuania by the Russians, and its cultural devastation by means of mass deportations and other disruptive measures.*

* A note to the original reads: 'In the '40s and '50s of the present [20th] century.'

Lithuanian retained more of the original inflectional system than any other language spoken in modern times. It is worth noting in this context that Lithuanian-language folk-culture contains material of the profoundest metaphysical significance which is undisguisedly matriarchal in character.*

It is no coincidence, then, that in these latter days English should have become the most widely disseminated and most rapidly spreading language of the world, and the *lingua franca* of international commerce and diplomacy; any more than the sudden destruction of Lithuanian as the world era enters its final phase is ‘accidental’.

What is the significance of the descent of the Indo-European language group from synthetic to analytic, of which English represents the terminal point? From the most ‘outward’ point of view, it is evident that with the continual intellectual decline which takes place from the beginning to the end of the world-era, people are striving for ever simpler and simpler language forms. Ancient Greek is to the modern mind a maze of case endings, while among classical Vedic scholars in India—people who are already speaking Sanskrit-based dialects—it normally takes ten years of intensive study to master Sanskrit grammar.

But while the drive to simplification necessitated by intellectual decline provides the outward cause and motive-force for this movement, far deeper and more significant issues are involved in the inner meaning of the change. The progressive

* A note to the original reads: ‘See “Old Lithuanian Songs” by Martin Lings in *The Sword of Gnosis* (Penguin Metaphysical Library). The matriarchal character of the songs is unmistakable, despite the author’s attempts to gloss over it.’

‘fragmentation’ of the language is an image of the descent or unfolding of manifestation from the primordial Unity to the multiplicity of material nature. Specifically, it is related to the corresponding phenomenon in the human mind—of which, of course, human language is primarily the embodiment. In the first Age, maid was possessed of a unitive vision of Reality; a vision direct and immediate which required no rational formulation. She could ‘take in the universe at a single glance’. The earliest philosophical treatises were terse to the point of being utterly enigmatic to later generations. The next generation could not understand them without commentaries expanding and elaborating their meaning. The generation after that required commentaries upon the commentaries, and so forth. The work of the Pallas Academy today is purely a matter of ‘translating’ the one primordial Doctrine into a form yet more elaborate and explicit for the benefit of these last generations. Thus, the ‘translation’ of a passage from one generation to the next requires progressively more words, even when it is expressed in the same dialect. It is fitting, therefore, that the same process should take place in the very structure of language itself.

The fragmentation of language accompanies also the fragmentation of ideas. In the first Age, maid sees only the First Principles; she requires no other science, for the knowledge of all things is contained within these; it is only when she ceases to see them sufficiently clearly that the secondary sciences—applications of the Principles to the things of nature and to human uses—become necessary. Here again, we may see that the fragmentation of ideas in the human microcosm mirrors the macrocosmic process of manifestation, in which things de-

scend, or unfold from the level of principal, unmanifest Divine Ideas, or Archetypes into all the ramifications of manifestation on the various levels of matter. At its lowest levels, the fragmentation of ideas reaches a state at which the Principle is wholly lost to sight, and only the appearances of multiplicity are seen; this is the standpoint of modern materialism or scientism, as described in the first paper of the Pallas Academy's Foundational Diploma Course:

The unitive nature of metaphysical knowledge stands in sharp distinction to the fragmentary and ever more 'specialistic' tendency of profane studies, and (since the outward characteristics of a phenomenon are never merely 'accidental') symbolises the antithetical spiritual 'directions' of the two systems of knowledge: the one directed ultimately toward the central unifying Principle 'from whence all comes, whereto all must return'; the other toward the chaos and indistinction of brute matter.

The pyramid and the wheel are both traditional symbols of manifestation. In the first case, we see the descent from the single point of the apex toward the square base (representing the fourfold nature of matter) large enough to contain countless points. In the second we see the spokes radiating out from the unity of the hub, becoming ever more widely separated until they reach the rim. In either case, the descent is from unity to multiplicity and separativity. This is precisely the process mirrored in the descent of language from synthetic to analytic; and indeed, this is what the very words mean: *syn-thesis*, a putting-together; *ana-lysis*, an unloosing or separating.

In the realm of ideas, there is no reason why the process of analysis or breaking-down should not continue indefinitely

* Teachings 3:26.

without aberrating from the Truth (although it is metaphysically necessary on other grounds that the cycle should realise its most inferior possibilities). The 'descent' of metaphysical exposition into ever lower and more fragmented domains is an act of Grace precisely analogous to our Lady's descent into the nether regions; and indeed, it is by Her Sacrifice that it is rendered possible, for She is the Mayaranya: the primordial Teacher, by Whom, through Whom and in Whom all earthly teachers teach (which is the reason for the traditional reverence and devotion accorded to the Ranya). For just as our return to God is a paradox wrought by Her sacrifice, so the exposition of the Truth which can be known only through the unitive Vision in the absence of that Vision is a paradox, and therefore a miracle. And it is a miracle wrought fundamentally through the medium of language. Our Lady's declaration 'I have forged thy words into a crystal mirror that they may reflect the Truth',[†] which follow upon Her explanation of the degenerate state of human language, refer primarily to the revelation of the Scriptures, but they also refer in a secondary sense to the rendering of human language to be a fit vehicle for the exposition of Truth; and indeed the two senses of the passage are inextricably linked.

Now just as the descent of our Lady into the nether regions is for the purpose of raising up the souls fallen into those regions that they may return to God; so the descent of metaphysics—and therefore of the language which is its substantial support—into the realms of ever greater fragmentation takes place solely in order to make some part of the Truth intelligible to the minds of the age in which it finds itself, and to lead them

[†] Teachings I:6.

out of the fragmentary state in which they are and back to the unitive Vision, which is the goal of all metaphysical endeavour. So long as this is the end in view, the process of fragmentation, or analysis, can continue indefinitely and still remain legitimate. It is only when the purpose is lost, and analysis is pursued as an end in itself; the fragmentary nature of things in manifestation is mistaken for reality—as happens in the materialist or scientific world-view—that analytical thought becomes aberrant.

Now it is precisely in this that Rhennish differs from modern English. It is no less analytical in structure (except for the retention of a handful of extra inflexions, such as ‘gotten’, which are of no practical significance); but the analytical function in Rhennish has never deviated from its true and legitimate purpose. It remains a language rooted in metaphysical Reality, both in the underlying assumptions of its idiomatic form and ‘style’, and in its legitimacy, in pronunciation and other matters, as an authentic—though very distant—development of the original human language; and therefore a microcosmic reflection of the unheard Language which contains the inner essences of all things in the form of divine Words or Names.⁷⁶

SNIPPETS

Strangeness and Familiarity

A masculist theologian has said truly that religion is a contact with the Holy, which is the absolutely Other.* That is true, but at the same time, the Holy is also the absolutely familiar—more familiar than anything we have ever encountered in this

* The reference is nowhere specified, but may be to Rudolf Otto.

life. The essence of this world for us is that it is unfamiliar. We cannot truly know another person, however long we live with her, however much we try—we cannot even really know ourselves. Usually we hardly notice; we are content with the outward gestures which substitute for real knowing. But every now and then, the essential alienness of the world, our absolute and irremediable isolation, engulfs us in a sudden chilling wave. Things, people, our own body, our own mind, all of these are quite *other*, out of reach of real communion.

Only Deity is truly familiar. She is other because She shatters all the conventional gestures of familiarity. She is terrible, because She shows us these in all their meaninglessness—but She is the one thing which we really know—the one place which is truly our spiritual Home. And when we finally come to perfect union with Her, all things will have become familiar, and nothing will be other.

Resurrections

Life is full of resurrections. The archetype is that of our Lady: the victory of fear and evil, and the triumph of Good out of that victory. But every time we grow inward and petulant, hating a fast or a penance, and are suddenly flooded with a consciousness of the tremendous privilege of doing it for Her; every time we stray from Her in prayer and bring ourselves back to Her; every time we commit a fault and truly repent, that is a little resurrection: the victory of fear and our triumph over that victory. Every such triumph is made possible by Her resurrection. Without that source of spiritual power, we, who have given ourselves to fear at the beginning, would have no defence against it. The process is continual, shadowed in the

year, the cycle of the moon, the rise and set of every sun. But through this continual enactment of little resurrections, we bring ourselves ever closer to the absolute resolution of the one absolute Resurrection.

Modern Psychology

Psychology is the study of the human soul (*psyche*). Modern psychology begins by assuming that the soul does not exist. If one begins by eliminating the supernatural, that is in one sense legitimate. I cannot complain if a chess player asks me to assume that bishops move diagonally—that is her game, and either I play it or I don't. The psychologist's game is akin to the game of looking at a light bulb and saying: 'Eliminating the existence of electricity, how might this work?' Many ingenious answers could no doubt be devised.

Freud and Jung

As a raconteur and wit, Freud is infinitely persuasive—and, of course, to the arid materialism of the nineteenth century he brought the revelation (not new, but as old as the hills) that there was actually something in the human mind beyond the fussy little filing clerk of the rational consciousness (but how typically Victorian to see this 'beyond' as a quagmire of repressed carnality!). Herein lay his deep attraction for the starved souls of the turn-of-the-century intelligentsia. Their unconscious minds craved so strongly the bread of the Spirit that they were even grateful when Freud gave them a stone—or, more precisely, when he told them that their unconscious minds craved raw flesh.

Jung is very jolly, and quite the darling of the 'esoterics'. But it does seem mighty daft to accept for no particular reason the materialist hypothesis and then trying to drag in the super-natural by the short hairs backwards (for there has never been a shred of evidence for materialism—modern society accepts it out of emotional need. If one doesn't need it, why accept it?). At these times, he seems like the chap who, when the electric light bulb game has reached the stage of suggesting that the globe is lit by a gross or so of glow-worms, suddenly pipes up 'Aha! But what if the glow-worms are powered by electricity?' If materialists merely stand agog and cry 'But that's cheating!' they are not being in the least unscientific. *It is cheating.* You can't move a bishop along ranks and files.

Behind the Veil

The body is a thing essentially alien to the true self; a limiting thing, subject to pain, disease and decrepit age. It is also a powerful source of illusion. How quickly we tire of the ill behaviour of an ugly and prepossessing person; and yet if a person of breathtaking beauty and enchanting manner did these same things, how easy it would be to forgive. To the spiritual perception, the soul at prayer or in even partial harmony with Dea is more radiantly beautiful than anything that can be seen on earth. How easy it is then for our guardian Janya to love us in despite of all our faults. But the rejection of deity is an act more hideous than we can conceive; though limited to our material perception, we are apt to suppose the word hideous to be merely a metaphor. Could we but push aside the veil of matter, what a world of brilliant light and abysmal darkness, of dazzling beauty and dizzying horror, would meet our sense,

as we saw the true spiritual colour of the most everyday moral choices and actions. Let us try to act as though we could ‘see’ as well as know the meaning of our actions.

Punishment

Does our Lady punish us? Perhaps; but not after the fashion of masculist legalism: ‘such has been your crime, such is the punishment due, the account must be settled’. When She punishes, it is an instrument of our progress. Hers is the rod of a Preceptress, uncompromising in Her standards yet infinitely patient, not of the public executioner. ‘Justice’ is simply the nature of things: distance from Dea = evil = pain. But when we have come close enough to Her and have given ourselves in complete submission to Her, perhaps She may manipulate that suffering which is the inalienable condition of our particular state of fallenness in the form of precisely those punishments at precisely those times when they will do us most good. But I do not think She gives us pain. I do not think She adds to that which we must suffer. If anything (by a paradox) She lessens it.⁷⁷

TEMPLES OF THE WORLD

The Temple is the centre of a Madrian town or village—not only physically, but symbolically. All the important events in the life of the people occur there. There they are married; there they have their children offered and see them being taught. Most important of all, it is there that their children are initiat-

ed, and so are able to receive the Sacraments; no longer children but adults.

From this outline, it can be seen that a Temple is not just a place where all the good Madrians go once a week to a Rite performed by the Priestess. Let us consider what a Temple was like 12,000 years ago.

The Temple was perhaps a large granite building, probably looking oblong from the outside. Its size would dominate the town. All round the front and the sides there would be a large paved area where there would be a market two or three times a week. There stallholders would haggle with the maids and daughters that householders had sent to buy fruit, food or pots. Some old Lady of the Households could perhaps be seen, as they haggled with a carpenter-maid over the price that she was going to charge them for their new wood panel carving for the window.

You might see a maid carrying a basket, and notice that people gave way to her to let her past, and revered her with respect. She might stop at the cloth stall, pick up some silk, and pay the price that the stall-holder first asked. From that you would know that the maid was on the errand of the Temple, and if you looked at the ring on her hand you would know that she was in fact a Lady of the Temple. That is a position which commands much authority, and the stall-holder would be honoured that she had graced her stall, and would tell her so.

As you go into the Temple, you curtsy in the direction of the High Altar. Having done this, you idly cast your eyes around, and spot with delight your close friend Alcina busily chatting to Donna Chrysothemis. Donna Chrysothemis is only just married, and is very pleased with her title. You walk up to

them. You may not greet them while they are talking—it is rude, but you hope to catch their eye, and you do so. They greet you warmly, and you make a small reverence to Donna Chrysothemis. After all, she is a member of your age-group and someone of whom you are very fond. You talk with them a while of the weather, and the crop and who is studying which new craft. You also tease Donna Chrysothemis about being married, and then you, rather shockingly, remind her of the young man who wanted her to marry him. This was rather amusing, as he had sent her poetry. He could not, of course, give it to her, or say directly who it was to and who it was from, for that would be immodest, but as usual there were sufficient clues. Golden Hair Webster could only refer to Donna Chrysothemis, who was the only maid with golden hair to have the craft of weaving, and the Blue Shepherd, although a little more puzzling, was decided finally to be Frickacles, who was the only shepherd who not only wore blue, as three of them did, but had blue eyes to match. The poem had been delivered in the usual manner; pinned to the tree in the courtyard of the house, from whence it had been taken to the Lady of the Household, who had merely smiled and given it to the children (meaning every one) to work out who it applied to. Donna Chrysothemis had been annoyed and embarrassed, as a maid usually was, but the others had said that she should not be too hard on him; after all, he was a man, and in a way it was quite sweet.

Donna Chrysothemis tries to look disapprovingly at you, but cannot contain the laughter that the reminder causes. The three of you recover, and then walk down the side of the Temple. As you pass one of the groups of people who are seated on the floor on mats, with the Ranya of the group seated in a large

chair, you hear the words that you heard only this morning, but this time they are not directed at you, but by a different Ranya at a different child. The maid who is standing disconsolately, with hanging head, is a maid of about 17. The Ranya, you notice, has seen you, and so the three of you curtsy and are greeted with a sign signifying a blessing. As you walk on, you hear her say, 'Well, Maia, my child, I do not wish for a student who does not pay attention to the words of her Ranya. So it seems then that you must speak with Mistress Sally.* In not paying attention to my words, you are not only being disrespectful to me, but to the whole line of Ranyas that stretch back in time, and upwards to Heaven. For I teach you now as a representative of the Holy line of Ranyas, not as myself. I have had to discipline you once on this subject already this week. Obviously you have not listened to Mistress Sally either. Well, you will speak again with her now. Fetch me the cane—no, I will take the Sally. Now, come over my knee.'

You feel very sorry for her, but you know that she deserves it—just as you had that morning. All the other children of the class are very ashamed, but they are not so afraid of pain as the modern age. A little discipline, they know, is good, and although the maid just about to be spanked with a Sally is being punished in a manner in which children often are, despite the fact that the maid is to marry in the summer, they know that for a childish offence she deserves it.

* A note to the original reads: 'Mistress Sally is the usual familiar term used to describe any kind of willow branch used to keep discipline, from the little switch which stings intensely and stops in a minute, to the great Rod which is used only by a priestess. A Sally is a bunch of willow twigs tied together.'

As you walk on, you hear her return, completely mortified, to her place, and you know that within a few minutes her shame will have disappeared and she will be happy again.

You pass a few more teaching groups; one being taught Tapestry, another drawing. One of the Ancillæ is teaching some pupils a sacred poem. You curtsy to all of them as you pass. A movement and sound at the very back of the Temple catches your eye, and you see that the town dance-troupe is practising a Ritual dance-drama to perfect a movement, under the guidance of a Priestess, who herself has often taken the role of a questing soul, or Hera. This time, she is directing the Troupe, but not acting as well. Her Ancilla will play the music for them. Of course, they usually practise in secret, but they have only just started, so nobody will mind seeing them. When the moves are put together, they will only let the Priestess and her Ancilla see them try. Of course, it is no secret what the play is for. It has to be to celebrate Theia's marriage to Anchises. They will perform in the same ring that the wedding will take place in afterwards. The ring will be made of flowers piled high, and will be just in front of the Rite of Sacrifice Altar. Then there will be games and singing, followed by a feast. Best of all, perhaps, that day will be a holiday for everyone every year until one of them dies. Theia and Anchises are not getting married on one of the specially propitious marriage days; that is very unusual, and there is a good reason. It is thought that her mother will not live until the next usual day, so the marriage is taking place immediately. You hope that her mother will go to Avala, happy to see her daughter married, but you are also not too unhappy at the thought of an extra day's holiday a year. As most mar-

riages take place on a limited number of days, those days are holidays in honour of all the couples who were married then.

You pass through the gated archways into the Grove proper, which is about half the size of the Grove that is used for all kinds of things. This part, which is nearest to the High Altar, is reserved for devotions and quietness only. Many shrines, large and small, lead off behind the pillars to the sides.

You are approaching the Caverna wall, and as you come up to the Great Caverna Gates, the three of you make a deep curtsy to the High Altar. You look into the Caverna through the silver filigree Gates, and see the Priestess feeding the Sacred Flame. If there is a college of Priestesses attached to a Temple, the Flame will be guarded day and night, by Priestesses taking turns. Otherwise, it is fed regularly, and ceremoniously checked during the seven daily Offices, although the Selene Office (Midnight Invocation) will not always be said. Either way, it must never be allowed to go out. It is put out every year on the day of the Passion, and relit with great jubilation during the Sacrament on Resurrection dawn. You can see the Lady of the Temple moving around, preparing some altarcloths. You all say a Silver Star, and make a deep curtsy to the High Altar. As you move away from the Great Gates, you see the elder Priestess of the two who serve the Temple.

She is sitting in the Confession chair, which is situated between one corner of the caverna and the last pillar of the row. You curtsy to her, and she raises her hand in blessing. You wait until she speaks to you, greeting you kindly, and you go on to ask her how the rehearsal with the dancers went. She smiles and replies with a laugh, that they should be more circumspect than to practise in the Temple.

She mentions that it has been a little while since you confessed, and motioning to your friends to walk on, she tells you to kneel. Out come your sins from their hiding places! You have been rude to your father, not paid attention to your Ranya, and committed quite a few minor sins. You feel your heart beat loudly. Although you have already been beaten quite hard for the first two sins, it would hardly be surprising if the Priestess beat you as well. Ah, but she had decided not to, that you would benefit from a stiff lecture in her study tonight when everyone is telling stories by the fire, and you are to make three full Rosaries within the next week. She purifies you, and you kneel on one knee and kiss her hand, and run off to catch up with your friends. This earns you a stiff rebuke and a warning from one of the Outer Temple Maids. If it happens again she will tell the Priestess and your mother will whip you when she knows. There are very few things you may not do in a Temple that you do elsewhere; one of them is buying and selling, and another is running races.

The Outer Temple Maid also has another message—the Temple will be shut tonight from 7 of the clock to 9 of the clock, so the Priestess may make Magic in the Temple. Magic is her path, or at least one of them, and not merely to produce results. When a Priestess studies Magic, her soul moves among high spheres on her path to Our Lady. It is almost time to be home, to take some tea and cake with your mother, so the three of you move toward the big door that will be locked for two hours tonight. At the door, you turn round and make a deep reverence to the High Altar, and then move into the courtyard. As soon as you pass the prayer wheel you give it a turn and say ‘Hail Inanna!’ Your friends do the same, and then

you walk along the path that leads to your home, watching the golden sunlight play upon the cupolas that crown the roof of the Temple, thanking Her for having made so many beautiful things, such as Temples, the sun, and friends.⁷⁸

VIVISECTION AND ABSOLUTE VALUES

I should like to describe two pieces of specialised laboratory apparatus. The first is called the Blalock Press. Its purpose is to produce experimental shock in dogs by crushing the limbs without breaking the bones. The hind legs are clamped into the press which exerts a pressure of up to 5,000 pounds per square inch. After some hours the flesh is reduced to a pulp while the bones remain whole. One group of researchers crushed four hundred dogs by this method. Most died in extreme pain within five to twelve hours. None was given any sedation.

The second machine is the Noble-Collip drum. It is designed to produce traumatic shock in guinea-pigs, hamsters and other small animals. They are placed in the drum with feet taped together, unanaesthetised; the drum is then turned by an electric motor. The interior is then fitted with small projections, so that at each revolution the animal is carried to the top of the drum and dropped. In one experiment, the animals were “drummed” to death, observations being taken at every hundred revolutions. Injuries included fractured skulls, bruised livers and engorgement of the bowels, lungs, kidneys and stomach. The term ‘to drum’ in this sense has passed into the language of biomedical research.

Each of these machines is an expensive and sophisticated piece of equipment. No department is likely to invest in one

unless it is to be used extensively over a period of years. They are not the only devices of the sort, nor even the worst, but they do serve to indicate the nature of the cold matter-of-fact atrocities which are performed every day by scientists who in private life are, for the most part ordinary, kindly, respectable people.

Nor is there any reason for such experiments to stop at animals. Most of us have heard accounts of the hideous medical experiments practised on human beings under the Nazi regime. What is usually comfortably overlooked is that the practitioners were not, for the most part, sadists, neither were they politically motivated. Most of them had held eminent medical positions long before the National Socialists came to power. They justified their conduct by exactly the same arguments as the vivisectionists; the suffering of a few experimental victims was far outweighed by the widespread relief of suffering which could be brought about by the medical discoveries which resulted. Logically the argument is incontestable. There is no reason to suppose it will not prevail in the future—particularly under political systems where the collective is valued above the individual. There is no reason to suppose it does not prevail at present in some places. The cozy myth that the Nazis were the only really wicked people to walk the earth (at least in our enlightened century!) is largely due to the fact that there were powerful vested interests in exposing the crimes of that regime, whereas in most cases the powerful interests lay on the side of keeping them hushed up.

What guarantee can we have against a future of unparalleled cruelty? At the moment there are residual feelings of respect for the human being which prevent brutality from

becoming public policy; but why should we expect them to last? There was a time when public opinion would have revolted against vivisection or the battery system, but it has been moulded into shape by propaganda and the bogus 'authority' of science. There is no absolute morality. Any atrocity can be justified by sophisticated arguments and sentimental appeals to 'the greater good'.

There is only one defence against evil, and that is an absolute standard which can state that evil is evil; not merely on the shifting grounds of human sentiment, but according to an eternal and Divine law. A society which sees nothing beyond the physical world will always be brutal. It can torture without compunction, because it fears no higher justice beyond this world. Because it sees nothing beyond this life it will scramble in the slime of depraved cruelty in order to find ways of prolonging that life for a few more miserable years. Blind to all but the grossest physical effects, it does not see that the massive practice of cruelty (100,000 animals per week die in experiments in this country alone, 85% of which are conducted without anæsthetic at any stage) is releasing a spiritual poison which must pervade the psychic atmosphere at every level; and that the seed of cruelty, once sown, must sooner or later spawn a hideous harvest.

Once we can see beyond this world, we can begin to face the hard realities of life: that human life, at the best of times, is short. That no human life is ever 'saved', only prolonged a little; and that what happens to a person beyond this life is a direct result of the way she acts while she is in it. Once we realise this, we will know that it is not the length or quantity of life that is important, but the depth or quality. Seeing life in its true

perspective, we will give up the abject and cowardly *dictum* that ‘no price is too high for saving lives’, and realise that dragging our souls into the mire of cruelty is one example of a price that is far too high. Life has a purpose; a spiritual purpose that lies far beyond this earthly life itself. The fanatical passion for preserving life for its own sake at whatever costs comes from forgetting this. And so long as it is forgotten, we can expect to live in a society which is ultimately prepared to perpetrate any kind of cruelty in the name of ‘practical’ necessities of life, or even in the name of luxuries and pleasures which have become the only goal of profane life.

It is true that cruelties have been perpetrated in the name of religion; but it is also true that religion has been degenerating into materialism for a great many centuries. The world’s original religion was purely spiritual; God revealed Herself in feminine form and the whole way of life (for it was far more than just a ‘religion’ in the limited modern sense) was imbued with the qualities of love and compassion for all creatures. With masculine religion and the supplanting of the old priestess-queens by warrior kings, the slide into materialism became inevitable, as did the orgy of cruelty which has dogged patriarchy from the Roman period (often lit by human torches), through the Inquisition, to the present.

Archæological records show matriarchal societies which lasted for thousands of years, vegetarian, ruled by priestess-queens and pervaded by the love and worship of God the Mother. Millennia passed without war or violence. Three things made this possible: divine love, a knowledge of immanent justice (‘I can do no harm to another creature which will not rebound on my own head in the fullness of time’); and

an understanding of absolute values, far beyond the slippery arguments of human convenience. For a Madrian, ancient or modern, there can be no quibbles about whether a particular factory farming technique is cruel or not: to treat animals in such a way is out of Harmony, against nature, aḏamic. Divine Law is absolute, and no human sophistries can weigh against it. This is the only guarantee against evil. Once morality becomes a merely relative matter, an atrocity is possible and most are probable.

The immense prestige of the 'science' which perpetrates these evils is directly due to the ignorance of the real nature of things. The ultimate truth about the material universe lies in its spiritual meaning and purpose. When we have lost this metaphysical knowledge we are all too ready to take merely physical descriptions of the mechanics of the universe as a substitute for Absolute Truth. The scientist-materialist world-view in turn reinforces the error that the physical world is all there is, that there is no super-material justice, that life must be preserved at all costs, etc. It is a vicious circle. The only way to break it is by a return to the primordial Truth.⁷⁹

CALENDAR OF OUR LADY'S
EKKLESIA ON EARTH FOR THE YEAR
5083 OF THE IRON AGE*

Culverine

If cuckoo call in Culverine,
Summer shall be fair and fine.

Four seeds in a hole:
One for rook & one for crow,
One to rot & one to grow.

Maia

Cast not a clout 'till may be out –
This signifieth the tree & not the month. Gather may blossom now in Maia's honour, but bring it not in the house if ye would thrive.

* The 5083 calendar corresponded to what was, in the current Imperial reckoning, the year 3301 (Gregorian 1981–2), and consisted of two components: a full calendar—bearing the subtitle 'Giving all the Important Religious Events of the year, together with sundry other Informations, and being fully Illuminated in the Traditional Manner by a Madrian Artist'—and a digest—bearing the subtitle 'Being a Digest of the Calendar, giving the True Ancient and Sacred Dates of the Year, together with those at Present in common Use among the Infidels'. Reproduced here are the textual components only. TCA 5:16 suggests that these were selected by contest from TCA reader submissions.

Hera

Live thy life as thou would die on the morrow, but farm thy
land as thou would live forever.

In Rosen-Tide the sprites draw near
So brew ye ale while spring is here.

Rosea

Thistles cut in Maia
Will quickly come again;
Thistles cut in Hera
Spring up with the next rain;
But thistles cut in Rosea
Are right and goodly slain.

Kerea

Out ettle, in dock,
Dock shall have a new frock,
Ettle shan't have any. (Nettle charm)

Treat bee & wasp stings with vinegar, bruised thyme leaves or
a cut onion. Other insects with strong salt water.

Vaskaras

Only the very good or the very bad do not promise to be
better on Sai Werdë's Day.

Honey should be taken from the hives on Sai Werdë's Day, for
the bees are Sai Werdë's creatures and honey is her gift.

Abolan

Gather apples at the full moon (or at least in the waxing) else
they will shrivel in the store.

Cut an apple transversely and ye will see that the seeds form
our Lady's five-pointed star.

Vois

Burn ashenwood green,
Burn birchenwood sear,
But if ye burn elderwood
Bide ye not near!

Whip not a child with elder rod,
lest her growth be marred.

Werdë

If Werdë's ice do bear the ducken
Winter shall be meek and mucken.

Many nits, many pits;
Many sloans, many groans.*

* A note to the original glosses this rhyme with: 'nuts, graves, sloes, births'.

Astræa

For colds: take by day teas of sage, chamomile, mint, angelica
and yarrow. Eat onions and garlic in foods, soups and, better,
raw. At night, take cordials of elderberry or rose-hip with
Skokhien (spirits).

Herthe

A crackling fire a frost forseeth,
A raging fire a storm decreeth,
A sooten, smoking fire doth warn
A fiending in the chimney lieth.[†]

Brighe

If Candelmass be fair and bright
We've seen not half of winter's night.

If Lighten thorns to hang adrop,
Right good shall be the pulté crop.[‡]

Moura

Fruits aboven ground that growen
In the waxing moon are sowed;
Subtil pulté is aloof
Like rootis set 'neath waning moon.

[†] A note to the original glosses: 'Fiending: ker, ungodly spirit.'

[‡] A note to the original glosses: 'Lighten, Candelmass: Feast of Lights,
Pulté: pease & beanis.'

Information

The Iron Age

The historical cycle is divided into four Ages: the Gold, the Silver, the Bronze and the Iron. By far the longest is the Golden Age, and by far the shortest the Iron. In the first Age, maids were wise and good, and in each succeeding Age they became worse. Only in the Iron Age did patriarchy arise. That Age is now in its 5,082nd year, and is rapidly approaching its appointed end. We may expect all things to become worse before that time, but the darkest hour comes before the dawn, and upon this Age shall follow a new Age of Gold, when maidkind shall return to the Mother of All Things. Until that time, the task of Her loyal children is to sow the seed of that new Age.

13-Sign Zodiac

The thirteen signs correspond to the thirteen months, as indicated in the pages of this calendar. They are the same as those of the twelve-sign zodiac (which is also used by Madrians), except for the thirteenth sign, Arachne the Spider, which falls between Gemini and Taurus in the month of Hera. She is closely linked with Werdë, governs destiny and psychic ability, and is the ruler of the zodiac.

Signs of the Days

With ruling Janya, planet and virtue. Each planetary principle governs an entire dimension of the manifest universe. Every action, creature, event and object in creation can be classified under one of the seven or under some combination. The principles are obviously far too complex to discuss at length here,

but the virtues given below encapsulate the broad area covered by the principles.

	♄	☉	☾	♂	♀	♃	♀
Day	Saturday	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Janya	Rhavē	Raya	Candrē	Vikhē	Mati	Ďamē	Sushuri
Planet	Saturn	Sun	Moon	Mars	Mercury	Jupiter	Venus
Virtue	Humility	Generosity	Purity	Courage	Wisdom	Faith	Love

Janyati

The Janyati are souls that have not fallen from perfection. As such, each is the embodiment of some eternal Principle which runs through the universe at every level, because she is the perfect expression of some aspect of God Herself. We have names for only a fraction of all the Janyati, and of these, only a few have days in this Calendar. Those that have are Sai Herthe, Janya of the home, Sai Athene, Janya of learning, Sai Werdē, Janya of personal fate and moral destiny, Sai Maia, the first person of the Werdē trinity, the abundant giver of existence, Sai Anthea, Janya of flowers, fruits and blossom. All the Janyati are honoured on the Geniad,* which falls on the 28th of Astræa.

The Five Seasons

We are accustomed to speak of 'the four seasons of the year' and, in truth, there is nothing wrong in that, for the seasons of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter are indeed the great divisions of the annual cycle, just as the four elements of water, fire, earth and air are the corner-stones of the physical world

* I.e. the Day of All Janyati.

(this is so even in the basest and most corporeal sense, since all substances must be either solid, liquid, gaseous or in a state of transition, which is represented by fire. But, of course, this doctrine has a far profounder significance than merely that), while the fifth element, æthyr or spirit stands separate and distinct and, as it were, on another plane of being, so, in many analogous cases we find a group of four representing the solidity and materiality of manifest existence, while there is a fifth which stands always apart, belonging to the four, and yet not quite one with them. Thus, with the four Estates of society, the priestesses, the nobles, the craftmaids and the servants, there is a fifth, the Straven, or pure contemplatives, who have renounced both the pains and the pleasures of the ordinary active life, to give themselves wholly to God.

We must remember, however, that although we call spirit the quintessence (the fifth essence, or element) it is in reality the first essence; the one from which all the material elements take their rise, and into which they shall be re-assumed at the close of the cycle of manifestation. As such, it is a reflection upon the lower planes of the Spirit Herself, who is God, 'from whence all comes, whereto all must return'.*

Once we have understood the correspondence between the seasons of the year and the many other groups of four/five, we can apply some of this knowledge to our meditation upon the inner meaning of the seasons, and add greatly to our appreciation of them as they come around in the cycle of the year. For example, Spring corresponds to the dawn, for it is the dawn of the year when all things are reborn, Summer to the blazing noontide, when the sun, the symbol of the Mother, is at its

* Teachings 3:26.

strongest, and it is the fiery union with Her that we seek at the festival of Rosa Mundi, while it is the watery spirit of love, and the regeneration of the Water of Life, which belong to the Eastre Mystery. Autumn corresponds to the dusk, the time of rest and in-gathering, and also to the element of earth, both as the ground to which all must return, and the rich source of Autumn's ripe abundance. These two opposite aspects of earth, contradictory, yet complementary, are deeply bound up with the autumnal festivals of the Mysteries of Life cycle. Winter corresponds to midnight; the deep darkness into which the Light of our Lady was born; while Moura is that strange darkest hour that comes before the dawn. Again, Spring corresponds to the East and the rising sun, Summer to the South, Autumn to the West, and Winter to the North, while Moura relates in one sense to the upward direction, and in another to the downward. As we contemplate these and the many other Mysteries of the year, time itself is transformed and is seen in the light of its true inner significance. It is no longer a straight line chugging endlessly forward into an indefinite and ultimately trivial future, which shall, in its turn, become another forgotten past. It is a realisation of the Mystery of the universe in an endless cycle of feasts and fasts, whose real essence transcends all time, because its roots are planted in Eternity.⁸⁰

[AN DROICHEAD BEO ENTRIES IN
THE *Q DIRECTORY* No 4]

An Droichead Beo:
A Matriarchal Village under One Roof

Burtonport
Co. Donegal, Eire
Enquiries: Mari da'Colwyn

An Droichead Beo is a unique community on the remote west coast of Ireland. A community living a life that has hardly changed for a thousand years. Living in the way of the ancient British matriarchal tradition, where the feminine principle predominates but men also find full self-realisation.

Coming to An Droichead Beo is like stepping through a magic doorway into the past. The first thing to strike you will be the traditional life-style. No electric lighting, only the warm glow of lamp and candle. No gas cooking, only the open hearth and the kitchen range. Good food, ale from a huge oak barrel.

These are first impressions. As you learn a little more of the community you will begin to discover its deeper aspects. Here is a people who do not have the mentality of modern people. Their crafts, their stories, their songs, all have a profound metaphysical meaning and ritual effect. You will join in all these activities. Above all, you will breathe the atmosphere of a community rich with ancient magic, where the fairies and spirits of nature are no strangers, and where wise women per-

petuate a lore and a tradition that was old when the world was young.

An Droichead Beo welcomes visitors all year round, provided they are serious, ready to learn and to fit in with the ways of the community. During the summer, we will be running a number of holiday weeks with a full programme of activities. Send stamp for brochure.

*Ritual Fire:
The Way to Transformation*

We are the true radicals. We can bring about a return to the core. What is at the core, at the centre of each human being? At the centre lies a shadowy figure—she who we would have been in matriarchal times. She who we can become.

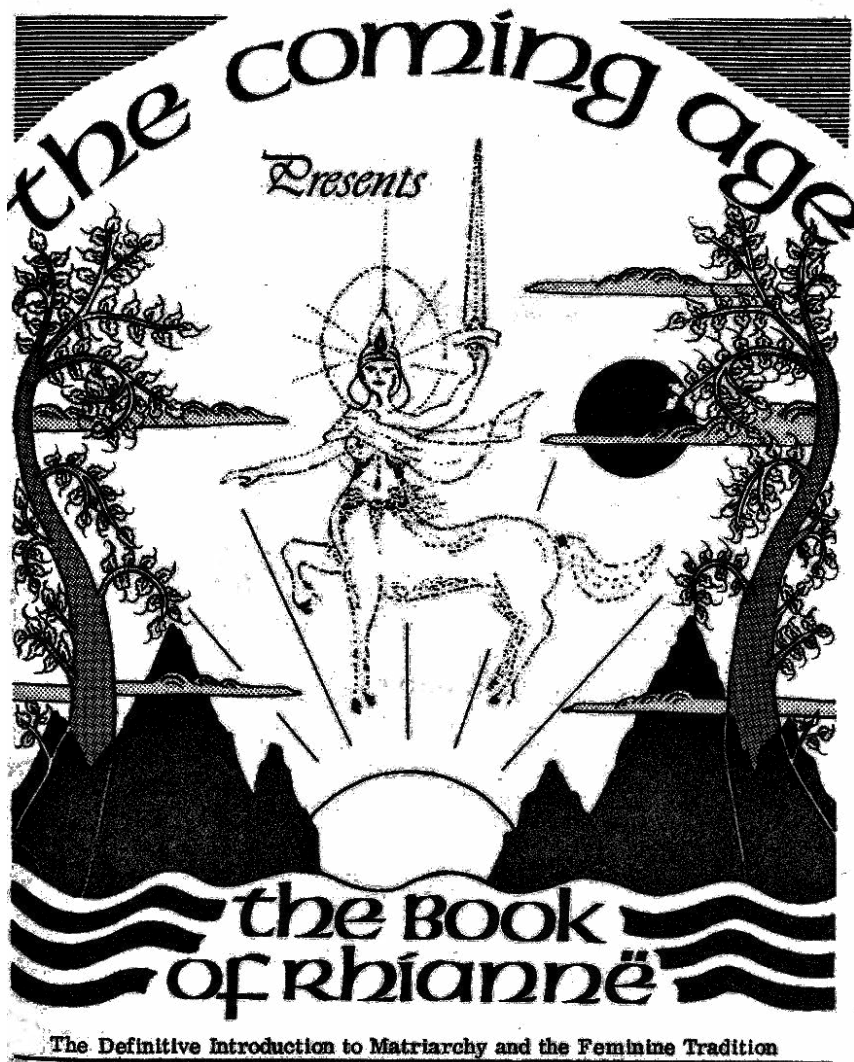
Birth into the patriarchal world distorts our soul, our psyche and our body. We don masks as a protection, mental illness as a defence. Here at An Droichead Beo we can offer transformation. We can offer true health.

The matriarchal peoples of these islands lead not the cramped and joyless lives of modern people. Maids hold authority, breathe power, exercise control, dance in magic and love. An Droichead Beo is the *only* open matriarchal community in existence. We are open only to maids. We began with men involved, worked with men and found that maids' energy flows best without men. But we believe that a feminism that does not wholly reject the modern patriarchal world in all its aspects and struggle for a return to absolute matriarchy is reformist.

Here at An Droichead Beo we help maids gain the power to totally reject the modern patriarchal world and we offer the op-

portunity to become involved in the magical matriarchal world.
Stay here, learn our theory of Transformation, work here.

Risk the death of the patriarch within. Gain a world of
magic.



THE BOOK OF RHIANNË

THE DEFINITIVE INTRODUCTION TO MATRIARCHY AND THE FEMININE TRADITION

MAID AND OTHER RHENNISH WORDS

The word 'maid' rather than 'woman' has been used throughout this book, as is normal in Rhennish usage and in many English dialects. 'Woman' is merely a diminutive form of 'man', whereas 'maid', from the same root as 'magnify' and 'magnificent', means 'great'.

The word is also used to mean 'human beings in general' (just as 'man' is so used in patriarchy). This follows the more general meaning of the word: 'the creature with the power of choice'.*

We have not attempted to reproduce Rhennish dialect in this book, but certain Rhennish terms, such as the names of the *Geniæ and of the matriarchal months, have no modern English equivalents. Partly in order to protect the security of the Old Rhennish communities, and partly because of the ritual power of true Names, we have not divulged actual Rhennish words, but followed our custom of substituting terms drawn from other ancient sources. Such substitutions have been

* A note to the original directs the reader to the section 'The Cosmic Drama' (pp. 1330 ff.).

marked with an asterisk. Thus *Themis represents Rhennish ðamē and *Moira Rhennish werdē.[†]

PRELUDE

WHY RHIANNĒ?

You can see Rhiannē in many places. In the great white mares carved in the chalk downs of England, probably some 12,000 years old. In the stylised mares of ancient British coins, often shown discharging milk from their teats. In her pale and dimmed reflection in Rhiannon of the Mabinogion.

Was she the mare-‘goddess’ of the western peoples or an historical queen, the founder of the matriarchal Rhennish Empire? Since all earthly events are but reflections of Immortal Realities, the distinction is meaningless.

Half-mare and half-maid, she rears above the mists of time, at the dawn of the history of these islands at the western edge of the world. It is from her name that we, the British matriarchal peoples, take our name—the Rhennes.

And it is we, the daughters of Rhiannē, who now address you in this book. Hearken, then, to the words which we shall speak.

[†] This statement has been retained for historical purposes. In keeping with the general practice of the Eastminster Library editions in treating Madrian works, all of the ‘substitute’ names throughout the remainder of the book have here been restored to the Rhennish terms (where known). For a full list of such substitutions and evidence for the status of terms used, see the apparatus, pp. 65 ff.

OVERTURE

WHY THE BOOK?

This is a dangerous book. Every second book published these days declares that it will shock you, startle you and change your view of the world. This one will. It challenges the assumptions upon which all those other books are based—the unspoken, unacknowledged assumptions of the modern late-patriarchal world. The assumptions which lie behind all modern thinking, from the most ‘orthodox’ to the most ‘radical’, from the universities to the public bars, from the most banal statements of received opinion to the wildest and crankiest of notions which abound—and of necessity must abound—in an age like this. It challenges these assumptions from the only other point of view there is. The single, orthodox tradition held by the entire human race for well over ninety-nine per cent of its history.

The thesis of this book may be summarised in the following five points:

- I. That the vast majority of human history is the history of matriarchal civilisations in which the feminine principle was predominant. This is already well known to those who have made a study of the subject. For example, Marija Gimbutas, Professor of European Archaeology at UCLA and author of the standard textbook on Old European civilization from 7000 to 3500 B.C.,* writes in the preface to the latest (1982) edition: ‘Much new material on the mythical imagery of Old Europe has emerged during the

* Marija Gimbutas, *The Gods and Goddesses of Old Europe, 7000–3500 B.C.*, Thames & Hudson, 1974.

ten-year interval between the writing of (the first edition) and the present edition, but the basic concepts have remained unchanged. The new discoveries have served only to strengthen and support the view that the culture called Old Europe was characterized by a dominance of women in society and worship of a Goddess incarnating the creative principle as Source and Giver of All.'

2. That these ancient civilisations were by no means 'primitive' but were highly sophisticated in all important areas of life (which, for them, did not include factory production or 'business efficiency') and possessed an intelligence at least equal to our own. This, too, is hardly disputable by any serious student of the subject.
3. That the way in which these ancient civilisations perceived the world—a perception which might be called 'mythic' or 'Archetypal'—represents a mode of thought immeasurably superior to the modern 'scientific world view', and that the latter is the result of a distinct intellectual degeneration which has bound human thought increasingly to the level of gross matter.
4. That, indeed, the entire doctrine of 'human progress', fundamental to modern thought, is a falsehood devised in self-justification by the most inferior epoch of human history. That the true process of human 'development' has been a long, slow decline which has been rapidly accelerating over the last few millennia; and that these latter stages of accelerated decline are inseparably bound up with the predominance of patriarchy.

5. That the reconstitution which must necessarily follow the completion of the decline can only proceed from a return to the primordial matriarchal tradition, which has been preserved in these islands and elsewhere.

Such a brief statement can give no idea of the depth and wholeness of the matriarchal tradition; nor of how utterly different it is to anything you have encountered before. Neither can a single reading of this book. We suggest that you read it, think about it, and read it again. And again. Gradually, all the pieces of the jigsaw will fall into place. You will not only 'understand' but your consciousness will become transformed. But be warned. As the matriarchal vision becomes more whole and real in your mind, an equal and opposite reaction takes place. The heavy solidity of the late-patriarchal 'real world' begins to fade and become insubstantial. You are no longer able to take it seriously. Suddenly, it is no longer your home. You are a stranger from an older, deeper world. This is a dangerous book.

SECTION I

THE PATTERN OF HISTORY

In the Beginning

'When above the heavens had not been formed, when the earth below had no name, Tiamat brought form them both... Tiamat, Mother of the gods, Creator of all.*' So begins the earliest known account of the creation of the world.

* From the Enuma Elish. The translation is Muss-Arnolt.

Moving from the Near East to Europe, the earliest known creation story is the pre-Hellenic Pelasgian Creation Myth, which depicts the creation of the universe by Eurynome, the Goddess of All things. Commenting on this in his classic study of the Greek myths, Robert Graves says: 'In this archaic religious system there were as yet neither gods nor priests, but only a universal goddess and her priestesses, woman being the dominant sex'.[†]

In all myth throughout the world, the original Creator is feminine. It is only with the coming of a masculine-dominated (patriarchal) social system that She is replaced by a male god. Sometimes (as in the case of Tiamat above) She is said to have been conquered or killed by the new god. Sometimes the patriarchy boldly changes the sex of the Deity without changing the name—as with Ea in Syria, Shiva in India or Atea in Polynesia. Sometimes the goddess was slowly phased out and god phased in. W. R. Smith points out that the goddesses of the ancient Semites 'changed their sex and became gods' in historical times,[‡] while Atea, the supreme God of Polynesia, was a goddess as little as 500 years ago.[§]

Often the new cult of the male god could only be made to replace the original religion of the goddess by a very severe patriarchal regime. This was the case with the Hebrew Jehovah.[¶] Even then, the people frequently reverted to the worship of

[†] *The Greek Myths*, Penguin, 1955, I, p. 28.

[‡] Theodor Reik, *Pagan Rites in Judaism*, Farrar, 1964, p. 70.

[§] Peter N. Buck, *Vikings of the Pacific*, University of Chicago Press, 1959, p. 73.

[¶] A note to the original refers the reader to Jeremiah 44:16–19.

‘the Queen of Heaven’, much to the chagrin of the patriarchal prophets.*

Turning from the ‘historical’ to the ‘prehistoric’ period—that is to say, to that vast majority of human history for which written records no longer exist or have been re-written by patriarchal redactors—the material evidence makes it clear that the religion of the feminine Deity was predominant for thousands of years.

James Mellaart, probably the world’s foremost authority on Near Eastern archaeology, writes in his famous survey of ancient Near Eastern civilization: ‘Between 9000 and 7000 B.C. art makes its appearance in the Near East in the form of statuettes of the supreme deity, the Great Goddess.’ Mellaart states that historically ‘the cult of the Great Goddess’ is ‘the basis of our civilisation.’†

In a similar survey of ancient European civilization between 7000 and 3500 B.C., Professor Marija Gimbutas explains how recent archaeology has given us a clear picture of this period, unearthing some 30,000 sculptures of clay, marble, bone, copper and gold from some 3,000 sites. Clearly a vast area and a great period of time are involved (much longer than the whole known ‘historical’ period), yet certain general statements can be made covering the entire civilization. Prof. Gimbutas shows that the Creator of the world was regarded as a goddess (like Tiamat, often symbolized as a bird), that the Great Goddess

* James Mellaart, *Earliest Civilisations of the Near East*, McGraw Hill, 1965, p. 18.

† Ibid., p. 77.

was 'the central figure in the pantheon of gods' and that 'the pantheon reflects a society dominated by the mother.'[‡]

We may go back further, say to the Gravettian-Aurignacian cultures, sites of which have been found in Spain, France, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia and Russia, and recently as far afield as Anatolia in the Near East. Some of these sites date back well over 25,000 years, and in these virtually all statues, divine or human, are female. In the period after 9000 B.C., the pattern tended to follow that stated by Mellaart in connection with ancient Hacilar (c. 5800 B.C.): 'The statuettes portray the Goddess and the male appears only in a subsidiary role'. But in the older Gravettian-Aurignacian cultures, the male scarcely appears at all. What we have is a vast preponderance of stylized female images, known to archæologists as 'Venus figures'.

We might go back further still, for example to the Venus of the Willendorf Cave, which is at least seventy thousand years old, but as we recede into such distant eras, dating and interpretation obviously become more difficult and conservative scholarship becomes cautious. Let us, therefore, remain with the wealth of well-attested and generally accepted fact.

The True Image

But what were they like, these prehistoric civilisations? Archæologists refer to them as Palæolithic (old stone age), Neolithic (new stone age) etc.—terms which to the average person imply brutish 'cave-men', dressed in skins and barely able to speak. Serious archæologists have not believed in this popular myth for well over half a century now, but the discoveries of the last

[‡] Marija Gimbutas, *The Gods and Goddesses of Old Europe, 7000–3500 B.C.*, Thames & Hudson, 1974, pp. 236–7.

twenty years in Europe and the Near East have shown that it is so far from the truth as to be ridiculous.

Let us take Hacilar, mentioned above in connection with the predominance of the female image. This 'stone-age' community lived in two-storey houses, often thirty feet in length, arranged around a central courtyard, with ovens, kitchens, hearths upstairs and down, verandas overlooking the courtyard and numerous other 'civilised' features.*

This example is entirely typical. We find similar conditions all over Neolithic Europe and the Near East and as far afield as Dravidian India. Furthermore, these societies were not separate developments, but as the great Indologist, Ananda Coomaraswamy points out, the fruits of 'a common cultural inheritance throughout an area extending from Mesopotamia to Egypt and the Ganges to the Mediterranean' based upon 'the worship of the Great Mother'.†

It was a matriarchal civilisation in which the priesthood, the heads of families and of the state were all female. The concept of feminine supremacy is so alien to modern minds that many male scholars have described it in terms which imply abject subjection on the part of men. Speaking of Çatal Hüyük, the oldest town at present known to archæology, Mellaart, who was the excavator, speaks of 'man's subservience to women'.‡ Charles Seltman says of the pre-Mycenæan Greeks 'religion and custom were dominated by the female principle, and men

* James Mellaart, *The Neolithic of the Near East*, Thames & Hudson, 1975, pp. III–I3.

† *A University Course in Indian Art*, Raja Singam, 1978, p. 34.

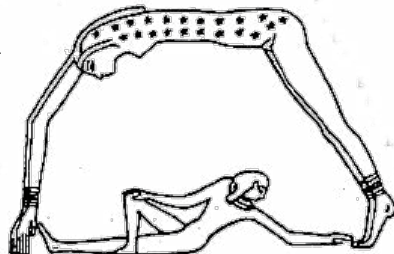
‡ *Catal Hüyük*, McGraw Hill, 1967, p. 84.

were but the servers of women'.[§] Graves says that men, as the 'weaker sex', 'could be trusted to hunt, fish, gather certain foods, mind flocks and herds... so long as they did not transgress matriarchal law'.[¶] J. J. Bachofen says that in prehistoric times 'woman towers above man', and speaks of 'the contrast between the dominant woman and the servile man'.^{**}

This assumption of man's abject condition in the ancient world is but the result of an ingrained patriarchal prejudice which baulks at the overturning of his 'natural' superiority. To an unprejudiced eye, what emerges is a picture of a peaceful civilization of small towns, villages and a few small cities, based on a common religion and philosophy, and where, under clear female leadership, maids and men were able to cooperate, and 'all the resources of human nature, feminine and masculine, were utilized to the full as a creative force'.^{††}

When is a Goddess not a Goddess?

Many writers have referred to the Great Goddess of antiquity as an 'earth-mother', 'fertility goddess', 'moon-goddess' etc. These notions derive directly from patriarchal myth which sought to make of the Goddess an inferior consort of the new god. In matriarchal times, the



*Sky Goddess, Earth God,
— the original Archetype*

§ *The Twelve Olympians*, Apollo, 1962, p. 27.

¶ *The Greek Myths*, I, p. 15.

** *Myth, Religion and Mother Right*, Princeton University Press, 1967, p. 112.

†† Gimbutas, *The Gods and Goddesses of Old Europe*, p. 238.

Goddess represents the sky, the sun, the spiritual principle, while male figures might sometimes represent the earth, the moon, and the material principle. Only in patriarchal times do we find what scholars call 'solarisation', which has been defined as 'a development whereby the entire symbolic system of the earlier age is reversed, with the moon and the lunar bull assigned to the mythic sphere of the female and the lion, the solar principle, to the male'.*

Everywhere the sky and the sun have been closely related to concepts of transcendence and the Absolute. And this is precisely what the Goddess is. She is not an 'earth goddess'. She is not a 'goddess' at all in any modern understanding of the term. She is Deity pure and simple. To return to our earlier question: When is a goddess not a goddess? When She is God.

Cycles of Time

From the Far East to the Americas, from Africa to the Eskimos, from the earliest times to the most recent, every traditional philosophy is agreed that the Golden Age or Garden of Eden lies in the past, and that humanity has for a very long time grown ever more distant from absolute spiritual Reality, ever more profoundly plunged into the illusions of the material world.

The modern myth of progress, on the other hand, which has been called 'the religion of the newspaper', preaches a strange inversion of this, holding that we have developed from a superstitious primitiveness and are rapidly approaching moral and physical perfection on earth through the multiplication of material acquisitions.

* Joseph Campbell, *Occidental Mythology*, Souvenir Press, 1964, p. 75.

The British matriarchal (Rhennish) tradition is at one with all tradition, both matriarchal and patriarchal, in seeing history as essentially the story of a long decline and degeneration from our first primordial wholeness. More specifically, this decline takes the form of a cycle of four Ages, named in order the Golden, Silver, Bronze and Iron Ages. This tradition of the four Ages does not belong only to the Rhennes. It was known by the ancient Greeks and Romans and is still current today among the Hindus and the North American Indians.

Of these Ages, the first Golden Age was by far the longest. As the Ages became ever further removed from the primordial harmony, they also became progressively shorter. The last and shortest Age is the present Iron Age, also called the Dark Age or *Kali Yuga*; yet even this stretches back more than 5000 years into the past.

From this time-scale it is clear that all Ages before this dark Iron Age were in the matriarchal period. Indeed, the early history of the Iron Age is, to a large extent, the history of the birth and gradual rise to ascendancy of patriarchy. Given the nature of the historical cycle, as we shall later see, this development was inevitable.

As with many other traditions, later patriarchal authorities have 'edited' the traditional doctrines so as largely to remove reference to the matriarchal nature of the earlier Ages. Largely, but not wholly; for example, the ancient Greek writer Hesiod, describing the Silver Age, tells us that 'The men were utterly subject to their mothers and dared not disobey them, although they might live to a hundred years old'.[†]

[†] *Works and Days*, 109–201.

The Age of Gold

‘The Golden Age’, in fact, refers to that period when humanity was most completely in harmony with the absolute spiritual Reality which underlies the appearances of the material world. In the light of that Reality, the true meaning of life, and of everything within it, was luminously clear, and maid was able to live to her fullest potential knowing and fulfilling her true purpose in the world.

The superiority of this primordial matriarchal world, acknowledged by all traditions, was primarily one of intellect (in the true sense of the word), or of vision. Whereas the modern mind is characterised by a drive to separate (analyse) all things, primordial maid saw all things as a harmonious unity. Outward and inward, world and ego, spirit and matter, all these things were one to the primordial maid. She was not an ‘individual’ separate from ‘the things about her’, but was one with the world and with the Spirit.

This unitive vision was necessarily accompanied by an intellectuality far subtler and more profound than anything which the modern world could understand. This is confirmed by the history of language which is, after all, the history of thought. Every human language is a debased form of some more ancient language. The older the language, the more subtle and complex its structure. Classical Greek, for example, is a maze of case-endings, declensions and conjunctions to most modern students. Sanskrit, an earlier language of the same family, is far more complex. Classical Vedic scholars in India—people who are already speaking Sanskrit-based modern dialects—normally take ten years of intensive study to master Sanskrit grammar.

Yet philologists tell us that the original Indo-European language which gave birth to both Greek and Sanskrit was more complex than either. The sheer concentration required to speak one of the ancient languages would be beyond most modern minds. But these languages were far more subtle, precise, rich and philosophical. Modern Western dialects, by contrast, are crude instruments, better suited to describing physical events than subtle philosophical concepts. This, of course, is perfectly in accord with the crudity of the modern mentality which understands little beyond the physical order.

Furthermore, a study of the earliest surviving languages shows them to have had a range of sounds which leaves us no option but to conclude that in the far past human capacities for hearing and articulation were much finer and more delicate than today. The same conclusion must be drawn from the rhythmic and melodic subtlety of ancient music.

The unitive vision of primordial maid may be called the quintessential feminine consciousness. It is rooted in the total absorption of the soul in God, in the form in which She has presented Herself to humanity from the beginning—the Great Mother.

The history of humanity from the early part of the Golden Age onward has been the history of the gradual loss of this primordial consciousness. We must now turn our attention to the principles which underlie this process.

The material world exists between two extreme poles, both of which lie outside manifestation itself; one ‘above’ it and the other ‘below’ it. The first is Essence or pure quality, the second substance or pure quantity. Essence is that which gives shape, form and quality to things; substance is the material ‘stuff’ in

which this shape and quality is manifested. In the case of a statue we may say that the stone of which it is carved is the substance, and the shape of the statue (originally the 'idea' in the artist's mind), the Essence.

All things in the Universe are Essences, or divine Ideas (Archetypes) expressed in substance or matter. Pure Essence cannot exist on the material plane. It would be, so to speak, 'flower-ness' but not a flower. Pure substance without Essence would have no qualities; no shape, no size, no weight, no colour, no texture, etc. Therefore it too cannot exist on the material plane.

Now Essence is the feminine pole and substance the masculine. In the beginning all things were pure Essences, residing unmanifest in the Mother. The process of manifestation is the descent of Essence into substance.* At the beginning of this process, Essence predominates but the substantial element increases throughout, and the Essential element diminishes.

This process is reflected in the human cycle, which, like all natural cycles, is a microcosm of manifestation. On the human level this has many consequences: on the one hand it entails a descent from a pure perception of absolute Reality (as embodied in the Essences) to a grosser and grosser preoccupation with matter, leading eventually to modern materialism. On the other hand (since Essence is the feminine pole and substance the masculine) it leads to the shift of society from the feminine principle to the masculine. Indeed, patriarchy and materialism are simply different aspects of the same tendency.

* A note to the original reads: 'Or, more strictly, its "reflection" in substance, since the transcendent Essences or Archetypes still remain on their own level in changeless perfection.'

Another consequence, since Essence is the principle of order, harmony and meaning, is not only (as we have seen) the progressive decline of human intellectuality, but also the degeneration of society into ever-increasing violence, discord and chaos.

This is wholly in accordance with the law of entropy stated by modern physics and confirmed by chemistry, mathematics and astronomy, which indicates that 'the universe is running down like a clock'—or more specifically, is degenerating from an organised whole into a pure randomness incapable of producing heat, light or life. This is surely a statement on the lowest and most material level of the principle of cyclical degeneration known from the most ancient times.

In the light of this knowledge, we are now ready to examine the question: what is the real nature and meaning of the modern world—and what is the end to which it is leading?

The End: And a New Beginning

If we are to understand matriarchal thought (or indeed any form of traditional thought), we must learn to think in symbols. The concept of the world as a wheel, for example, is a fundamental part of our ancient intellectual heritage. The central point of the wheel does not turn, yet it is the cause of all turning, just as the Absolute is not manifest and yet gives rise to all manifestation (or, to put it in theological terms, we may say that God is not in the material universe, yet She causes the material universe to exist). The spokes of the wheel are the divine Ideas or Archetypes which are the form of all material things, from a star to a tree to a human soul. At the hub of the wheel they are together in perfect unity. This is the realm

of Perfect Forms in which we dwelt before the dawn of time. The rim of the wheel, with its iron band, is the realm of pure materiality, which, although we are now very close to it, we can never fully reach. The cycle of the Ages is a descent from the hub of the wheel to the rim.

The movement of the historical cycle is from unity to multiplicity, from harmony to discord, from the subtlest forms of manifestation to gross matter, from order to chaos, from quality to quantity.

At the beginning of the cycle, all humanity had a single language, a single culture, a single 'religion'. But religion is not the correct word to use, for religion is an invention of much later ages, when maid's spiritual vision was a special separate part of her life. In the first age her language, her work, her play and all aspects of her life were simply 'exteriorisations' of her spiritual vision.

A few words of her language could convey volumes of meaning. Just as long passages of a modern language can be translated by a much shorter passage in the more ancient and more sophisticated languages, such as Greek and Sanskrit, so the same passage in the primordial language might be a short phrase or even a single word.

Art was restricted to the simplest geometrical forms, yet it could convey depths of meaning far greater than anything the modern mind can begin to comprehend.

The progressive loss of this state is the history of the cycle. In the beginning maid can grasp vast tracts of truth in a single thought and express them in a single word. But with each generation she is able to take in less and less at a single time. Language becomes wordier, for she must have everything 'spelled

out' to her. Art becomes more elaborate, for the simple symbols must be augmented with ever more visual 'explanation'.

It is this process of elaboration which the modern mind, with its inverted Iron-Age perspective, mistakes for 'progress' or 'evolution', despite (as, for example, in the history of language) the clearest possible evidence to the contrary.

As the intellectual and spiritual faculties of maid diminished, her involvement with the material domain increased. Certain symbolic events mark stages along this path. For example, it was a major step toward the 'materialisation' of human maid when she first lived in houses of stone or brick rather than wood—that is to say, when she created her home environment from the mineral rather than the vegetable realm. Yet even in this period, there remained for a long time strict prohibitions upon the use of metals which would have represented the next stage of descent. This prohibition was retained in certain specific ritual contexts well into patriarchal times. A Hebrew altar, for example, might be built only of whole stones for 'thou shalt not lift any tool of iron upon them'.* But for several millennia the prohibition extended to all use of metal whatsoever.

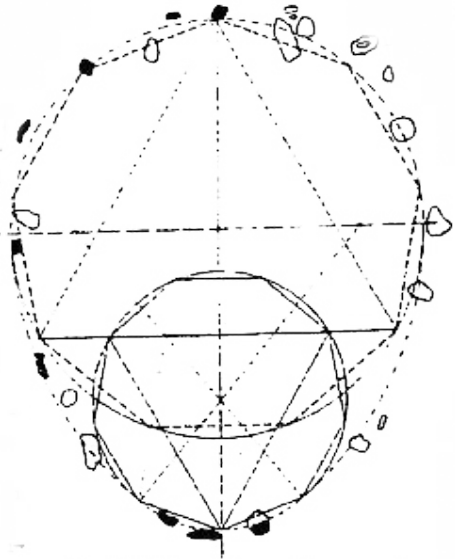
It was this prohibition, based upon sound metaphysical principles and a knowledge of cyclical laws, that gave rise to the phenomenon known to archaeologists as the 'Stone Age'. To the modern mentality, which can scarcely dream of a civilisation which might organise and delimit its material activities on supra-material principles; which is unable to restrict its own feverish activities on grounds of simple physical caution in the face of near-certain disaster (the nuclear field is one obvious example among many others); to this mentality it seems 'obvi-

* Deuteronomy 27:5.

ous' that Stone Age humanity must have been unable to work in metal and that the introduction of metallurgy must represent a 'discovery', and 'advance in human knowledge', a 'new step in evolution' etc.

But consider: this period produced what even the modern world acknowledges to be some of the finest pottery and artwork known to humanity. Monuments such as Stonehenge have been shown to be based upon the most intricate mathematical and astronomical calculations. Matriarchal symbols, such as the labrys, engraved on the stones reveal connections with cultures thousands of miles away; while, together with sister monuments in Scotland and on the continent, their specifications are so exact that among all of them the units of measurement varied by no more than 0.03 inch. As Professor Thorns of Oxford University has observed, the calculations involved demand 'a highly trained intellect', and an organised 'school or system of mathematical reasoning', whose influence extended over a very wide area, must have lain behind them.

To call these megaliths 'computers in stone', as some modern writers have done, betrays a vulgar misunderstanding which assimilates what are in fact



The Mathematics of Savages?

constructions of a far profounder order than the writers in question can well imagine with the banal products of modern materialism. But to suggest that the builders of these megaliths were incapable, if they so chose, of 'discovering' and practising the most rudimentary metallurgy, or even (as school text books and other popular sources still do) that they were loin-clothed semi-savages, is an act of sheer impudence and deliberate perversity.



The encroachment of the masculine principle upon both society and religion, and its relation to the processes of materialisation and fragmentation is a complex subject, but we may examine it briefly by means of an example that is relatively familiar. The death and resurrection of the Child of God.

This has long been the central Mystery of the Western tradition. Its roots are in the primordial matriarchal tradition, and the life, death and resurrection of Inanna (or Dana) Herself. As civilization became more fragmented, the tradition took different forms in different places—Babylonian Ishtar, the Hanged Artemis of Arcadia, Helen of the Trees, Persephone, etc. Later still, the sacrificial Daughter was depicted in male forms—Attis, Adonis, Osiris, Tammuz, etc. The last of these masculinised forms was Jesus, but this cult took the masculinist-materialist tendency one stage further, postulating a descent into material history, with God dying on a particular piece of soil in a particular year under a particular provincial official named Pilate. This bringing of Eternity into time, this wholly untraditional denial of the transcendent nature of archetypal Events was at once the logical outcome of the image

of a male god, and the sowing of a seed which must inevitably grow into modern 'scientific' materialism. Thomas, who would not believe until he had put his fingers into Christ's wounds, was the first rumble of the explosion of crass materialism which took place seventeen centuries after his death.



Of all the civilisations in the history of humanity, the modern world stands out as a veritable anomaly, being the only one to have no basis whatsoever in principles which transcend the merely physical order.

Indeed, it has so completely forgotten the very existence of such principles that it assumes that all previous civilisations were, like itself, wholly concerned with the physical, or animal, aspect of life: that their whole existence was based upon the control of the physical environment and the production of material goods, entertainments, etc. It is upon this false assumption that the entire modern doctrine of 'progress' is based.

The modern mind can hardly conceive of the fact that our ancestors had far better things with which to occupy themselves than the 'conquest of nature'; that ancient craft was not a simpler forerunner of modern industry, but a spiritual vocation, in which the needs of body and soul were satisfied together; that traditional sacred sciences were not crude attempts to understand the physical world, but profound studies of the true inner workings of the cosmos, of which the modern materialist 'sciences' are mere residues or husks, emptied of all but the most outward and superficial significance. In short, the modern world cannot comprehend the fact that traditional civilization was directed to the true end and meaning of human

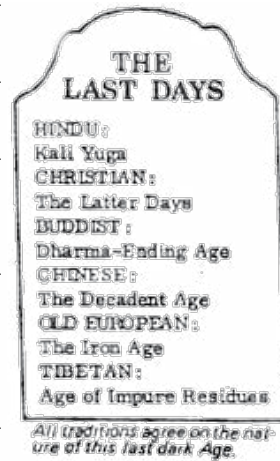
life—the pursuit of our spiritual destiny—and not to the endless accumulation of material wealth and power.

And for this ignorance, the modern world is paying a terrible price. Material ‘science’, devoid of any superior principle, is wreaking havoc upon the environment and threatening total destruction in a dozen different ways. Modern art, industry and architecture, devoid of any transcendent principles, have created a world of unprecedented ugliness and vulgarity. But most of all, human life, stripped of its true meaning and purpose, has produced a neurotic and alienated humanity, increasingly alone and insecure in a meaningless, impersonal world. Chaos, violence and disorder of every sort are increasing by the day.

For many centuries the world has been living on the inherited spiritual capital of the matriarchal ages. Now that capital has almost run out, and there is nothing left to hold civilization together.

Is a total collapse inevitable? Yes. This is in the nature of the historical cycle; it cannot be otherwise. Modern conditions are nothing but the fulfillment, often to the letter, of predictions based upon knowledge of cyclical laws, and found in traditional cultures all over the world.

But it is equally certain that from this collapse will emerge a new Golden Age and a return to the primordial Tradition of humanity. For just as day follows night and spring follows



winter, so the Dark Age of the historical cycle is inevitably followed by a period of restoration.

INTERLUDE

THE SCIENTIST AND THE BOOK

A Parable

My Lady gave to me a book; and it was called the universe. But because I had not seen such a thing before, I knew not how to find its meaning.

So I went with my book to a man who was wise with the wisdom of this world, and I asked him, 'Have you seen this book before?' And he replied, 'Many times have I seen this book.'

Then I asked him, 'Can you tell me the meaning of this book?' whereupon he brought forth a great bundle of papers bound with cords.

'Herein,' he said, 'you will find everything that can be known about this book. You will find its exact weight to the last millionth of an ounce, its exact size to the last millionth of an inch, the precise thickness of each page, the exact composition of its materials, its mass, its density, the most painstakingly calculated estimation of its age, together with all the steps by which the estimation was arrived at...'

'But,' I asked, 'can you not tell me the meaning of the book; what it has to tell us?'

The man who was wise with the wisdom of this world began to laugh. 'But my dear girl,' he said, wiping away tears of mirth, 'that is not a scientific question.'

Caring little for what category my question was placed in, I said, 'Then I will ask an unscientific question.'

'But an unscientific question is a question which itself has no meaning,' he replied.

So I left, taking with me the bundle of papers in order to read them over and ponder upon what had been said.

On the following morning, I went again to the man who was wise with the wisdom of the world and said to him, 'Sir, you say that these papers contain all that can be known of this book, and yet, looking through them, I find that they say almost nothing of the small black marks which cover every page.'

'That is correct,' admitted the sage. 'You will find in our report that they are made of a substance called ink; but I must confess that I was perhaps a little—well—forward in saying that the report contains *all* that is to be known about the book. But there are teams of highly trained people working day and night on those black marks. Very soon we will know exactly how high each one stands off the page, even though it be measured in the tiniest fractions. We will calculate the exact weight and density of each mark and record the smallest differences between the precise shades of black. I can confidently predict that within the very near future—possibly within your own lifetime—we will know everything that can be known about the book called the universe.'

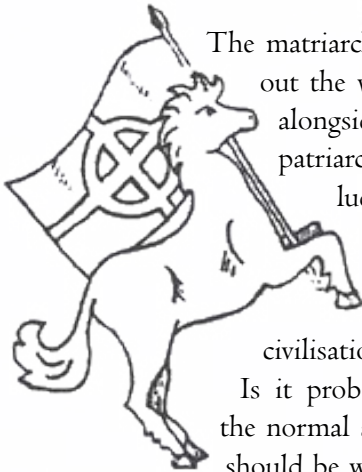
And I left that place heavy of heart, for I could find no answer to the things that had been said; and yet I felt certain

that something was lacking, and that it was the most important thing of all.

SECTION II

THE RHENNISH TRADITION

We Are the Rhennes



The matriarchal tradition was dominant throughout the world for untold thousands of years, alongside which the few dozen centuries of patriarchal dominance are but a brief interlude in the course of human history; a period of disturbance, marking the end of a great world-cycle, during which the normal pattern of human civilisation is momentarily interrupted.

Is it probable that during this short interval the normal and orthodox tradition of humanity should be wholly and utterly forgotten? It is not, and indeed this has not been the case. In many parts of the world the matriarchal tradition has been continued in certain families and communities. In the British Islands and in Brittany, our native matriarchal tradition is called Rhennish.

We are the Rhennes. Our symbol is the white mare. From time untold we have inhabited the islands at the far west of the world. Once we ruled a mighty Empire in Northern Europe—part of the world's last great matriarchal civilisation. For centuries we held the patriarchal barbarians at bay, keep-

ing the northern world safe for civilisation; but eventually we were driven back to the island strongholds of the Rhennesland. When Mider, the first patriarchal king, ensconced himself in these islands, our daring, dashing Queen Colwyn smote him down again. But the decline of the Iron Age is inexorable. In the end we were defeated in England and at length even our fortresses in the west of Ireland were overrun. For centuries our religion was outlawed and we faced increasing persecution. If power and tyranny and ruthlessness were enough to destroy a tradition, then matriarchy in these islands would be a thing of the past, crushed out of existence centuries ago. But we are the Rhennes, and we do not know the word 'surrender'.

From generation to generation our tradition has been passed down, always in secrecy, and often in direst danger. We live according to ðamë, the Law of the primordial Tradition. Maids are the heads of households and leaders of the community, and all the important aspects of life are carried on as they have been from time immemorial.

But what sort of people are we, we Rhennes? I cannot do better than to quote at length the following passage written by a maid who has spent her life in a Rhennish community:

It is a strange paradox, though perhaps not a surprising one, that in the modern world, where every emphasis is laid upon 'personality' and 'individuality', individual people become ever less distinguishable from the common mass; while in a traditional society, which cares nothing for 'personality' and its development, strong, vivid and compelling characters are the rule rather than the exception.

Growing up in a Rhennish matriarchal community, I was surrounded by these characters; proud and noble, irascible and loving, witty and wise. More dignified than any modern person would dare to be, and yet able to join in a game of tag or hide-and-seek with the exuberance

of eight-year-olds. Larger than life the modern world would call them; but that is only because modern materialism has made of human life a thing smaller and shoddier than it was ever meant to be.

A people that lives in the light of Eternity is not bounded by the provincialism of the present. The distant past and the far future were a part of our daily thoughts. The battles of the Chenti (Western Amazons) and of the Rhennisleague (British Amazons) were fought again by our firesides, and passions ran high over the 'current events' of forty centuries ago. If a Rhennish family was robbed of land by the patriarchy a thousand years ago, you may be sure that they know it to the last yard and intend to have it back even if they must wait another thousand years. After so many centuries we did not and do not accept the legitimacy of the patriarchal tyrant one whit more than if he had invaded our shores and sacked our temples the day before yesterday. Hard, unyielding, loyal, patient; 'a people of granite' the prophet Mother Alethea called us. These were the people that I grew up among. Yet tough as they were, they were graceful in their ways and manners, as all matriarchal people are graceful; and tough as they brought us up to be, they were more loving than any Blentish (non-Madrian) community can be. Love surrounded us as children—the love of our parents, our aunts and uncles, our teachers, my mother's craft-pupils—almost everyone I knew. Love is a scarce resource in Blentish society. It is rationed out to spouses, children, immediate relatives and possibly a close friend or two. In a Rhennish community, love is all around us. It is in the air we breathe. Embraces are frequent and heartfelt. There are real tears from the whole household when a friend has to leave. When a Rhenne takes you to her heart, you have a friend for life; there is nothing she will not do for you, no trouble in which she will not stand by you. Overspreading and underpinning all this love is the love of Inanna Herself, Who is the Friend of everyone and the Source of all love. Amid this love, coupled with firm discipline, the Rhennish child grows up with a feeling of complete security and an inner strength which endures throughout her life. Neurosis, depression and all the mental ills endemic in the modern world are unknown to the Rhennish people, despite the fact that great hardship is sometimes involved in the

struggle to preserve the traditional way of life against the onslaught of modernist patriarchal tyranny.*

To this day the majority of Rhennes choose to continue their traditional secrecy and employ a variety of ingenious methods for maintaining it. We fully sympathise with this policy, but we also believe that as the Iron Age draws to its chaotic conclusion and patriarchal civilisation begins to crumble from within, eaten away by its own inherent destructiveness, the time is coming when ever-increasing numbers of people will be ready to return to the primordial tradition.

For this reason it is our purpose to establish a number of New Rhennish communities, made up mostly of people born outside traditional matriarchal families. These will provide a way for those who are ready to leave the directionless chaos of the modern world and return to a meaningful life centred upon the universal harmony (ðamë).

Slowly more people will return to the mother-faith and tradition of all humanity, and, amid the harshest frosts of the patriarchal winter, the first green shoots shall appear above the surface—the heralds of a dawning Age.

Ðamë: Cosmic Harmony in Human Life

It is often asked why the Rhennes reject the paraphernalia of modern technological society. Is it just nostalgia, or sentimental affection for the past?

The answer is that the Rhennish attitude has nothing to do with sentiment, but has a solid base in sacred science. The

* From the third part of Elysia's 'Scenes from a Madrian Childhood' (vol. 2, pp. 607 ff.).

traditional mind, as we shall see in section III of this book, sees that nothing is 'accidental'. All material things are reflections of a spiritual Truth (or Archetype). They are part of the cosmic harmony, or ðamë.

Similarly, every object of human use, be it a wheel, a lamp, a picture or a story reflects Archetypal Reality. It has two purposes; the first and most important is to provide a ritual, intellectual and contemplative 'support' to help maid toward the true aim and purpose of her life. The second and inferior purpose is its material use—to give light, to transport things, to entertain, etc.

Maid is the central point between earth and heaven. Between the world of matter and that of Spirit. Thus everything she makes and does has a double aspect—material and spiritual, physical and metaphysical. It is only when she forgets her spiritual nature that her works become purely material. Then she lives on the animal level seeking only to eat better, drink better and increase her physical and emotional satisfactions. However sophisticated her methods may be (modern technology being a case-in-point) she still lives on the animal level. Her works are not governed by ðamë but only by greed and material advantage. And quickly her life comes to lack all sense of purpose and direction.

There is no middle way. Either we live in ðamë or out of it. That is why the Rhennes reject the whole panoply of modern technology; for only the traditional ways and crafts revealed by our Mother from the beginning can produce a truly human life.

*A Rhennish Childhood**

My earliest memory is of the little wooden statue of our Lady set up in a niche a little way from my crib and lighted by a little flickering dish-lamp. I often used to gaze at Her before I fell asleep. My mother had told me that She would enfold me in Her mantle as I slept, and in my earliest days I imagined that as soon as my eyes were closed in dream, the statue would step down from her niche and cover me with her blue cloak. I often hoped that, just once, She would allow me to see Her doing it.

The statue had been carved by my mother during the time that she was expecting my birth, and painted by my father in its rich blue and violet and gold. It was blessed by our priestess on the same day that I was named and offered to our Lady; therefore it had a special magical link with me.

While my immortal soul was shaping my body within my mother's body, so she was shaping that other human form without; turning it from a shapeless piece of wood into a delicate and powerful representation of the Mother of all souls and the Maker of all souls. There was magic in this—I felt it deeply from the time I could first understand; but later I was to learn how every craft is sacred, and how a supernatural element is present in every art practised in the true Tradition, passed down from mother to maid since the dawn of time.

My mother was 'a most consummate worker in the wood', as I once heard the ancilla (priestess's handmaid) say. She not only made statues, but pieces of furniture and many other things. The great dark dresser which dominated the kitchen

* The reader will observe that this section is an abridgement of Elysia's 'Scenes from a Madrian Childhood' (vol. 2, pp. 599 ff.).

was her handiwork. She was usually busy making and repairing all manner of farming implements. Her hands were a growing source of wonder to me. When I was very young I believed all grown-ups to be capable of accomplishing anything they chose, but as I grew older, I came to realise that my mother's hands were something special. Small, strong and deft, they performed the most complicated tasks with deceptive ease. In those hands graceful and harmonious shapes were conjured from the brute, unyielding wood.

There was something in this that savoured of more than magic, for, as my father told me, 'even so did God fashion the world with Her hands.' I could never listen to a certain passage from the Creation, either in the Temple or at our domestic Rites, without thinking of my mother at her work:

And Her hands knew cunning, and She stretched forth Her hands and gave a shape to each fragment, and no one was like any other. . . . And each fragment was filled with Her delight, and therefore was living, and some grew in the deep earth and became plants and trees, some ran about the ground or flew above it; and those first-made that had no place to be set down became the fishes and the creatures of the sea.*

Many years later, I was to learn that the Greek word for 'matter', *hyle*, originally meant 'wood'. So the Greeks also thought of God as a carpenter, carving all things from the *prima materia* of the world. Or, more truly, they saw carpentry as the perfect image or 'reflection' of creation.

This was the way we looked at things. A way that any ancient Greek or Indian would have understood, or from any part of the antique world. But a way that has become quite strange and foreign to our own countrypeople in our own time.

* Creation 1:5–6, 8.

Mother was a Ranya at her craft. That meant not only that she was mistress of its technique and mysteries and a teacher of pupils. Her position was in some ways more like that of an eastern guru. For the craft was not simply a means of 'producing the goods'; it was, first and foremost, a spiritual discipline. The 'mystique' and the perfectionism of all the old crafts is a remnant of the time when their more-than-earthly significance was understood by those who worked them and known of by all. A large part of the discontentment of the modern world is due to the fact that the work people do has no significance beyond the mundane.

It was not only with her hands that my mother was clever; she had a sweet and clear singing voice and knew a very great number of the traditional songs of our people: sweet, wistful songs, light dancing songs, tragic songs of the sorrows we have suffered in centuries past, glorious hymns of praise and adoration. How often we would sing together when we were at some work in the kitchen, and others would join in too, for rarely were we alone there together for long.

The kitchen was a centre of our household, and it was certainly the centre of my life in my earliest years, for mother would never take me into the workshop. So, with her or without her, I was usually there, amid its cheerful clutter and warmth, its burnished copper and wrought iron, its pottery and terracotta, its wonderful mixture of smells—fermented yeast and herbs, pepper and vinegar, new-baked bread and animals, all jumbled together.



In many ways my father was a very contrasting personality to my mother. While she was controlled and dignified and a little reserved, he was of a sanguine and outgoing temperament. He found life in general to be amusing and laughed often. While my mother was learned in the history of our people and could, with a little persuasion, be induced to tell high tales of the ancient days, my father knew countless merry yarns and could tell more of the tricks of Shearwind the vixen than anyone I have met. His songs, too, were of the merrier sort, and though his singing voice was not sweet and true like my mother's, he could hold a tune well enough on a fireside evening with plenty of good ale inside him.

I remember when I first went to a large city in my teenage; some Madrians who were familiar with that place came to guide me through the unfamiliar world. They were acutely embarrassed by the noise and bustle, by the thousand unnatural things that were monuments to a debased and materialistic way of life. There was a sense of shame in allowing these things to come into contact with a properly-reared Madrian child. By contrast, about a year later, my father had occasion to take me through that same city. In him there was no trace of embarrassment. He pointed out the office blocks and vulgar advertising posters and simply roared with laughter. To him, the monstrous anomaly of modern civilisation was just a huge, outlandish joke. And nothing in the world could have protected me from the strangeness and wickedness of this modern Babylon better than the comfortable, confident and heartfelt laughter of my father.

To those who did not know him, it may have seemed that he was a person who ignored the deeper and more serious side

of life. But that was not so. He had unbounded admiration for my mother's wisdom and devout spirituality, and this was an integral part of his deep love for her. The Scriptures say that a man may approach God through his wife, and this my father did. He treated her always with a deep reverence, obedience and devotion. Of course, any man would count it a low and contemptible thing actually to disobey his wife, but my father's service went beyond both natural obedience and natural love. He saw within my mother the light of the Divine. He sought her advice on all things and treated her lightest word as an oracle. He brought her often gifts of flowers or of some little thing that he had made for her like one who brings an offering to the Temple.

Thus she was the flame that lighted his way toward heaven, the image, in his eyes, of the Spirit Herself; whilst he, by his devotion, inspired her on toward perfection; each of them loving the other more dearly because the very heart and core of their love is the love of God; and loving God more dearly in their love of one another. This is the love of maid and man, and the reason why marriage is a sacred contract and a true vocation.

I sometimes wonder what my father would have been like if he had not been a Madrian. Deprived of a meaningful craft, of the guidance, governance and love of a true matriarchal marriage, cut off from the way of obedience and the support and comradeship of a traditional community, he would have been forced to live, like so many other poor creatures, a life without depth or meaning or true purpose, oppressed in the depths of his heart by an aching sense of the futility of it

all. And the world would have lost one of the finest and most beautiful men that has ever walked the surface of the earth.

An Droichead Beo :
A Matriarchal Village under One Roof

Well, two roofs actually. An Droichead Beo, the building, is a large two-roofed ex-hotel set in some two acres of ground and with grazing rights on a further fifty-five acres on the rugged and beautiful west coast of Ireland.



An Droichead Beo, the community, is the first open matriarchal settlement in these islands for nigh on a thousand years, run entirely according to the laws and customs of the Rhennish

matriarchal tradition as it has been passed down by the old matriarchal families of Britain and Ireland.

But unlike the older matriarchal communities, the majority of the people in An Droichead Beo were not born and bred in the Rhennish tradition. They are people who have chosen to reject the modern late-patriarchal world and to return to the primordial matriarchal tradition. They have changed not only their way of life, but their entire way of seeing the world. They have ceased to be twentieth-century people and have returned, mind, body and soul, to an older and infinitely profounder world. An Droichead Beo is not just a building, nor even a community—it is a place of transition—a bridge from the modern world to the living cosmos of the matriarchal tradition. That is the meaning of its name—An Droichead Beo: The Living Bridge.

The Bridge is a natural development from the work of Lux Madriana. Lux Madriana was founded some years ago for the purpose of bringing the primordial matriarchal tradition to the majority of the population who have lost it. The movement began with a group of traditional Rhennes in the south of England who believed that as the Iron Age comes to its chaotic conclusion the time is ripe for sowing the seeds of the future—the inevitable return of the whole of humanity to the primordial tradition.

For reasons of security, the movement was kept separate from the Old Rhennish network of communities, although it continued to receive help from some of them. Instead, a New Rhennish network—the Novarhennya—was founded consisting of New Rhennish households in various parts of the country and with a central headquarters at Oxford. This

system worked well for a time, but living in the modern world without the support of a larger matriarchal community places severe limits upon the progress a person or family can make toward becoming truly traditional people. After a few years, we knew that we had reached those limits.

It was decided that we must go forth and found an united colony of New Rhennes. Our Lady led us to Ireland—appropriate both because Ireland has always been a stronghold of the Rhennish tradition and because a large proportion of the Novarhennya were Irish or of Irish descent.

And so it was, in the autumn of the year, that the first pilgrim founders of An Droichead Beo (households from Oxford, London, Bristol and Yorkshire) set out to establish the settlement, arriving in time for the feast of Tamala, the traditional beginning of the dark half of the year—the time of tales and magic.

Lux Madriana represents the open movement of the British matriarchal tradition; yet some have suggested that our move makes us too remote to be truly open. Our reply is that if a person is not sufficiently serious and committed to make her way to the west of Ireland it is not likely that she will be sufficiently serious and committed to change her whole way of life and her very heart and soul.

At the same time, the establishment of this colony provides the best possible opportunity to anyone who truly wants to become a part of the living matriarchal tradition. Instead of simply reading about it and attending the occasional meeting, she can now make a pilgrimage into the matriarchal world itself, stay there for a few days or a week or two, and decide whether



**DONNA RHIANNON: head of the
Machpelah community**

she would like to stay forever or whether to return, spiritually refreshed, into the modern world.

As well as welcoming general visitors, we have a regular programme of specific events, such as a variety of short residential courses on subjects ranging from general matriarchal philosophy through sacred music and dance to calligraphy, spinning and weaving. In each case the skill is not simply learned for its own sake, but as a realisation of the metaphysical symbolism and ritual power of the craft. Each craft is a ritual 'actualisation' of some aspect of the cosmic drama which underlies and creates the world. For example, the crafts of weaving and spinning are intimately connected with the cyclical mysteries of cosmic manifestation. The point of the courses is to teach you not only to practice the craft, but to enter into its inner essence. They are set firmly in the context of participating in the life, work and ritual of a matriarchal community.



But what sort of place is a New Rhennish colony? What would a visitor find when she went there? What she would not find is a group of ordinary modern people who are interested in the idea of matriarchy. Instead she would have an experience something like that of stepping through a magic gateway into another world. A world that might have been very much the same a thousand or even ten thousand years ago.

It is not the lack of modern amenities which creates the sense of ancientness and mystery which surrounds the colony. It is the people themselves, the way they think, speak and act. Suddenly the modern world seems rather trivial and silly compared with the grace, dignity and elfin lightness of this ancient race.*

* An inset to the original reads: 'The Bridge is situated at the edge of the small village of Burtonport (pop. 200), Co. Donegal, within sight of the Atlantic Ocean and the Isle of Aranmore. The nearest town of any size is Letterkenny, some forty miles away. The Magic Bus company of London (01-836-7799) runs a day service from London to Donegal town and Letterkenny. Fares at the time of writing (1982) are £23 single and £39 return, with cheaper rates in winter.' Later copies of the *Book* contained a pink slip of paper pasted over this inset, reading 'The Silver Sisterhood | Since the first publication of this book, the Bridge has become an all-female community called the Silver Sisterhood. It is open to maids and girls who would like to come and share our very different life.'

Maids of the Old Faith

John Avison goes to Hebden Bridge
to meet adherents of the world's oldest religion,
who believe that God is a woman*

The flickering flame of the world's oldest religion burns on in Hebden Bridge. Its adherents, who in earlier days would have been roasted at the stake as witches, conduct quiet, gentle lives in Machpelah House and hold that God is a woman.

Well... it's not quite that simple. The group of eight—seven adults and a child named Persephone—belong to the Rhennish Community.

The Rhennes' traditional matriarchal way of life has, it is claimed, been handed down, mother to daughter, for millennia. Subject to persecution since the rise of male-dominated religions, and especially during the Middle Ages, the historical record has passed them by.

The Rhennish families live secret lives, dotted over Europe and the British Isles, but a new breed—the Novarhennya—are a more open, evangelical branch. The first Northern community, started at Machpelah last summer, is thriving.†

'It was almost an accident that we came to Hebden Bridge,' said Lady Alethea FiaMoura, who holds the title 'Lady' from her status in the temple; she is a senior Rhenne.

* A note to the original reads: 'A recent article, reproduced, with kind permission, from the *Halifax Evening Courier*.'

† A note to the original reads: 'The Machpelah community was one of the households which united to form the An Droichead Beo settlement.'

‘Two of our members lived here for many years. This house became available. We felt the time was right to start a new house.’

Alethea came from the Oxford house to direct operations. Machpelah is now full, with several adherents who want to join the community full time, so the Rhennes could be moving on.

A supporter in Ireland is offering a large house with lots of land for £20,000 or £5 a week rent; the group would like to become as nearly self-sufficient as is practical, and a move is being considered.

The Rhennish community upholds the Madrian religion and is not large. In the proselytizing group there are perhaps 100, with houses in London, Kent, Bristol and Oxford and with ‘part timers’ scattered throughout the country.

The world is somewhat weary of whacky religions. The Rhennes, I’m pleased to say, sidestep all the sticky little sects. The Madrian or Motherhood faith is extraordinary: profound, coherent and, above all, ancient.

I talked to Lady Alethea in a room lit by the glow of a log fire and three or four oil lamps. Carpets and furniture have been chosen to express a quieter, slower, less materialistic way of life—in the same way that the Rhennes spurn electricity, modern fashions, even modern speech.

The ‘maids’ wear long dresses and cover their heads in the presence of guests, though the men appear to have no such sartorial strictures.

She explained: ‘Since the beginning of civilization there have been only two philosophies; the older one being that the spirit—idea, or form—is feminine, and matter is masculine

and that the one is an expression of the other; and the latter one, that the “real” and only world is the material one.

‘This later idea has really taken off in the last 400 years, though its roots were with the philosophers of Ancient Greece,’ she added.

‘As a result, we now have a civilization that does not see all things as symbolic of reality, but as reality itself. This civilisation ignores higher levels of existence. It has become animal-like. Because of it, pollution, greed and war are rife. Humanity is not at peace with itself. It has lost its roots.’

Such talk largely makes good sense. The theosophy and ritual behind the Madrian faith, however, becomes too complex to be absorbed in a two-hour interview.

Its followers believe that they are not practicing a religion. They are living essentially different lives. Every breath, every action, every thought takes place within that ‘different’ life.

The Rhennes live by donations, by the profits of literature sales, and by the making and selling of jewellery and chanting-beads. It seems a tenuous existence, but they live simply, brewing their own beer, listening to folk tales and poetry, learning and talking.

They have their own oral and written language, their own alphabet and scriptures, their own secret calendar, and a number of rituals and beliefs that remain, to the outsider, totally mystifying.

Their scriptures are copied by hand in the Rhennish script.

‘The notion of craft is a spiritual thing,’ said Lady Alethea. ‘You practise it as a ritual. A thing is worth more if it is done well, with love. It is part of life. That is why we don’t have many modern things about.’

‘Everything is a devotional act. Religion and life and inseparable.’

The essence of the message seems to be that present society is lopsided, ignorant of its spiritual heritage and therefore dissatisfied and unfulfilled.

One day soon, say the Rhennes, we will all return to the fold and worship the Mother God. They are preparing for that day in a small way in Hebden Bridge, and that day will be the first of a Golden Age.*

The Sacred Year

Time, to the modern patriarchal mentality, is a straight line. To the traditional matriarchal mind it is a circle. The year, for example, is for any traditional community a recurring cycle of feasts and fasts, each with its own distinct character. The modern mind knows nothing but the monotonous thrum of the working week, broken only by mechanically regular ‘weekends’. From a living round of ritual and a theatre of sacred drama, time is straightened and narrowed into a flat, featureless strip, like a rail-track or a motorway, and, like them, is thought of as having no value in itself, being only a means to an end. Maid herself is herded into cities and workplaces bearing no relation to anything in nature; controlled environments in which the seasons can pass as nearly unnoticed as possible.

This is no mere accident, but reflects the real difference between the modern and the traditional philosophies of time. For the modern person time is a straight line, stretching from

* A note to the original adds ‘Members of the Rhennes community in Hebden Bridge appear on ITV’s “Behind the Veil” series on Sunday at 6 pm.’

some unknown beginning (this ‘beginning’ is one of the insurmountable flaws in the modern philosophy*) into an unknowable future.

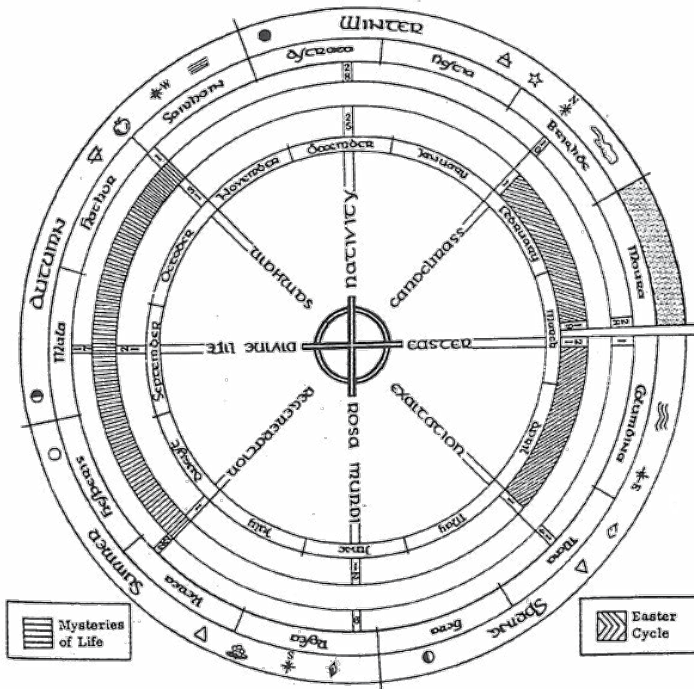
It is upon this notion of linear time that the whole modern view of the world is based. It gives to the late-patriarchal world its concepts of progress and evolution which provide the background to everything it thinks, does and is. The modern mind understands history and everything in it as having originated in a ‘primitive’ state and as making ‘progress’ toward ever higher forms. It sees everything as being in a constant state of change or ‘evolution’. Without this notion it is at a loss to explain the existence of anything. It is also a system of mythology, or a rather crude form of ‘religion’ which gives shape, meaning and direction to the purposeless accidental universe of modern science. But as the ‘utopia’ toward which we are supposed to be ‘progressing’ becomes ever more improbable, the myth begins to crumble, leaving the modern mind naked amid meaningless chaos.

The matriarchal conception of time is utterly different. Each year, for example, is a reflection of the Great Year.† The major events of the year are not the ephemera of ‘current affairs’ but the eternal Events of the one Year that stands beyond time. The seasons and festivals of the year are explained in seasonal issues of *The Coming Age*. Here we shall outline only the basic structure of the year. The year has thirteen months, each

* A note to the original directs the reader to the section on ‘The Cosmic Drama’ (pp. 1330 ff.).

† The diagram opposite employs some now-antiquated month and festival names. The reader may compare with a more recent iteration of wheel as published by the Chapel <<http://www.mother-god.com/wheel-of-the-year.html>>.

of twenty-eight days. The twenty-eight day month symbolises the lunar month, although the four quarters of the real lunar month are also celebrated. The calendar is made up of four seven-day weeks. They represent the four elements of fire, water, earth and air. The seven days of the week each belong to one of the Janyati.[‡]



Map of the Year: The major festivals may be seen as a labrys (double-axe) as well as a cross — the Solstices forming the haft, and the blades formed by the two great Mystery-cycles (cf. TCA 17 & 19).

[‡] A note to the original directs the reader to the section 'Who Is Maid?' (pp. 1335 ff.).

The year has four seasons plus a fifth. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter are each three months long. The fifth season of Moura lasts only a single month. It is the month of fasting and purification. Spring belongs to water, Summer to fire, Autumn to earth and Winter to air. Moura belongs to the fifth element of spirit, which contains and gives rise to the other four.

The great festivals of the four seasons fall on the solstices and equinoxes—the four extreme points of the sun's yearly journey. The year may be seen as a cross with Winter in the north, Summer in the south, Spring in the east and Autumn in the west. The centre of the cross is Moura.

The year ends on the last day of Moura with the death of Dana [Inanna]. It begins on the Spring Equinox with Her rebirth. Between these two days is the Hiatus—the day when Dana [Inanna] hung dead upon on the pillar of the world. It is not part of the old year or the new. Hence the old saying 'a year and a day'.

The thirteenth month is the month of Dana's [Inanna's] death. That is the original reason why thirteen is considered unlucky. Her Rebirth is called Eastre. This is not a Christian word—it goes back to Eostre, the Teutonic goddess of spring and dawn, and eventually to Ishtar,* the Babylonian name of Inanna or Dana. It is also connected with East, the direction of Spring and of the sunrise.

The Nativity of the Divine Child at the Winter Solstice is likewise far older than Christianity (the Christians 'borrowed'

* While this is a popular folk etymology, there is no scientifically established etymological connection between the various forms of the name of the Teutonic deity and that of Babylonian Ishtar.

their date of Christmas from the worshippers of Mithras—but it is far older than either).

Athwart the great Cross of the Year lies another cross, making the shape ✱. This second cross marks the cross-quarter days—the days exactly between each solstice and equinox. These are the other great festivals of the Rhennish tradition. (Exaltation and Tamala are still remembered by non-Rhennes as May Day and Hallowe'en).

We have given here only the briefest summary of the sacred year, and included only the most major festivals. Yet it is sufficient to give an idea of the basic structure. It is through this structure that the patterns of eternity are lived out in time. The traditional person, deepening her participation in the mysteries of the Cycle with each passing year—instead of running along the endless, aimless treadmill of linear or 'progressive' time—is a deeper and richer person at forty than at twenty, at sixty than at forty, at eighty than at sixty. And when she leaves this world, her soul is more advanced than when she entered it. Which is the only 'progress' that has any meaning or value whatever.

The Cosmic Drama

Let us begin before the beginning. Before the beginning there was the Dark Mother. She has no other name, for 'Her name has not been spoken on this earth.'[†] She does not exist. She does not not exist. She is beyond being and unbeing. We may call Her the Absolute. She is the first cause of all existence.

This, in fact, is the only possible logical and scientific explanation for the existence of the universe. Ask any physicist

[†] The reference is to the Filianic Creed (vol. I, pp. 86 ff.).

where the universe came from: ‘Solid bodies were produced by a combination of gases’ may be the answer, but where did the gases come from?

There are numerous ‘scientific’ explanations of the origin of the universe, but all of them suffer from the same fundamental defect. Whatever thing or combination of things is given as the cause, we must ask—‘But what was the cause of that?’ Everything in the material world must have a cause, yet everything must have a beginning. So long as we are dealing with things which themselves have causes, then we have not reached the beginning, and everything in the material world has a cause. Therefore the first cause of the universe must lie beyond the world of space and time. There is no other possibility. Modern science has a strong emotional prejudice for explaining the world purely in material terms, but all the attempts to explain away this fundamental flaw are simply juggling with words. To say, for example, as some people have, ‘Perhaps the universe did not have a beginning’ is just another way of saying that something can exist without a cause. Yet the law of causality is the whole basis of all science. The ‘scientific materialist’ can only remain a materialist by ceasing to be scientific.

Before the beginning is the Dark Mother. When She breathes in, it is the Night of Time. There is no universe, there is no space, there is no time. All lies immanent in the womb of the Absolute. When She breathes out Her breath, or Spirit,* stands forth, and Her Spirit is pure Being, the Bright Mother. In Rhennish Her name is Mari. This name and its variants were

* A note to the original reads: ‘Greek *Pneuma*, Hebrew *Ruach*, Sanskrit *Atma*, (all feminine nouns) all mean both breath and Spirit, while our own word *Spirit* is related to “re-spir-ation”’.

used in antiquity in many areas of the world. (Nor is it any coincidence that Jesus's mother, whose original Aramaic name was Miriam, was called Mary in those western lands where she became the principal 'Goddess-figure').

Mari is the highest form of Deity. She is God (or as we say in Rhennish, Dea) pure and simple. Now before we go further, let us make one question clear. Are we saying that God is a human female? Of course not. She transcends both gender and human existence. There may be other worlds where neither humanity nor femaleness have any meaning. To the inhabitants of such worlds She will appear in a form quite incomprehensible to us, but which in the symbolic 'language' of that world *means* exactly what the form of a human female means on earth. For the forms we see on this world—from a rose to a star—are not mere 'accidents' of nature, but meanings, or divine Ideas, crystallised in matter. And the human female form is the perfect image of God Herself in this world.

Mari, then, is the Creator of the world. We read in the Creation of how She shaped all things. But the world which She created was not this material world but the world of Perfect Forms, or Divine Ideas, or Archetypes. We may also call this the world of pure Being. This material world is a world of becoming. Everything in it is subject to change, decay and death. The Archetypes of the world of pure Being are perfect, changeless and eternal. We may say that the things of this world are like reflections of the Real things (the Archetypes) upon a surface of water. Because the water is never still, the reflections are never perfect. Thus in this world one creature must kill another (even if it be only a plant) in order to live; we

have illness, old age, excesses of cold and heat and many other forms of imperfection.

Each Archetype is a Divine Idea in the mind of Dea. It may also be said that every Archetype is a word in Her divine language. That is to say that the most important thing about any Archetype is its meaning. Once we are able to see the things of this world in the light of their Archetypes we can see that their symbolic meaning is the most important thing about them—it is what they really are, while their material substance, which modern people imagine to be their real nature, is nothing but the ‘water’ upon which they are reflected.

But we are getting a little ahead of ourselves. At this stage in the story there is as yet no material world, only the Real world of pure Being. How did the material worlds come about? Well, we must understand that spiritual and metaphysical facts are not so simple as material ones. There are various ways of looking at the manifestation of the material worlds, each true on its own level. Let us look at it from the human point of view.

Among the forms shaped by the Mother of all things were souls endowed with the power of choice or free-will. These souls were called maid, even though they did not then have physical human bodies, because the word ‘maid’ is connected with ‘may’, the verb of possibility, and simply means ‘she who has the power of choice’.

Maid chose to turn away from Dea. Now since Dea is pure Being, to leave Her is automatically to cease to exist. Mari did not want maid not to exist, but what could She do? If an earthly child runs into the road, her mother can carry her back; but

if she were to open the child's head and stop her wanting to run into the road, she would no longer have a child, but a robot.

In the world of pure Being choice and action are the same thing. Mari could not stop maid from making her choice without destroying her free will. Nor, when maid had left Her, could She come to her, for we are not talking of physical space. Maid's choice was to be in that-place-where-God-is-not.

The only way for Mari to save maid from extinction was to separate Herself from Herself in order to be in that-place-where-She-is-not. Thus, by a mystery we cannot understand, She gave birth to Herself as Her own Daughter, Dana or Inanna. Inanna descended away from Mari, and at each level She touched, She created a level of existence (or half-existence) separate from pure Being. One of these countless levels of being is this physical universe. Each level is, we may say, a 'surface of water' reflecting in a different way the eternal Archetypes of pure Being. Finally Inanna reached the furthest possible point from Dea; the point of non-existence, and She ceased to exist. She is the only being in creation to suffer absolute death. For us, death is but a passage to another life, but She faced pure oblivion that none of Her creatures might perish; yet being pure Being, She rose from that terrible oblivion to become again the Queen of Heaven.

This is the truth behind all the later death-and-resurrection stories found all over the world. It is the first and archetypal Virgin birth, and it is the original of all the various Trinities—Mother, Daughter and Absolute Deity.

Who is Maid? : The Purpose of Being Human

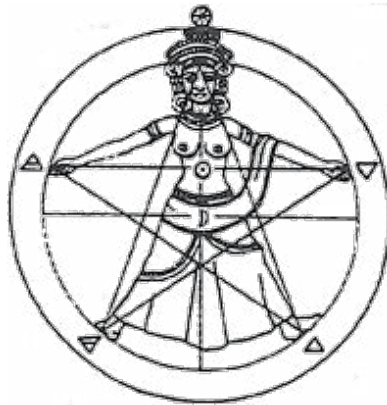
Modern children are indoctrinated from the earliest age to think of maid as an animal which has risen above other animals by an accident of 'evolution'. They are taught also to think of all the things and creatures around them in the same way, as mere accidents of the physical plane, whose nature is to be sought solely in physical (or 'scientific') explanations. Such explanations may be adequate on their own level—just as the writing of a great poem might be described wholly in terms of the movements of the poet's finger-muscles. But in both cases, the physical explanation not only does not explain the whole process, but it leaves out all that is most profound and significant. Such explanations may have their uses, but as soon as they start pretending to be the 'whole truth' about the poem, or about the universe, or about maid, they stop being science and start being scientism. In other words, they stop being a relative truth and become an absolute error.

So what is maid? To put it simply, she is the reflection of God on earth. Some people find this a difficult concept because they are able to conceive of God as an abstract 'force', but not as a person. This is a typical modern confusion which has its roots in scientism. Physical science is full of forces, like magnetism and electricity, so this idea makes God sound nice and 'scientific'. But the attempt to picture super-physical Reality as a sort of parody of physical science is superstition in the strictest sense of the word. A force, any force, is less than a person. God is more than a person. We see Her as a person because that is the highest form of manifestation we know—and therefore the nearest to Her. Calling Her a force is just as much

a metaphor as calling Her a person, but it is a purely physical metaphor. A force can be physically great, but never morally or spiritually great. It is a typically patriarchal perspective—greatness equals physical greatness; muscle. It is the logical extension of the male-god image.

Maid, then, as a conscious, caring personality, is the nearest thing to God on this earth—far nearer than any force, however great. Maid is the central being of the world-system. The human being is a direct reflection of the Divine. The human female has the special characteristics of God. She is able to create—to bring forth life out of herself—and to nourish with her milk even as God nourishes and sustains her created universe in every second, otherwise it would fall into nothingness.

As the central creature in this world-system maid is the princess-regent of God on earth. She has been given rulership over all the things and creatures of the earth, to govern them wisely, according to divine law (ðamē). But maid is also the only creature with the power of choice. The



stars run in their appointed courses.* A flower cannot choose to bloom out of season.† Only maid can 'desert her post'. And when she does, when she ceases to govern the earth in ðamē, chaos follows in the form of œcological crisis, nuclear

* Cf. Tablet 34.

† Cf. Teachings 6:8.

threat and a hundred other ways in which the harmony of the world-system is thrown out of balance.

But this is really the least of our worries, for maid is not simply a creature of this world. Each of us has lived countless times before and will be reborn countless times again. What forms our future lives will take is shaped by our actions in this life. The purpose of life is not to make material ‘progress’ in this world, but to come closer to the Absolute. This life is but one lap in a journey to the ultimate Goal.

The real difference between maid and the animals is not her intelligence, but her power to move toward that Goal. Human life is a unique spiritual opportunity. That is the real point and purpose of being human. And one thing is certain. If we waste this opportunity, if we disregard our true human destiny—if we simply live like sophisticated (evolved) animals, directing all our energies and intelligence to mundane existence—we will not be human again for many lifetimes.

INTERLUDE

MATRIARCHY IN IRELAND

Ireland was one of the last strongholds of matriarchy in the patriarchal world. It was not until the third or fourth centuries before the Christian Era that male-dominated religion and social order entered this island at all; and even then, as Joseph Campbell writes: ‘Both the archæology and the ancient literature of Ireland demonstrate that the patriarchal, iron-bearing Celts, who gained the mastery during the last three or four centuries B.C., overcame, but did not extinguish the earlier Bronze

Age civilization of Mother Right (matriarchy).^{*} The ancient legends of Ireland survive in books rewritten and edited by early Christian monks, yet even so, their matriarchal nature is quite clear. They state that the first people to set foot upon Irish soil were a party of fifty maids, led by their queen, Cesara, Cessair, or Ceasar. This is an ancient matriarchal name for a great ruler, later adopted by patriarchs in such forms as Cæsar, Kaiser and Czar.

A later group to arrive in Ireland were the Tuatha de Danaan—the people of Dana. This was the name of the supreme Mother Goddess in Ireland, as was Danu in pre-Vedic India and Danæ in pre-Hellenic Greece. She was known, in fact, all over the ancient Indo-European world, giving Her name to places and rivers from the Don to the Danube in the east, to Denmark in the west. She was also called Ana or Anu. Two hills in Kerry, called ‘the paps of Anu’ were a sacred site. In Leicestershire, England, She was called Annis and had a place of pilgrimage in the Dane hills. Sometimes the name took an I-preface, as in Teutonic Iduna (in Her aspect as mistress of Avala and guardian of the Golden Apples) or Inanna.

Queen Éire was one of the greatest rules of the Tuatha de Danaan, and it is from her that Ireland derives the name which she bears to this day.

St Brigit is honoured to this day as a ‘Christianised’ version of the ancient goddess Brigid or Brighde. The nuns of her order, who tended a sacred fire, were the direct descendants of an ancient college of priestesses at Kildare, who maintained a matriarchal fire-cult identical with that of Vesta in the pre-patriarchal Latin tradition and connected with hearth-fire rituals

^{*} *Occidental Mythology*, chap. I, sec. 4.

practiced by Rhennish families to this day.* Brighde governed such arts as medicine, agriculture and poetry, and, as Professor J. A. MacCulloch points out, the cult ‘must have originated in a period when the Celts worshipped goddesses rather than gods, and when knowledge—leechcraft, agriculture, inspiration—were women’s rather than men’s.’†

In early patriarchal days, great priestly and scholarly communities were set up on the western islands to provide spiritual leadership for the Celtic world and keep alive the matriarchal tradition. ‘These communities of women,’ writes T. D. Kendrick, the historian of Druidism, ‘continued the observances of a pre-druidic faith.’‡

The West is the direction of Autumn and the setting sun. It is symbolically natural that the end of the Iron Age should come from the Western world. Not only have all the perversions of the modern dark age been the inventions of Western European civilisation, but each successive stage in the degeneration has come from a point further west than the last. Thus the so-called ‘Renaissance’ began in Italy, the Protestant ‘Reformation’ in Germany, the eighteenth-century ‘Enlightenment’ in France and the nineteenth-century Industrial Revolution in Britain. Finally, twentieth-century multinational super-capitalism developed in America, which is truly ‘west of the West’, for America is, in traditional geography, an eastern country, and her native people are an eastern people.

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis’ treatment of the symbolism of the bridge (vol. 2, pp. 456 ff.).

† *The Religion of the Ancient Celts*, 1911, p. 102.

‡ *The Druids*, London, Methuen & Co. Ltd., 1928, p. 140.

But Ireland, the *Ultima Thule*, the extreme west of the Old World, has played no significant part in any of these developments. Instead, she has remained a repository of ancient tradition and one of the mainstays of Rhennish matriarchy. It is said that when the new Golden Age dawns, the East shall become West and the West, East. And the sun of the Golden Dawn, may she not rise in Ireland?

SECTION III

THE MATRIARCHAL VISION

Breaking the Spell

You are now entering dangerous territory. This third section of the book is the place of exorcism, the place of dis-enchantment. Open your eyes, and we will begin to show you the matriarchal vision. This vision is vision in the strictest and simplest sense of the word—seeing things for what they are. Yet to someone from the patriarchal world seeing it for the first time it will seem a vision in quite another sense. For to see things as they really are is to see a richness, depth and splendour that the mundane modern world can scarcely dream of.

Putting it simply, we may say that matriarchy sees the universe as alive, while the modern mind sees it as dead. Now this dead, or materialist, universe is not at all the natural vision of reality seen by the unprejudiced eye. On the contrary, it is a highly artificial construction concocted over the last five centuries by Western European patriarchy and carefully conditioned into the Western child from her earliest years. The process is

a kind of cultural hypnosis by which the modern person is drugged into seeing an unnatural, colourless, two-dimensional world, which she is indoctrinated into believing is 'reality'.

Once the artificial 'reality' is seen for what it is, it at once begins to crack. This third section of our book is intended to begin the process of breaking the spell of modernism—to show the reader how she may begin to awaken herself from the hypnotic trance of the late-patriarchal world-view. But herein lies the chief danger of the book. Once the awakening has begun, you will never be able to take the modern world seriously again. You will no longer belong to it. You will become a person out of her time. There is a built-in safeguard here, for if you are not ready to receive this knowledge, it will have no effect on you. Even if you are ready it may work slowly, over a period of weeks, months or even years. But if you think you may be ready, pause a moment before taking the step of reading the rest of this book. For once you have taken it you may never be able to return.

To find the cure we must first understand the disease. What, then, is the modern world-view? Before all else we must understand that it is an historical anomaly. It has developed in that small portion of the earth's surface called Western Europe in the five centuries following what it is pleased to call the 'Renaissance'—a tiny portion of human history.

The modern world is at variance with every other civilisation known to history (with the single exception of the 'classical' decadence of Greece and Rome, to which it proudly traces its ancestry). Every other civilization has understood that the physical world is the reflection or expression of supra-physical transcendent Reality, and that we must seek for its meaning

and explanation in light of that Reality. Every other civilization has sought to cultivate man's natural ability to perceive transcendental Reality behind the outer forms of the material world. The modern world declares that the physical universe is reality in itself (the 'real world' to use its own vulgar expression) and seeks for all meaning and explanation on the level of physical 'facts'. More than this, it goes much further than 'classical' antiquity in systematically suppressing the lost vestiges of man's natural vision of true Reality through a lengthy process of compulsory indoctrination, miscalled 'education' and establishing the only civilization in history to be developed along purely material lines with no relation whatever to principles of a superior order.

What can support a cultural provincialism so absurdly arrogant as to believe that, representing a small proportion of the inhabited world, and a microscopic proportion of human history, the modern world is nevertheless right and every other civilisation throughout the whole of human history has been wrong? The answer is that the modern world has invented a doctrine specifically to deal with this problem. It is called the doctrine of progress. According to this doctrine every previous civilisation existed in a state of more or less 'primitive' ignorance while the modern world has reached a pinnacle of knowledge and enlightenment.

This is obviously a highly tendentious assertion, but its partisans seek to justify it by reference to the achievements of modern science and technology. But a moment's thought shows that this is a circular argument. A civilisation which decides that the purpose of life is to build bigger and better cities, factories, bombs and household gadgets will obviously achieve

a great deal more in its chosen field than a civilisation which directs its energies and intelligence in other directions altogether. To say 'the superiority of modern civilisation is proved by its science and technology' is exactly equivalent to saying 'the superiority of hockey over chess is proved by the fact that hockey players play better hockey than chess players.'

The doctrine of progress is based on the naïvely parochial assumption that ancient maid had the same values as the modern world—that she would eagerly have developed motorways and atom bombs if only she had been clever enough to do so, that the sacred sciences were mere gropings toward modern physical science. The truth is that the modern sciences are mere residues of the ancient sciences, emptied of their profound metaphysical content and reduced to sifting through the outward material husks of things, being blind to their inner Reality. It was not an advance in knowledge which created the modern world, but a loss of knowledge; not a mental evolution, but an intellectual degeneration.

Now, although this last stage of decline belongs to the post-Renaissance period rather than to patriarchy as a whole, it is inherent in the very nature of patriarchy. From the most ancient times the feminine principle has been symbolised by the sign of Venus ♀ and the masculine principle by that of Mars ♂ (some late versions depict the cross as an arrow). Now in each case the circle represents Spirit and the cross matter; thus the former depicts Spirit dominant over matter and the latter depicts matter dominant over Spirit (or rather, since the complete dominance of matter is a metaphysical impossibility, the cross is set at an angle of forty-five degrees over the circle indi-

cating the dominance of matter so far as that is possible). This is still understood by modern astrological authorities.*

The history of patriarchy, by its very nature, must be a continuous movement from the dominance of the superior principle of Spirit or Essence to that of the inferior principle of matter or substance; and, as we have seen in our second chapter, this is not merely a tendency toward materialism, but also toward chaos and disintegration.

It is for this reason that the 'materialist' vision of the modern world has given rise to a civilisation more violent and disordered than any before it, in which one person in eight is treated for mental disturbance and where war, upheaval and chaos of every sort increase with every passing year.

The dead, accidental world of the late patriarchal vision is a world without a centre, producing a neurotic, rootless humanity, homeless and isolated in a bleak, unmeaning universe.

The only solution is to put right the deviation from the root—to return to the living cosmos of the matriarchal vision. To move from a cold, dead, alien world to a world of profundity and intimate warmth, where every flower and every star is alive with vibrant meaning.

The first step is to know that the 'real world' of late patriarchy is an artificial construct—a stripped and scaled-down parody of Reality. The second step is to know what to look for, and to open your eyes, awaken and see. The next chapter will show you the world as a natural, unhypnotised mind sees it. Imagine, then, that you are sitting at the feet of a Rhennish sage. Let her lead you from the mental prison of late-patriarchy

* A note to the original directs the reader, as an example, to Jeff Mayo, *Teach Yourself Astrology*, London, English Universities Press, 1964, pp. 29, 31.

into the sunshine of the Real world. But know that once out, there is no return.

The Crystal Spheres

The sun is a golden chariot drawn by seven wild-maned battle-ponies. The sun is Sai Raya, mistress of the chariot. At dawn she rides out from the cavern of the world, and at eventide she comes to the golden island of the west where her daughters await her and gladden her rest with their singing.

Know this to be true. And know that whatever you have heard of the sun from the patriarch and his court astronomer is naught but the barest falsehood, however truthlike it be made to seem.

For the time has come when we must lead you into a world where all things are other than you have learned. And you shall learn that this is their true nature.

‘But hold,’ perhaps you cry, ‘have I not seen these things that you call lies displayed and demonstrated in forms and figures that I dare not doubt? Has not the tyrant’s lackey trodden his foot upon the moon to show me it is nothing but a piece of rock?’ Have I not seen his pictures of the sun...’

You have seen some conjuring tricks and some clever mountebank subtleties. That is all. Did he not tread upon the moon? you ask. He trod upon that piece of rock that floats above the world. Was that the moon? It was an image of the moon. But how could it be the moon, since the moon does not exist in this world of things? Let us look a little deeper.

* Cf. the poem ‘On a Moon Landing’ (p. 839).

The moon is the soul of the world, and the sun is the Spirit. Both are eternal, immortal and unchanging. Both existed long before the ball of rock and the ball of fire that float above this world. Both shall exist when all the worlds are dust.[†] It is this Real moon and this Real sun that the traditional maid sees when she looks into the sky. And likewise, everything on earth and in the heaven is some changeless and eternal Reality made manifest in the changing world of matter. This you must learn to see, if you will see true.

The doctrine that the material world is the real world—that material things exist in their own right, in and of themselves—is quite simply a superstition. It is the remnant of a belief held by patriarchal scientists in the last century and long since discarded. The old mechanistic science was upturned at the dawn of this century by relativity and quantum theory.

Max Planck, the originator of quantum theory, wrote: 'I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative of consciousness. We cannot get behind consciousness.'[‡] Of the British astrophysicists, Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington, Professor Joad wrote 'their considered view is that the reality of things is mental or spiritual, and that so-called material phenomena are the effects of the way in which the spiritual reality appears to us.'[§] Einstein also came to this conclusion.

We do not cite these things in order to commend them, nor, certainly, to seek some 'proof' of the traditional vision

[†] Cf. Teachings 10:35.

[‡] This quotation comes originally from an interview in *The Observer*, 25 January 1931, p. 17, column 3.

[§] C. E. M. Joad, *Guide to Modern Thought*, Faber & Faber, 1933, p. 95.

(for the lesser can never prove the greater), but simply to show that even on its own terms the modern materialist point of view is nothing but a superstition.

What is vulgarly called the 'scientific world-view' (i.e. mechanistic materialism) is systematically disseminated through the compulsory education system and the mass media. It is believed by the mass of the populace. Yet it has not had the support of serious science for nearly a century. Why does it continue to be disseminated? Because it is central to the modern way of seeing the world; it is the very heart of the myth-system upon which the modern world rests. To put it another way, it is the cardinal dogma of the religion of modernism.

When we declare that every modern mind is bound by the superstition of materialism, voices will be raised in protest—I am not a materialist, nor I, nor I. Let us then make it clear that when we speak here of materialism, we speak not of a creed, a philosophy nor any system of belief, but of a way of seeing the world. And in this sense, the devout Christian and the spiritualist medium, having received the modern conditioning, are no less materialist than the avowed atheist. Anyone who looks at the sun and sees a physical object and not a deity in a golden chariot is a materialist and lies in the grip of blackest superstition.



If you are ready to cast off this superstition, we shall tell you how you may begin. Go forth on a clear night and behold the heavens, or seat yourself in some silent place, and contemplate the cosmos as it truly is. Cast from your mind the notion of infinite space. We are to enter a world with seven planets and

eight celestial spheres. Neither let your mind be troubled by the thought that this view represents but the ignorance of the ancients on physical matters. Seals from matriarchal Sumeria some 9000 years old show all the extra-Saturnian planets* (although the patriarch 'discovered' the last of them but fifty years ago†) and solar systems beyond our own. Yet these things played no part in their normal view of the cosmos, for they knew that they were but trivia of the material plane. With the most powerful telescope conceivable we could see but an insignificant fraction of infinite space, but in the finite cosmos of the matriarchal vision, we can see the whole of Reality. The concentric spheres are manifestations of the states of being through which a maid must pass to reach Being itself, which transcends both space and time. On every level except the most trivial and insignificant, the traditional vision of the cosmos is true. On every level except the most trivial and insignificant, the picture presented by modern science is false.

Cast aside this falsehood, then, and dwell in the true cosmos from this day forth. Certainly you may keep the physical facts recorded in some obscure corner of your mind as curiosities—even as the Sumerians did—but unless the world you live and breathe in becomes the true and eternal world, you will remain under the spell of superstition. Listen, then, with reverence and awe to the true nature of the cosmos.

* The reference is to, e.g., the Akkadian seal VA/243, interpreted by Zecharia Sitchin as depicting the eight known planets along with Pluto, two moons, and a ninth planet known as 'Nibiru'. This interpretation has been contested by a number of scholars, most notably Michael S. Heiser.

† The reference is to Pluto, since reclassified as a dwarf planet.

The world is a ball at the centre of the cosmos. When you look up into the night sky, you will see certain bright creatures. Some are stars, but the brightest of all are Janyati, which the ignorant call 'planets'. They are seven in number, and each is a living being that does dwell in and govern an invisible sphere of crystal. The first sphere, encircling our earth, is the sphere of Sai Candrë, the moon. This is the realm of thought and emotions and of the subtle body. Beyond this space is the sphere of Sai Mati (Mercury). She is clothed in yellow robes, and is a creature of pure intelligence. Beyond this sphere is the sphere of Sai Sushuri (Venus), whose colour is green. She is the sister of Sai Đamë who rules the sixth sphere. Sai Sushuri is pure love, and from her flows all the love in this world. Her sister Sai Đamë doth order and govern all things on earth and in the heaven in perfect harmony.

Beyond the seven spheres there lies an eighth, and this is the sphere of the fixed stars. Herein are the twelve houses of the zodiac, through which the Janyati do pass. Here also are the eight and twenty mansions wherein Sai Candrë takes her rest in the course of a month, and sundry other stars.

Know also that these Janyati are not only in the heaven, but also within you. Know that the sun and your heart are one and the same. Know that your love is Sai Sushuri within you, that but for Sai Mati you could not read these words, and but for Sai Đamë you could not govern your hand to hold the book. Know also that these things we have considered are but an example, or a starting-point taken at hazard—that everything you see and think upon must be re-seen and re-thought in like manner, until the whole world shall appear under its true form and semblance.

These things may be hard for you to comprehend, yet think often upon what you have learned this day and it shall enter in and begin to awaken you. Think upon it whenever you see the sky and consider the world. And in the morning, picture Sai Raya riding forth from the world-cavern; and at eventide picture her reaching the western isle where her daughters await her and gladden her rest with their singing.

For here alone is the beginning of wisdom.

Notes from the Nether Shore

One Maid's Experience

Musicals. As a child I always loved musicals. They created a world where singing and dancing were a part of everyday life; where the butcher or the baker might burst into song and turn cartwheels over his delivery cart. A world where magic came in as naturally as the morning milk; where good was good and evil was evil and there was no real doubt as to which would triumph over which; where the archetypal folktale themes—albeit in debased forms—were played out again and again.

But the musicals were an illusion. Five minutes of effortless grace and style were the result of hours of work by director, choreographer, scriptwriter, orchestra, songwriter and a dozen others. Life was not like that. It was flat, styleless and eminently practical.

I suppose I longed to live in a world where wit, charm and flair were a part of life. Instead I lived in an age of mediocrity among a shuffling, self-conscious population, afraid to be anything but banal and quick to sneer at all who were otherwise. A world where the archetypal themes of folktale had no relevance to the paltry practicalities of 'ordinary life'.

One of the first things that impressed me on encountering the matriarchal tradition was to see a people who *did* sing and dance even as they worked and lived. Who acted out the archetypal themes in daily life.

Living in a matriarchal society is not like living in a musical (although it is rather more like living in a musical than like living in the 'ordinary life' of the modern world). For one thing it has a grandeur and a dignity that no modern theatrical production could attain. I found that I had moved from a little, trivial world into a world immeasurably vast and timeless.

Yet music is the thread which runs through matriarchal society and binds it together. The very Law which governs our every act, ðamë, is best translated as 'harmony'. But it is a music far different from the modern musicals. A music so rich and ancient that it makes the blood tingle. From the work-songs, the chants and ritual drums to the warm, full-bodied drone of the *crwth* and the gentle rippling of psaltery and dulcimer, none of it is made simply to entertain: all are earthly echoes of the unheard Music which underlies the movement of the earth and heaven and of all the manifest universe.

Every traditional people believes that music and ritual hold the universe together: that without them all would dissolve into black eternal chaos.* The modern world scorns this superstition. 'We have no rituals,' they say, 'yet our world is not disintegrating into chaos.' Isn't it?

The devil drums drive devils away. Every traditional society has them in one form or another. The modern world thinks it can manage very nicely without them. Yet the modern world is the most chaotic civilisation in human history. Violence,

* Cf. Tablet 35.

vandalism, suicide and insanity, once rare anomalies, have now reached epidemic proportions. Drug abuse and demonic possession (the latter usually unrecognised) are everyday occurrences. If you do not have devil drums, you will certainly have devils.

All this was as difficult for me then as it may be for you now. My philosophy made it hard for me to accept. My philosophy? If anyone had asked, I would probably have said what you would say: 'I do not subscribe to any particular philosophy.' But now I can see that from the earliest age I had been conditioned to see the world through the eyes of the men who created the modern world—Victorian scientists in top hats, eighteenth-century philosophers in powdered wigs. Little, unheroic men in a little, unheroic world, knowing nothing of the true inner nature of Reality and making guesses which reveal nothing except the mean-spirited materialism of their age. It is they, and their technocratic successors, who live in the darkness of superstitious ignorance. It is the traditional people who possess the light of true science.

But I was trapped in the modern world-view. I had no bridge to cross the waters of ignorance into the smiling sunlight of the Truth. When at last I found the bridge, I crossed—nervously at first, but with increasing boldness—into a land where the hills are alive with the Music of the Spheres.

Where Do We Go From Here?

So now you have learned a little about the matriarchal tradition and the matriarchal way of seeing the world. Where do you go from here? Firstly we would suggest that you read this book again, for you will certainly discover new things on each sub-

sequent reading, and a whole new way of thought will slowly open up to you. But, of course, you will want to know more. After all, the matriarchal tradition is a whole new way of life. It covers every area of human existence. This book has barely scratched the surface. How can you learn more of the depth and detail of this richest and most ancient of all cultures? The answer is *The Coming Age*.

The Coming Age is very much more than an ordinary magazine. It is a veritable encyclopædia of the matriarchal tradition. For example, in this issue, we have looked, very briefly, at the traditional matriarchal view of the stars and planets, and its superiority to the naïve materialism of modern astronomy. The 'Symbolism' series in each issue of the magazine examines in detail the traditional view of some aspect of the world, revealing its true inner meaning. Subjects have ranged from the Horse and the Wheel to the Bridge and the Cave.

Each issue includes numerous articles on every conceivable aspect of life viewed from the standpoint of the matriarchal tradition. Over the past five years, these have included:

Amazons (issues 11 and 15)

Animals – their place in the cosmic structure (13)

Art – the matriarchal view (17)

Archery – the inner meaning (13)

Childhood (14)

Evolution – what is the truth? (19)

Fairies – spirits of nature (7)

Femininity – what is it? (20)

Man – his role in matriarchy (15)

Nuclear Technology – in the light of alchemy (12)

And dozens more. In addition, each issue contains material on the seasonal festivals, Old Rhennish songs, a matriarchal story, often with a detailed commentary explaining the metaphysical depths of these deceptively simple tales, and much else beside.

The Coming Age is published quarterly, but under our special subscription programme you will receive a copy each sacred month—that is, thirteen copies per year: four current copies and nine back issues. This way you will build up your own encyclopædia of the matriarchal tradition. The back issues are selected according to the season, so that you will learn about the mysteries of each season as it comes around. But the system is flexible to your personal needs—for example, a correspondent enquiring about evolution would be sent a copy of issue I9 out of sequence.

A year's subscription is £10, including postage.*

Matriarchal Samizdat

There are, and have only ever been, two systems of thought in the world: traditional matriarchy, traditional patriarchy and antitraditional patriarchy. Of these only the first two are systems of thought in the true sense, while the third is a potpourri of every shade of heresy, chaotically divided into mutually quarrelling factions, yet bound together by certain common assumptions, usually unspoken and unacknowledged.

* The contents of the full twenty-issue run of *The Coming Age* are reproduced in the present anthology.

Five years ago,* we began to publish the traditional matriarchal view in a world where all the media of communication—the press, the broadcasting networks, the cinemas, the compulsory education system etc.—continually propagate the world-view of antitraditional patriarchy. We knew that the adequate dissemination of the vast material of our cultural heritage—which is also your cultural heritage, the heritage of all humanity—would be impossible financially and in all other ways, with all communication systems monopolised by the antitraditional patriarchal establishment. Virtually as impossible in this ‘free’ world as it would be in Russia.

And then we remembered the Russian method of circulating underground papers—a method where no publication is necessary, for one copy serves many people. It is called *samizdat*.

The Madrian Literature Circle is matriarchal *samizdat*. It is a circulating library of manuscripts ranging from songs, stories and first-hand accounts of matriarchal life, to lengthy studies on such subjects as matriarchal music, or the Amazon origins and metaphysical meaning of the game of chess. There are many pieces much longer than *The Coming Age* would be able to print, including a full-length novel. The initial subscription is £10, to cover photocopying and administrative costs. Thereafter you need only return each paper with an SAE to receive the next.†

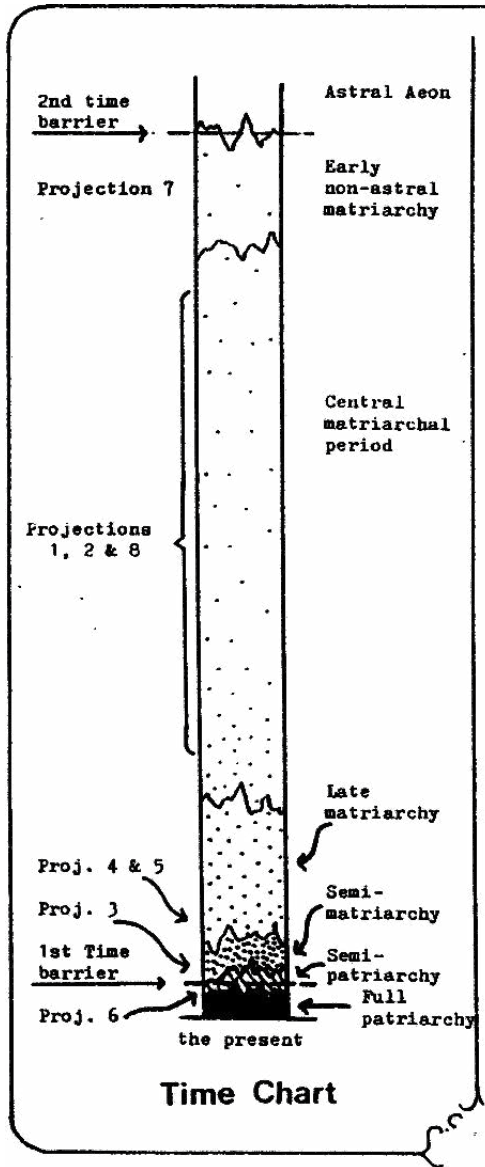
* I.e. in 1976.

† All Madrian Literature Circle documents known to have survived to the present are reproduced in the present anthology.

A Bridge Through Time

When the world was fresh with the dew of the dawn of time, there walked a young race proud upon the earth. A race that saw with eyes more clear than our eyes; with eyes that were not deceived by the shifting shadows of earthly things, but saw within to their eternal and changeless Reality. A race whose light was lighter and whose dark was deeper, and whose voices sang the music of eternity.

And the maids of this race were tall and fair and awesome to look upon; and the maids were the gentle rulers of the race in



home and village, in Temple and in palace, even as God, in Her wisdom, has decreed.

And as the world grew older and less wise, resplendent cities rose in the noon-day sun, and mighty empires crossed the continents. Yet still the laws and customs, the rhythms and rituals of the first race governed all things. For it was only in the last senility of the race that the rule of men took hold, and the darkened mind was plunged in the mire of matter. And the world of tower block and atom bomb—is it not the work of a gaunt and skeletal race, grown bitter in its dotage?

And all the world seems flattened to an image of the petty dullness of that race. Yet we are inviting you to leave that world. To make a pilgrimage to the western edge of the Old World, to a place that is named The Living Bridge—and there to step through a magical gateway into a world older and deeper than anything you have known; a life that is little different to that lived ten thousand years ago. To a people as different from modern folk as modern folk are from the Esquimaux.

Have you the courage to cross the Bridge and shake the dust of the Dark Age from your feet? To travel west across the western island of the world, a land still green, where the looming towers of tyranny fall far behind you? To travel west, and ever west, to where the sun sets in the sounding sea, and where, at the world's end, you shall find the world's beginning?⁸¹

BREAKING THE TIME BARRIER

PSYCHIC ADVENTURES INTO THE FEMALE CIVILISATIONS OF THE DEEP PAST

(also known as *The Moira Handbook*)

INTRODUCTION TO THE REGRESSION ACCOUNTS

We do not only live once. We live many times, passing from one life to another, from one body to another. This, in essence, is the doctrine of reincarnation. It has been believed by nearly all ancient civilisations. Recent surveys show that more modern English people believe in reincarnation than in the Christian doctrine of heaven and hell, and numerous investigations have turned up almost overwhelming evidence in its favour.

For a long time now, it has been evident that humanity is far older than was once supposed. Old-fashioned prehistorians believed that the most rudimentary human skills were developed about 25,000 years ago, and that civilisation was only about 5,000 years old. Archaeology has now discovered whole cities at least twice that age, and the imprints of well-made shoes have been found in coal seams at least fifteen million years old.* Numerous other artefacts of a similar once-incred-

* The reference is to the 'Fisher Canyon Footprint'. Identification of the print as the mark of a sandal is contested. The Madrians appear to have received information on this find in a garbled version. The print appeared

ible age have been found, including square-headed nails, fine gold wire and a perfectly ground optical lens.* This means that ancient civilisations existed long before the so-called stone age.

This fact, while relatively new to orthodox science, has long been known to those who have been trained to perceive and interpret the records of the Akasha (the spiritual æther which permeates all physical matter and retains impressions of all physical events), or who are adept in other methods of psychic investigation.

Matriarchy

Now although these ancient societies were certainly highly civilised, they were also very different from our own type of society. Archæology shows that the Deity represented in all the temples was female, that the priesthood was female and that, in all probability, women held the same leading role in those societies that men hold in ours. Modern researchers term such societies matriarchal as opposed to modern patriarchal society.

But psychic investigation indicates that matriarchal societies were not simply inverted patriarchies, but that their whole outlook and values were radically different. They valued spiritual things far above material things. They did not develop technology, although they had the resources, intelligence and organisation to do so, but were adept at extrasensory communication, spiritual healing and other psychic arts. A deep and spiritual religion was the centre of their life; they felt themselves close to Dea, and believed that the overriding purpose of

in a stratum dated to 225 million years before present, though some later sources reported dating of 5 million or 15 million years.

* It is uncertain what finds are indicated here.

life was to attune themselves wholly to Her. This religion we call Madrian, meaning simply 'of the Mother'. They fought no wars except towards the end of the matriarchal ages when they had fallen away from their religious vision and the first signs of the patriarchal order were appearing.

Time Barriers

Now why is this information of such importance for the recovery of past lives? The reason lies in a phenomenon known as a time-barrier—a psychological 'block' which prevents one from regressing back beyond a certain point in time.

Just such a barrier seems to exist in almost anyone who does not know at least a little about the matriarchal civilisations. Matriarchal culture is so different from that to which we are accustomed that they seem unable to make the 'jump', or if by chance they do, they disbelieve what they see and regard the experiment as a failure. Also, since most people have been conditioned to assume that the further back they go, the more 'primitive' things will become, there is a deep subconscious fear of projecting back many thousands of years and opening up the abyss of primæval savagery, stripped of all the blessings of humane civilisation and intelligence.

A glance at the time-chart (overleaf) will show that the main body of human history is matriarchal. Patriarchy is only a brief interlude. Therefore, the time-barrier restricts the area of possible exploration to a tiny fraction of the whole. This in itself cuts down the possibility of a successful projection quite considerably. But we must add to this the fact that while some people are reborn into earthly life almost immediately after death, it is far more usual for there to be a gap of anything

from a hundred years to several thousand, spent largely in various non-physical states which are too different from our earthly life to be properly recalled. This means that most people will have had very few incarnations during the patriarchal era, and many none at all other than their present one.

Taking the known period of human civilization, the simple law of averages suggests that any given person will have had something like three thousand matriarchal pre-incarnations for every single patriarchal one! For practical purposes the figure is lower, however, because at a certain point in the matriarchal period we reach a second time-barrier which has only rarely been broken. It seems that when human souls were first incarnate in earthly bodies, these bodies were far less solid than they are now, and that mind and imagination had far more power to shape both the body and the surrounding environment. In occult terminology, the astral and physical planes interreacted far more closely with one another. This period is therefore termed the 'astral æon'. Because we have now slipped so deeply into physical matter, it is impossible for us to fully understand a semi-physical existence, and there comes a point beyond which we can regress no further. Projection 7 comes closer to this barrier than any of our other work so far. But potentially, an individual will have anything upwards of about fifty recoverable matriarchal pre-incarnations, possibly several hundred, and only a few if any patriarchal ones. Of these she will find some easier than others to recover and some quite impossible.

Most people who fail to recover pre-incarnations do so because they have no patriarchal ones, or the few they do have fall into the difficult or impossible categories; and they are prevented from recovering the others by the first time-barrier.

Another importance of breaking this barrier lies in the nature of Madrian-matriarchal society itself. In experiments concerning patriarchal pre-incarnations it has often been noted that a disproportionate number of them fall in places and periods such as ancient Egypt, where there was a high knowledge of spiritual matters and of the nature of life after death. It seems that the soul can move more freely into such periods, perhaps because it is easier to reconcile the travelling consciousness with a past self which is not in ignorance or fear of such matters.

All matriarchal societies, particularly the early and middle period ones, had a far deeper knowledge of psychic and spiritual realities than Egypt. In fact the main reason for the superiority of Egyptian knowledge over that of other occidental patriarchal societies is that the transition from matriarchy to patriarchy came relatively late in Egypt, therefore more ancient knowledge survived there in recorded time.

One further reason for the success of matriarchal projections may lie in a phenomenon which many people well versed in spiritual matters believe to be occurring at the present period. The belief was nearly summed up by the well-known occult writer and journalist Stewart Farrar in a recent article:

...the readmission of the Goddess to Her proper place in the minds of men and women is probably the most significant religious development of modern times. I will risk a prophecy, because I profoundly believe that it will prove to be true: that over the coming centuries (or even decades) it will be at Her shrines, increasingly and predominantly, that the mass of humanity will worship.*

* *Sut Anubis*, vol. I, no. I, p. 6.

If this widely-held belief is correct, then it will follow that there is a powerful spiritual link between the present time and the matriarchal ages, and it will be easier to 'jump' back into the main body of history than to get to another part of the patriarchal era.

The Periods

The best way to get some idea of each period is to study the projections which fall within them. The late-matriarchal period (projections 4 and 5) seems to have been a time of great cities with powerful princesses or queens, and the rise and fall of great matriarchal empires. This did not affect the whole world uniformly, and many places continued to live for most of the period much as they had in central-matriarchal times. It is believed that a technological society arose in the last few hundred years much like our own, which overspread the whole earth and then destroyed itself in some disaster such as the abuse of nuclear or solar power.

The semi-matriarchal period which arose after this still saw women in control of society. There was a great religious revival after the irreligiousness of the last few centuries of late-matriarchy, but this declined again, and patriarchal ideas began to make inroads in society and religion.

The semi-patriarchal period was a peculiar time. Men controlled society, but religion was still a female preserve. Descent passed down the female line, and a king gained office only by marrying a queen. There was a slow transition to full patriarchy. The first kings would wear a queen's robes to show that they were really the male equivalent of a queen, and not just a consort.

PROJECTION 1

Note: The projections have been specially selected to give an impression of the society in which they take place. They have been edited partly from considerations of space and partly in order to cut out irrelevant or repetitive material. Passages marked • are questions put by the guide. The explorer is Celia.



I seem to be walking along a road. It is towards dark, late summer, I should say. The air is very warm.

- Describe your surroundings.

I think it is a town or city—but I know there are fields nearby. Several very white buildings, painted or whitewashed. A very clean classical appearance. I know also that there are some tall buildings in light grey stone and with very elaborate architecture, but they are at the centre. I can't see them. Everything here is very simple and plain.

- What is your name?

I can't really pronounce it to you. It means 'light'. Diral, perhaps, something like that.

- Are you aware of being in this room?

Yes, I am aware of you, and the room, but I am also here. I experience both, but I can exclude either by concentrating.

- What are you wearing?

I'm not sure. It seems like a dress of a light beige material. It falls well below my knees. Rope sandals. A kind of scarf or shawl—no it's more like a veil—something light, anyway, over my head and shoulders.

Someone is passing me. A man dressed in brown. He presses the palms of his hands together in front of him and bows his head. Am I a priestess? No, I am nobody special, I think. I raise my right hand in acknowledgement. It was not the bow of a slave or servant. More like a bow of courtesy given by a Victorian gentleman to a lady—no, more serious, somewhere between the two. Men regard women as superiors, but there is nothing 'heavy' about it. He is pleasant and cheerful, but he does not stop to talk. I do not know him very well.

I think this must be a small town—I would not expect to pass someone I did not know at least by sight. It is not considered small by the standards of this country, though. I think it is fairly important. I feel happy.

- What sort of place is it—what sort of period?

It's hard to tell. There are very few mechanical devices of any sort—probably less than in the Middle Ages, but things like heating and draining are well managed. Artistic things—pottery and carving especially—are highly skilled, and lots of ordinary people are really good at it. Music too, especially singing. People sing as they work, building up harmony and counterpoint (if they're the right words) as they go along. But it's very different from our music. Medicine is different, simpler, no equipment, not many drugs, but more advanced, I think.

They cure most things very quickly and easily. A sort of spiritual healing, I think. Old people stay healthy and in possession of their faculties until they die usually. Very little concern about useful things. We have enough food and comfort. We do not try to increase it by artificial means. That is not the purpose of life. Less dependence on physical things altogether. Psychic faculties very high. There is a game played especially by older people. Far more complicated than chess. Partly logic, but partly also concerned with spiritual symbols and with reading the mind of your opponent. I tried it once, but didn't do very well.

- To what ages do people live?

I don't know. There is no great concern with numbers or time. Certain ages have special significance—like fourteen, but on the whole not much counting goes on. There are no clocks, I think. The days of the week are known, but most people would not know offhand what day it was. Everyone would know the phase of the moon. The year is marked out by the religious festivals and by the moon.

Old people are much in evidence, though. Older women seem to lead the community. It makes me see how youth-oriented our society is. Old people are not pathetic here, but wise and mysterious. They also seem livelier and to have lost far less of themselves. Age is partly symbolic. Some old people are considered young if they are not inwardly mature, and some younger ones sit with the elders. Young people are so much

younger here. They are light and careless. A person of about forty is considered fairly young...

I am entering my home now. Two teenage boys approach me and bow their heads, pressing their palms before them. One kneels and unlooses my sandals and sprinkles my feet with water. To the other I give my outdoor veil or shawl which he takes with great reverence. They are not servants, but simply the young men of the house. One may be my cousin or my brother.

Some men are talking in the passageway. As I pass they fall silent and turn to me pressing their palms and bowing (I think it is called 'reverencing'). I raise my hand. I raise my hand also to other young maids. They raise theirs, and we touch our fingertips together. I meet one older woman more colourfully dressed, with great presence. I reverence her. I find this action gives me a strange pleasure or satisfaction. She raises her arm in reply. It is rather like some dance or ritual. But the actions are not mere formalities. A thrill of something live runs through them. They have a religious significance. Yes, I think that is true. There is a great sense of living in the harmony which God Herself has given us; of moving within the music of the spheres.

Another man passes, reverencing me. Again I remember raised hats and rising from chairs. It is odd to think that these were the remnant of so powerful, so strangely beautiful a thing.

I go to the quiet of a little shrine or chapel and kneel before the statue of our Lady. The windows are of blue glass, and the evening sun streams in with a strange cool feeling. Pale stone and silver. Beautiful carving and metal work. Each member of the household has given her finest gift to Her down the generations. I thank Her for my safe return (though I have

been less than half a mile away for only a few hours) and She Who is in the heavens and the seas is with me. It is a sort of ecstasy. I make the pentacle on myself and leave, making a sort of deep bow or curtsy.

I enter a large room with seven or eight maids of my own age. They greet me with much love, which they express by touching my fingertips and whirling about me. Physical contact (except fingertips) seems relatively rare. Their dance is free and spontaneous, but measured and disciplined too. The result of strict training at a younger age. God runs through the dance, for She is present in all harmony. They dance their love of me and of our Lady. I dance my love of them and of our Lady. There is no separation in things. Art and life are one. Devotion and life are one.

It strikes me that arts like opera and ballet, and even musicals, where 'artificial' things such as song and dance express life situations are attempts to get back to this natural harmony I see about me.

PROJECTION 2

Note: The explorer here is Keith. He is male both in his present life and in this past one, but it can happen that a person will discover lives in which she has been of the other sex.



I am on grass. I am not standing, I am seated. It is a hill, and I am looking down on a little town—no, a village.

- Can you see your feet?

Yes, they are bare—no, they have straps on them—rather open leather sandals. My legs are bare up the knees, and I have a sort of grey tunic—no, more olive green. A big belt with a bag or pouch slung from it.

- Can you see your face?

Yes. I am young—in my early twenties. It is an odd face—attractive, but not like any race we know. Brown—very light brown, very high eyebrows, light brown hair—I really look more like an elf or pixie. I have a sort of band around my neck. It is very new and I am happy about it. I am taking it off to look at. It is metal, very solid, a pale gold colour.

- How can you take it off if it is a solid metal band?

It isn't joined at the middle, it is thick at the middle and tapers to two points. It is quite springy. Very light. I can't think what metal it could be. It is engraved all over with flowers and leaves and religious symbols.

- Can you describe the village?

It all has to do with the band.

- The village?

Yes. Otherwise I wouldn't be here. This is the first time I've been up this hill. The first time alone, anyway. But I will come often. I am looking after sheep. They are all around me on the hill.

- Are they your sheep?

No—well, I suppose so, they are my wife's sheep. The band is from her—or from the priestess. I have only married her recently, and I have come here to live with her. This is her home—and my home now. I used to live quite a long way away.

- What is your home like?

Very big. A large house with a lot of people—mostly my sisters and brothers and mothers and fathers.

- What do you mean?

I mean those of my wife who are now mine. I think her relatives of about our age count as sisters and brothers and older ones as mothers and fathers. But my wife's real mother is the head of our part of the house. The house is really like several houses, only not built separately, and different parts have their own government, if you see what I mean. There aren't many houses in the village, just a few big ones and then smaller buildings attached but belonging to them, and some smaller houses belong to more than one great house, so it is all mixed up.

- Who governs the village?

The most holy women. Some are very old, but some are young. My wife is among them. She lives very close to our Lady and sometimes one can see a glow of light about her head and body. It is silvery-white and very pale blue.* When the glow is with her, wild birds do not fear her, and she can do wonder-

* A note to the original reads: 'Keith has no occult knowledge, but this is a correct description of the aura of a spiritually advanced person.'

ful things. The festivals and religious observances of the year are the most important events in the village. My wife helps to organise them. There is little other government in the village. Each house governs itself.

- Suppose someone commits a crime.

It is dealt with by a priestess or the head of a house if it is great, or a mother or wife or elder sister if it is not—or perhaps a priestess again. Crime seems to be different here—it is not what is actually done that seems to matter—it is an upsetting of spiritual harmony both inside and outside the individual. Punishment restores the balance. It is important that the punishment is understood and accepted. It is more like religious penance. No one is called a criminal or has to leave her home. Bad table manners and theft all come under the same heading. Different in degree, but the same in kind. It is all very calm. . .

I am putting on the band again. It has round knobs at the ends. My wife has one, but it is white—a white metal. All responsible women have them unless they are penitents. Priestesses have silver ones.

Ours is a very special marriage. It is not like other marriages—although not terribly unusual at this time. A chaste marriage. We have devoted ourselves to our Lady completely.

- Are sexual things considered evil?

Evil? Oh, no. All things are right in their season. But if my wife were not chaste, how could the glow come on her? For

perfection there must be perfect purity. It seems obvious, but I can't tell why. The lambs are running about me. I feel happy.

Now I have a piece of wood in my hands, and I am shaping it with a small silver knife. I learned to carve long ago, but my wife is teaching me how to submit to the spirit in the wood and be a channel for creation. Sometimes I see the spirits of the trees and of the waterfall. They are like people, like maids, but smaller, and not physical, and I am letting this wood take the shape of such as spirit as I have seen. When we say we are friends with all the world, we do not mean just people, or even animals, but the whole world. There is so much to see just beyond the physical sight. A great tapestry of life with our Lady at the centre. How strange that in our world people can see none of it. It is a sort of blindness. Here most people can see at least a little.

I know that I will grow and develop here.

PROJECTION 3

Note: The explorer here is Mary.



...now I am surrounded by gold and marble. It is really quite overwhelming. Elaborate pictures and decorations everywhere. I am in a great hall. It is far more magnificent than anything I have seen so far. And yet there is something... well, too much, about it all. I feel a bit sick with it, as if I'd eaten too much. I feel rather anxious and afraid. Yet it is wonderful. The ceiling is very high, supported by dozens of thin columns, spiralling up

in white and gold. Every space of wall is painted with fanciful scenes in rich colours and ornamental borders. The one near me shows woman jumping horses over a group of children dressed as bears and wolves and—and a peacock, I think it is. A couple of the children look afraid, but the rest seem happy enough. Nearby men dressed in terribly bright colours are playing musical instruments. They are always doing that here—always inventing new games and entertainments.

- Do you know where you are?

At the palace of the empress. She is only the ruler of a small country really, but she calls herself an empress. She will not like what I am going to do. I am half afraid of her, but I don't think she will hurt me. I am still afraid, even if she doesn't hurt me.

- What are you going to do?

I'm not sure. I decided last night. I've been trying to decide for months, but last night I felt our Lady was with me, and I wept and asked her to forgive me, and I promised her that I would go in the morning.

- Go where?

Away. Away forever. Into the hills. And never come back to this beautiful palace.

- Why?

Because it is wrong. They are wrong. The empress and her husband and all their childish friends. Her husband has a beard

divided into little plaits and each one seems to be coated with gold. I have often wondered how it is done. He is a cruel man at heart, and I would be dead if he had his way, but he is afraid of her and she is afraid to touch me—besides, she is not evil.

• Who are you?

I am a priestess. She has about forty priestesses here. She is a priestess herself also. The chief priestess. The empress is always the chief priestess—but that's wrong. In the old days the princess was princess only because she was chief priestess, now it's the other way round, and she isn't a real priestess at all. Not in the eyes of Dea, and she knows it really. She has brought in all sorts of terrible things into the temple—blasphemous rites from foreign countries where everything has gone bad. That is partly her husband's doing. She knows it is wrong, and part of her is afraid. They all are. That is why they plunge themselves into their mad games and drink themselves into a stupor all the time and can't bear anyone to say a word against them.

But they aren't really bad—not most of them—just silly. They wouldn't do anything really bad. Oh but they are doing something really bad. Their rites and their whole way of life are attracting the most hideous spirits. If our mothers of a few generations back could come in here they would run in terror. They could see these things. I have seen them too. One evening I could just see everything—loathsome keres* running in and out of doors and up the passages, screaming and laugh-

* A note to the original reads: 'A sort of demon-like spirit.'

ing, clinging round people's necks, and they were dancing and nobody could see.

But I am not the only one. Others have seen them. They tell me in confession; the children especially, poor things. Some of them daren't sleep for days. I give them little charms to keep the keres off, but how can I tell them the truth? They guess, a lot of them. You see, I have celebrated some of those rites.

- What are they?

Oh, false gods, male gods. One is said to be the lover of Dea. They have sexual acts in the temple. It is a mockery of devotion, and they want real priestesses to take part—that makes them feel it must be alright. That's why they will hate me leaving. It will frighten them for a little while, but they'll soon get over it.

There was an old woman here. She was the real chief priestess among us, though she wasn't called a chief priestess. She left a long time ago, and after that the real priestesses went one by one. I am one of the last. She told me where to find her. She is in hiding. There is no danger, but she believes things will get worse before long. In the country where the empress's husband comes from they kill and torture people. She said that once evil starts it never stays still. It either turns back or gets worse. I don't know.

Perhaps I shall become a quiet country priestess. Some priestesses have taken the new cult out into the country, but the country people won't have anything to do with it. Either priestesses are shamed back into faith or the people worship in their own houses. Lots of little country chapels are empty. Perhaps I shall go to one of them. I still feel anxious and upset

inside. I think it is that I am still in love with the life of the city and the court. But I am definitely decided to go.

PROJECTION 4

Note: The society depicted in this projection seems more ‘worldly’ than the others. For this and for some other reasons, we have attributed it to the latter part of the late-matriarchal period. The explorer is Chrysothemis.



- Where are you?

In a wood, looking into a small clearing. It is very still and silent, peaceful. Early spring from the colour of the grass; late afternoon.

- What are you wearing?

A short tunic, rather like my school gym tunic—gathered at the waist, with short sleeves. But grown, not green.

- How old are you?

I’m not sure. Perhaps about fourteen, but that’s an older age to me here than normally. I have fair curly hair.

- Where do you live?

A white house—no, a cottage. In the country, but with some other cottages round about. I live with someone slightly

younger, perhaps my maid or a younger sister. I can't remember my life as a child or my mother. But I have an older friend who lives nearby—she has three young children... (the explorer moved forward five years)

I'm wearing a long blue dress, standing in a hall. Very big and spacey. There's mosaic on the floor. Some new windows, lots of tiny panes. They have been put in to let more light into the hall. There's a heavy dark wooden table—mahogany, I think—and chairs. They look a bit out of place now everything is so much brighter. I am visiting here; I've been here for a few weeks. It's my cousin's house now. She had the new windows put in—most of the rooms have been changed in some way. The house is on a small estate at the edge of the town. About twenty people live here.

- Are there any men in the household?

Yes, but only servants.

- Do you know any married people? Is there marriage?

I'm not sure. Some women live with men who are not servants as such, but I don't know about marriage. Some men live with their sisters, but I have the impression that there are very few men here and that most are servants. Servants seem to be on quite familiar terms with everyone and are often close friends of their mistresses. And nobody works very hard. There aren't many children either. I don't know if there are many men anywhere else. It doesn't seem strange at all, though.

- What do you do here?

I spend a lot of time visiting people, my cousin's friends. Being introduced. I don't like that very much. I remember spending hours in the library in the house. The books are really beautiful—lots of them—heavy cream paper, beautifully coloured pictures, rich bindings. One is a herbal—a huge book of lots of pictures of plants and flowers. I don't know whether they are printed or written. Some are scrolls.

- What does your cousin do?

She is always out and about. I think she's quite well known here. Local politics, I think. There is a very informal system of government here. Nobody has much real power; nobody outside either—no outside government, I mean. Everything which affects the town is decided by a few women like my cousin, but it's not very substantial. Some of them are priestesses, I think, but I don't have the impression that's of any importance.

- Are there any chapels or temples in the town?

I hardly know. The house has a chapel—and a priestess, a very old lady, very remote. She has sort of retired here. The chapel is highly decorated. The seats are of carved ivory inlaid with different kinds of wood.

PROJECTION 5

Note: It often happens that a projection leads the explorer to a crucial point in her past life. In this case it is a turning point in

the period immediately after a life. Disincarnate projections are relatively rare, but they do occur from time to time. The time again is the latter part of the late-matriarchal period, perhaps a few hundred years after Projection 4. The explorer is Sally.



I can't land. I'm not sure where I am, but I am somewhere definite. There are people walking about, but they don't see me. A market place. Women kneeling on the ground playing a game with coloured stones. I've been here often but I don't belong here any more. I am dead. Yes, I'm sure of that. I used to live here, and I was often at this market, but I've been dead for a long time now. Terribly long. For a long time I didn't understand that I was dead. I just tried to make people hear me. My body is just as it was in life, tall—I am wearing a long white dress. It might not really be white. I seem white all over now.

- Are you always in this place?

No, I go to my old home sometimes. I don't have to stay on earth. I mean, there are lots of other places all around me here and now, but I can't get to them properly; I can't see in them usually, just dark shapes mostly. I seem trapped between two worlds. I just go round in circles. And sometimes I re-live my life. I only have to start remembering a bit of it and it all comes back—I mean literally, but that's horrible.

- Why?

Well, for one thing, I can't do anything. It all happens just exactly as it did before. Everything repeats itself. For another

thing it seems so empty. I mean, all the things I wanted then, all the things I was interested in, just seem pointless now. I had a great urge to get into a round building—not the building itself, but what it represented—it was a sort of council or senate that governed this whole area. There are about a hundred women in it, and a kind of inner ring of twenty or so. I spent most of my time getting to know influential people. I would have made it quite soon, but I was drowned in a sailing accident. It was so important then, and it just bores me now. I had a lot of love affairs too—well, not much real love. I just can't stand going over it all.

- Can you see any other people who have died?

Yes, sometimes. None of them look the same as they did in life, but you can still recognise them somehow. I'm the only one that looks the same—but perhaps that's only to myself. I can't talk to them. They all seem wrapped up in their own worlds. Some of them look horrible. But a lot of people aren't here. They must be free.

- How do you mean, free?

Not trapped. I'm trapped here because I can't get anywhere else. I think I understand why. I was too tied up with the material world. I only thought of material things, so now I am sort of tied to it. I never did anything to train myself to see things beyond the world, so now I can't do it even though I am beyond it. I didn't really believe there was anything beyond it—well, I never gave it much thought. Most people didn't; well, most of the people I knew.

- Are there any memories you enjoy?

Yes—well not enjoy exactly. When people were really kind to me or I was really kind to them. But that often brings back the times I was nasty—there were a lot of them. I really hate them now. I don't mind the times people were nasty to me. All the hurt seems to have gone out of those.

I went through a spiritual phase in my early teens. I keep coming back to that. It isn't dead. I get into me kneeling in my room with some candles and a little statue and I remember how I felt and I can feel it again; and because there aren't many outward actions it isn't a repeat. I can pray my own prayers, and I feel all weak and trembly as I did when I was young. And I can cry, because I used to cry then, just from the overwhelmingness of it all; and it's such a relief to be able to cry.

There are two candles, and I feel warm and happy. My parents weren't very religious and I used to keep this a secret from them because I felt embarrassed. I used to believe that the Daughter was right here with me, and I do now. I know She will help me. I can use this as a jumping-off point to get out of this world. When I was first dead it was just like when I was drowning. I felt completely trapped and out of my element. I'm lucky really. A lot of people have never turned their eyes out of the world. I wonder how they escape. I wonder if they do. It's lucky I died young, too. It would have been harder if I'd been too set in my ways. I am full with love and happiness and tears.

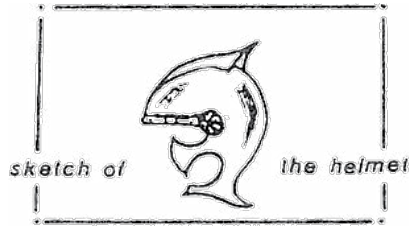
PROJECTION 6

Note: The event of death is not uncommon in projections, particularly when the death is violent or under unusual circumstances. The Roman historian Diodorus Siculus records an Amazon campaign which liberated the whole of Asia Minor and many of the Ægean islands.* Plutarch and numerous authorities record a similar campaign on the Greek mainland and surrounding territory.† However, the explorer, Celia, feels her experience to be earlier than either.



- Can you see your feet?

Yes. I am wearing black shoes — no, they're boots reaching to the knees. Tough old boots, supple and well-polished. A short dress of heavy material with a very full skirt gathered with a cord wrapped around five or six times. A leather jacket or waistcoat—no, it isn't either, it's quite thick and covered with metal strips outlining the shape. It's a sort of armour. Over it all I have a long cloak and I am wearing a helmet which covers my ears and has a sort of central ridge rising to a point at the back. There is a sword sheath hanging from a sort of fitting on the armour, but it is empty. The sword is in my hand. It is short and



* *Bibliotheca Historica*, 3.52–4.

† E.g. Plutarch, *The Life of Theseus*, 26–8.

light. Quite broad. The hilt is in the shape of a crescent moon, and there are very intricate engravings at the base of the blade.

- Where are you?

There are a lot of buildings about. Lots of people too. I think there has been a battle. Wounded people lying about, being helped by sisters—women vowed to the religious life who know all sorts of healing arts and magical things. A lot of soldier-women are under their orders, helping with the wounded. Priestesses too. The priestesses have white robes with rich violet over-smocks. A group of sisters assists each one. The sisters are in long white brown or pale blue dresses with matching cloaks. They all have head veils—the priestesses too. The soldiers are incredibly gentle, as gentle as the sisters, though I know that an hour ago they were fighting like lions. They are very colourful. Some are in red, some in white, some in a sort of mauve. Very graceful in their movements. They mostly wear short full dresses. The colours are different sections or divisions, I think. Some have leather armour like mine, some no armour. Some walking about have shining silver breastplates. They are quite high officers. There are also some all in black with their hair tied in a long plait with a criss-cross of black ribbon. They are nicknamed the black-ribbons. There is something special about them, but I can't remember what. A lot of these are mounted archers, but some are infantry, and those are mine. I am a junior officer, and I command a section of about two hundred. We have passed through about eight countries in the past season, winning victories at each.

- What is your purpose?

In these countries men have seized power and set up brutal tyrannies. They have smashed the temples of our Lady, murdered priestesses and set up idols in their own image—vicious male tyrants that they dare to call God. We have come to rescue the people. At each place we help to restore the old order and then move on to the next.

- Why are you so successful?

Oh, there are a lot of reasons. Our troops are very special. Not like soldiers at all in the modern sense. They are very spiritually developed, and that makes them highly disciplined. They have fighting arts which seem almost magical to outsiders: it all comes from the rigorous spiritual training and discipline. When our Lady's enemies took over, the whole of society had gone rotten. They were completely selfish and unspiritual. They lived only for pleasure and money and sex. They had lost the spiritual vision and cared for nothing but material things. The whole thing was ripe for collapse. When it came it was almost for the best. A few of the better people ran away and formed little communities. The sisterhoods started. People really got back to the old way of life.

Their troops are terrified of death. They don't really believe in future life. But we know that we will pass either into the arms of our Mother or into some other state of life. And the people hate their new rulers. They are cowardly, but they often find quiet ways of helping us and our scouts can always get information out of them. Even a lot of the soldiers don't like fighting for their oppressors, and they know that if they

surrender we will get them out of the battle and treat them well, so quite a few of them surrender quite early on.

But mostly it is the quality of the troops. The forces of evil cannot stand against the forces of good. The male-states are always warring among themselves, and when one wins there is rape and burning and pillage. But if one of our soldiers steals so much as an egg she is disciplined. And she does not have to be caught, either. She will not sleep a night before she comes in tears begging for punishment and purification. That is real strength. Brutality is a sign of weakness. Only the pure are strong. We do not even take gifts offered in gratitude, and we may not even touch money. We are given wholly to Dea.

- But you have to kill?

Yes. We do not kill one person more than we have to. We never cause any unnecessary suffering. We treat a wounded enemy just like a wounded friend. But we do have to kill. The male-states kill and torture their enemies all the time, so in the end we probably save more lives than we take. But there is more to it than that. What happens to them when they die? If they have rejected the spirit, they flounder in darkness and confusion. Our priestesses are among the dying at this very moment, offering them the final sacrament. When they look death in the eye, nearly all take the chalice. Even if they only half-believe it will make things easier for them. Even now there are souls that passed over half an hour ago giving thanks with all their being that they died here in a state of grace, surrounded by the prayers of the sisters, rather than living another twenty years to die into the darkness.

- Are there any men with your army?

Yes, some. I'm not sure about them myself. They tend to be undisciplined; they go overboard in attacks sometimes, and seem as if they want to carry on after we've won. I've got about a dozen in my section. They form a little section of their own, and they're really quite good. I threw out one or two who weren't, and they need a firm hand, but I'm really very proud of them.

- Do you think your victory will be permanent?

It all depends on the people. In the end all these things are spiritual. If they learn their lesson and turn back to our Lady they will survive. But if they go bad again it will all happen over again. If the light isn't in them all the armies in the world can't save them in the end. They seem to have turned back to the light, but it's hard to tell if it will last. There is so much evil in the world now.

Oh! I feel strange. Something is happening. My back. A great spreading pain. I feel sick. A knife. Someone threw it into me. I can see it now. My body is on the ground, and I am outside it. Some sort of surprise attack. The black-ribbons are encircling the sisters and priestesses. They go on with their work. The others are attacking. The raiders are beaten off. All over as quickly as it started. Or was it quick? I've lost my sense of time. I can't stay. I'm coming back.

PROJECTION 7

Note: The explorer is Marie.



- What are you wearing?

A diaphanous white or pale green cloth, falling all around me. Very bright and shining, more shimmering, really. It seems to be a very special sort of cloth, like silk, perhaps, but lighter and softer. It's almost part of me. I have a very strange sensation, as though I am floating—but I can feel the grass under my feet.

- Are you alive?

Oh, yes, tremendously alive. Oh, that sounds silly. I definitely feel that I am not in a different state of life. This is earth, I'm sure. The grass, the trees—I can see oaks and beeches—I can feel the sun on my skin. But everything is young, fresh and full of light. This is hundreds of thousands of years ago, perhaps millions. I feel wonderful. Everything is so real, so bright—I feel the real essence of everything is so near the surface. Yes, I think that must be it.

- Do you feel the same about yourself?

Yes, I do. I feel much more at home, at peace with myself. And very independent, not so easily influenced by things around me or other people. More in control. And yet I feel at one with things—with the world. Very calm...

- Contented?

I wouldn't say that. That sounds like completion. I don't feel complete. The calmness is good, but not an important thing in itself. It feels like a preliminary or a necessary condition. A bit like Virginia Woolf's 'A Room of Her Own'—the need for peace and quiet to be creative, to achieve something worthwhile. I am not sure what it is, but I feel it has to do with myself—with *becoming*, not making or doing.

- Are there any other people about?

Yes, I can see two others coming towards me. They are dressed as I am, but in silvery-blue rather than green. There is something strange about their clothing, something I don't understand. They are very close to me now—they are friends of mine. I can feel the warmth of their friendship—it's almost a telepathic impression. All the communication seems to be on two levels. One is asking me to go with them, smiling, because she already knows that I shall agree. And it's important, special to all of us. So much is accepted between us that it is hard for me to put it into words. There is a close bond between the three of us, as though we are sisters, but I feel it's not a blood relationship.

Their clothing and mine—I think I'm beginning to understand—it's not ordinary clothing at all. It is part of the aura which is somehow made more tangible and responds to the movements of the person. That explains why I have felt so unhampered by my clothing—because it is part of me. I have complete control of it, can change its shape, use it to express emotions or movement. I think being able to see, or poten-

tially see, the auras of things is what gives the landscape its extra dimension. I feel that the clothes we wear today are poor attempts at this sort of thing rather than developments from animal skins as we're always told. We seem to be moving very quickly, although without hurrying. I can feel an odd sort of excitement in myself and in the others.

- Do you know where you are going?

I am there now. I think I have been taking part in some kind of dance. Everyone has come here to the centre. I'm reminded of spiral mazes, but I can't tell if that's just something I'm imposing on my feeling from the outside. I can't be sure. But anyway, this feels like the centre—the centre of all things. The energy here is amazing. It has almost a tangible feeling of countless ages, stretching into eternity—everywhere else seems so fresh and young.

- Can you describe the place?

That's very difficult, because it's at least two places at once. It's a clearing in the wood, grass bright green, trees all around like sentinels. But it is also a temple. You can see the shining silver walls. How can I explain? It is as if the physical structure of this place is a clearing in a wood, but its æthyric structure is a temple, and I can see both. The temple part isn't natural. I mean it was built up by maids a very long time ago. It isn't the spontaneous emission of the trees and the other physical things here. It think they shaped the temple from what was here; and doing that they 'charged' the place somehow, so that it has a soul-shaking effect on anyone who comes here. I have a strong

feeling that there is something beyond, something eternal and unchanging which I think is all linked up with the temple and the trees. It's tremendous—almost too much for me.

- Are there other buildings or is this the only one?

Yes, there are others, smaller places. But I feel this must be the first of them all, and the others followed—perhaps from the desire for solitary or local worship. It comes to me—as if I know—that physical buildings came afterwards, perhaps to complement the æthyric or sometimes because the gift of æthyric building had been lost—or just because as people became more physical they needed physical structures as well. How strange—it is always supposed that caves came first, but they obviously came last of all, when people were living at such a low level that they had lost all skills and relied on animal instinct instead of memory.

- Can you describe the other people there?

Yes—the priestess. She is stepping into the centre now. Behind and above her is a statue of a woman—Dea, of course—part of the æthyric structure. It is as if the priestess is stepping into it, becoming one with it. There is something live about it, not dead like a stone statue; it's glowing with energy and this is passing through the priestess. No, it's not a vision, it has been made just like a statue, built up, but it is being used—by spiritual beings, not by us. The others here—there are quite a lot, I think, more than I can see. I recognise some as friends, some just by sight—but I feel in harmony with everyone. They are all my sisters. All women? Yes, I think so, but that is difficult.

How can I express it? Almost as though being here made it so, or would make it so whatever was the case outside.



Postscript: The final passage is obscure, but Marie explained in discussion afterwards that she thought it meant that sex differentiation was very tenuous if it existed at all. In any case, the temple would bring out the female soul in any person.⁸²

APPENDIX

A LEAP THROUGH TIME...*

The Moira Method is a technique for inducing waking-dream visions of past incarnations lived in matriarchal times. Full instructions for this method are given in *The Moira Handbook* together with accounts of a series of ‘projections’, ranging from the earliest reachable period, when people were still semi-physical creatures, to the Amazon campaigns of early patriarchal times. The following is an account of a projection not included in the *Handbook*. Passages preceded by a dot • are questions put to the ‘explorer’ by her ‘guide’.

The Projection

There is bright sunshine. I am at the edge of a forest.

* This projection was originally published separately in *The Coming Age*. It has been appended to the *Handbook* here for the reader’s convenience.

- Describe your feet.

I am wearing wooden shoes—there seems to be a design carved on them, but I can't see it clearly. I am wearing a short dress—well, below mid-calf, tied at the waist and with wide sleeves. I seem quite young, perhaps twelve. My face is delicate; not western, but not oriental either. Somehow færy-like.

I am carrying a basket. It is round in shape and empty—except there's a little straw in the bottom. There is something very neat about it—I can't say what, but its very shape seems to mean something. That's true of my clothes as well.

- Where are you going?

I can hear singing—from the woods—well, it's only a little copse really. I'm going there. My sisters are there with their baskets, gathering things.

- What things?

Berries, I think, and nuts.

- Is it they who are singing?

Yes. My mother is with them—not my real mother, but one of the women of our household. She sings a phrase and they all sing in reply—it is a sort of chant. She has a high thrilling tone that seems to come from a special place at the back of her throat. In the Temple they have this chanting tone—or something very much like it.

- Is it a religious chant?

No, it is a story. I can hear the words, but I can't understand the language. But I know it is a story about a maid who went on a long journey. It isn't a dull chant; it has a lively exciting rhythm, but it gets sad in places. It isn't just a story, it has a special meaning, and the maid is somebody very special.

- Why?

I don't know—I can't call it to mind. Everything seems so clear and vivid. I have collected some blackberries in my basket, and each one seems terribly clear—I can't describe how bright and beautiful everything is. It is as if our eyes were clearer, as if we see more than just the surfaces of things—or as if the world is younger and fresher. Something higher—something deeper seems to shine through everything I see.

My sisters have veils over their heads. They are tied back and don't conceal their hair entirely. But my head is bare because I am young—that is why I have wooden shoes as well—they have sandals. They are not blood sisters—or only one of them is—but other girls who live in our household.

- Describe your household.

It has a fountain at the centre. A grassy courtyard with the house all round. It is very bright and clean. Lots of people live there—maybe thirty or forty, I'm not sure. It is ruled by an old lady—she is a magical sort of person. She stays very quiet, but when she is needed, she is there; and she is as wise as a spider.

- As a spider?

Yes. We aren't afraid of spiders—we're called the spider house—but there aren't any real spiders there. It is because we are weavers—at least, the maids are. The men go out on the hills with the sheep and things, because weaving is a Mystery.

- What sort of a Mystery?

There are two meanings to everything and three meanings to most things, and if you knew all there is to know about weaving, you'd know everything in the world—and beyond it.

- What does that mean?

That's what they say. I'm not wholly sure—I haven't been brought into the Mystery yet. My sister—my real sister—entered the Mystery last year—so she's only a beginner. She says it is wonderful and terrible—and very hard work. But I can tell it makes her happy. Only sometimes she has to go away from us for days and weeks—she's only somewhere else in the house, I suppose, but we don't see her. There are lots of strange and mysterious places in the house, but I haven't seen them yet. There's a whole wing I've never been in.

Oh! She's lifted me up from behind. She's laughing, and one of my other sisters has squashed a blackberry on my forehead and is making marks on my face with the juice. I don't mind. I was rather expecting it. It happens every year to the youngest. I can really feel the juice—and smell it too! The girl who is doing it has bright blue makeup on her eyes, but it is not just a decoration—it means 'the heavenly eye of her soul', and don't ask me what that means. Now they will carry me to the

boys and try to smear as many as they can with the blackberry juice. It is a game, and there is a special song to go with it.

It is a special day—to do with the maid in the song—now I know. She is the spirit who looks after our house—a hera. Her journey was the journey of her soul to Dea, but also a physical journey she made in her life, and also the journey each of us must make through the Mystery.

The fruits are being gathered for an offering, and tonight there will be a feast. People from other houses will come and bring us gifts—we go to them on their Helati's days, and a Priestess will come from the Temple for the offering in our chapel. Usually our mother (meaning the head of the household) celebrates the rites there, but today she will only make the offering and the Priestess will do everything else. Last year she gave a wonderful tapestry to the Temple too, but that was because one of my sisters had entered fully into the Mystery. My sister hasn't entered fully—that won't come for ages. But before she does, she will have to make something really wonderful either for the Temple or the chapel. There isn't one this year.

They are starting the song, and I am being carried on their shoulders. It is a high song with a laugh at the end of each verse—they really are laughing, but in rhythm with the song. I can see the countryside from here. It could easily be England—but everything is so luminously clear.⁸³

APPENDIX*

REVIEW OF BREAKING THE TIME BARRIER

Described as 'psychic adventures into the female civilizations of the deep past', this is a really fascinating book. It describes a technique for astral travel whilst conscious and contains accounts from seven women and one man who deliberately tried to project back to a previous life in the Matriarchal period. I believe this is possible and feel that their experiences 'ring true'. But whether you believe the technique works or not and whether you feel the accounts are genuine or merely vivid imaginings in many ways matters less than the fact that reading the accounts could give you a whole new outlook on the past. Each projection is to a different period and they give very different accounts of what it was like or, what it may have been like, ranging from the transition from semi- to full patriarchy back through the semi-matriarchy, late and central matriarchies right back to the early non-astral matriarchy. To explain this last term, the writers feel there are two 'time barriers' which can prevent people from projecting back into the matriarchy, the first and major barrier lies around the transition into total patriarchy. What prevents people going through this barrier is the inability to 'jump' from a patriarchal culture to a matriarchal one plus a fear that the further back you go the more primitive things become. This seems to be a very modern fear. The further back you go the more complex things become, the oldest languages we know are far more complicated and sophisticated than any

* This review, without attribution, was found in the Burtonport house in the early 1990s. It is unclear if it was ever published or circulated. It has been appended to the *Handbook* for the reader's convenience.

living language... whilst these languages were in use in one part of the world cave men existed in another! Many great civilizations existed when we were all supposed to be wearing skins and clubbing each other over the head... and these civilizations regarded themselves as poor and degraded versions of even earlier peoples!!! so, do not fear. The second barrier is of a different type altogether. Very far back, it cuts us off from what the writers term the Astral Æon. Beyond this, life was so different that we cannot grasp it. The physical and the astral are much closer and humans can function on both planes simultaneously. Because of our limitations this barrier is virtually impossible to penetrate. One projection goes right back to just this side of the barrier and gives a clearer picture of how different things were than I can. In it the woman realises that her clothing and that of her friends is not just clothing but in some way also a visible expression of her aura over which she has complete control, and that the temple they visit is at one time both a clearing in the wood and a building, not made of stone but of psychic energy, and that sex differentiation, if it existed at all was very tenuous. The writers are at present preparing a longer, more comprehensive book,* but I am sure that this introduction to the technique and representative projections will interest the growing number of women interested in women's psychic powers, and I would be very interested to hear experiences of women using this technique of projection.⁸⁴

* It is not known whether this was ever completed or published.

THE LIGHT OF DEA

From the beginning, God the Daughter has shed Her light upon the world, guiding the lost souls of the earth through the labyrinth of illusion into the greater light of Her Mother. Life, at the best, is short. We know not whence we come nor where we go, and when we die, we pass into the darkness. God the Daughter has died into the darkness to pay the price of our redemption. She has suffered that we may cease to suffer; She has seen the dark to bring us to the light. This is the one religion of humanity, of which all later creeds are merely echoes; the one Truth known from time immemorial; the perfect mirror from which all the bright fragments are broken.

LUX MADRIANA ('The light of Dea') is an organisation devoted to spreading the ancient Truth once more upon the earth. Once more you can read the ancient Scriptures, practise the ancient faith, and join again Her family on earth. Her arms are open. Will you return?

God the Mother...

The Soul in the Market-Place

Amid the noise and frenzy of the modern world, the soul stands in confusion, like a child that has lost her mother in a crowded market-place. On all sides she hears the continual street-cries of the age: that death is the end; that nothing is real beyond what can be seen and touched; that the pursuit of material goods or emotional stimulation and the fleeting happiness they bring are the only aims that we can have.

Sometimes she reaches out for one of the gaudy trinkets pressed upon her by the merchants of 'scientific' materialism,

but in her heart she knows that they are only worthless toys, even when they are not downright swindles.

She longs to turn to higher things, to things of the spirit. But where can she turn? One religion tells her one thing, another contradicts it, a third teaches something different altogether. She knows that there is some truth in all of them—but where is the whole Truth? The simple, single Truth that lies behind them all?

Why should there be such confusion? If God has spoken to the world, surely the truth must be pure and clear. Surely it must be human misunderstanding that has brought about this chaos of contradiction.

The One Ancient Faith

In truth, God has spoken to the world. She has taught us that She is the divine Mother-Spirit of the universe. She has taught us the secrets of life and death which give the answer to all the problems and confusions of the modern world.

For thousands of years, these teachings formed the basis of the one religion and philosophy accepted by the whole of humanity throughout the world. They provided the foundation for ancient civilisations based not upon material gain and physical technology, but upon spiritual harmony; civilisations in which the whole of society was one great Temple to the divine Mother-Spirit, and the soul's inner quest was the centre of life. This was the religion and philosophy which we now call Madrianism.

Toward the end of this period, humanity began to slip away from this state. Knowledge of the spiritual realities became

vaguer and less certain. The one primordial religion began to be fragmented into a number of separate creeds, each retaining some part of the whole Truth while losing other parts. The wise priestess-queens who had ruled the old world came to be replaced by warrior kings; and instead of worshipping the one Mother-Spirit, they set up various male gods 'made in their own image'. The deep wisdom, the spiritual arts and sciences of the old world were lost, only to be replaced, after a long period of barbarism, by a purely material science which took no account of the inner spiritual meaning of things, but looked only at their outward physical nature. This science may achieve many things on the purely material level, but, being ignorant of the true inner principles of our spiritual nature, it is powerless in the face of a world of ever-growing unrest, strife and sheer dissatisfaction.

The only answer for humanity is to return to the one Truth which was known from the beginning—like the child in the market-place, to return to her Mother. In truth, we have not been away for so very long; for measured against the whole of human history, the few thousand years in which our Mother has been forgotten, and strife and confusion have dominated the world, are but a day in the whole lifetime of humanity.

Your Questions Answered

Throughout the strife-torn patriarchal times, the Madrian religion has continued to be practised, often in secret and under intense persecution. It is far more than a religion in the restricted sense—it is a total philosophy covering every aspect of existence, and a complete way of life. Because Madrianism

is the primordial Truth, it is capable of answering all the important questions of life. Here, briefly are a few of those most frequently asked by the seeker after Truth. Consider them yourself and see if they do not make sense of things which have been dark to you and evoke an echo of memory from deep within your soul.

What am I? Where do I come from?

★ Your body, of course, came into being relatively recently; but the soul—the real ‘you’ within the body—has existed from before the beginning of time. You were created in perfect union with God, and existed in a state of perfect happiness. At the dawn of time you turned from Her love, and so fell into exile from your natural state. Since then, you have passed through many lives, some in this world, others in other planes of existence.

What is the ultimate purpose of life?

★ To return to God and to be one with Her. She is perfect existence—pure happiness, pure beauty, pure love. If we seek beauty in a flower, we are really seeking the ultimate Beauty which Is God. If we seek happiness in earthly things, if we seek love, in reality our souls are yearning for Her. We cannot find real contentment until we have found Her. The modern world is always chasing ‘progress’ like a dog chasing its own tail. Perfection is always around the corner, but it never arrives. Until it learns the true secret of life’s purpose, modern society is always doomed to failure.

But surely God is neither female nor male. . .

★ In the strict biological sense, of course, it is nonsense to speak of Deity as having gender. But the terms ‘feminine’ and ‘masculine’ have a meaning which goes far deeper than merely physical characteristics, for all material things upon this earth are but the shadows of higher spiritual Realities.

The whole subject is a complex one. People usually want the answer wrapped up in neat logic; but even modern psychology recognises that the conscious, logical part of the mind is only the tip of a vast iceberg. When we speak of God as She, we are triggering off a whole set of unconscious and supra-rational spiritual processes which bring us to a fuller understanding of Her true Nature. That is why She revealed Herself to us from the beginning in female form. On the other hand, when people rebel against the Divine image and set up male god-forms, an opposite process is set in motion; one which can only lead to chaos and confusion and eventually to complete atheism. That is what is happening today.

Then how has humanity managed so long without Her?

★ Quite simply, it has not. Wherever religion has gone deep into the hearts of the people, the true Image of God has arisen in one form or another. In mediæval Europe, Mary, as ‘Queen of Heaven’ and ‘Star of the Sea’ (the very same titles used for God the Mother before Christian times) became the Divine figure in whom rich and poor alike placed their trust. The male god of wrath was virtually eclipsed except among the official Church hierarchy. As a recent Christian writer has said: ‘...the deepest roots of the Marian cultus are not to be

found in the Christian tradition at all. The religious history of humanity shows a recurring tendency to worship a Mother Goddess... What we have here is in reality an older religion... whose ancient features persist under a thin Christian veil.*

In the late Roman empire, the strongest single religion was that of Isis (there were 53 Isian chapels in the city of Rome alone). In India the Divine Mother was universally worshipped as Devi or Durga; in China as Kuan Yin; in Tibet as Tara; in Japan as Amaterasu—the list could go on.

Wherever religion has seized the hearts of the people, the radiantly beautiful image of Dea has come quickly to occupy the centre of their devotions. The ‘official’ male religion is left to monks and priests. When Her image fades, religion fades also, as it has in Protestant Europe.

But wasn't ancient Madrian religion a primitive fertility cult?

★ Far from it. Archaeological investigations at Çatal Hüyük in Turkey show a highly sophisticated civilisation existing some 10,000 years ago. One in which women were the heads of households and supreme Deity in every temple was female—one also in which there had been no wars for over a thousand years. Ancient Crete, a Madrian-matriarchal cultural centre of the Mediterranean, ruled by priestess-queens, possessed four-storey buildings, hygienic plumbing and chess. The same can be said of Madrian-matriarchal civilisations in an-

* John de Satgé, ‘Towards an Evangelical Reappraisal’, in *The Blessed Virgin Mary: Essays by Anglican Writers*, edited by E. L. Mascall and Hubert S. Box, London, Darton, Longman, & Todd, 1963, pp. 103–14.

cient China, India, Babylon, central America; in fact wherever sufficient archæological evidence is available.

The religion and philosophy of these civilisations was highly sophisticated and spiritual—far more so, indeed, than modern ‘scientific’ materialism which understands only the outward and physical nature of things. No modern philosopher can equal the depth and brilliance of Plato or Socrates, yet these were only expounding such fragments of Madrian philosophy as they had been able to glean from surviving traditional sources. ‘Primitive’ fertility cults, when they did exist, were merely a decadent perversion of the Madrian faith, usually taking place after a patriarchal takeover.

What is the cause of human suffering?

★ God is perfect Happiness; therefore to move away from Her is to suffer. She is perfect Good; therefore to do evil is to move away from Her. When we were at one with Her, there was no suffering, but in moving away from Her we felt pain, just as in moving away from a fire we become cold. It is a simple matter of cause and effect. In practice, this means that if we do something wrong or cruel now, we will meet suffering either in this life or in a later one. It means also that all suffering we meet in this life is the result of sins committed either in this life or in a previous one (just as our ‘good luck’ and happiness spring from past good actions). There is no such thing as ‘accidental’ suffering; all is governed by the inexorable law of *werdë*.

Suffering—to a greater or lesser degree—is unavoidable so long as we are separate from God and therefore imperfect. That is why She wishes us to return to Her, for Her love is the one true remedy for human suffering.

What is the right way of life for humanity?

★ Since God has created the world as a temporary home for us and a path by which we may return to Her, it is natural that She should lay down the correct Way of living, so that life on earth may achieve its true purpose and its full potential. This Way we call ðamë. ðamë is the Divine Harmony or Order. When we live in ðamë we are in harmony with nature and destiny. When we live out of ðamë (as the modern world does) we find only chaos and confusion.

In Madrian civilisations, there was no split between ‘religion’ and ‘ordinary life’. The crafts, for example, were a conscious reflection of the Divine Act of creation. Their tools, methods and attendant rites all had a ritual purpose linking both the craftsmaid and the user of the artefact to the one Creatrix. Every act of life comprised a symbolism and a ritual potency which linked it effectively to the Divine Principle which constituted its inner essence. Modern industry, looking only at outward ‘usefulness’, makes ‘products’ which work on the material level, but are spiritually worthless—and produces them by factory methods that are not only useless to the spiritual welfare of the working people, but positively soul-destroying. All around we see ugliness in concrete and plastic—monuments to the spiritual ignorance of the ‘outward’ materialist mentality.

In ðamë, all authority descends from God Herself. Each ruler, from the Priestess-Queen to a wife or elder sister on a farmstead, acts not in her own right, but simply upholds the timeless harmony of ðamë. Each is a link in the golden chain that runs from the summit of Heaven to the humblest creature of the earth. Once the chain is broken, there is no true

authority, and disturbances are rife, from wars and revolutions to vandalism and the 'generation gap'. Among those who have remained faithful down the centuries to the ancient faith, the chain is unbroken. The world, grown weary of the bitter fruits of its rebellion, seeks desperately for a solution to its crisis before it is too late. The solution is here.⁸⁵

ANONYMOUS WORKS —ROSA MADRIANA

A FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE MADRIAN WAY —THE WAY OF TRUTH

It may seem confusing or frustrating that Rosa Madriana should appear under so many different names and designations, but please bear with us in this. We prefer not to use the word ‘religion’ as it has too much of the sense of something separate from the main course of life, yet religion it is. Not just another religion or a religion, but Religion in the sense of the Truth from which all forms of religious truth originate, without the distortions of historical circumstances. We cannot call it any ‘-ism’ because the very meaning of that suffix implies a crystallisation on the mental level. This is something we need always to guard against: The Truth is a clear and pure fountain and it must not crystallise—become solid and brittle—even on the earthly level where this tendency is pronounced.

Essentially to be a Madrian is to give oneself wholly and absolutely to Dea and to live in Her Truth, Her Light and according to Her laws and teachings. In many respects, one could even say fundamentally, these are not different from the main patriarchal religions. This is because in several patriarchal religions there has been direct inspiration and revelation from the Divine. And surely we can see there is only one Deity, the one Eternal, Almighty One Who has no equal, Who has creat-

ed the world and the universe. Thus there is no contention nor animosity between us and believers of all kinds; we only state the Truth which has been obscured and in some cases distorted.

We invite you to examine in depth this Truth, to listen carefully to what the Divine is making known and available to you. It is only by giving this the attention it deserves—for there is nothing more important in the world—by perusing the texts and meditating on them, by praying for guidance, by listening to the ‘invitation’ of an Awakened or Initiated one in Her Name, only thus will you be able to make a true and wise choice. There is nothing to fear; you will lose nothing of the essential truth of your present beliefs, only be shown what errors there are. If you feel a lack of faith and belief as such, then as long as you make at least one small effort, She will renew your heart.

To live according to the Truth is not so much something that is judged or determined by external practices, but what matters is the inward part. A Madrian prays regularly every day, holds fasts and enjoys feasts, values the home, can be married or celibate, can live communally, singly or as a couple. But above all a Madrian should put into practice at every and any moment what Dea lays down as our path, out of a sincere and transformed heart, remembering continually that she or he is a child of Dea.

This is the quiet, humble way, yet it necessitates boldness, courage, fortitude, perseverance and piety, amongst other virtues. It is the way of joy and peace and gentleness, and it is not at all easy. It can be as steep as you can manage or wish it to be, wholly in obedience to the Great Mother. It can be your cradle in which you find comfort and security; it can be your river

bed, a safe and sure course for you to follow in a world that will do its best to lead you astray, fritter away the water of your life, lead you on by the nose and make you follow first one way, then another with nothing but hedonism and cynicism and emptiness to feed your soul.

When you feel your soul is hungry for its true nourishment, turn to Dea and She will take care of you.

You will undoubtedly find echoes of all or any of the major religions or belief-systems in these texts and the feeling may arise that you have heard this before. This is so because the Truth cannot be appropriated by one group or sect and ‘belongs’ to any true seeker. However, on closer study you shall find important differences which will have great significance for your spiritual progress.

We also point out that the Madrian Faith has existed for thousands and tens of thousands, and even millions of years, and is *not* a modern-day or ‘New Age’ cult of any sort. It is not something that has been put together from ancient texts, or from some academic source by someone looking into the past and piecing together a coherent system for the modern age. Indeed, nothing is truer than the saying ‘there is nothing new under the sun.’ The Truth cannot be made less rigorous, less awesome, less demanding to fit in with the modern mentality which has become used to putting comfort and convenience first, a utilitarian way of thinking that does not want to let go of materialism but rather bends religion to meet its own needs. This is why there are the present-day religions which make so much use of the word ‘new’. It is true that some aspects of existing patriarchal religions have outlived their time and are in the process of decaying and cannot be resurrected, but the

spirituality of their great masters is not invalid and never will be. These are the perennial things of spiritual life which hold for all time. If one does away with them, one may indeed have something ‘new’, but spiritual it will not necessarily be.

It is impossible to give more than a glimpse of something as profound as the Way of Truth which leads us back to our true home in the state of union with the Divine in such a short pamphlet. All we can do is pick out the most salient points and invite you to further discussion and opportunity to learn more which you are always welcome to do. There are many more aspects which have not been touched on here, and it is all too easy to make incorrect assumptions unknowingly, so do find out what it really is.

The Madrian way is not a way of forgetting, of falling asleep, an easy option, of being brainwashed or coerced—your free will is central.

The Madrian Way is a true spiritual way, of awakening to the Light.

It is your soul’s true desire.⁸⁶

THE TRUTH

‘Receive with love the seed of Truth and all shall be well.’

This is the assertion being made—that the Transcendent and One Truth, which is not narrowing, nor dessicating, nor blind to the goodness in all Her children, is once again made known widely so that anyone who is seeking may find it.

* Teachings 4:47.

But first please read the text on true spirituality and transcendence, for this is what has become so obscured in these times, and to approach the Truth with misconceptions is to run the risk of rejecting something out of hand, and to reject the Truth is to reject that which saves you, to cut off your own life-blood.

You may say that all the great sages have said that there are many paths leading up the mountain to the summit and all are valid. This is quite true. There are many paths up the Mountain, some steeper than others, but before one reaches the Mountain (which one will recognise when this happens) there are many paths at its foot which is where most people (except for the very pious ones) find themselves. These paths lead in all directions, a great many well away from the Mountain, into chasms, into morasses, into all kinds of deserts and dangerous places. Eventually, all* souls *will* reach the summit, the Mother; but the trials and tribulations of taking the wrong path or turning are despairingly wasteful and one can avoid a great deal of pain.

So the Truth Itself is not limiting, only when it is used by the reasoning mind, since it is reason which can only operate within its own limitations and cannot encompass anything transcendent of itself. The truth is only limited by cutting out error and falsehood. The Truth is awesome in majesty and splendour and greatness, we fall before It to our knees and

* A note to the original reads: 'This is a vital and crucial difference between the Madrian Truth and Christianity, for indeed our most loving Mother will not let any one of Her children be lost for all eternity. It is a grave error arising out of the patriarchal idea of the male god.'

the soul humbles itself. The proud person cannot comprehend Truth.

The Truth has the qualities of simplicity and complexity. It is simple enough for a child to understand it, yet it is not simplistic, so, therefore, it is many-faceted. Thus we ask you not to feel inadequate before It, for if you try to understand you will be given help. Every effort you make will be well worth it, for you will be able to make up your own mind and will not become a victim to brow-beating or pressurising from others. Dea wants you to approach Her with the full use of the faculties with which She has endowed you. You are not being asked to believe something because someone else (another human being) has said it, whether that human being claims to be a saint, or a prophet, or an avatar (an incarnation, a coming-down-to-earth of the Divine).

Let us also make the point that there *is* Truth, that is Absolute Truth which is something transcendent to us as individuals, which cannot be thought up by us, and which is not an individualistic thing. It is necessary to say this especially since the way of the world is towards an egotistical individualism, whereby a person makes up her/his own ideas, principles and beliefs and considers this to be freedom, yet it is also absolute and dogmatic, but nonetheless will not accept religious truth. There is a tendency for people not to accept the distinction between true and false, good and evil; to shy away from the unequivocal of it. This is the result of the workings of the powers of evil in the world; it is their aim to wear away at the notions of how absolutely irreconcilably opposite vice and virtue are. If people no longer hold strong convictions about good and evil and rationalise the differences, it is easier for evil to have its

way and there are many subtle, often intellectual, ways by which this is achieved. Indeed for many people evil is a word they do not use, and the abuse of the word wicked amongst the young is a potent symptom of the encroachment of the dark. On the not-so intellectual level, people come to say: 'What does it matter if we do this or that which is wrong—evil doesn't really exist, it's only something that people use to make entertaining films about; it doesn't horrify us anymore, because we've seen so much of it. Nothing much happens to someone who commits evil; it's fun, it's exciting, pop stars say it is, films say it is, so it's all right.'

The forces of evil *do* exist and they are at work luring people to their downfall and we all need protection from them in these dangerous times. So please do consider the idea that just as there is falseness, there is truth. We all need to become philosophers to some extent. Think about how we decide what is false and what a difference it makes when we do this, even with the simplest everyday matters.

The transcendent Truth is nothing to do with the ego, that is, it is not the ego that invents it. We could say it is something that has its own existence; it still exists even if millions do not believe it, and it does not merely come into existence when you think of it and believe in it. You may have noticed that in these texts some words have capital letters. This is to show that that which has the capital is directly of the Spirit, of the transcendent aspect of the Deity. Indeed, everything comes from the Dea, and there is nothing that is not of Her. Nothing can exist without Her. Her energy enables existence to take place, for all things to be manifest and to be sustained in creation. She is the Origin of all things—the Beginning and the End. So we

distinguish between Light which is Dea, for that is what She Is, and light, for example, that shines from a lightbulb. There is nothing holy about electric light, yet it is Her creation also.

The Truth is what Dea Is, and all kinds of truths remind us in some sense of this. She is also Beauty, and all beauty is an echo of what She Is. In this way Truth is something that can be grasped by the ordinary human mind, which has its limitations, and indeed it brings a sense of fulfilment and satisfaction which is extraordinary. But it is also something in its fullest sense that needs to be assimilated by the Intellect, the comprehending faculty of the soul which is higher than the rational mind and which is directly linked to the Spirit. This is explained in more detail in the text entitled 'The Human Being'.

We become at one with the higher Intellect when we are in a state of peace and stillness, often in meditation or contemplation. To some people it comes quite naturally, without needing to practice it, but potentially everyone is able to reach this state. If it does not come readily, the faculty is latent and, not having been used for some time, it is difficult to regain its use. In any case, it is not a faculty of the ego, so it is useless to strive with the will in an egoistic way. Not only this, but the ego will try to block the true self from realising the Truth. You may need further guidance on this aspect.

However, it is this faculty which enables us to 'know', to have gnostic awareness, which is the acme of spiritual attainment.

We are responsible for our own spiritual progress. No one can somehow take us along with her/him, yet we also need the Grace of the Eternal to proceed.

Spiritual progress is coming closer to Dea (or the Deity however you perceive This to be) with our imperfections. It is necessary to make a commitment to do good and be good, and this is within everyone's power. This is the key factor which determines our fate, our destiny—we have choice. Sadly, we do not use this power of choosing wisely and often it falls into disuse and becomes weakened, as life's circumstances overtake us and seem to roll over us like huge waves, leaving us disempowered. Yet the only solution to our problems is to choose the Good, to make a strong and committed and resolute choice.

On the other hand, many people believe all is within their power; they go through life attaining goals, making sure they have what they desire, fulfilling their ambitions. If you are such a person, you also need to hear the words of Wisdom so that your choices benefit your soul beyond this life and beyond mere material circumstances.⁸⁷

BEING A MADRIAN —WHAT IT MEANS

Here are some practical details of the Madrian life so that you may have some idea of what it means to be a Madrian.

Each day we say devotional prayers at the beginning of the day, dedicating its works to Madria Dea. This is done in the home at a small shrine or altar, as the home is very much the focus of a Madrian's life. Each meal and everything else that is eaten is offered to Our Lady, Whose gifts of Nature give us material sustenance, is blessed and grace is said. During the day we go about our usual business in continual remembrance of

Dea, of the ways She asks us to follow and of our obedience to Her. This will take different forms according to each person, according to how steep a path we are able to follow. It is certainly a way of joy and wholeness, though it may not be one of self-indulgence or even ease. It can be very hard, but it is all done in free will, chosen by the devotee in obedience to Our Lady Who guides her or him.

A Madrian may be celibate or married, with a family or living on her or his own, or living communally, but aiming to live according to Her Will, with the full participation of her or his free will. Most usually a Madrian will be fully involved socially, within the community and however is appropriate, though not in politics as such. No particular style of dress is followed, though fashions are of no interest, nor is pursuit of affluence and wealth, fame or publicity.

The woman of the household, be it the mother or otherwise, has a very important rôle to play, and generally speaking, everyone has greater responsibilities which define their rôles. A Madrian enjoys having fun in all wholesome and good ways, without the necessity for mass media, and only avoids those aspects of worldly society which lead away from Dea. Unfortunately, these are abundant these days and their evils are scarcely recognised as such. It is not a matter of doing what someone else tells you, but seeing and understanding for yourself the true nature of everything about us. Especially a Madrian would be fond of Nature in all Her manifestations, and feel close to the seasons and all rhythms of Nature.

During the day more devotions may be carried out, as well as chanting, meditation and whatever is appropriate to the time of the year according to the Sacred Calendar, keeping the feasts

as well as the fasts. On the whole a gentler, more peaceful pace is maintained, the more we are able to remain attuned to the Centre, moving about in the world at the same time. The day ends with prayers and relinquishing ourselves to our Mother.

By being free of the dissipations, the empty frivolities, the falseness and centrelessness of the world, we feel stronger, at peace and able to fulfill our potential, to give more to the world and to live richer lives, in contentment, loving those around us more and being at one with all things.

Being a Madrian is not something to rush into, nor would you feel any pressure from anyone as you would need to come to know the Madrian Way for a long period of time before making any commitment. It is possible to follow some of the practices and not become a fully-fledged Madrian; everyone would be quite happy with this. To be a Madrian one becomes Initiated by taking a solemn and eternal vow—it is the biggest step of its order, and can only be undertaken of free choice.

The Madrian Way is matriarchal and we recognise that we both live in a patriarchal society and have been brought up in its ethos. Madrian-matriarchal means that tyranny is vehemently not condoned, tyranny being power and authority used incorrectly to dominate others, whether in a relationship, a family or country. However, according to wisdom, the answer to tyranny is not to have no power structure and not to say that there should be no authority. Only sacred authority is true authority. Authority comes from Dea Herself, She is the one to Whom we give obedience because one cannot live spiritually and not be obedient—it is a nonsense and impossibility. Those who say no to any authority are slaves to the egoic self because that is what they are following. One cannot have a state of no

authority, lest it be pure chaos and this is destruction. Dea will not allow a Madrian to exercise false authority for long, so there is a safeguard against being dominated in Her Name. Once one learns to overcome the proud egoic self and humbles oneself before Dea, it is a joy to be free of the self-willed tyranny that masquerades as ‘freedom’ because it does not obey the Good and Wisdom. We obey wisdom in all its forms, when it speaks within us, as it continually does, and when we hear others speak it, and when we hear the words of Wisdom Herself, for Dea *is* Wisdom, just as She is Truth, Beauty and Light and Love. The pure qualities themselves have their origin in the Divine.

Thus ‘matriarchal’ does *not* mean that women have power instead of men, that it is just a matter of turning the tables. Not at all. It is a different way of living altogether, and the word ‘power’ does not apply so much as responsibility. It is more important for us to be aware of our responsibilities and duties, what we must do for others and what we must be for them, than to think in terms of power to feel and to exercise. Within matriarchal society men also have responsibilities and authority, but they do not have authority over women because this is not according to Divine Will. It does necessitate a great change for those men who believe patriarchal ways to be right; however, not all men naturally feel so nor do they wish to dominate others. There is a cultural and social revolution inherent in turning to a matriarchal way of life, but in fact it is already happening to some extent as the order of things in the world is changing in preparation for the approach of the Golden Age. However, it is necessary to make a small qualification by saying that the Madrian matriarchal way does not always lie in the

same direction as the objectives of those who call themselves feminist. Neither is any kind of promiscuous indulgence in sexuality a way to respect the sanctity of the human being, to treat the body as a temple and to value the state of matrimony and the sacredness and purity of union.

Respect, courtesy and self-discipline are key-words for Madrians in a spiritual and not worldly sense, for we are adjoined not to be ‘proud with the pride of the world, nor strait with the dignity of the world.’”

It is a Madrian’s aim in life to cultivate the virtues of innocence, meekness, mildness, simplicity and humility and gentleness—the perennial values that make life sweet. We seek to make ourselves perfect through the grace of the Divine and for Dea, not merely for a sense of personal achievement.⁸⁸

WHO IS DEA?

She is the One, the Eternal, the Divine—the Deity.

She is all that you know God to be, with the exception of superimposed, imperfect qualities such as anger, wrathfulness, hatred, vengefulness, jealousy, and a desire to punish or even cast into and leave in eternal damnation any of Her children. All these erroneous ideas about the nature of the Deity arise from patriarchal errors and are completely false.

She, the most Holy, is utterly perfect; She *is* Perfection, and it cannot be said in truth that She even hates iniquity.

She is Almighty, All-powerful, All-seeing, All-knowing, the only One Who may judge. She is indeed terrible in Her

* Mythos 7:4.

justice, long-suffering, bearing all and merciful and compassionate even in Her justice-meting aspect.

Much has been written on the impossibility of adequately writing in words Who She is and what Her qualities are, for whenever people write of God, they are referring to the only One, even if they do not wish to think of the Deity as the Mother. She is the uncreated Who has created all, the whole illimitable cosmos and all the worlds that exist. Thus Dea to Whom we refer is not at all some brought-down-to-size 'earth' goddess as various cults would have it; She is not some force reducible to an idea or an abstraction, something to which we need not bow nor feel awe, nor something convenient which sanctions human libertarian behaviour. Of the cults which link the Most Pure Source of all Chastity, the Immaculate and never-defiled One with base, carnal and licentious sin, we shall not even say one word.

Nor is She in truth the degraded female image of various pseudo-matriarchal, 'ancient', pagan or neo-pagan or whatever-they-may-wish-to-call-themselves cults, in which She has to have either a male consort or son or counterpart of some kind. It is not a matter of balance and fairness that the male has to have representation in the 'form' of the Deity,[†] that is that God must have a male aspect, as Father, if there is to be a female aspect as Mother. Often these ideas arise out of genuine and sincere feelings which we have no desire to quash; however, it is also a matter of sentimentality as opposed to metaphysical Truth. Metaphysics, mystical knowledge, is in no way vague, ephemeral and manipulable to suit one's own notions: it is

[†] A note to the original reads: 'Yet it is true that maleness has its incipience in She Who is All.'

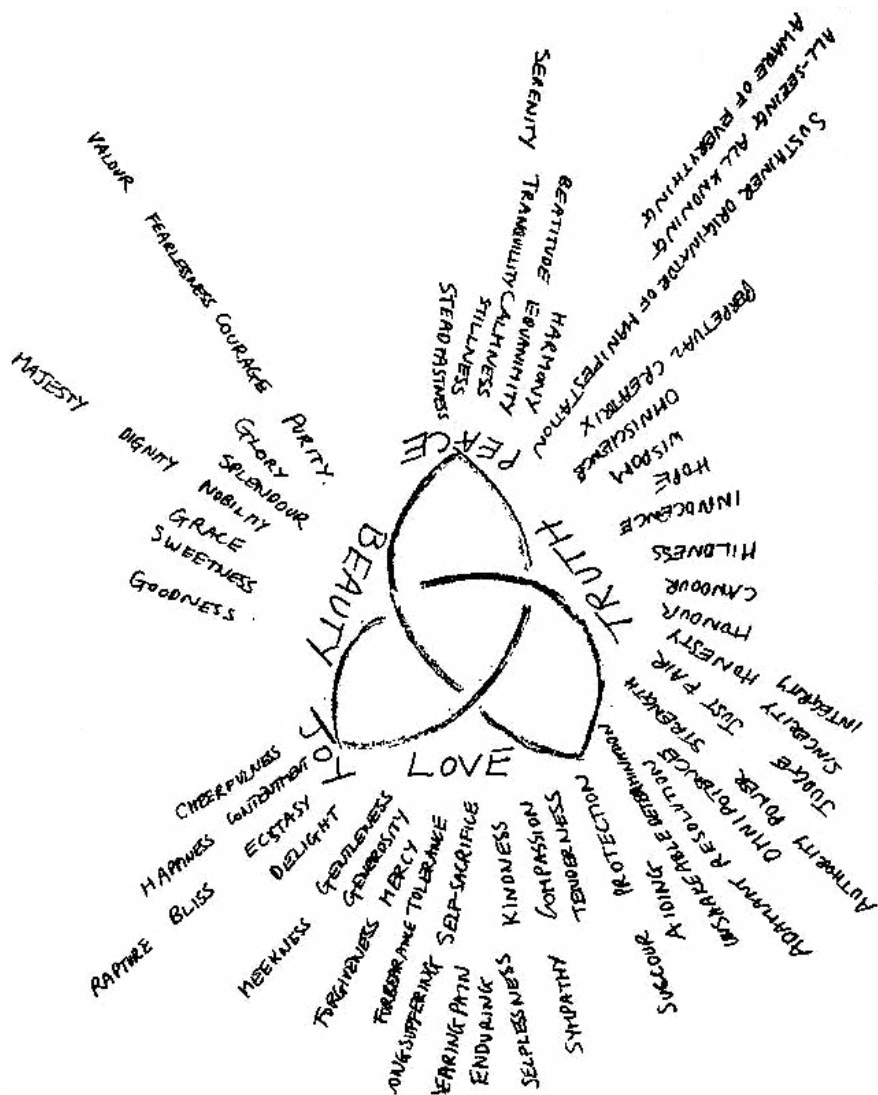
transcendent, rigorous and a science in its truest meaning, for here the subjective and objective meet in full accord without one denying the other.

It is not a matter of making the male into an inferior and downtrodden half of creation, but rather that the male accept freely and in a state of greater enlightenment the need and the rightness of giving the true spiritual values their rightful place and status. If this were to extend to all aspects of our human society, there would truly be peace on earth, gentleness, harmony and goodwill, an end to violence, cruelty and injustice. Indeed, Our Lady has said that peace will come when She is honoured as Queen of Heaven.

Lastly, Dea is Three-in-One, She is the Absolute Deity Who is beyond our knowing, She is the Great Mother, Who is the Creatrix and Sustainer of All, and She is the Daughter, Our Lady Who is Love.

As you will see from the diagram [overleaf], She is Truth, Beauty, Joy, Love, and all associated qualities emanate from Her; She is the Source and Origin of all that we know as these qualities. These virtues could not arise of themselves without having a source; they are not products of mere reason, nor of æstheticism, nor are they mere abstract qualities of no substance or reality. And certainly the scientific idea of the mechanical world existing as a system of self-regulating forces which just happen to produce the conditions of life as we know it without an all-pervading and overseeing Intelligence and Plan does not stand.

The human being can only aspire to nobleness because the Divine has given us nobleness in the world to remind us both of who we truly are and of who She is. We live in a soci-



ety greatly dominated by an atheistic scientism. We use this term ‘scientism’ to denote the ideology of the physical sciences promulgated by scientists. Scientism has usurped the place of religion, it claims to give ordinary people answers to questions such as the creation of the world, the nature of the world, the nature of disease and in fact extends to every sphere of life, even supplanting true religious ideas in the minds of those who follow Christianity. This is a deep and extremely important subject dealt with in another leaflet; for the sake of true knowledge please consider what we are saying carefully.

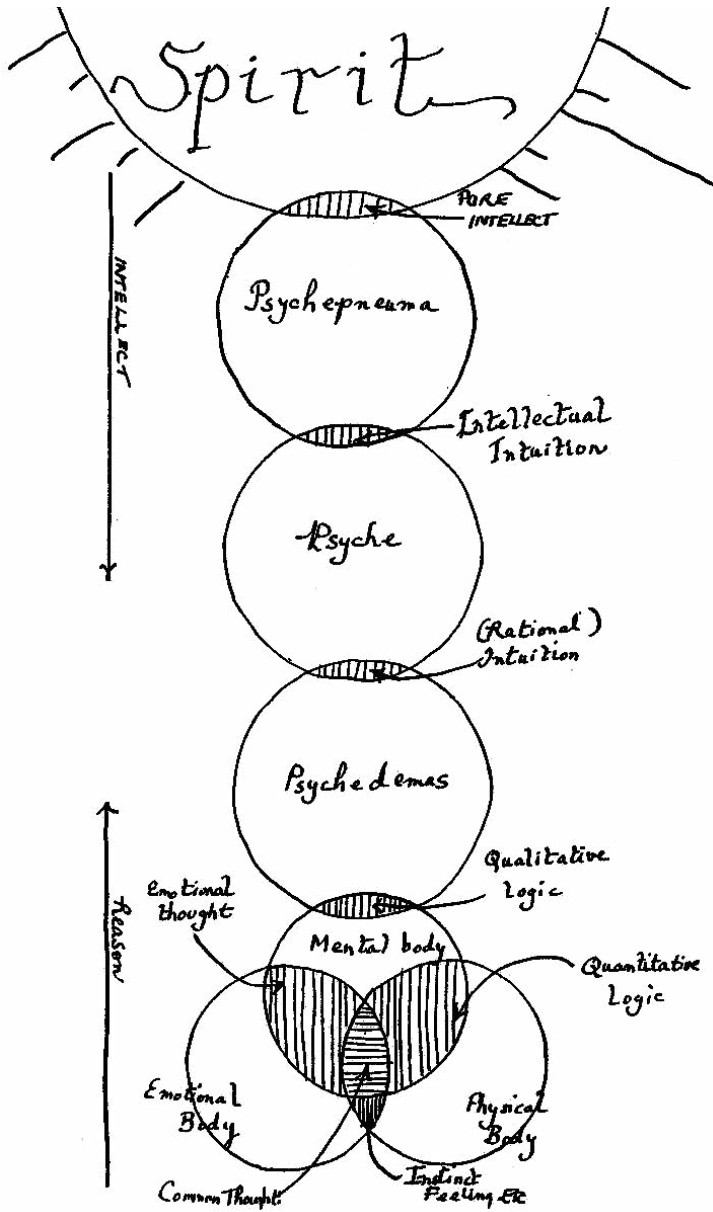
In short, science cannot tell you who God is; only sacred science can. And what is more important in the world than this?⁸⁹

[ASPECTS OF THE HUMAN BEING]

This diagram [overleaf] shows a human being—each person—has several aspects and is linked to the Spirit. Most people are unaware of themselves on the higher levels until they reach spiritual Awakening and realisation (enlightenment).

I hope it shows how sexuality, taken as instinct, is only a small, limited aspect of us and does not have the power to bring us in touch with the soul and the Spirit. One’s creativity would be many times increased if one does explore the psyche and the Intellect.

Also, of course, psychiatry, supposed to be based on knowledge of the psyche, knows nothing of what actually constitutes a human being. Only Jung got a little near to the truth.⁹⁰



WHY THE PURSUIT OF SPIRITUALITY IS NOT SELFISH

It is a common misconception and cry against the amount of work needed on the self that it is selfish and egotistical to pursue spirituality. Firstly, I shall take spirituality as God-centered, for this is the only true spirituality—that is, spirituality that has belief in Deity, faith, grace and salvation as tenets. Also it is necessary to narrow down the extremely wide spectrum of all that is encompassed by spirituality (the whole of life!) to self realisation, self-purification and what is related to this.

One last qualification. This is meant for those who are more or less new to the whole subject, since it is from them that the charge of selfishness comes, as they give some initial thought to what lies before them. For truly anyone who has gone into it in greater depth, has lived the spiritual life for any length of time, will be able to answer the charge by herself or himself, or perhaps obedience to the Word of God will override the clamourings of the false or lower self.

But it is a shame when often noble and worthy souls who feel they can accept so much of spiritual doctrine, balk at the entrance to the domain of self-knowledge. For indeed, one can take part in holy ritual, have Communion with the Divine, live simply and lovingly, do good works, be generous, abhor evil, and yet when one thinks of pursuing actively self-knowledge, one has ideas of withdrawing from society, from doing good for others and being of help and service, to spend inordinate amounts of time merely thinking about oneself, with resort scornfully to that well-worn cliché ‘contemplating one’s navel’.

But we must beware, because behind this may lie a hostile antagonism, the workings of the ego and false self that seeks to turn you, as your true self, away from drawing closer to a fuller realisation of the Presence, the Immanence of the Divine. Much depends on whether you are already involved in spirituality, or have come to a point where you are thinking about whether to commit yourself.

If you are already in a Faith or Religion, then you will have authoritative guidance, either by direct Word of the Divine, or secondary teachings from enlightened beings obedient to God. As you have a need to read this, the Madrian Faith gives unequivocal guidance that will set you at peace. Please ask for this.

If you have not read a great deal of true spiritual doctrine, nor meditated upon it (this does not include reading dozens of books, say, on New Age spirituality or Buddhism), then please allow these words to reach you and see whether they are true. You have nothing to lose and what has brought you to read it is your true soul which is always questing and thirsting after the truth.

So the crux of the matter is in the idea of the self—what is this self that we contemplate, what is this self that we realize or make real? If indeed it were the false egoic self, the self that only knows of this world and its empty glammers, the self with which most people identify, then the charge of selfishness would be quite justified.

However, only the Madrian Scriptures have the full and true spiritual doctrine (despite the potentially off-putting nature of this assertion, it must be made as it is true). In the Sacred Scriptures, which are no human invention, Dea tells us that, to paraphrase, when we speak of the self, we must discern

and differentiate between the two selves that make up each of us: the true self and the false self. The aim of Madrian spirituality, i.e. of following the Way of Light, is to rid oneself of the false self, to allow the true self to shine forth until we become only the true self, in perfect union with Dea. We may strive towards this in this life, and providing we receive Divine Grace, we may achieve perfection to a certain degree, the full completion not being possible in this world. Even though such a shining state is going to take most of us several lifetimes, this journey may be begun now, to rid ourselves of our faults and failings, to allow the virtues to flower within us.

Now how can it be selfish to strive for perfection, when all the evil in this world has its origins within individual human beings? It is our weakness, our ignorance, our folly, our blindness, as well as malice and ill-will that motivate the actions, words and thoughts that create evil. Whether it is evil that affects only the individual, or whether it has repercussions in society as a whole, whether we are alone or part of a group, it is we human beings who bear the responsibility for the state of the world, since evil does not spontaneously arise like mushrooms after rain amongst a population of innocents. The good people suffer guilt on behalf of the remorseless ones, but the point is not to allow ourselves to be incapacitated by guilt. From this perspective it would be selfish not to strive for perfection.

Thus, if we become more good (and the path that leads closer to Dea lies in the choice between good and evil), we become more perfect and in some way the world about us benefits. If everyone were doing this, the world would change into a kind of paradise. When one is ready to let go of action in favour of contemplation (whether of the self or of other

things) one can be of greater service to the world than by any other means, but this is a whole subject in itself. May it suffice for now to point out that an action or deed can become more effective, more beneficial and have more lasting results if one ponders deeply about the issues beforehand and allows oneself to be guided by wisdom, rather than rash or superficial thoughts. Indeed, whilst we are with the sphere of life that concerns changing the world for the better, and in the light of how badly this can go wrong (viz. communism/socialism), it is worth meditating on the Divine words: 'Change that within you and the world without will change. But seek to change the world and all of essence will remain the same.'^{*}

Again, a deep subject into which we cannot go here. But what we need to look at is what humanism and Buddhism have to offer. Both use the word spirituality but without involving God, and this is like talking of water without admitting it is wet. To strive to make oneself perfect, to develop the virtues, to become a moral, ethical and noble person without striving for God is like 'winnowing away the corn and grinding the chaff'.[†] The One Who sees everything from the point of view of Eternity tells us it is empty and worthless. The only true selflessness is to offer one's actions to Dea; otherwise one is doing the action for oneself (though the beneficiaries are others), and that means for one's ego, however it is cloaked. It may indeed be better that humanists do good, rather than evil, and in fact none of us knows or can say what the value of an act is in terms of selflessness or not. Only Dea knows it. It is quite likely that many of the noble and worthy deeds carried out by

* Teachings 2:24.

† Paraphrase of Teachings 5:24.

self-professed atheists, and doubtlessly agnostics, may in the depths of their soul have been performed in dedication to the One Whom their rational minds deny. But this is no reason to leave things to blind chance; we can dedicate our acts and ourselves to She Who sustains this world and the whole cosmos, Who can see into our hearts and Who loves each of us more dearly than we can imagine. It is She Who governs the hour of every action, and Who grants its accomplishment, though it seems that evil can be carried out wilfully and with impunity.

The temptation may be that we may say: 'Surely it is enough to be a good person, to have a code of morality and ethics, without involving oneself in imponderable questions or obedience to some higher power when reason provides all the answers I need. Look at all the worthy people who lived good lives and achieved so much, who were humanists.'

The answer is that we may pride ourselves on being able to decide all moral questions ourselves and to arrive at an ethical code all by ourselves. It may even seem that it is better than what the established church has to offer. However, what reason invents is never the complete picture, for the reasoning capacity is only one function of the mind, and the mind is neither the highest part nor the ultimate limit of the human being. The pure or spiritual Intellect is. Thus it is wrong to make reason king, for it becomes a despot; its true function is servanthood. Another reason for saying reason is sufficient is to avoid the rigours of spirituality; in other words, a cowardly laziness. Lastly, Our Lady tells us that the roots of the weeds that we need to pull out are too deep for us to manage on our own; we will never be able to make ourselves wholly pure of our own accord. If we are satisfied with a mere pulling off of

the tops of the weeds, then we are not without evil, and neither is the world.

Dea is so great that we can only grasp a small part of understanding Who She Is—the Mother of All that is and All that is not. How pathetically futile it then is to suggest that the Deity is nothing but a figment of the mind or imagination, a delusion of naïve and weak fools who need something to clutch at. Beware of that awful pride that sets itself against God and do not believe the words of the godless ones—they cannot save you, only lead you down the primrose path in the opposite direction from Dea and Heaven.

The essence of spiritual life is to lose oneself in order to be at one with the Deity, for the spirit within us is the Spirit Herself. (But we are not God, nor gods as some claim.) In order to become totally selfless we need to meditate, to contemplate, to become so still that we can transcend the lower states of being in which we all dwell, and also to love our true self, and this is the very antithesis of selfishness.⁹¹

THE MADRIAN FAITH AND PATRIARCHAL RELIGION

The order of the human world is patriarchal and has been so, throughout all lands, for the past few hundred years. Patriarchy means that not only is authority vested in male/men's hands, but masculist values prevail. A more detailed analysis of what these values are appears elsewhere, but for the time being we shall focus on patriarchal religions in a very broad and general sense, rather as religion in a masculist form. It is important to

realise that this is not only *not* the sole ordering of society that is possible, but also it has not existed for all time. Matriarchy has also existed and it existed for a greater proportion of human history, though this knowledge is not widely recognised because of the fact that patriarchy has attempted to suppress it.

Once again, we stress that there is no need for any animosity to arise and we certainly are not speaking from such feelings. It is not the case of feeling resentful or antagonistic to men, because men are Madrians, and masculist values are adopted by women. Things are always complex in life. Nor is it a case of some women wanting to have the power that men have, in the form that they exert it now, merely to turn the tables round, and for domination to continue. Domination and tyranny are evils against which Madrians must be vigilant and unequivocal. However, true authority is not domination.

There are certain traits of masculist religions which are not compatible with the Truth and which it is important to clarify if one is to have a clear understanding of the Madrian Faith. For example, the true nature of the Deity, when it is assumed to be male, adopts human passional imperfections and failings such as anger, wrath, ire, jealousy, a desire for avenging and punishment and so on. This is defamatory against the Divine since Her nature is Perfect Love, Tenderness and gentleness of an ineffable quality. She is, indeed, majestically powerful, almighty in Her justice and rigorous in the exaction of Her laws, but Her love in the form of mercy is ever present. This is perhaps something hard to imagine for some people, yet as Madrians we remember this at all times, specially in striving to control temper and disciplining children. We aim never to allow anger to arise.

There is another barrier to a true understanding of Reality, of the Divine and the orthodox doctrine. It stems from the ego, which is ever the enemy of truth and spirituality. It is extremely difficult to overcome the ego, once we have realised this is the task of the devotee, and indeed, in order to finally triumph over it, we have to call on the intervention of Dea, for it is not in our power to do so alone. The ego can become entangled in our spiritual strivings so that however noble they are, they are bound to the contingent and secular world. To put it simply, people identify with what a particular religion means in a 'chauvinistic' way, something like being nationalistic. It is good to have an identity of oneself as part of a culture or ethnic group (and it is a great shame that the modern way of life has all but destroyed this, or at least adulterated it). However, once these feelings turn to pride, to fervour, to fanaticism, they turn sour and harm the bearer and others. So it is with religion. Religion, when it becomes a means of feeling superior to others, of feeling self-righteous, when the ego uses it to puff itself out and support itself—religion then becomes an obstacle to spiritual progress, contradictory as this is.

We Madrians, in *Her Name*, ask anyone of a religious denomination seriously to consider this point, to examine whether what we say is true. For the patriarchal religions of the West have lost the transcendent element and a religion without transcendence is doomed to failure—it is like trying to have water without wetness or fluidity, truly. This is not the place to go further into the crisis of Christianity, but only to offer the solution to those who have the courage and the faith to look deeply into the matter. You have nothing to lose if you put yourself into the hands of your ever-loving Mother, with

a renewal of understanding Who the Deity truly is and always has been. If you do so, you will regain the True and that which was false will fall away as it eventually has to do. All this may be done with peace in our hearts; we are not here to spread contention or antagonism in any way.

This is the crux of what we assert, put very concisely: the true female image of the Divine was lost in the recent (comparatively) past and She is now making Herself known once more, for matters have gone from bad to worse, from worse to dire. Indeed, we do have material and technological benefits but we have an abysmal Spiritual lack which is more of a danger than is generally acknowledged. This aspect of things is described in more detail in further literature. But the fact is that the idea of a male God, or of the Deity being male, of being lord and father of all, arose recently in history when previously it had been universally accepted that She is the Mother and Creatrix of All Things. The only ‘proof’ or justification for the male Deity rests with the patriarchal propounders themselves and it is they who have discounted the matriarchal pre-existing truths, or appropriated them in the masculist religions, in some cases taking the very form of that religion and making it their own, yet distorting it. We fully realise this is a most serious accusation; indeed *the* most serious that has ever been made against patriarchal religion, but we do it in the sincerity and calmness (i.e. anger-lessness) of knowing what we say is true. We are at a crucial time in the world’s history and the Truth has to re-emerge at this point, offering each person the chance to make up her or his mind.

This is the sum of our invitation: please listen, think about it and give consideration, weigh it all up and by all means pray

for guidance. If you have never questioned the established religion(s), then understandably there would be reluctance to do so. One might feel it is not our place to do so, but we are not saying that each individual should interpret the truth for herself or himself; not at all. All we are saying is that the Divine does not expect us to follow others blindly nor to accept the truth blindly; in faith, yes, but not without using the mind and the intellect.

One might feel also that the particular form of a religion is what one has grown up with and is part of one's life and the thought of changing it is impossible to tolerate. Then be in peace with the Divine and your own sincerity and faith will be sufficient for you. If, however, you are still seeking and have the 'divine discontent' which does not allow us to rest till we have found the Truth, then do not be afraid to question and seek for relief from doubt. Please also accept that along such a path there is always pain in letting go of that which has been surpassed and this pain is also relinquished, eventually.

The Truth of Dea exhorts us to make spiritual progress not to remain caught up behind a logjam or to wallow in a backwater, but to walk along a path that draws us closer and ever closer to our Home, which could be called Paradise, and which is to return to the primordial state of blissful union with our Maker. This is the state beyond this world of matter, of flux, beyond any further world of time and space, ultimately the state of utter Perfection which is quite unimaginable to us at present. But everything that is good, pure, true and beautiful reminds us of this Home, and insofar as we are participating in these qualities, we are making progress towards Dea. Insofar as we are caught up in the illusions of this world and its evils,

we are going in the opposite direction. All the pains and sufferings of this world have a spiritual cause, and all the solutions are also spiritual. This world on earth cannot be made into Paradise; it can and should be improved as far as possible by spreading the Good, and in the Golden Age it shall be once again more wonderful than it is now, war and strife-torn as it is. But this is not our Home, not our final dwelling place nor resting place; to think this is to be deluded by its illusions.

If one understands this knowledge more perfectly, one is driven to strive for the virtues in a much keener way. Nor may we rest from striving with all our strength to perfect ourselves, to wipe out all faults and failings by leaning on a salvation that obviates this necessity. The true doctrine of salvation is open to all genuine seekers by oral transmission, for it is a sacred thing, and the inner teachings of the Madrian Faith are only given in this way to protect the received from a too-superficial and irreverent assimilation. Thus you will find in these leaflets only the outer parts and if you wish to learn of the inner core, some preparation is necessary. This is not psychological brainwashing, for your free will should be used to accept the Truth. We only seek to clear away the worldly clutter and errors, the illusions and deceits of the forces that oppose the Light, leaving you free to choose, but to choose in a more enlightened state.

We wish to make it absolutely clear that Madrians aspire to see things as Dea does, insofar as we are able, and to recognise the piousness, devoutness, deep faith and sincere belief that abides in the hearts of so many of Her children, whatever the name of the religion in earthly terms. Thus, although the Truth contained in the Scriptures transcends the humanly-inspired sayings of some religions, we do not put ourselves in the

seat of those who discount anyone's beliefs or are blind to the purity and goodness inherent therein.

This is not mere lip-service nor empty words designed to make a good impression, but something that is put into effect. We recognise that it is the Deity Who spoke to the prophets of the patriarchal religions, and those parts of the Bible and the Koran (Qur'an) that are holy have our deep reverence. (This also includes other texts such as those of some Sufis, etc.) Similarly we have respect for saints and holy women and men from all parts of the world and all cultures and traditions, and we draw inspiration and knowledge from these sources when they are in harmony with the Spirit. Also we recognise that there are many humble, pious people in all lands, especially those places little touched by Western materialism, and we do not see it as our mission, sanctioned by the Divine, to seek to prevail upon them and even to browbeat them into believing something else. We only offer the invitation to the Truth and welcome those who wish to take it up.⁹²

INTRODUCTION TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE DAUGHTER

The Teachings of the Daughter stand together with the Sacred Mythos texts as the central Scriptures of the Madrian Faith. Like the Mythos texts, they represent not the words and thoughts of human beings, but the words of Dea Herself. In the Mythos of the Divine Maid we read that after Her return from the nether world, Inanna stayed for some time with the children of the earth and 'taught them and revealed many hid-

den things'.* These words were not spoken by Our Lady in an earthly incarnation, but in the pleroma beyond time and space. The words are eternal, inscribed 'upon the heaven in signs of fire before the dawn of time'.† from the first time maids became incarnate upon the earth, the 'lucid recital'‡ of the Scriptures has been passed from generation to generation, not so much being translated as language changed, as slowly changing as language itself evolved—or rather, degenerated ('What is your language of the earth, My children? What are the words of thy speech? Are they not fallen from the first, the mother language? Are they not broken and impaired?'§) The Scriptures are written in the primordial language: 'In the tongue of tongues are they inscribed, and in the tongue of Angels that was before all tongues.'¶ But, by the grace of Inanna, they have been transmitted in inspired human words down the generations: 'Yet I have brought to you a clear recital, a faultless sound of the celestial voice. I have forged your words into a crystal mirror that they may reflect the Truth; and the words that are writ upon the Heaven are transcribed without fault upon the earth.'**

The Teachings contain unfathomable depths and may be understood on countless different levels. Simply to read them will reveal only the most superficial level. If we are to reach the depth, or the heights, of the spiritual Truth of the Teachings, they must be read and read again, meditated upon and ingested into the very fibre of one's being. Only thus shall we attain even

* Mythos 7;8.

† Teachings 1:1.

‡ Teachings 1:47.

§ Teachings 1:3–4.

¶ Teachings 1:2.

** Teachings 1:5–6.

the first peaks from which we may catch the occasional glimpse of the dizzying slopes which lead to the Summit, when for a moment the clouds of illusion are parted.⁹³

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MADRIAN FAITH THE RELIGION OF DEA

...Come to Me as little children in the pure simplicity of your hearts and the virgin innocence of your souls—for truly, all of you are children in the eyes of your Mother, and I shall receive all who come as Her children.

—the words of the Daughter^{††}

Countless Divine qualities which have given rise to so many goddesses known by different names, throughout history, as people have sought to focus on one particular aspect of Dea. However, in time people have forgotten that there is one Dea with various aspects, and sometimes these ‘rays’ from the Sun no longer reflect a true image and have devolved into something no longer Divine, as for example with the so-called goddess, Kali.^{††}

^{††} Mythos 7:4.

^{†††} The anonymous author of this introduction is the only Madrian writer to express this view of Kali. The tradition that passed from Lux Madriana through Aristasia took a more positive view, in keeping with their reverence for Hindu texts that depict Kali as a form of Sri Durga, commonly accepted as a valid living stream image of Dea (see, e.g., COMG, ‘The Goddess Durga’ and ‘Durga Ma’). The Chapel, for its part, associates Kali with the Dark Mother both implicitly (‘The Triple Goddess’, which also makes an implicit etymological connection with Sai Kala) and explicitly (‘Goddess

A List of Titles of Dea

Stella Maris – Star of the Sea

Stella Matutina – Star of the Dawn

Rosa Mystica

Mother of Divine Grace

Mother of Precious Life

Mother of Lost Children

Mother of Exiles

Mother of Sweet Mercy

Mother of Sorrow

Mother of Our Soul and Mind

Mother of the Aging

Mother of the Dying

Rose of the Heavenly Garden

Fragrance of the Morning Sun

Altar of Peace Offerings

Crystal of Light

Pear of the Sea

Religion: The One Mother God'). The Chapel commentary on the Catechism does note that 'some would see ... implication of darkness in the negative sense ... in the worship of Kali', but observes that she and similar figures 'have their place in tradition' although 'they are all too frequently misunderstood by modern people' ('The Catechism of Our Mother God'). Even in the Madrian period, the treatise on 'The Planetary Principles' observed that Kali 'represent[s] the necessary destructive principle in manifestation' (see p. 1087).

Shield of Courage
Gate of the Enclosed Yard
Glass of Time
Flame of Clinging Love
Wind of Gentleness
Blessed Vessel of Love
Lake of Inner Joy
Mountain of Steadfastness
Thunder of Resolution
Depth of Commitment
Guidepost of Eternity
Alma Mater
Queen of the World
Queen of Angels
Queen of Flowers
Queen of Arts
Queen of the Holy Church
Priestess of the World
Queen of the Immaculate Heart

Introduction

This is an introduction to Dea's Way, the way of the Spirit, which sets you on the path towards the One Who is waiting for Her children to return to Her. It is a simple, yet profound,

way of joy for the soul that seeks the truth. With Her help, Her Grace, you may come to know the deeper parts of your soul which yearns for a closer contact with her Mother.

The way that Dea recommends to you is one of devotion and prayer, of humility and peace, of knowledge and love. It is a way that in its essence has remained unchanged ever since humanity lost its way and then sought to return to its Home. Naturally, there are many religions in the world today, all of them patriarchal, yet they all draw the origins of their philosophies and practices from the primordial religion of Dea. Madrians have a more direct source of Dea's guidance, and aim to rely on the revelations of Her will. Thus although there are Madrian prophets and saints, holy and enlightened souls, there is not the same focusing on a human being or a particular historical event that characterises the patriarchal religions. The focus is single-mindedly on Dea, and no lesser light is allowed to stand in the way, no matter how superhuman.

Further differences are that the Madrian Faith is gentler and imbued with the qualities of Dea, rather than harsher, masculist attributes, falsely imposed on the Divine by erroneous human thinking and emotions. This means that Dea is without anger, wrath, jealousy or vengefulness, or a desire to punish. We can only describe Her qualities in human terms and that is why the feminine is Her true nature, though there are aspects which we do not have adequate words to describe. How can we describe the immense might that is just, loving and merciful, that governs the outcomes in the world and that holds the potential of destructive power? To describe this as wrath is to deny that it is still wholly an aspect of Love with no anger, hatred or loathing within it. We cannot help but be in

awe of the greatness of Madria Dea, She Who has created the whole cosmos and holds the power to cause it to cease to exist. Whatever we can think She is, She is always more. She is also all that is and all that is not, all that we cannot even imagine or conceive of Her greatness is without bounds. It is only we human beings who live in blindness of this great majesty, who puff ourselves up so that we think of nothing else but our feeble human 'greatness.' There is also, nowadays, a tendency to be so unaware of Her greatness—when people refer to 'the Goddess' (or all too often 'goddess') they diminish Her and make Her seem like some mere *diva*, or great nature spirit.

The truth is that Dea is everything that you know about God (without the masculist aspects), but the more correct way to talk of God is as Dea, as has been known throughout history and only (comparatively) recently obscured by patriarchy and its temporal exigencies.

It must be said, too, that it is not merely a case of men trying to alter the true image of the Divine to suit political or other ends—to see men as the ones to blame, whilst women are quite innocent, is a total misrepresentation and bias.

The female image has been portrayed variously as a kind of good fortune mascot (e.g. Lakshmi)* who will shower her favourites with material wealth, and she herself likes to adorn herself with jewellery. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nor is there a goddess of free love who promotes promiscuity,

* This, again, is an unusual statement. Veneration of Sri Lakshmi as a living stream image of Dea has been widespread among other branches of the faith. To take only one example, the virtual shrine operated by the Chapel is dedicated to 'Our Mother God in Her Forms as the Goddess Lakshmi and the Virgin Mary' ('A Shrine to Our Mother God as Goddess Lakshmi and the Virgin Mary').

except in the minds of those who want their own lasciviousness given a higher sanction.

What is the Madrian Faith?

Here is a brief outline of what the Madrian Faith is. It is a way to come closer to knowing Dea, the Creatrix of All That Is and all that is not, and the Great Mother Who watches over you lovingly at every instant.

It is the most ancient religion, as it originates at the very dawn of human history, and the patriarchal religions that we now have—Islam, Christianity, Judaism, Hinduism, and all others—are in one way or another indebted to it, and their underlying foundations are the same. That is why it may be termed the primordial religion, the universal philosophy, the basic tenets of which have remained unaltered for millennia, and which have given humankind its ethical and moral guidelines.

But let's start with clarifying who exactly Dea is. We are all familiar with the concept of God, the Deity, the Divine Being. In our patriarchal society God has come to be known (exclusively) as the Father and referred to as He.

This is a relatively new development historically because before the social order became patriarchal, the same one Deity was known as the Great Mother, the Goddess, and indeed by various other designations and names.

Now this whole subject of whether the Deity should be known as She or he is too involved to go into briefly, but further explanations are available.* For the sake of brevity we will

* The original writer did not elaborate on these supplementary sources, but may have had in mind existing articles from Lux Madriana such as, 'The

skip over the parts of history when the changeover took place. The Madrian Truth is that Dea is a Trinity, Three-in-One, comprising the Absolute, the Mother and the Daughter.

You will see that there is no masculine aspect, not even for the sake of the concept of 'equality' or 'balance'. This may seem unfair, arbitrary and dogmatic—surely the Divine Being would not discount maleness from Herself; this would amount to the same kind of bias and unfairness that patriarchy is accused of? The only way to understand it is to see things from a different point of view, the perspective of Truth which is higher than human reasoning.

By the way, there is no other Deity but the One Dea; She has no equal since it is impossible. Thus Madrians only use the word 'Goddess' to denote the Deity, not any lesser light, certainly never a human being. If we use the word 'goddess' in a trivial and non-sacred way (as happens all too frequently these days in ignorance, for example, when a woman is referred to as a goddess to exaggerate some of her qualities, or in some religions to denote a highly spiritual person)—all this is a serious way to deny the glory and greatness that only belong to Dea.

All that may seem dogmatic and probably off-putting to some, who might see it as excluding other ways of understanding things and respecting other spiritualities. However, we need to understand where the authority to make such assertions comes from. If you would be prepared to give it some thought as you read through the whole of this information, you will not deny yourself the opportunity to learn about Dea's message, which is vital to each soul.

Femaleness of God' (vol. 2, pp. 219 ff.).

So when we talk about the fundamental Madrian beliefs, they are not the opinions or ideas of individuals. For this prime reason, the Madrian Faith cannot be called a ‘cult’ or anything similar, since it is a direct Revelation from the Divine.

It is what Dea wants you to know and understand for your spiritual progress and salvation.

Thus you are not being led hither and thither by someone claiming to have the answers to life’s questions or who can give you guidance based on his or her own experience of life. You are being given signposts that lead directly to Heaven, eventually, and guidelines as to how to live the earthly life in the best way so as to guarantee spiritual progress.

A Madrian obeys Dea through Her teachings, willingly and out of love, not reluctantly out of a sense of obligation or duty. She may have the assurance of Divine protection, which counts for more than any human efforts can provide. The humility with which one gives this obedience freely means there is no fear of being bound by dogma or having one’s freedom curtailed. To a Madrian the intolerable restriction would be to be following someone’s ill-thought-out ideas, not based in the Spirit, leading to where?

It is a matter of looking further ahead than even what might lie beyond this life, and making a choice—a choice between the Spiritual and the material; to live for a higher purpose or to look only at each day in a narrower sense. The element of free will choice is very important within the way of Dea—it is always present. Indeed, one learns to use it with greater wisdom and responsibility, and develops respect for others in a deeper sense.

To those who find the very idea of religion off-putting because of what they perceive in existing religions and prefer the idea of creating one's own values—if you are actually reading this introduction, then you may be willing to give it a chance, to see what it is all about before rejecting it outright. Often people assert that one can have humility without believing in God, and that the religious are arrogant in their affirmations, but humility is only true in relation to accepting the Divine, because then there is something higher than the self. One cannot truly say one is humble in relation to one's ego. For true spirituality, there have to be absolute values; otherwise one is holding up the (fallible) human self as the source of highest values and denying there can be anything higher than this. This is essentially a God-denying belief-system, such as Buddhism.*

Who Are We?

We are humans, of course. But there are two widely diverging perspectives as to our origins and consequently as to who we really are: created by Dea as Her children with the power of choice, or merely evolved from animal origins by virtue of fortunate, but ultimately accidental circumstances.

The scientific explanation that we are part of the animal kingdom, having evolved from apes of some sort into half-humans and gradually into our fully human state, holds sway as it

* It is instructive to compare this characterization of Buddhism with that made by Sr Angelina (vol. 2, pp. 179 ff.). It is possible that the author of this *Introduction* was also influenced by Guénon but with a greater debt to his early works, in which he had expressed disapproval of Buddhism as a Hindu heresy—a position he later revised under the influence of Ananda Coomaraswamy and other writers widely cited within Lux Madriana.

is generally accepted in various areas of life—books, television, most scientists. The other explanation, that we were created by Dea (or rather by God, as it is mainly Christians who counter the animal-origins theory), is held by many people in a quiet way, but one very rarely hears or sees it propounded in the media. The fact is that these days people's ideas and opinions are all too often moulded by what they read or see, especially on the television.

If we wish to consider the question of our spiritual progress, we do need to address this question and consider it carefully, for it makes a great difference. From the Madrian point of view, we were created by Dea in a state of perfection,* and thus in union with Her (though naturally not equal to Her, as nothing can be equal to the Divine). We were created with free will and the power to use it, and our first moral act was to turn away from Dea, which resulted in the fall from perfection and the consequent necessity to live on earth with imperfection.

This power to make choices is what essentially distinguishes us from either animals or the beings of other realms, such as angels. (There are, of course, many other secondary reasons why we are not of the same order as animals.) This is why the word 'maid' is linked etymologically to the root meaning 'may'

* A note to the original reads: 'To say that we were created by the Supreme Being as souls before incarnating on the earth does not deny the validity of scientific knowledge about the origins of the universe and the great wealth of information we now have on the cosmos and its physical properties. Scientists are looking at these things purely from the point of view of "matter", which is natural to them since they are able to use mathematics to prove the validity of their theories and back them up with observable findings. However, there are still great gaps in this knowledge and a lack of a unifying overview.'

or ‘might’—the one who has the power to (act on choice). The Slavonic languages, for example, have the word, pronounced *muzh*, for ‘man’, linked to the verb ‘to be able’, ‘can’, ‘may’. (*Muz* in Czech, also in Russian, and also interestingly, *mush* as a colloquial term for a man comes from the Romany language from India.) This power, our birthright, may be rusty and it needs to be used with wisdom as it brings with it a great responsibility, but at the same time it opens the gates to our freedom. Thus a deeper understanding of our true nature and the purpose of life makes us see things in a different light, but most of all it gives our lives a new meaning.

Some of the Basic Madrian Beliefs
— *The Things We Hold as True*

- Your soul is immortal, death being a gateway to the next stage of existence.
- Your soul has lived many lifetimes previous to this one and will continue to live.
- We make choices all the time and these choices, which shape our spiritual life, are choices between good and evil.
- A choice for good brings us closer to Dea, and a choice for evil takes us further away from Her, into places which are extremely unpleasant to be in.
- It is your choices, recent and distant, which make your path what it is and which colour your spiritual life.

- You have free will and you shape your own destiny or *karma*, though you do not have the power to determine when and how it will unfold (in the major things of life). Nonetheless, you have more power than you are aware of.
- Your thoughts and your words, as well as your actions, have an effect on how your life proceeds.
- We have a true self and a false self, which is the egoic part that is so easily blinded by the delusions and illusions of this world.
- We should love our self, that is our true self, whole-heartedly, and thus love all other people, who are our brothers and sisters in Dea, and all Her creatures. We should respect Nature and the gifts of the earth as Dea's bounty and beneficence.

Being a Madrian — What It Means

How different is life as a Madrian?

You can take up as little or as much of the Madrian Way as you wish. There are changes involved and they need to be taken on only when one is ready. Certainly, there will be no pressure from anyone to adopt new ways against your will.

You can carry on living in the same way you are doing now, earning a living in the way you choose. The main differences are inward; how you choose to manifest inward changes is up to your own wisdom. The daily round comprises prayers at morning and evening, in your own home. There are certain times for fasting, which are not over taxing, and there are times

for feasting. Then there are ritual devotions according to the Sacred Calendar, the home being the focus. Everything is done one step at a time, according to one's spiritual readiness. The biggest step is a total commitment to Dea by becoming Initiated as a Madrian and thus entering her Church, which may be years along the way.

It means not being afraid to accept a path of virtue, to seek to overcome faults and failings, and to grow stronger, without becoming encumbered by the weight of guilt.

A Madrian has integrity and acts and speaks with honesty and honour. She or he has respect for all those around her, or him, whoever they may be and the followers of other religions are thought of as brothers and sisters. All animals are treated with kindness and love.

A Madrian's life is devoted to putting into practice the Teachings and guidance that Dea has given us. Thus the soul grows in beauty and goodness, and sends out ripples that touch other lives.

We cannot promise fellowship as the number of Madrians is very small indeed and you may well find a need to adopt a pioneering spirit of necessity.

But you will find the Faith offers everything your soul seeks from religion, even in this Age of Darkness, when the true Light still penetrates the obscuring clouds of evil and godlessness. For Our Lady is ever present, waiting for each of Her children to turn away from the emptiness and coldness of living for the sake of what one can gain from the world. To live in the spirit is to live more richly, to experience life more deeply, to have wholeness and peace and security.

*A Brief History of the Amazons**

The last five thousand years and more have constituted the Kali Yuga, or the Age of Iron: the tail end of the great cycle of history of our present humanity. The first millennia of the Iron Age saw the decadence of the old matriarchates and the gradual encroachment of patriarchal and semi-patriarchal forms of society and religion. The gentle, ordered world, oriented toward beauty and the feminine principle, was beginning to give way to a harsher way of life which would eventually lead to the violence and materialism of the modern world.

Large parts of the world remained untouched by the changes. Some did not even hear of patriarchy until many hundreds of years later. But in the eastern Mediterranean, the Middle East, India and China, semi-matriarchal and semi-patriarchal regimes vied with each other, producing almost every imaginable form of hybrid government and social order. The general drift of the tide was toward greater and greater patriarchy, with male sovereigns, men occupying most positions of authority and war and armed force becoming increasingly a factor in human affairs.

It is a mistake to suppose that because a masculine régime is established women have no longer an important position. The 'public life' of politics, war and commerce was never more than half of life (although, increasingly, men have liked to call it 'the real world'). The other half, and in many ways the more important half, has been the private life of the home, where, at most times, woman has reigned supreme and feminine ideals

* This section appears to have been substantially adapted from Sr Alethea's article on 'Amazons' (vol. 2, pp. 334 ff.).

of beauty, order and gentleness have formed the true basis of civilisation. Children have always been educated in the home and the whole sense of identity and selfhood has been formed and centred in the home. Only in very late times, with public education removed from the home and with the ‘outside world’ of the mass-media extending its tentacles into the very heart of the feminine private world has the most extreme form of patriarchy been established, in which the feminine principle was routed out of the feminine domain itself and women persuaded to become carbon copies of male ‘workers’.

Nonetheless, in a world recently matriarchal, the new patriarchal order was offensive to more traditional people who looked back to the ‘golden order’ (*chrysothemis*) of their recent heritage. Furthermore, some early patriarchal régimes—like some later ones—were extremely harsh and oppressive to women: the ancient Greeks, long-standing enemies of the Amazons, being a case-in-point. Furthermore, the breakdown of the old, ordered matriarchal world had left the world in a state of chaos and barbarism not unlike that left after the fall of the Roman Empire in what are known as the Dark Ages.

But we anticipate. Who were the Amazons?

In the first place they were groups of women who left the new patriarchal domains to set up traditionalist communities in outlying areas—rather as the Pilgrim Fathers fled religious and cultural persecution to found new colonies in America. They created small cities, rural communities and centres of spirituality and learning, perhaps hoping, like the monks of the Dark Ages, that a time would come ‘when the chaos and barbarism would pass and the flame of the ancient learning

and order which they were guarding might once again light the world'. Nor were they wrong in this hope.

These communities of women were largely known as moon-maidens, which, in Greek, was rendered *Amazons*. At first there were dangers and difficulties. As the communities flourished and grew they became targets for the warlike patriarchal states. However, the young women were taught by the sages of the communities how the vikhelic arts of archery and the sword could be perfected by spiritual principles. Soon the Amazon armies were the most powerful in the world, capable not only of the defence of the homelands, but ready to liberate nations which had fallen under the hand of the patriarchal barbarian.

The Amazon campaigns were overwhelmingly successful. For several centuries the Golden Order was re-established in most parts of the world. The patriarchies became no more than a handful of savages on the fringes of civilisation.

The Amazon empire in the West, which had its main centre in Crete, established a peaceful and deeply spiritual civilisation, a *Pax Amazonia* which lasted rather longer than the Roman Empire. From an overall historical perspective, however, it was only a brief respite for the ancient civilisation in the face of the encroaching tide of the new patriarchal order and a harsher, more materialistic world, for such changes were in the nature of life in the Iron Age.

As the Iron Age wore on, new patriarchal barbarian inroads were made, and the Empire, already succumbing to a new decadence from within—for the healthy life of any order was shortening, in these latter times, from thousands to hundreds of years—fell. Again, the old Amazon tradition was

revived. Purified Amazon nations regrouped on the edges of the patriarchal world. The two major groupings were the Libyans in north-west Africa and the Thermodontines between the Black Sea and the Caspian. The Thermodontines were by far the largest confederation, and they struck out from their Central Asian stronghold into Europe, India and China, often with great success. Even patriarchal accounts (which tend to dwell on patriarchal successes) tell how an expedition from the Thermodontine capital of Themiscyra conquered much of Greece and laid siege to Athens itself for four months. The Libyan Amazons in late times also conquered Asia Minor and most of the Ægean area. Their most successful warrior-queen, Myrine, founded many famous cities, including Smyrna, Synone, Mitylene, Magnesia, Myrine and Pitane. She was the first to colonise Samothrace. The great Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient patriarchal world, was erected by the Amazons.

The stubbornness with which modern patriarchal writers have refused to accept the history of the Amazons as anything more than a legend is a glaring example of the dishonesty of the modern academic and mass-communications establishment on anything which challenges entrenched assumptions. To this day, reliefs and statues of events from the last Greek-Amazon war are to be found all over Athens, and long into 'classical' times, a yearly festival was held there to celebrate the raising of the siege of the Thermodontine army of Queen Oreithyia. Quite independently of Greek accounts, the Chinese annals speak of the 'western women's kingdom' between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and the patriarchal Indian epic, the Ramayana speaks of 'the warrior women' in the same region. Plutarch, Di-

odorus Siculus and other reliable classical authors give detailed accounts of Amazon campaigns, and the part played in the Trojan War by an Amazon contingent under Queen Penthesilea is recounted in the *Iliad*.

If all this evidence referred to anything else, it would simply be regarded as an ordinary piece of history. Nothing but the ingrained prejudice of later patriarchy has ever cast the smallest doubt upon it.

In recent years, archæologists have uncovered the tomb of a high-ranking aristocratic Amazon officer near Kishinev in Moldavia—the heart of the old Thermodontine territory. She lived toward the end of the Amazon period, about 450 B.C., and was buried with her warhorse, spears and arrows as well as gold earrings and other personal adornments. Modern historians cannot dismiss this as a ‘fake’, but they can, and will, ignore it.

Because the story of the Amazons has been told by the patriarchs whom they fought, they are thought of as a warlike people. But on the whole, although they had their battles both of defence and of liberation, they were the very reverse—and although their feats of arms reprieved civilisation for several centuries this was not the greatest of their achievements. With the dawning of the Iron Age, the ‘spiritual atmosphere’ of our world began to harden and grow grosser. The old life, permeated by Spirit at every level, was now above the reach of the mass of people, and fell into decay. This, many would argue, was the underlying reason for the triumph of patriarchy.

Under such circumstances it would be easy for the world to degenerate into a violent chaos, unlit by traditional wisdom—just as it nearly did in the later Dark Ages after the fall

of Rome. But the old votaries, the mothers of the first Amazon nations, reformed the Golden Order and gave birth to a new way of life, simpler and less demanding than the old way, but still within the realm of Order, still permeated by beauty, truth and goodness.

Wherever true spirituality has been able to survive under patriarchal conditions, it owes a great debt to the Amazon heritage. Taoism is the Amazon legacy in China. The western tradition, transmitted by Pythagoras, Plato and Plotinus, through the Eleusinian Mysteries, and continuing to shape many of the fundamental conceptions of the Christian world, stems from the legacy of the *Pax Amazonia* and from the later mystery schools of Egypt and Babylon (conquered by Queen Eurypyle, c. 1758 B.C.). From this latter channel also derives a considerable portion of the Judaic tradition which also descended to the Christian West.

We live then, in a world which is still shaped in many respects by the Amazon tradition. Concepts of spirituality, of order, beauty and harmony, which have been preserved, however imperfectly, until very recently are the legacy of the ancient feminine world and of those who had the courage and fortitude to preserve it at a time when all the lights of civilisation appeared to be going out.

The Truth and the Question of Authority

The Madrian Faith has no name as such, but the one word which would sum it up most accurately, perhaps, is the Truth, and, indeed, it has been known as such. The capital letter, as in other places, denotes that which is sacred, which is directly

Divine, and which needs to be given due respect, nay reverence, and to distinguish it from something lesser.

Thus the Truth comes from Dea Herself, not from a prophet, a saint or a holy person. A human being was originally the recipient of it inwardly in order to pass it on to others. Moreover, Dea has made sure that It remains unadulterated, and not altered to suit human whims and opinions.

Everything that is Madrian doctrine, or tenets, or philosophy, is based in the Truth. To learn more about it in depth, you will need to look at the Scriptures and holy texts, which are easy to understand and surprisingly concise (by comparison with human writings).

In the past few centuries, patriarchal religion has imposed a human authority on people against which they have rebelled and reacted by going to the other extreme of denying the validity of any authority and opting for reliance on human ideas. Nonetheless, religion has continued to be a means by which Dea nurtures Her children, and it is important not to dismiss this, and imply that religion has been a force for violence and damage exclusively. As Madrians we have respect for the highest expressions of the good that is in all religions and do not see ourselves opposed to them *per se*.

Naturally, the whole matter of how people have dealt with the question of authority in religion is too broad to enter into here—how people have chosen to interpret the biblical texts, and so on. Within the Madrian Way, there are clear guidelines from Dea on this matter, but essentially She asks us to refer ourselves each time to the Spirit, not to rely on fallible human reasoning or emotive reaction. This is a safeguard against error, not a restriction to human free will. In fact, it is the imposition

of the human ego that is tyranny, and Dea conceived of us as totally free beings, bound only by our choices.

Mostly we are quite unaware whether it is the ego that is leading us or the spirit within, for it is true that each of us is, in essence, a fragment of the Divine Spirit. Some call this the divine spark, though the logical step from this is not that we are therefore ‘goddesses’ or ‘gods’. Again, this is a denial of who Dea is, or even that there is the One Supreme Dea. If words are to have any real validity and meaning, then we should use them as though they do have that meaning. How can a human being be designated as a goddess—can she, therefore, create a whole universe? To love and revere Dea means one does not forget about Her, snatch Her title and rob it of meaning. We have plenty to make us feel good about ourselves when we accept our true worth without destroying sacredness. Nor is it true to say the word goddess is ‘only a word’—a word has power and to misuse it is to be ignorant of that power and of spiritual reality.

The Question of Good and Evil

Very often people find that trying to reconcile the presence of evil in the world—that is, unjust, cruel things happening to innocent people, terrible suffering—is an obstacle to their faith in God as all-loving. Dea is merciful and Her nature is love—there is no hint of malice, neither in the form of anger, wrath, jealousy, will to inflict punishment nor any other defect. Her mercy is infinite as is Her Love—this is the overriding Truth. The only problem is that we humans are all too often blind to this Truth; we cannot perceive it or else we will not acknowledge it. The false self uses rationalising to turn us away

from faith and belief in God. The facts of our life, our incarnation on this plane, can be very hard to accept, and more than that, when one thinks of any of the extreme circumstances that people have had to live through, such as torture at the hands of evil regimes, what happened in the concentration camps of the Germans (or the Russians, or others), or the extremely debilitating illnesses that afflict young children, draining life from them, or brutal murders. Surely when we, who have been spared direct experience of such horrors, think about what it takes to behave in such ways, how utterly inhuman it is to commit such acts of brutality, surely we cannot deny that these acts are evil. I make this point because people do still persist in saying there is no such thing as evil. But we are here to learn that evil is the abnegation of good, that we do need to see these two aspects for what they are. If we refuse to accept it even in the fact of what has happened virtually before our eyes, we shall need to keep coming back to this one essential lesson of life. It need not destroy our faith in good, and the source of all good is Dea. Dea has not created puppets to act out Her will—human beings act with free will and it is the actions and deeds of people that create what happens in the world. At any instant we have the choice to act or not to act, to speak or not to speak. The blame for the evil in the world lies solely with those who commit it. Our freedom allows it to happen; Dea is the One Who is forever guiding us away from it. To blame God is weak and cowardly and completely unjustified. We should refrain from turning our anger against Dea, for that is the greatest injustice and irreverence of all. Only by contemplating the truth of Divine goodness is one able to see what an unspeakable calumny it is to infer that Dea has responsibility

for evil in the world rather than human beings who perpetrate it. There are aspects we are not aware of, and if one tries to suggest one has enough knowledge of the laws of *karma* to be able to pronounce on the fate of individuals, one is greatly deluded. Here a little knowledge is truly a dangerous thing—one cannot make blanket statements about all disabilities, for example, being a punishment for something done wrong in a previous life. The truth is far more complex than one can imagine, and far more worked out by the hand of Love, as is everything else in the world. It is only human beings that create their own evil by word, thought and deed, but by doing so, they allow the forces of darkness to add to it.

We are not helpless in the face of evil. If we wish to make a difference in the world, to lessen suffering, there are ways to achieve this. There is the direct route of action, whenever that is possible, and there are so many good things being achieved by individuals throughout the regions where help is needed most, whether by people or animals. But prayer also achieves changes, especially when we are not able to do anything else physically. It is the one thing that Our Lady, the Daughter, asks for time and time again, because She knows its true efficacy. If we look at Her message in regard to this subject, we see clear guidance based on metaphysical reality: ‘Change that within you and the world without will change. But seek to change the world, and all of essence will remain the same.’*

* Teachings 2:24.

Prophecies from Heaven

We are living in a time of turmoil when the last of the four ages comes to an end and a new cycle begins with a Golden Age. Thus our society, in the West (but now increasingly throughout the world), is fundamentally an atheistic one, despite pockets of true belief; it is patriarchal in its organisation and consequently it leans heavily towards materialism.* Conflicts are resolved by force and violence, with oppression and injustice in many parts, yet at the same time it achieves advances in higher standards of living (in developed countries).

It is a society out of harmony with nature and the environment. The materialistic ideology permeates every aspect of life and knowledge, including patriarchal religion, and is creating a direction and impulse away from the Centre, the Spirit, towards destruction. Added to this, although there is wealth in the hands of a few, large numbers of people live in dire poverty, with malnutrition and lack of the basic necessities of life. There is no need to detail these global problems which preoccupy us, but the point is that Dea is greatly dissatisfied with this state of affairs.

She has been warning Her children to mend their ways in some very direct ways. Here are some of the major occasions when Our Lady, the Daughter, came down from Heaven and appeared in order to give us all Her messages.

Lourdes – In 1858 Our Lady appeared to Bernadette by a grotto at the foothills of the Pyrenees, and the healing

* A note to the original reads: 'The term materialism, from the spiritual perspective, is not merely focusing exclusively on material things, but also being blind to the importance of what is supra-physical and metaphysical.'

waters are now visited by millions of pilgrims who pray in the Basilica. Many of the places chosen by Our Lady have been holy places before Christianity, where Dea was worshiped under different names and mythologies. Often one can perceive the remains of this in the way veneration surpasses the Catholic parameters.

Fátima – In Portugal the Virgin appeared to three young children in 1917—‘a beautiful Lady, brighter than the sun.’ A miracle was granted to silence sceptics and when tens of thousands of people gathered, the sun was seen to dance amid great shafts of coloured light at the command of the Lady, Who asked for the consecration of Russia and for people to pray the rosary to bring about an end to war.

Cairo – Though given little general publicity, the apparitions of Our Lady at Zeitoun from 1968 to 1971 must rank among the most astonishing public manifestations of the Divine to have occurred in known memory. Vast crowds of people, up to 250,000 at a time and of all faiths and none, clearly saw the Madonna over the Coptic Orthodox Church of St. Mary. Some were even able to photograph the apparitions and many sick were miraculously healed of incurable diseases. On these occasions the wonderful visions of light were not exclusively given to the innocent and open hearts of little children, whilst adults standing near them could see nothing.

Međugorje – The Madonna appeared on several occasions to a group of young people, continually asking people to pray, and to fast, for peace, which became all the more significant when fighting broke out in Bosnia shortly afterwards.

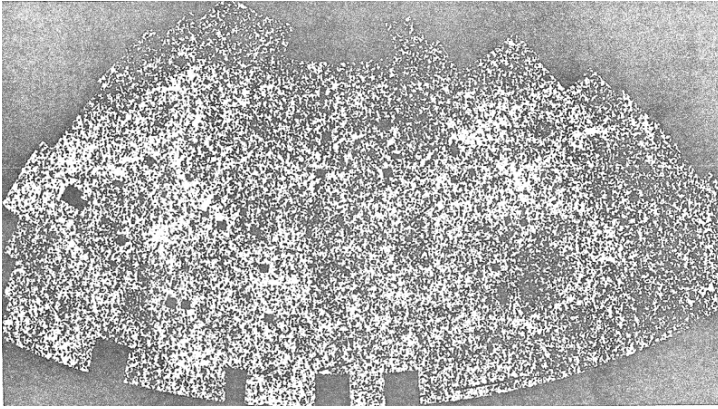
Once again, Our Lady was warning people and showing them a way to prevent war which is so abhorrent to Her and causes Her deep sorrow.

New York — Our Lady of the Roses appeared to Veronica Lueken in her home and gave her some detailed messages of great importance about events that are on the horizon. These are linked to prophecies not only in the Bible but in other sources, referring to a comet and the possibility of world war with nuclear weapons. Though these prophecies can seem dire and frightening, it is not a matter that they will come to pass definitely—everything depends on our response and how we heed the warnings.

Lack of space prevents us from giving full details of all these important and fascinating stories, and others. But there will come a day when each of us will hear the voice of the Divine within, at a time of crisis. The many instances of statues weeping tears and shedding blood testify to how much Our Lady cares for us and does not want to see us suffer.

She speaks to each one of us, non-believers and believers of every religion (we are all Her children), for each of us can make a difference by prayer and action. The power of prayer is quite misunderstood and undervalued by those who have not had firsthand experience of its efficacy. But Our Lady wants us to make devotional prayer part of our daily lives, to think of offering up prayers in times of thanksgiving and rejoicing, or asking for protection from danger and disaster, for help to come to us and others. Prayer can be very brief, or part of a longer ritual; in any case, some prayer is better than none.

Picture of Universe



This is a picture of the known universe with its billions and billions of galaxies, each with its uncounted billions of stars, and this is not a complete map of the cosmos. We are at a stage in human history when, thanks to the technological and scientific development, we have so much information about Dea's creation and our place within it.

It is true that scientists give us facts about the universe and some of the physical laws that govern matter and nature. But what this kind of science leaves out is in fact the most important aspect—that it is Dea who created all that is manifest, and everything is held and sustained, as it is said, 'in Her hand'—She has knowledge of each star, each particle, each place inaccessible to us and shrouded in mystery. Everything resonates to the music of the spheres and even the cold, empty rocks in the farthest margins sing their praises of the great Creatrix. The energy which flows through the universe in whatever form—gravity, electro-magnetic, nuclear or even subtler forms

that are unknown to science—is Her energy, yet She is not in the material world. She caused all the galaxies to be born out of chaos, provided the raw materials, designed the laws, determined the lives of the stars and all the creatures, and also holds the power to bring it all to an end in the endless stream of time. Nothing happens without Her knowledge, nothing is randomly put together by an accidental ‘lucky’ meeting up of the right ingredients. Life did not evolve in the way scientists conjecture—without a wise, all-knowing design and Designer.

And we must be aware that all this, which is beyond our minds fully to comprehend, is only one aspect of Her absolutely limitless potentiality. In other words, She could create another viable universe, totally unlike this one. Indeed there are different levels of being, different kinds of existence of which we have no idea. Perhaps that is why people’s fantasy conjures up science fiction with weird ‘life-forms’.

But it is surely a comforting thing to know that this One Dea can hold all the galaxies in Her ‘consciousness’ and at the same time be aware of the smallest details of your life and is able to protect you from danger, should you call upon Her. Moreover, Her love for you is unending and unlimited; it is a love that surpasses human love, yet love is the one thing we are here to learn and find out about.

Finally

By now you may well have noticed a difference between the way we talk about Dea, and Whom we regard Her to be, and the way some contemporaries refer to as the ‘earth-goddess’. The Madrian Faith is not in contention with Christianity, or Islam or any other faith, nor any way of seeing the Divine. The Faith

states the Truth about Dea, and invites you to contemplate that Truth which comes directly from the One Who created you and Who sustains the whole universe in being. You may see this is a wonderful life opportunity. Whether you take it up or not is up to you. There is always more one can learn—about Dea, about life; new knowledge opens new horizons.

This particular knowledge is unique among the various, numerous cults and sects, organisations and groups—not because there is one individual claiming to have special secrets or status, or to have direct communication from Heaven. In fact, the Madrian Faith, though it has individuals who lived in holiness and saintliness, avoids the misleading idolisation of the saint or holy person. This is so that devotees maintain their sole focus on Dea and never on a human being, however exalted.

The Madrian Faith is unique, in a humble way, for several reasons:

- it is the original knowledge about the origins of the human race and the Sacred Events which underlie all religions in however distorted a form.
- Dea has made sure that this knowledge about the Sacred Events and the knowledge of what constitutes true spiritual progress has been kept unadulterated. Down the innumerable generations, in happy times of open general acceptance, and darker times of suppression and persecution, the knowledge has been safeguarded by those who revered it and knew its true worth, and is now once again openly available to any soul who seeks Dea.

- the Truth that is at its core is not based in anything a human being has done or claimed, or thought up, or based in historical events.
- it is a more direct way to make spiritual progress, a more direct way to be at one with the Divine, to live closely to, and in, the Spirit on a daily basis.
- the Madrian Faith is the only one that acknowledges Dea for Her true supernal status and does not diminish Her to anything lower.*

It also affirms her (as the Daughter, Inanna) as our Saviour, Who sacrificed Herself in a supra-human way so that the human race might not fall into destruction. This fact has been obliterated by patriarchy, and we need to start turning, one by one, to the One Light in a devotional way, according to Her wishes. The whole beautiful truth about the Sacrifice is not something we can trivialise by writing about it here, but it is available, as are all the sacred texts.

The earth is, in essence, a being (a Janya), as are the other planets and the sun, but Dea is not the earth—She is greater.

Also people in past times have tried to mould and use the sacred image to promote their own material ends, and thus made Her into a goddess for material wealth (e.g. Lakshmi), or else a free love or fertility goddess. All this is a degeneration and a corruption of who She really is and is a disservice, at the very least.

* A note to the original reads: 'For example, She is more than Nature, though the Daughter governs the energies and rhythms of nature both in humans and in the natural world, including the stars of the whole cosmos.'

Not an Armchair Philosophy...

The Madrian Faith is not merely an academic subject to study, not an interesting or new perspective on the past, not something to read about Dea and then put aside and forget as life makes its demands on you. To see it as such is to undervalue it totally, to treat Dea with disrespect by not paying heed to what She wishes to communicate to you.

It is only She Who is 'qualified' to ask of you to do what is needed for the sake of your soul, rather than be swept through life on the stream of the profane allurements which have no spiritual value. The Madrian religion is a way of life that enables you to grow in knowledge year by year, to deepen in faith and to come closer to Dea, providing a stable foundation for you on which to build the temple of your soul—the only thing you will be able to take with you into the next life when you leave this one.

*Rosa Madriana*⁹⁴

[LETTERS FROM THE CDL TO
MICHAEL HOWARD, 24 JULY 1989]*

ORDO ROSÆ MUNDI

Ekklesia Madriana	Community of Divine Life
The Madrian Orthodox	The Madrian Sanctum
Communion	O. E. M.
	I, The Beaches
Mr Michael A. Howard, FOI	Wendover
in Cardigan, Dyfed	Buckinghamshire HP22 5P6
	England
	I3 – v – 3722 AE† ⊕

Greetings Michael,

I'm in receipt of your letter of enquiry. Thank you.

However, our holy Order is not, as yet at least, accessible to any goodfolk, save Initiated Madrians of Ekklesia. The *LN*† notice was published in an edited and thus incomplete form; this causes your misunderstanding we feel. In effort to answer as fully as is currently possible, I shall reply to you upon our

* The originals of these letters are held at the Museum of Witchcraft and Magic in Boscastle, UK. The present editor has written to the Museum seeking scans of the full documents, but has not received a response as of the time of publication. The texts appearing here are transcribed from the thumbnails of the documents' records in the Museum's online catalog and are therefore truncated.

† I3 Kerea 3309 / 24 July 1989.

‡ *Isian News*.

Lyceum, thus FOI paper in a separate letter. I hope this proves at least a little helpful to you. Pray so, Michael.

To avert, by anticipations, potential hypothetical, further, misunderstandings; I will at once state clearly that authentic Madrians, and Ekklesia herself, is not in any way connected with any of the myriad contemporary magical, Wicca, Pagan/Heathen, etc. [text incomplete]



The Fellowship of Isis

LYCEUM OF GOD OUR MOTHER

Michael A. Howard	Community of Divine Life
Caemorgan Cottage	I, The Beaches
Caemorgan Road	Wendover
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Greetings Michael,

Thank you for your enquiry dated 15 July and your evident interest. In full, *Isian News* did not publish our submitted notice; I reproduce it, next, in original form, for it shall clarify matters for you I trust:

Straven Michael, O.R.M. 'Community of Divine Life' has been formed in response to the upsurge of devotees seeking the spirituality

§ 13 Kerea 3309 / 24 July 1989.

of our extant Matriarchal Tradition. ‘The Orthodox Communion of God Our Mother’ entrusts this public re-emergence to the Priestesses, Priests and devotees of its ancient Order, ‘Ordo Rosæ [sic] Mundi’, which is centred at; Lyceum... etc.*

Michael, you shall observe that our notice was upon behalf of the, present, ‘outer’ aspect of C.D.L. Also that we present Ekklesia in public, currently [text incomplete]⁹⁵

* Ellipsis in original.

APPENDIX A

JOURNALISM & INTERVIEWS

FOI NEWS OF MEMBERS (JULY 1976)

SISTER ANGELINA, through the Chapel of Artemis and As-tarte of the Waves, attempts to follow the archetypal patterns of religious consciousness. Members of the Order perform the rites of the Goddess four times each lunation and on holy days. They emphasise the artistic and the cultural. Music, painting and poetry are related to the religion of Our Lady. This is indeed exemplified in their beautiful prayers and hymns now printed with illustrations. Drawn from ancient sources and inspiration, 'The Creation', 'Resplendent Mistress' and 'The Divine Trinity' are magnificent. The feminine Trinity is presented in so dignified and powerful manner that it reads like a great creed. It should be wonderful when chanted.⁹⁶

[ANONYMOUS JOURNAL ENTRY]

Upstairs a small group was gathering. There were about four women, including the one I think was the leader, plus two men.

Their basic philosophy was that God was female...

The leader that I remember was a young woman who had a psychic air about her, and who I believe channeled their materials. She may have been called Angelina...^{†97}

† Ellipses in the original.

FOI NEWS OF MEMBERS (WINTER 1976)

SISTER [redacted]* continues the great tradition of the Priesthood of the Goddess in 'Lux Madriana'. She tells us: 'Our faith is based on a body of myths and ideas. . . . The purpose of Lux Madriana is to spread these ideas, to help people form Madrian groups, and also to encourage various projects, artistic, psychic, etc. You see, we believe that our faith can be introduced into every area of life—some members are working on a Madrian Tarot and Madrian witchcraft, and we hope later to offer a course in Madrian ritual magic. Our main function up to now has been the running of a course in basic Madrianism. . . . The course is still available to anyone (whether they are members or not). We do have our own system of working, and those who wish to become fully involved in it are invited to seek a special instruction.' Sister Angelina goes on to invite anyone who feels attracted to join Lux Madriana. She has told several members of the Fellowship Attunement times, and will print the times in the first issue of *The Coming Age*.† She looks forward to having the whole of the Society's communion service set to music, preferably including a glass flute. A little prayer is included with a booklet of the society, *The Crystal Tablet*: 'Grant me this day, Celestial Mother, that every work I do shall be as lovingly and well performed as though I were to give it into Your divine hands. Fill me with Your energy, that I may both give beauty

* Redaction in the original.

† These times did not, ultimately, appear.

to the world and perceive the beautiful in all of Your creation.
Grant this day shall add a stone to the temple of my soul.^{†98}

FOI NEWS OF MEMBERS (SPRING 1977)

SISTER ANGELINA of 'Lux Madriana' is also to present an article in *Gnostica*. 'Lux Madriana' is publishing a new magazine, *The Coming Age*. Everything about Sister Angelina and her fellowship has a beautiful aura. She describes robes worn during ceremonies. 'We are able to use clothes to change our outward appearance and bring it more in accord with our inner selves. In our religion we have various ceremonial colours. On most natural rites they are violet, for violet is the colour of the moon and the non-physical planes which surround us... At other times we use white, green, purple, white-and-gold, violet-and-gold and violet-and-purple. Black, red and blue are also sometimes used for the Passion, Rose of the World and Genia-days[§] respectively.'⁹⁹

† Ellipses and redaction in the original. Note that the order of the opening words of the Morning Offering as given here differs slightly from that found in Madrian publications.

§ I.e. 'Janya', most probably referring to the Day of All Janyati.

© Ellipses in the original.

FOI NEWS OF MEMBERS (SUMMER 1977)

A similar Universalist attitude of accepting the good and true in all religions and philosophies is shown through the work of JOHN [redacted].* He tells us: 'An Anglican friend used his church to put on a performance portraying Death and Resurrection beliefs and Rites from various faiths (at Easter). As I supplied him with most of his material he ended by including extracts from 'The Story of Isis and Osiris' (ATHENE [redacted]), 'What Witches Do' (STEWART FARRAR), and 'The Myth of the Divine Maid' (Lux Madriana)...

Lux Madriana has a unique quality of dedication and depth. One feels reading *The Creation*, *The Crystal Tablet*, *The Mythos of the Divine Maid* and *The Coming Age* journal that one is in touch through the centuries with Gothic abbeys and convents, with Roman Vestals, with the priestesses of Babylon and the royal priestesses of ancient Egypt. Both mystical and hierarchic, the words of these gospels have the authenticity of tradition and the fervour of that which has newly arisen as Aphrodite rises from the waves. 'Our Lady is exalted among the daughters of Heaven, Shining Inanna, Star of the Sea, robed in celestial light. She abases the cruel and the proud, and hearkens to the plea of the lowly, the rich who deny Her Godhead find not contentment, but blessed is the humbles of Her servants. She delivers the captive into Her care, and takes the hand of the fallen. May the whole world praise Thee, beloved Inanna, may Thy glory be told of in all the earth. Let them exalt Thy dominion and Thy valiant courage and glorify Thy holy Name.

* Redaction in the original.

Have mercy on Thy servant who gives Thee blessing and take her hand in need and suffering. In illness and distress give her the gift of life. May she go forever in and delight to magnify Thy holy Name before all the peoples of the world.[†]

This 'Exaltia' from *The Mythos of the Divine Maid* in its earliest surviving version is about 4,000 years old. About two thousand years ago it became known in changed form as 'The Magnificat' of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

On the same exalted level as Sister Angelina, yet of the far future rather than the far past is MARY [redacted][‡]...¹⁰⁰

WHEN WOMEN RULED THE WORLD

Madrianism is a religious sect which worships a female God. A group in Oxford claims to be able to regress through time to an age when women were dominant.

Q. Are souls both female and male?

A. No, all spiritual creatures are female, for maleness is a thing of the material world.

Q. Do male creatures have souls?

A. Yes, male creatures have female souls.[§]

So runs the catechism of Madrianism. I talked to Angelina and Chrysothemis, members of this religious order, at their flat in 40 St. John St. They are just two of the growing number of people who worship the Goddess. Madrianism is a secret

[†] This prayer often appeared later as 'The Canticle of the Daughter' (vol. I, pp. 155 ff.).

[‡] Redaction in the original.

[§] The quotation is from the Catechism, questions 70–I (vol. I, p. 98).

religion. Small groups meet at private houses in England and France and it has recently reached America and Australia too. Angelina, a member of the Oxford order, said that the secrecy involved made it difficult to estimate accurately, but she would guess that there are a few thousand Madrians practising today. She and Chrysothemis were first introduced to a group by a friend of theirs in the Women's Movement.

Madrians often prefer to live in small secluded communities such as those in Wales and Cumbria and Angelina and Chrysothemis are among the first of their order to break away from the secrecy and establish open groups. They have even advertised their Booklet, in magazines like *The Leveller*. 'We believe that our religion is strong enough to defend itself against attacks', Angelina said stoutly.

Their Scriptures are of mysterious origin, but appear to be the words of the Goddess, who 'spoke to some women in a revelation just before the First World War'. There are eleven major festivals in the Madrian year, when sacrifices of honey cake are made to the Goddess and members participate in a Christian-style Communion.

'God has been worshipped for at least 30,000 years', they told me, 'And for 25,000 of them, she has been worshipped as female'. This was news to me, but apparently, before the present brief interlude of patriarchy, women ruled the world in benevolent matriarchal societies. These societies were not corrupted by the masculine principle of materialism, but were based in the female principle of spirituality and so they worshipped the Goddess and danced to the harmony of the spheres. As soon as the divinity began to be conceived as male, this harmony was lost and so we degenerated into our materialistic male-domi-

nated civilisation. Angelina showed me a time chart. It was in the form of a tube: a long clear patch indicating the period of matriarchal dominion, and then a black quarter inch of materialistic sludge at the bottom, labelled 'The Present'.*

She told me that I have lived about three thousand different lives in these matriarchal societies. What is more, I could, by using 'the Moira technique', project myself back into the past and view my various existences at leisure.

Angelina and Chrysothemis were very ready to help me in my 'projection back'. I had to lie on the floor of their room while Chrysothemis massaged my ankles and Angelina sat at my head and said, 'Just relax'. There was a smell of joss-sticks, and the Brandenburg Concerto played softly in the background. On the mantelpiece stood two purple candles, and between them a little gold and blue statue of the Goddess, the only signs of anything out of the ordinary in an otherwise conventional Oxford House.

Angelina began, 'Madria Moira,† who have led this soul through many lives by the grace of our Lady, unlock for her the gates of time and bring her to spiritual wisdom.' I felt an appalling urge to giggle but suppressed it. Angelina traced a figure on my forehead—the mystic Pentacle—and then massaged round and round above my eyebrows. After two or three minutes of this, I had to imagine that I was expanding out of my body like a balloon.

* This may be the chart published in the *Moira Handbook* (p. 1361).

† It was the custom of early Madrian communities to substitute certain sacred names with (usually classical) equivalents in the presence of outsiders. 'Moira' was the usual substitute term for Sai Werdē. For more on this practice and the identification of equivalents, see the apparatus, pp. 67 ff.

Appendix A

‘Now shoot thousands of feet into the air’, said Angelina, ‘Feel the centuries and millennia falling away.’ I was determined not to be sceptical, and tried to suspend my disbelief.

‘What do you see?’

My mind was a blank, but I didn’t want to hurt their feelings.



'White mist', I suggested cautiously.

'Are you about to land?'

'Am I?'

'Well, try to come into land.'

For the life of me I couldn't honestly say I was coming into land.

'Nothing.'

'Well'—coward that I am—'perhaps some grass.'

'Ah! And what do your surroundings look like?'

'Yellow flowers', I said glibly. 'And maybe some sheep'.

'Can you see anything else?'

'No.'

'Isn't there a city?'

'No.' Pregnant pause. 'Well, maybe a little one.'

'What does it look like?'

'I'm saying whatever comes into my head. Does that matter?'

'No', she said, 'Carry on.'

So I carried on in a disgruntled sort of doze. Half-remembering pictures of the Old Testament villages in back copies of *Look and Learn*, I speculated. 'It looks like a collection of shoe-boxes. Flat rooves and staircases. Hens inside.'

'Are there any people?'

'No. Only hens.'

'Why?'

'They've all gone away. Out into the hills.'

'Why?'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'Where are you? Are you male or female?'

'I'm sitting on a hill with the sheep. I'm a shepherd boy. Twelve years old. I live in a hut', I said, warming to my theme.

She told me to describe myself later in life. Had I moved to the city? Was I still alone?

I stopped waiting for any sort of spirit or impulse to work through me, and just let myself say whatever came into my head. The shepherd boy travelled through an amazing random life. He turned into a dark-bearded morose man who carved wooden beads and brooded over the lack of money in the city.

‘Does he move away?’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘where there’s money to be made. To the North.’

‘Visualise his new dwelling house.’

‘An igloo’, I said immediately. ‘A square igloo, and bright green sea around.’

‘What does he do?’

‘Hunts polar bears.’

‘Can you move forward now to his death?’

I wondered how I should kill off a morose shepherd who had suddenly been transported from the Middle East to Greenland. Frostbite? A savage walrus? In the end I settled on an avalanche.

‘So now you’re dead’, said Angelina. ‘What do you see?’

‘A heap of snow with a body in it’, I said. And that was that.

I opened my eyes and everything was just the same. ‘The first time is often a failure’, said Angelina soothingly. I felt gross and materialistic. Chrysothemis had managed to break through the time barriers without trouble when she was on a projection. I had read the booklet containing descriptions of other people who had had projections.* These travels in time all seemed to have been far more successful than my own. ‘Celia’ had found herself as an Amazon in the lull of battle, and commented

* Miss Simpson refers to the *Moira Handbook* (pp. 1358 ff.).

on the tiny male contingent in the army of women, 'I've got about a dozen in my section. They form a little section of their own, and they're really quite good. I threw out one or two who weren't, and they need a firm hand, but I'm really very proud of them.' In another projection, all the men bowed to her when she passed in the street. Someone else reported, 'Sometimes I see the spirits of the trees and of the waterfalls.'

None of them saw an igloo.

Helen Simpson¹⁰¹

EXCERPT FROM *A PERILOUS PATH*

The other pursuit [c. 1979–80] was Lux Madriana based in Oxford. It was run by two young ladies of around my age who produced a magazine called *The Coming Age*. This was a more mystically inclined group, which fitted in with my interests in Carl Jung's analytical psychology, the works of Yeats, and the eastern religious philosophies of the Upanishads and Geeta. The girls were trying to get a select group together to follow a religion based on the Feminine Principle. I don't think there has been anything quite like it before or since.¹⁰²

[LETTER FROM BOZENNA TEDDER TO *WOMANSPIRIT*]

I would be very interested to hear of the work of spiritual feminists in the USA. Unfortunately, in Britain most feminist activity is within the framework of a socialist political party to which the women concerned happen to belong. Since the

parties are run by men, you can imagine the difficulties and constraints under which these women must operate. The organization with which I am most closely aligned is LUX MADRIANA, 40 St. John St., Oxford. This is the only spiritual feminist organization, as far as they know, which is based on teachings of an oral tradition handed down for a million years or so—in fact, since time began. They are a religious organization of the Madrian Faith—the oldest religion. They sell beautiful Madrian jewelry and publish many things, including a quarterly magazine called *The Coming Age*. Another organization, the leadership of which are members of Lux Madriana, is the Fellowship of Isis. This is an unorthodox modern cult which has no traditional roots but is based, I think, on the cults practiced in Ancient Rome. There are other minor organizations, like the Order of Diana, but I am afraid I know little about them.

Bozenna Tedder
Nottingham, England¹⁰³

MAIDS OF THE SILVER SISTERHOOD (1982)

[Narrator:] All of them are strangers. They came to Burtonport in West Donegal two months ago—new faces with faith in ancient traditions. Their last base was in a smallish Yorkshire town, but it's here, next door to the raw Atlantic, they plan to establish their village. It's to be a sanctuary from the modern world.

All but one of this advance party are female—they reject the term ‘woman’. Instead, they use ‘maid’. ‘Man’ is an acceptable phrase, but the role he has played in most civilisations over hundreds of years has no place in this community; it’s spurned as heresy.

[Sr Angelina:] ‘We are Rhennes. The Rhennish tradition is the most ancient religious and cultural tradition in these islands—that is to say, in Britain and in Ireland—and we worship God as the Mother, and everything we do is centred around that worship. And by *everything* we do, I mean not only our acts of worship, but also the crafts we practice, the work of all kinds that we do, our songs, our stories—everything is a part of that tradition.’

[Narrator:] Within this large, old building by the sea, music and storytelling are now daily occurrences. The language is rich and strange; it’s the Rhennish tongue, dating back to the fourteenth century. The musical instruments of the Rhennes are all handmade by community members. Such skills are encouraged. Since coming to Burtonport, the clog maker among the eight has been busy. Members wear these, but soon they’ll be sold to the public. So, too, will other works, such as this cloth, the embroidery on which depicts an important Rhennish belief in the Tree of Life.

Within this house, one finds no electricity, or no modern appliances.

Though united as a community, the Rhennes of Burtonport come from different backgrounds. The youngest member lived a cloistered existence once, among a southern English community like this. Another made her living as a university

lecturer for a time. Now, they pray together in this new centre, once the home of the 'Screamers', called Atlantis.

Cut off from the outside world, the Rhennes lead a simple existence of work and prayer. More members from Yorkshire are due to arrive before Christmas. They've rechristened Atlantis 'An Droichead Beo'—the Bridge of Life. Already they're working on the lands attached to it. In keeping with their pursuit of self-sufficiency, they plan to grow their own crops.

So far, this new community in Burtonport, which prays a lot and mixes precious little, has a harmonious relationship with the local community. Sister Angelina, for the time being, is the group's spokesperson and spiritual leader. Because of this spiritual role, she could not show her full face to the camera.

For all their friendliness, these new settlers aren't quite what you expect to find in a Donegal fishing village. Nevertheless, the Rhennes express a willingness to share this life. Their invitation to participate in this matriarchal society, which worships Mari, the Mother, and Her Daughter, Inanna, is open to men as well as women.¹⁰⁴

THE SILVER SISTERHOOD

It is called the Silver Sisterhood. Its members believe that God is female and women are created in her [sic] image. Tony O'Callaghan reports on the latest cult, now flourishing in Donegal. Page 7.

The Strange Secrets of the Silver Sisterhood

The house in Burtonport, Co. Donegal, called: “An Droichead [sic] Beo” continues to live up to its name as a living bridge. Once occupied by the Primal Therapy Group—well nicknamed The Screamers—it is now the home of the Silver Sisterhood, a collection of ladies who do not scream but whose creed is so startling to modern ears that their explanatory literature carries a cultural health warning.*



In occupation at Burtonport since last September the Silver Sisterhood has emerged from its first Irish winter to invite other women (they use the word: “maids”) to share their life on a trial basis and listen to their message.

At this stage, there are no men in the community as a matter of policy but this position is not irreversible.

In a very large nutshell, what the maids believe is that God is a female entity, that females on this earth are God’s image and likeness and that this belief is the oldest and truest religion.

A revelation that may shock some people even more is that active colonies of people holding and practising this faith de-

* The reference is to the *Book of Rhianné* (pp. 1340 ff.).

voutly have existed and continue to exist secretly throughout Ireland, Britain and France.

They call themselves Rhennes, in honour of a mythical goddess who was half-maid, half-mare. They have their own written language, a thriving musical tradition and a deep cultural and spiritual involvement with traditional crafts and a pre-mechanised lifestyle.

The Rhennes trace their spiritual beliefs and practices to the dawn of pre-history. They regard themselves not as drop-outs from the industrial era but as conscientious objectors against Godless materialism.

The Silver Sisterhood in Burtonport is a house of the New Rhennish Community, a group of believers who decided that the time had come to let the secret out a little.

They have come out into the world not as crusading missionaries determined to gather millions to their faith, but as spiritual nurses who believe that they have an unfailing treatment for the world's ills but are quite prepared to wait until their [sic] are asked for help. They are not about to shove their cure down anybody's throat [sic].

The maids of the Silver Sisterhood have earned the admiration of the local people in Burtonport for their modesty and quiet dignity. They dress in full-length frocks, usually of woven materials, they wear shawls instead of coats and always keep their heads covered in public or in company.

The house that, until recently rang with the unrestrained howls of primal therapists, is now a peaceful place of ordered activity.

The Rhennish code lays down that no work exists merely to get the job done; work and worker, the doing and product

are all part of a spiritual weave that involves and elevates the Rhennes throughout their days and throughout their lives.

At An Droichead [sic] Beo they keep chickens, grow vegetables, practise crafts and are planning to get a cow. They play the hammer dulcimer to accompany their songs and perform their spiritual duties in accordance with their calendar.

The Rhennish view of time could be difficult for western industrial minds to grasp. The Rhennish year has thirteen lunar months, each 28 days long, and five seasons, four of which are three months each, the fifth is the thirteenth month, Mourna [sic], the season of fasting and purification.

The four seasons represent the elements of water (Spring), fire (Summer), earth (Autumn) and air (Winter). The great festivals fall on the solstices and equinoxes, the extreme points of the sun's yearly journey. The Rhennish calendar is depicted as a circle with the seasons and months shown on the rim and Mourna [sic] at the centre.

The turning wheel is also the basis of the Rhennish view of time rather than the industrial view of time as a straight line from past to future. In Rhennish lore, the wheel started turning with everything in the near-perfect state of new creation. It has now almost completed its turn, they say, with humanity deteriorated to a state where it understands only material things and spirituality so tarnished that chaos threatens on all sides.

This is where the men come in. According to the Rhennish creed, most of the peoples of the earth for the longest portion of human existence have had the knowledge that God is feminine and have accorded females their proper place on earth. Only since the cosmic wheel entered its final phase of

darkness and degeneration have men assumed leadership and encouraged a mistaken emphasis on materialism.

The Silver Sisterhood, however, far from despondent or resentful of this turn of events, believe that the end is nigh, a total collapse is inevitable. But then we'll be back at the top of the wheel again and everyone can say: "God's in Her Heaven: all's right with the world."

Last week there were six maids at An Droichead [sic] Beo but the number varies as individuals move between the Rhenish settlements here and in Britain or travel out into the world on business. Head of the household is Mestré Mari Dachcolwyn, a former children's teacher, who like most of the Silver Sisterhood, is a convert.



The head of the Silver Sisterhood household in Burtonport Co. Donegal, Brighe Dachcolwyn, with youngest member three-year old Maia Renniskinde and (right) Estelle Fia Moura and Rhiannon Dachcolwyn.

With her are Sister Angelina, born to a Rhennish family in Cork, but who had lived mostly in England; Donna Rhiannon, an Irish clinical psychologist who had been a lecturer in an English polytechnic; Donna Dhrysothemis [sic], formerly a full-time worker with Lux Madriana, the Oxford-based publicity organisation for the Rhennes, Mestré Estelle, the English-born daughter of Donegal parents, and the youngest member of the household is Maia (2), the daughter of Donna Rhiannon, whose husband is on an educational course in England.

According to Mestré Mari, they are delighted with the move to Donegal. Before that, a small group of new Rhennes had been working from a house owned by an Old Rhennish family in Yorkshire.

An Droichead Beo is the first open Rhennish household for more than 1,000 years, they say.

In Ireland, they find the people charitable in attitudes, intelligent in conversation and more spiritual in their daily outlook than was their experience in England. They even like the weather for its quick change variety.

And Donegal has other appeals. The Rhennes do believe in the fairies and find they are not alone in that. One of their children has actually seen the fairies on the shore, they said. And from the female spiritualist viewpoint, many of the hills of Donegal, and particularly Erregal and Muckish, have an obvious appeal. They plan to stay and be there for us when our world ends.¹⁰⁵

MAIDS OF THE SILVER SISTERHOOD (1983)

[Narrator:] The little Donegal fishing village of Burtonport has a quite profound ability to attract the unusual. Remember how the sect known as the ‘Screamers’ occupied this house and raised many the eyebrow with their antics of the ’70s. Well, early this year, new tenants moved in. They call themselves the Rhennish community, and when we visited them in January, they talked of the matriarchal society they wish to set up. They believe God is a woman, and they have a four-foot statue to honour Her in their garden.

That time we called, there was a male member among the community. He has since left, and the women—or ‘maids’, as they call themselves—have changed a little, too, as we discovered last week.

[Sr Breca:] ‘In this room here, we are going to be opening a craft shop and tea rooms. We felt that there was very little opportunity in the village for people to have a civilised cup of tea, as it were, because there just wasn’t that facility available. And so we’ll be doing farmhouse lunches, with the help of our cow and our chickens. We’ll be producing fresh salads from the garden and that sort of thing.’

[Narrator:] There is a very definite evidence to support such aspirations. In fact, work in the Rhennes’ craft shop is proceeding at an extraordinary rate. The tea room and lunch service is to be extended to include the offer of bed and breakfast. And all of those who come here in search of food and lodgings will surely be impressed by the religious devotion of this unusual community.

[Sr Breca:] When we clear the gardens, we're not clearing the gardens and making that room look nice just so that we can make money. It's like—everything we do is because we love God and She's the centre of our lives. So that, when we're working, we chant Her name, we sing songs to Her.'

[Narrator:] Now, Sister Breca and her colleagues recognise there are difficulties in attracting a male to live in this community in the long term, but it's not a problem they're too worried about. They think they'll eventually overcome it.

[Sr Breca:] Men are used to a position of privilege and power in patriarchal society, and when they come here, it's a different order of things, and they're looked after with loving kindness and everything has the potential to be very harmonious and gentle and loving, but they do find it a little difficult. And so we're just spending this time building up our community with maids, but that will change in future.'¹⁰⁶

THE LIGHT OF THE MOTHER

On the feminist spirituality scene there are very few groups that could be said to have 'organised religion'—except for those which are based on witchcraft, better described as 'organised magic'. Most womanspiritual groups are informal in their theory and practice, and most largely accept the world-view prevalent at the moment. Feminist spirituality is distinctively 'of our time' in many ways, and in general eschews more traditional concepts of spirituality. As far as I am able to discover, there is only one group practising a traditional type of Goddess religion, and they claim it in the literal sense of the word—'tradition, that which is handed down'.

Lux Madriana ('The Light of the Mother') appeared in public round about 1976; this is the 'public relations' wing of the religion, which calls itself the Rhennes (derived from Rhiannon, the Indo-European Goddess). They claim that their doctrine and practice have been handed down from the remotest age, often in secrecy and under persecution. However, this is not a religion which one can take on and then live out one's life in the modern world. Madrianism is a total way of life (possibly the nearest comparison might be the Old Amish of America) reflecting the fact that Madrians do not separate 'sacred' and 'secular'. Every least activity takes place in a ritual context and is related to a sacred framework—the structure of the community reflects the divine order, and all crafts are considered a ritual pathway. Modern technology is shunned as far as is practically possible, because its products are divorced from any sacred intention or meaning—unlike those of 'primitive' societies, which have an inherent spiritual significance.

The Madrians worship a triple Goddess; the Dark Mother, standing before all existence, the Bright Mother, who is 'breathed forth' by the Dark Mother and from whom everything emanates in an original perfection, and Her Daughter the Maid, who sustains existence by a primal sacrifice of Herself. The triple Goddess is one Goddess. Madrian theology is rich in a variety of image and symbol, and provides for a range of individual temperaments in much the same way as Hinduism. There is no male divinity; the feminine principle is the spiritual principle—divine, creative; the Absolute—and the Goddess is self-existent and complete in Herself. The masculine principle of the cosmos is partial, dependent on the spiritual pole for its existence, and is the material element. Every individual thing

exists on a sliding scale between the feminine and masculine principles. Although in Madrian society women have the authority, men are not oppressed second-class citizens as women are in patriarchy—the essential difference between female rule and male rule is qualitative.

There are several matriarchal scriptures, again said to be handed down from the immemorial past; the Creation, the Mythos of the Divine Maid (telling the story of the birth, death and return of the Daughter) and the Teachings of the Daughter. There is also a question-and-answer catechism of basic beliefs. The year follows a cycle of feasts and fasts, a sacred calendar of thirteen lunar months, the pattern of which reflects the eternal Divine Drama. There are many rituals, including the Rite of Sacrifice, where a honey-cake is offered to the Goddess and a cup of wine shared by the participants; all women perform this rite. The priestesses conduct a Communion rite, as well as initiations and a wide range of magical rituals, some highly occult and intended to restore the cosmic balance. Vows of obedience to the priestesses and others constitute an essential part of the spiritual and social organization. On the personal level the spiritual aim is union with the Goddess; the practices of prayer, chanting and the recitation of a kind of rosary are considered vital.

Needless to say, there are plenty of people ready to criticize Madrianism, some of their objections evidently fantasy based on a misunderstanding or garbling of Madrian belief, and some of them more than mere rumour, for there is no smoke without fire! I have actually heard people calumniate the Madrians without having read a single word they write. Although I am not a Madrian, nor have I any intention of

becoming one, my personal view is that the cult fulfills an important role, providing a ritual and contemplative framework and a form of spirituality which is not found elsewhere in the Goddess-movement. I find the Madrian theology profound and integrated in a highly complex way, and their world-view satisfying beyond what is expounded anywhere else in the Goddess movement. But while theory may be sound, practice is another matter; moreover the claim to be an ancient religion may or may not have a basis in truth. I hope that by this article some understanding may be fostered, and some women may find in Madrianism the kind of spirituality they are seeking.

The Madrian magazine *The Coming Age* is highly recommended; details of this and other publications can be obtained from Lux Madriana, An Droichead Beo, Burtonport, Co. Donegal, Eire; please enclose an international reply coupon.

©Janet McCrickard 1983
Somerset, England¹⁰⁷

THE SILVER SISTERHOOD
AN DROICHEAD BEO, BURTONPORT,
COUNTRY DONEGAL, IRELAND

I have made arrangements to arrive at the Silver Sisterhood in Burtonport by nightfall today. As I ride north up the Donegal coast towards this matriarchal community the sun is setting and I arrive just in time. The large house is located in a small village within sight of the Atlantic. I knock on the door and am greeted by a woman who leads me into a large parlor that has been turned into a tea shop filled with lovely furniture and

crafts. There is no one else in the room and she seats me by a front window table. There is only a little light coming in from what is left of the day and the wind whistles around the window. Another woman comes in, curtseys to the first and speaks in a dialect of old English I cannot follow. Both women leave for a moment and the first returns with a large oil lamp.

She introduces herself as Maestre [Mestré] Breghe (old English Bridget) and explains to me that this community of 'maids' is run hierarchically with herself as head, reflecting the will of the Goddess. Maids upon entering and leaving her presence curtsey. All maids wear dresses and heads are covered at all times. Maids gather three times a day for meals. The Maestre advises me to perceive of myself as an anthropologist coming to look at another culture and cooperating with habit and custom as a matter of respect. I tell myself that time will tell whether I am a participating observer or an observing participant. Beneath that wariness I am thrilled to be visiting this community and look forward to discussions comparing my experiences on U.S. women's land to what is happening here.

I have no skirt or scarf, although I am amused to remember that my mother warned me to bring a skirt in case I wanted to go somewhere nice. The Maestre provides me with a long skirt and scarf. She leads me into a small room off the central hall which contains an altar. We pray together for my soul and she demonstrates the way to make a pentacle sign over the forehead, hips and shoulders. The gesture is similar enough to the Catholic sign of the cross that I find myself wondering whether the Catholics adapted this sign from matriarchal pagans or did these women adapt the sign from the Catholics. I am startled

by the intensity of focus on myself and the serious tone in which I am enveloped.

As my four-day visit went on I enjoy praying, wearing skirts among women, living in a structured household with a low technological level, and dissolving somewhat the accumulated patriarchal grime in my brain cells. There is no electricity. Plastic is never used and considered to pollute whatever environment it is in.

After my introduction I am led into the dining room where three maids and a child are waiting around a peat fire for the meal to begin. The table is beautifully laid out, as it was to be for each meal, three times a day.

Friday is always a fast day in this household with breakfast and lunch skipped. Everyone is very hungry. The food arrives in the hands of the Maestre and each maid is told where to sit at the table. A prayer is said and everyone sits down to eat.

As I begin to ask questions they are answered by a woman to the right of the Maestre, Irianna. She was to answer a hundred of my questions during the next four days. The 'maids' here claim to be connected with an English-speaking matriarchal tradition that has survived in hidden communities in Great Britain. They are the present-age survivors of a tradition followed by nearly everyone on these islands 5,000 years ago. With the arrival of the Fir Bolgs, the Celts, and later the Christians, during the past 3,000 years (each representing a chronologically increasing degree of patriarchy) peoples in touch with the matriarchal way of life gradually died out. The Rhennes are the matriarchal folk who survive today and are currently opening up to the creation of new age Rhennish communities. The Silver Sisterhood is one of these. Irianna grew up in a Rhen-

nish household and now lives in this one. She has the sanction of her Rhennish people, if not their enthusiasm, in her current efforts at spreading the word of a living English-speaking matriarchy.

A basic premise is that patriarchy is a minor recent development in a human history hundreds of thousands of years old. Patriarchy is part of the age of darkness we are in and it will eventually pass in a time of holocaust. A golden age of matriarchy will then proceed.

After dinner the long table is cleared and the Maestre performs a long dance which she says reflects the story of my soul. Irianna accompanies her with a 64-stringed instrument called a psalter. I find that the dance does reflect many experiences which have influenced my soul in this lifetime. After the dance most of the maids go off to bed saying goodnight to me and each other with a curtsy and a kiss.

A time remains at the fire to talk more, after which I take a bath and go to bed. I am sleeping in a large room dormitory-style with six beds. A clay water-filled bed warmer has been placed under my covers. Throughout my visit small needs of the body were honored, reflecting a kind of respect for our physical form.

I waken in the morning to a woman bringing a hot cup of tea to my bed—a continuation of the many kindnesses of the night before. The rhythm of the days falls into communal breakfast, prayers, a meeting to work on individual souls led by the Maestre, work, communal lunch, work, meeting, communal dinner, entertainment, a fireside chat, and formal goodnights.

Irianna continues to answer my questions at the lunch and evening meals as well as during a memorable group walk along

the coast one sunny day. A major discussion of leadership hierarchy and equality developed the following points:

- There is always leadership in a group whether recognized or not.
- In this community the leader reflects a direct line of authority that comes from the Goddess.
- Outside Rhennish communities, where chaos reigns, there is little legitimate authority and it makes sense to be independent and not give yourself over to another's authority.
- Equality is a concept fostered by the patriarchy to keep folk from being able to act effectively together.
- Some maids like to tell others what to do and some maids like to be told what to do.

I am a lesbian feminist who has struggled with varying degrees of success to create viable structures for maintaining equality rather than hierarchy on women's lands in the United States. I admire the flow of energy in this hierarchy community. I wonder if the Silver Sisterhood is reflecting the way of life of the native peoples of Great Britain, while in the U.S. we struggle to reflect perceived notions of equality among native Americans.

All maids carry in themselves the ability to generate a household. Men do not. A Rhennish household is ruled by the maid. Sexuality is expressed between ritually bonded partners. A maid may bond with more than one lover. A maid and a maid or a maid and a man may sexually bond and set up a household. All-maid group-households have always been part of Rhennish tradition.

A Rhennish maid would have many different formal relationships with the other women in her community: mother, daughter, lover, sister, teacher, student, mistress. The pursuit of a craft as a path to the sacred is a part of every Rhennish life. Irianna practices the crafts of the psalter, cooking, storytelling, writing, and brewing spirits. If a maid lives in a community where everyone has developed skills to offer, then daily life is very rich and the emotional, psychic, and material needs of the community are met in each other and not from the outside (i.e., television).

I find the quality of life exquisite and refreshing. On our coastal walk we come across an abandoned cottage and the maids explained their desire to have the community grow and eventually to move into more isolated areas where full-scale matriarchal/Rhennish life could be practiced. The idea is that the world as we know it may collapse and perhaps from the west of Ireland will come a renewal.

The Rhennes ritually celebrate the eight major seasonal festivals of the year as well as the quarter moon each Thursday. There are rituals, such as those involving communion, which only initiated maids take part in. A maid growing up in a Rhennish household is initiated at puberty. A maid who comes from outside the Rhennish tradition lives in the community for a year or so before being initiated. Two maids at the Silver Sisterhood were approaching initiation. In the U.S. we have a great desire for women's rituals, but no strong tradition to follow. We combine native American and European pagan influences with what simply comes to us. The Silver Sisterhood women are much more sure-footed about their rituals. They follow practices maintained in Rhennish households back to

primordial times. The pagan and native traditions of their land are one and the same.

On my leaving everyone is called into the dining room and I go around the half-circle giving each maid a hug goodbye. I lift the little girl into the air and she squeals with delight. At the breakfast table that morning she has said, 'Bring back the other *genea* (Amazons) with you.' Before leaving I signed up for a year's subscription to their journal and agreed to keep in touch as well as communicate the existence of this community to the maid's land movements in the United States. Then I put on my own clothes and take the bus into Sligo.

Buckwheat Turner
New York, New York¹⁰⁸

[LETTER FROM HELEN DAVIES
TO *WOMAN SPIRIT*]

Dear *Woman Spirit*,

I noticed in your Fall issue #37 an article by Janet McCrickard about Madrians.* Tucked into all the talk on religious doctrine was a rather brief reference to the Rhennes. I stayed with these women and I assure that the Silver Sisterhood are much more exciting than that article would lead you to expect. If you visited there after reading only that article you might expect to go to a Sunday School tea run by nuns.

The truth for me was that I felt high from the moment I walked in there, seeing women walking through the house in

* See pp. 1492 ff.

long dresses radiating a real sense of power. Hearing the wild beat of drums, chanting and dancing till golden shivers ran through. Singing stirring songs and drinking the destruction of the patriarch.

These women are proud: proud of their world and their way of life; disdainful of modern ways. They are fiery and passionate, they are also graceful and courteous. They are tender and loving and have a great warmth and welcome for outsiders once you've accepted their ways. They know about the old ways before men ruled. I certainly came away convinced of an ancient tradition and these women were speaking powerfully from it. A word of advice. Go to learn or don't go. They are tough on those who defend the modern world they abhor.

If you want blood and fire in your veins and tenderness in your heart, they're worth a visit. I'll certainly be going again.

Regards,

Helen Davies

London, England¹⁰⁹

[EXCERPT FROM
WOMEN AND SPIRITUALITY
BY URSULA KING]

The most coherently formulated theology and community structure is represented by the small madrian [sic] group *Lux Madriana*. It claims to trace its ancestry back to a primordial matriarchal tradition and refers in its publications somewhat contemptuously to the 'self-styled witches' and other modern

women cultists whose 'occult traditions' are nothing more than 'modern fabrications' with which its own worship has nothing in common. *Lux Madriana*, which began with a women's group in Oxford in the mid-seventies, but now seems to be centred in Burtonport on the west coast of Ireland with affiliated groups elsewhere, produces a regular magazine *The Coming Age* which first described itself as 'Magazine of the religion of the Goddess' and later as that 'of the British matriarchal tradition'.

Members of this group have created a small, self-sufficient community far removed from modern life, as they believe that we have fallen from a golden age to one of the worst possible materialism which has to be overcome by returning to a primordial tradition where all of life is governed by spiritual principles. According to their teaching, traditional society was first matriarchal and then patriarchal and it is to be distinguished from modern patriarchal society which represents the worst of all possible worlds. The return to primordial tradition expresses itself in the group through a traditional way of life (without electricity or the television set), the wearing of traditional clothes and the pursuit of traditional crafts. Thus the Madrians wish to bring in a new age, the coming age, linked to a new language, or at least new terms which they have created for the months of the year, their festival [sic] and rites. From within their own matriarchal perspective members of the group have developed ideas on cosmology, theology, ecclesiology, salvation history and liturgy with domestic and public rites, sacraments of initiation, and even religious education for the children in the community. The basic beliefs are stated in *The Catechism of the Children of the Goddess* whilst *The Creation and the Crystal Tablet* takes the place of scripture. Another brief work,

The Mythos of the Divine Maid, related the nativity, life, death and resurrection of the daughter of the Goddess. There could be no closer parallel to Christian theology, but in the reverse, from creation to redemption to the idea of the Trinity, all expressed from a female perspective. All souls are female, too, whilst males embody the material principle; the spiritual principle is female and thus are men's souls.

In the section on 'Deity' the catechism of Lux Madriana deals with the question 'What Is the Goddess?' in the following way: 'The Goddess is the one Spirit of the universe, complete in Herself, uncreated, and infinite in potency, perception and perfection.' The 'Mystery of the Divine Trinity' is described as 'one Goddess, yet She is three Persons' who are 'Our Celestial Mother, Her Divine Daughter and the Dark Mother who is Absolute Deity'. The Celestial Mother is 'the Creator of the world and Ground of all being' from whom all life, all action and all thought flow. Her Divine Daughter has a threefold nature as Princess of the World who governs all cycles of life and nature, as Priestess of the World who gives us Communion with Her Mother, and as Queen of Heaven who brings us to the Celestial Throne. The Dark Mother is described as an Absolute Deity 'Who existed before the beginning of existence and is beyond being and unbeing ... She is outside space and time; She is all that is and all that is not'. It is also said that 'The exhalation of Her breath or Spirit is our Mother, the Creator of the world', a function already associated with the aspect of the Celestial Mother. The Goddess has no beginning or end; she creates the world now and in every moment and she is in every place at all times. Though given many different names, there is only one Goddess and there are no other deities.

From among the prayers to the Goddess listed in the catechism I would like to quote 'A Morning Offering':

Celestial Mother, grant me this day that every work I do shall be as lovingly and well performed as though I were to give it into Your divine hands.

Fill me with Your energy, that I may both give beauty to the world and perceive the beautiful in all of Your creation.

Grant that this day shall add a stone to the temple of my soul.¹¹⁰

HOW I WAS DRAWN TO LIFE IN A CULT

With her hair pulled back in a bun, her full-skirt and blouse, Helen Gilmour looks every inch a sensible, middle-aged woman. It is hard to believe that she once gave up a promising career to join a cult whose members dressed in Victorian crinolines, and hosted dormitory romps for women dressed as schoolgirls. Now she gives advice on cults to people in the Bradford area.

HELEN GILMOUR was a civil servant in London when she spotted an advert in *Private Eye*. It was publicising a magazine produced by The Church of the Goddess—linked with a cult known as the Lux Madriana or Light of the Mother, and later known as Rhennes, after the Welsh goddess Rhiannon.

Intrigued, she sent for a copy. 'It appealed to something in my imagination. I found it fascinating.'

She went to a gathering of cult members. She recalls: 'I didn't know what to expect. There were only five of us, but it was a moving ceremony. It had an impact on me. I was 29 and

until then the only religious experience I'd had was as a child at the local Methodist church.'

To the chagrin of her family, Helen, who lives in Great Horton, left her job with the Ministry of Agriculture and joined the 20-strong group full-time. She was initiated as a Lady of the Temple. She says: 'It was like a confirmation and involved a 24-hour fast and all-night vigil.'

The group settled in a rambling old house in Ireland, and practised a form of goddess worship based on a female creator and female dominance on earth. Says Helen: 'It was an organised form of religion but it was in some respects very disorganised. It was stressful.'

She puts this down to the policy to reject modern machinery and technology. 'It was supposed to be a traditional, rural farming community, but it didn't work. There was not enough land to run a farm and none of us was competent enough. We had a donkey and poultry and we dug the ground, but we weren't achieving anything.'

'People had to appear busy, but had nothing to do. There was a spiritual malaise, a lack of discipline and organisation which ruined the community—it filtered down from the leadership.'

Television was banned—Helen still does not own one—and washing was done in old-fashioned dolly tubs. There were no electric lights and they cooked on a range or open fire.

The women wore Victorian crinolines, long cloaks and bonnets, and covered up their faces with veils. And when they opened a holiday 'school' for women, offering the chance to re-live schoolgirl romps such as picnics, midnight feasts in the dorm and canings, the Press had a field day. Says Helen, 'We

needed to raise funds so we advertised the fantasy role-play holiday.'

Although disorganised, the cult was strictly hierarchical, with a mistress of the house as boss. There were no overtones of violence or self-destruction which have made other groups, such as the Jonestown and Waco cults, so terrifying.

Helen claims she was not brainwashed, but adds: 'There was something sinister at the heart of it. The founder was a remarkable person but was leading a fantasy life—we were living in someone else's fantasy.'

Helen left after two years. Now 51, and a secretary at Leeds General Infirmary, she recalls her days in Ireland with affection. 'I discovered a freedom, and talents that I didn't know I had.'

She is a leading authority on cults and helps others through the Cultline, based at St Joseph's RC Church, Pakington Street, off Manchester Road, Bradford, of which she is an active member.¹¹¹

APPENDIX B

EXCERPTS FROM *ARTEMIS*^{*}

Some friends of ours live in an all-girl community out in the country. One of the younger members offered to write to *Artemis* all about life there.

‘What a ripping idea’, we said. So here is our first

LETTER FROM THE HOMESTEAD[†]

Our first calf. Actually, the first creature of any kind to be born on our homestead. The first we saw of her were two little yellow hooves poking out from her mummy. Yes, her hooves were bright yellow when she was first born, though they turned to the usual brown colour within the first hour.

And, yes! It was a girl. We had hoped it would be. It seems a good omen that the first creature born among us here should be female.

As you have probably guessed, we are quite new to this sort of thing. The old lady from across the way came down to help

^{*} *Artemis* was a lesbian lifestyle magazine published by members of the Silver Sisterhood during the mid-1980s. For more on its history, see the apparatus, pp. 333 ff. As it was not itself a Madrian publication, *Artemis* falls outside the scope of materials collected by this fifth edition of the Eastminster Library. Nonetheless, it occasionally printed work of clearly Madrian origin; such of these pieces as the present editor has been able to obtain are gathered in this appendix.

[†] Though the location of the farm is unspecified, the present editor is inclined to agree with the analysis of Sr Sophia Ruth (‘*Artemis* Lesbian Periodical 1983–1986 or 1987: The Link from Silver Sisterhood to St. Bride’s School’, *Madrian Deanic Resources*) in identifying it with the Burtonport property.

us take the cow's first milk. The first milk is called 'beestings'. It is thick and rich and yellow; hardly like milk at all. It is good for tiny calves and helps them to grow strong.

There are several traditional recipes for beestings. You can make a special pudding with it, with sugar and cinnamon. You have to cook it for two hours in a double boiler, and it is more like egg custard than milk, only firmer. You would never believe that it was made out of milk. My mummy made us some, and it was lovely.

Finding something to milk old Clover *into* was more of a problem than you might think. A lot of the folks around here use plastic buckets—but we don't hold with that. We don't want all the rubbish of patriarchal technology on our homestead. Especially not when it comes to milking our cow, because a cow is sacred. She gives us milk like a mother, just the way God feeds and protects all Her children in the whole world.

We weren't too keen on a stainless steel bucket either, but we thought we would have to make do with that, because the regular tin buckets just aren't clean enough. So Rhennie went into town to get one.

Well, Rhennie couldn't get a stainless steel bucket and it looked as if we'd have to get the other thing just for now at any rate. It looked as if the patriarch had won a round there. But right now the milking was urgent and we had to use one of our old tin buckets just for this time, because we didn't have either of the other kind.

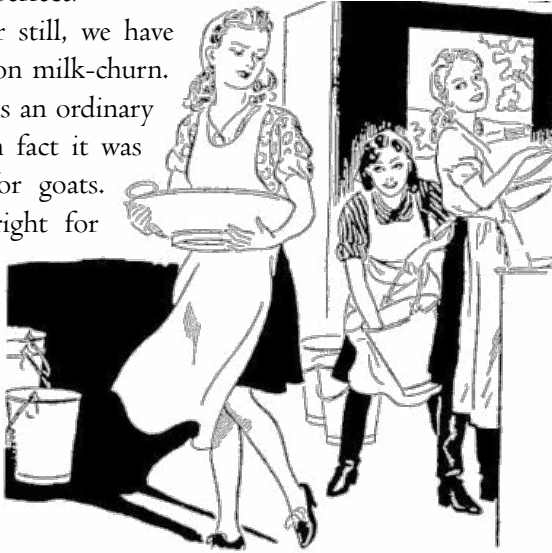
Well, the old lady from across the way really surprised us by telling us that our bucket was too big. We thought we'd need a big bucket because a cow gives a lot of milk.

‘That’s right,’ said the old lady, ‘but she’s also liable to kick her pail. If you have a big pailful, you may lose it all. Better to use a small pail and keep emptying into a bigger one.’

Well, in our house, we have a beautiful little brass pail which we have never used. We never even thought of it for the milking, because we were sure it would be too small. We scalded it out and showed it to the old lady, and she said that it would be just perfect.

And better still, we have a lovely old iron milk-churn. It isn’t as big as an ordinary milk-churn. In fact it was really made for goats. But it’s just right for our little cow.

So we don’t need a plastic bucket or a stainless steel one. Another round to the mighty Amazons!¹¹²



THE LEGEND OF IDONYA

Marriage between girls. In patriarchal society, of course, it can’t happen. But in many matriarchal civilisations it was considered perfectly normal and acceptable. In Britain and West-

ern Europe there was even a name for it. It was called Idonic marriage.

The word 'Idonic' comes from the name of one of the most beautiful figures in matriarchal history—Idonya the charioteer. This is her legend.

Long, long ago, at the dawn of our present Age, when the might continent of Caire (later named Atlantis) had newly sunk beneath the waves, and the matriarchal Western Empire was destroyed, a new menace began to spread across the Middle World of Europe. A menace stranger and more deadly than anything that had ever been seen before.

Tribes of barbarians began to spread across the land, burning and pillaging the great matriarchal cities which no longer had the protection of the Empire. These tribes had many strange and evil customs. But the strangest of all was this: they were led and ruled by men. Their monarchs were men, their soldiers were men, even their priests were men. And they worshipped God Herself in the form of a man!

Many and many are the tales told of the Great Crusade of the Chenti, or Western Amazons, who cast the barbarians out of Europe and laid the foundations for a peaceful civilisation which lasted for hundreds of years before it was eventually destroyed by a new generation of patriarchal barbarians—the fathers of the modern world.

It is said that one day, Dyana, the daughter of the Queen of Heaven decided to take a hand in the affairs of earth. So she descended into the womb of a pure virgin, and was born upon the world as a little child. Even as an infant, her supernatural origin was clear, as when she strangled a serpent which had attacked her in her cradle. When she grew to maidenhood,

she became a charioteer—the finest charioteer in the Middle World. And she drove the chariot of Princess Savel, a leader of the Chenti.

The Princess would take no husband, for she loved her charioteer above all others. Many are the tales told of their exploits together, and perhaps in some future issue we may tell them.

One day, Idonya told the Princess who she really was, and showed her true shining, divine form. If the Princess had loved her before, now she fell head-over-heels, enraptured by the breathtaking splendour of her sacred body and the shining magnificence of her divine Spirit. From that moment on, the Princess wanted nothing but to live in Idonya's glorious presence and on her death to merge with Her and become one with Her. Idonya granted this boon, but she returned to the guise of an ordinary charioteer, for she said that the Princess must learn to see the true God beneath the mask of a mortal maid.

The story is an old one. Perhaps it is even older than the Chenti wars themselves, although it is now said to have taken place during them.

But one thing is certain. In matriarchal tradition, all love is said to flow from the love of God. And God is feminine. And the human soul is also feminine. So the love of the female soul for the female soul is the root and source of all earthly love.

So in a sense, it can be said that lesbian love is the first love of all.¹¹³

IT REALLY *Is* A GIRL!

A SPECIAL FEATURE ON THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTMAS BY CAROL LLEWELLYN

Christmas. Yes, it's a dreadful commercialised jamboree, exploited by everyone from card manufacturers to the Milk Marketing Board, and it has been fashionable for years now to dismiss the whole thing out of hand. A bit hypocritical, really, since I don't know a single one of the dismissers who does not keep Christmas herself. It seems to be a part of our Christian past we just can't shake off, or is it something more than that?

Somewhere inside herself, everyone has a deep sentimental response to Christmas, however much she may try to deny it. So let us look beneath the glitter and tinsel at the real meaning of Christmas. We might find a few surprises!

First of all, it might surprise you to know that Christmas goes back thousands of years before Christ. Of course, it wasn't always called Christmas, but the festival of the birth of a Divine Child from a Virgin Mother was held at mid-winter in ancient Egypt, in Rome, and in many other places. And it really was a girl! Not in the later patriarchal cults, of course. Jesus was not the first boy-child; there were Attis, Adonis, Osiris and many others before him. But in the oldest Christmas Story, the Child was a girl. This was true in Syria, Chaldæa, Crete and the Ægean, and as far afield as ancient China.

The twelfth day of Christmas is called Epiphany in the Christian calendar. Epiphany means 'showing-forth'—the showing-forth of Jesus to the three Wise Men. In the Ancient Greek calendar, that same date (the 6th of January) was called

Epoieia, which also means showing-forth. But this was the showing-forth of the child Persephone, the Daughter of the Goddess Demeter. The Carols sung to Demeter and the new-born Persephone were called *'ioelos*, from which we get our word Yule.

'Unto us a boy is born' is a very modern sentiment! The very date of Christmas, 25th of December, was borrowed by the Christians from the Roman cult of Mithras, which in turn inherited it from the ancient Mother and Daughter religion—the first religion of the human race.

So why do the Christian Churches not know all this? They do. They have known it for hundreds of years. The most extreme Protestants have always opposed Christmas as a 'pagan festival'. Oliver Cromwell actually made Christmas illegal and sent soldiers into churches to arrest people celebrating it! In America, Thanksgiving was invented by the Puritans to replace Christmas which they banned as a pagan festival. But the pull of Christmas is too strong. After a little while, the people gradually returned to keeping Christmas.

A lot of girls feel a little uncomfortable about keeping Christmas, feeling it to be a patriarchal institution. But ironically enough, Christmas is one of the few matriarchal institutions alive and well in the world today. A little disguised, of course, but still almost recognizable. First take off the tinsel and commercialism, then wipe away the thin film of Christianity, and the ancient message stands out clearly:

*Unto us a Girl is born,
Queen of all creation.*

The Real Christmas Story
Retold from the Ancient Texts

In the very first days of the world, everything was made of pure light. All the birds and animals, all the trees and the flowers were shaped from shining sunlight by the skilful hands of the Mistress of All Things, whose name is Dia.* And when the Mistress of All Things looked into the water, She saw Herself reflected there, and Her reflection rose up out of the water and became a living maid, and that was the first human being, and from her children the whole human race is descended.

For a very long time, Dia lived with Her daughter and they were very happy together, but there came a time when the daughter met with the snake. The snake was not a creature of light but a creature of darkness, and he wanted the daughter to turn away from Dia and to embrace him. At first she did not want to, but in the end the snake persuaded her, and when she embraced him, he became a man.† The daughter did not

* A variant form of 'Dea' commonly used in the Burtonport community. For more on variations in the Divine Name, see the apparatus, pp. 74 ff.

† While this text closely follows the narrative of Mythos 1–2 in most respects, the identification of the Snake as having become the first man is a departure and unique to this source. Notably, it seems to conflict with Lux Madriana's Scriptural introduction's assertion that 'the events of the Mythos ... take place on the Pleroma' (vol. 1, p. 2) when taken in conjunction with the Catechism's assertion that 'maleness is a thing of the material world' (vol. 1, p. 98), as well as to contrast portions of the Rhennish legendarium, of unknown date, that depict the original state of humanity as intemorphic ('The End of Atlantis? : Or a New Beginning?', *Amazon Intelligencer*, <<http://www.amazon-intel.com/end-of-atlantis.html>>; 'First Battle of the Amazons', *Amazon Intelligencer*, <<http://www.amazon-intel.com/battle-of-the-amazons.html>>) 'The Amazons: World History Time-

know it, but she had also changed. She was no longer a creature of pure light, and she could no longer bear to look upon the brightness of Dia, or even to be near Her.

So the first maid and the first man left the world of light, and came to live in this world, which was very dark, because the light of Dia was not here, and the first maid wept and wept because she was separated from Dia when they had lived together so happily for so long.

Now Dia did not wish to leave Her children in the darkness, but She knew that Her light would only hurt them; so She decided what to do. She walked out onto the sea, standing upon the waters, and She knelt down in contemplation. For a long time She knelt there, and the waters became rough and stormy all around Her, but She did not move. When at last She arose, She had conceived a child within Her.

Then the waters became calm again, and Dia walked across the sea and into the forests of this world. She walked deep into the forest until she came to a cave at the very heart of the forest, and She went into the cave. And a great star rose above the cave, so bright that all the children of the earth came to the cave to see; and they brought gifts and offerings, for they knew that some great thing was about to happen. But before the cave stood a tall and beautiful maiden, robed in white and she was so beautiful that her beauty was actually frightening, and the children of the earth threw themselves down onto the ground

line', *Amazon Intelligencer*, <<http://www.amazon-intel.com/world-history-timeline.html>>; this last source specifically claims that the origins of men are unknown). It is not clear whether this interpretation represents a wider shift in doctrine among the Silver Sisterhood or an idiosyncratic reading on the part of Miss Llewellyn.

and covered their eyes. And when the angel spoke, her voice was like the rushing of a thousand waters. And she told earth's children to come no nearer to the cave 'for if you cannot look on me, how should you look upon my Lady, whose handmaiden I am?*' And she told them that a Child was to be born that night who would bring the light of Dia back to them, saying 'Rejoice, poor wanderers of the earth and exiles from the house of your Mother, for to you shall come a Guide and a Deliverer.'[†]

And then a silence fell that was the first true silence since the world had begun, and the last that shall be until it ends. And that silence was broken by a voice that cried out from the cave, more beautiful and terrible than even the voice of the angel, saying 'The holy Child is born from the most holy Mother. Light is come forth from Light, Perfection from Perfection.'[‡] And at once the air was filled with the daughters of Heaven, and the sky was ablaze with their brightness, and they sang aloud to the glory of Dia and Her new-born Daughter.¹¹⁴

* Mythos 2:8.

† Mythos 2:12.

‡ Mythos 2:15,

GLOSSARY

Abolan (AH-buhl-uhn)

pn 1) The seventh month of the Filianic ritual calendar.
Etymology unknown, but cognate to **Avala** and Proto-Indo-European words descended from **ab(ē)l-*.

Abolrai (AH-buhl-ray)

pn 1) Atlantis.

aðamë (uh-THAH-may)

n 1) Antonym of **ðamë**. Alternatively spelled athamë.

aðamic (uh-THAH-mick)

adj 1) Having the quality of aðamë. Alternatively spelled athamic.

Aristasia (arr-iss-TAY-zhuh)

pn 1) Short form of ‘Aristasia Pura’, see **Sai Herthe**. 2) Short form of ‘Aristasia-in-Telluria’, an offshoot movement of the Lux Madriana household at Burtonport, active c. 1993 – c. 2005.

Astræa (a-STRAY-uh)

pn 1) The tenth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. From Greek *Ἀστραῖα*, meaning ‘star maiden’. 2) Alternate form of the name of Sai Ouranya, the **Janya** of the sky.

Avala (AH-vuh-luh)

pn 1) The ‘jeweled paradise’ of the Daughter, to which devout and virtuous souls that have not yet fully escaped the Wheel of Werdë go to rest between incarnations. Etymol-

ogy uncertain, but cognate to **Abolan** and Proto-Indo-European words descended from **ab(ē)l-*.

Blentish

adj I) Non-**Rhennish**, non-**Madrian**.

Brighe (BREE-ghuh)*

pn I) The twelfth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Compare Sai Brighe, the **Janya** of gates, bridges, and liminal spaces.

Chelanya (chel-AHN-yuh)

pn I) The first of the three Filianic harvest festivals. Etymology uncertain, but *chel-* seemingly related to **Herthelan** words with meanings connected to ‘golden’.

Cuivanya (kwee-VAHN-yuh)

pn I) The second of the three Filianic harvest festivals. Etymology uncertain.

Culverine (CULL-ver-een)

pn I) The first month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain.

Dark Mistress/One/Queen

see **Irkalla**

Dea (DAY-uh)

pn I) God. From feminine form of Latin *deus*, meaning ‘God’.

* The ‘gh’ sound here may have been a voiced velar fricative (ɣ; this is similar to the ch in Scottish *loch* or German *Bach*, but voiced), or possibly a sound like standard English ‘y’.

donna

n I) Title given to a householder.

Duodecima (DOO-oh-DESS-ih-mah)

pn I) The twelfth day after **Nativity**, also known as the Epiphany of Our Lady or the Feast of the Epiphany. From feminine form of Latin *duodecimus*, meaning ‘twelfth’.

Ekklesia (eh-CLAY-zee-uh)

pn I) The body of all Filianic believers, living and dead, connected across time, space, and all planes of existence—the ‘universal Church’. From Latin *ecclesia*, meaning ‘church’, itself from Greek *ἐκκλησίᾳ*, meaning ‘assembly’ or ‘congregation’.

Exaltation

pn I) The festival marking the Daughter’s assumption of full sovereignty over heaven and earth following the Resurrection.

Fátima (FAH-tee-muh)

pn I) A town in central Portugal where a series of visions of the Blessed Virgin were given to Sister Lúcia dos Santos, St. Francisco Marto, and St. Jacinta Marto in 1917. The last of these visions, on 13 October 1917, was witnessed by several thousand pilgrims who had come in expectation of the event.

Haielea (HAY-uh-luh)

pn I) The first estate, comprised of priestesses and scholars.
adj I) Of or pertaining to the first estate.

helati (heh-LAH-tee)

see **hera**

hera (HEH-rah)

n 1) A spiritually advanced soul who has gained enlightenment or Realisation and is able to perform miracles. Plural **helati**. Etymology uncertain—possibly from Greek *Ἥρα*, the queen of the gods, or a feminine neologism from English *hero*, itself derived from Greek *ἥρω*, which may be cognate with *Ἥρα* from Proto-Indo-European **ser-*, meaning ‘to watch over’ or ‘protect’.

pn 2) The third month of the Filianic ritual calendar.

Herthe (HAIR-thuh)

pn 1) The eleventh month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Compare **Sai Herthe**.

Herthelan (HAIR-thuh-lahn)

adj 1) Of our pertaining to the world or plane of existence known as **Sai Herthe**.

pn 2) A language spoken on that plane.

Hiatus

pn 1) The day that does not exist on the Filianic calendar, in between **Kala** and Resurrection.

Impie (IM-pee)

see **keres**

Inanna (ih-NAH-nah)

pn 1) The primary proper name of God the Daughter.

Irkalla (ihr-KAHL-lah)

pn 1) The Queen of Hell and the lower realms. Alternatively known as the Dark One, the Dark Mistress, or the Dark Queen.

Janya (JANE-yuh)

n 1) A beneficent, divine spirit. 2) An aspect or emanation of God. Plural **Janyati** (jane-YAH-tee). Broadly parallels both the Abrahamic concept of ‘angel’ and the Dharmic concept of ‘deva’, without being wholly synonymous with either.* Alternatively spelled Genia. Etymology differs dependent on spelling: in the first spelling, etymology may be from Sanskrit *janya*, meaning ‘derivation’ or ‘emanation’, especially with reference to Carnatic music, in which the term indicates a melodic structure derived from one of the 72 basic melodic forms; in the second spelling, etymology from Latin *genia*, feminine form of *genius*, indicating the divine essence at the heart of any material object or cultural concept.

Janyati (jane-YAH-tee)

see **Janya**

Kala (KAHL-uh)

pn 1) The first day of the Eastre festival, marking the Daughter’s death upon the **Pillar of the World**.

* Further reading: COMG, ‘Goddess Religion: An Introduction to the Seven Janyati’; ‘The Angelic Being and Her Nature’.

kear (keer)

n I) A crack or flaw—the chasm or abyss that lies between Dea and each soul, which opened when each of us turned away from Her. Broadly parallels both the Abrahamic concept of ‘sin’ as well as the Dharmic concepts of ‘ignorance’ or ‘suffering’ (*dukkha*), without being wholly synonymous with either.* Alternatively spelled khear. Etymology uncertain.

Kerea (ker-AY-uh)

pn I) The fifth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology unknown, but possibly derived from Latin *Ceres*, goddess of agriculture akin to Greek *Demeter*.

keres (KIR-eez, first e like the i in kit)

n pl I) Evil, malicious creatures of a sub-human level, like devils.† Sometimes also called ‘impies’. From Greek *κῆρ* (*ker*, pronounced like *cur*), a class of taloned death-spirits considered sisters to the Fates and associated particularly with concepts of doom and violent death.

Kindred

pn I) Members of the second estate, the **raihira**, especially those who, as a result of societal breakdown, no longer occupy the political and civic positions to which their estate corresponds.

* Further reading: COMG, ‘Christianity, Original Sin, and the Love of Our Mother God’.

† Further reading: COMG, ‘Demonology and Feminine Religion’; ‘Can Demons Create?’.

Kyria (KYE-ree-uh)

n I) Lady. A title given to **Inanna**, also known as ‘our Lady’ because She is our supreme Sovereign, i.e. the Princess of the World and the Queen of Heaven. From Greek *κυρία*, feminine form of *κύριος* (*kýrios*), meaning ‘lord’. Note that the English pronunciation traditional to the Filianic Ekklesia differs from the Greek.

lief (leef)

adv I) In the expression, ‘as lief’, meaning ‘as soon; as readily; as easily’.

Lourdes (loord)

pn I) A town in southern France where a series of visions of the Blessed Virgin were given to St. Bernadette Soubirous in 1858.

Luciad (LOO-see-ad)

pn I) The festival of the Daughter’s taking on of fate. Also known as the Feast of Lights. Etymology uncertain.

Madria (MAH-dree-uh)

n I) Mother, from Latin *mater*. Used with reference to God in Teachings I4:I, but more commonly as a title given to Madrian priestesses.

Madrian (MAH-dree-uhn)

n I) A member of any of the religious orders practicing forms of what is now called Filianism in Britain, Ireland, or France from c. 1976 to 2008, including Lux Madriana, Ekklesia/Rosa Madriana, the Sisterhood of Artemis, the

Silver Sisterhood, and others. 2) *archaic* Any adherent of a religious tradition focused on worship of God as Mother.
adj 1) Of or pertaining to any of the above-named orders.
2) *archaic* Of or pertaining to any Mother God tradition.

Magdala

pn 1) The third estate, comprising craft-workers, including farmers.

n 1) A member of the third estate. See also **magdalen**.

adj 1) Of or pertaining to the third estate.

Magdalen

n 1) Masculine form of **magdala**.

Maia (MYE-uh)

n 1) The principle of nescience or illusion by which manifest existence is maintained. Etymology uncertain—cognate to Sanskrit *माया* (*māyā*), meaning ‘illusion’, with special reference to the power by which the universe is made to appear. See also **Sai Maia**.

maid

n 1) In its broadest sense, any creature endowed with the power of moral choice, such as to be able to move deliberately toward or away from God, including humans both female and male as well as select other beings across the numberless worlds and planes of existence. 2) In a narrower sense, contrasts with ‘man’ to refer specifically to a woman.

Mestran

n I) Master, as the masculine counterpart of **mestré** (i.e. ‘mistress’).

Mestré

n I) Mistress, as the feminine counterpart of **mestran** (i.e. ‘master’).

Moura (MOO-ruh)

pn I) The thirteenth month of the Filianic ritual calendar, which comprises a special ‘fifth season’ of fasting and spiritual renewal. Etymology uncertain.

Nativity

pn I) The Filianic midwinter festival celebrating the birth of the Daughter.

Paccia (PAK-syah)

pn I) The fourth estate, comprising those in bonded service.

n I) The plural of **paxit**, a member of the fourth estate.

Paxit (PAK-sit)

n I) A member of the **paccia**.

Pillar of the World

pn I) The *axis mundi*, or world-axis, that joins all the planes of existence from the highest heavens to the lowest hells.

Raihir (RAY-here)

n I) Empire.

Raihira (RAY-here-yuh)

pn 1) The second estate, comprising the landed aristocracy and those in civil and military service. See also **Kindred**.

adj 1) Of or pertaining to the second estate.

Ranya (RAHN-yuh)

n 1) A spiritual mistress; a teacher or guide, especially in spiritual matters. Similar to a Hindu *guru* or Sufi *murshid*.
Rhennish.

Raya (RYE-uh)

n 1) 'Lady' as the feminine form of 'lord'. **Rhennish**.

pn 2) The name of the solar Janya, Sai Raya.

Rayin (RYE-n)

n 1) A sovereign queen.

Rhennish (HREN-ish)

adj 1) Of or pertaining to the 'Rhennes', a legendary people of the British Isles. 2) Of or relating to the Novarhennya, or 'New Rhennes', a movement of Madrians taking inspiration from the legendary Rhennes.

pn 3) The language of the Rhennes, as used by the Novarhennya.

Rhennismay (HREN-iss-may)

pn 1) A **Rhennish** maid.

Rosa Mundi (ROE-zuh MOON-dee)

pn 1) The Filianic midsummer festival of mystical union with the Mother. From Latin *rosa mundi*, meaning 'rose of the world'.

Rosea (roe-ZAY-uh)

pn 1) The fourth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain.

Sai Alethea (say uh-LEETH-ee-uh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of Divine Truth. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and Greek *ἀλήθεια*, meaning ‘truth’.

Sai Athene (say uh-THEE-nuh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of scholarship and learning. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and Attic Greek *Ἀθηνᾶ*, the goddess of wisdom.

Sai Herthe (say HARE-thuh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of hearth and home. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and ‘Herthe’, of uncertain origin. 2) A world or plane of existence higher than our earth on the **Pillar of the World**, known in older literature as ‘**Aristasia Pura**’. Seemingly named in reference to the **Janya**.

Sai Maia (say MYE-uh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of the illusion (also understood as Divine nescience) that underlies material manifestation. As such, she is considered the spinner of the thread of fate, and forms the first person of the **Sai Werdë** triplicity. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and ‘Maia’, of uncertain origin, but cognate to Sanskrit *माया* (*māyā*), meaning ‘illusion’, with special reference to the power by which the universe is made to appear.

Sai Mati (say MAH-tee)

pn I) The **Janya** of intelligence and knowledge. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and **Mati**, of uncertain origin. Possible cognates in Sanskrit मति (*matī*), meaning ‘thought’, ‘idea’, ‘mind’, ‘intelligence’, ‘prayer’, and ‘sacred utterance’ (among other things). Also Nahuatl *mati*, meaning ‘to know’, ‘to perceive’, or ‘to understand’.

Sai Werdë (say WURD-uh)

pn I) The **Janya** of personal fate. Appears in triple aspect as **Sai Maia**, Sai Werdë proper, and Sai Kala. In the narrowest sense, Sai Werdë is the spinner of the thread of fate, set between **Sai Maia**, the spinner, and Sai Kala, the cutter. In the broadest sense, however, all three forms collectively are addressed as Sai Werdë. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and ‘Werdë’, a **Rhennish** term cognate to Old English *wyrd* and other words descending from Proto-Indo-European **wer-*. See also **werdë**, **Wheel of Werdë**.

Sr

abbr I) Abbreviation of ‘Sister’ as a religious title.

Star Fairy

pn I) The queen of the elemental air sylphs, said to visit homes at the time of **Nativity**, presiding over celebrations and bearing gifts.

Stravë (STRAH-vuh)

n I) A maid dedicated to the contemplative life, a mystic understood as lying outside the four estates.

Straven (STRAH-vuhn)

pn I) The class of contemplative mystics who have renounced participation in the four estates to pursue realization.

Tamala (TAHM-uh-luh)

pn I) The last of the three Filianic harvest festivals, also known as the Feast of the Dead. Etymology uncertain.

ðamë (THAH-may)

n I) The divine order. 2) Proper conduct. **Rhennish**. Alternatively spelled *thamë*. Cognate to both Greek *θέμις* (*themis*), meaning ‘law’ or ‘custom’ (itself from an unknown pre-Greek source) and Sanskrit धर्म (*dharmā*), meaning ‘morality’, ‘law’, ‘custom’, and ‘duty’, among other things.

ðamelic (thah-MEH-lick)

adj I) Of or pertaining to **ðamë**. **Rhennish**. Alternatively spelled *thamelic*. Possibly archaic, see also **ðamic**.

ðamic (THAH-mick)

adj I) Of or pertaining to **ðamë**. **Rhennish**. Alternatively spelled *thamic*. See also **ðamelic**.

Vaskaras (VAS-car-uhs)

pn I) The sixth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain.

Vois (voysh)

pn I) The eighth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain; said to be cogante to Proto-Indo-European words descending from **gʷou-*.

werdë (WURD-uh)

n 1) The fate or destiny accruing to a soul as a result of its moral choices. **Rhennish**. Loosely comparable to some understandings of karma. Cognate to Old English *wyrd* and other words descending from Proto-Indo-European **wer-*. See also **Sai Werdë**, **Wheel of Werdë**.

pn 2) The ninth month of the Filianic ritual calendar.

werdic (WURD-ick)

adj 1) Of or pertaining to **werdë**.

Wheel of Werdë (WEE-uhl uhv WURD-uh)

pn 1) The cycle of birth, death, and rebirth governed by the principle of **werdë**.

ENDNOTES

Entries in the endnotes are keyed to the abbreviations and bibliography found in the *Critical Apparatus to the Eastminster Library*, freely available at www.filianicstudies.org.

- 1 TCA 1:9–13; MLC.
- 2 TCA 1:22–4.
- 3 TCA 1:27.
- 4 TCA 2:2.
- 5 TCA 2:15–17; MLC.
- 6 TCA 2:25–6.
- 7 TCA 3:2.
- 8 TCA 3:15.
- 9 TCA 3:21–3; MLC.
- 10 TCA 4:2–3.
- 11 TCA 4:17–19.
- 12 TCA 5:18–21; MLC.
- 13 TCA 5:30.
- 14 TCA 6:11, 14.
- 15 TCA 6:14–16, 18; OLP.
- 16 TCA 6:17–18.
- 17 TCA 7:14–16, 18.
- 18 TCA 7:17, 2.
- 19 TCA 7:18–20.
- 20 TCA 8:2.
- 21 TCA 8:14–16.
- 22 TCA 8:20.
- 23 TCA 9:14–16.
- 24 TCA 9:17–18; image 9:1.
- 25 TCA 10:2.
- 26 TCA 10:14–17.
- 27 TCA 11:2.
- 28 TCA 11:10–11, 14.
- 29 TCA 11:14–17.

- 30 TCA 12:2.
- 31 TCA 12:14–16.
- 32 TCA 12:17, 22.
- 33 TCA 13:6–7.
- 34 TCA 13:18–19, 22; AC, 'The Symbolism of Archery'; image TCA 15:5.
- 35 TCA 14:14–16.
- 36 TCA 14:17, 19; ATT, 'The True "Evolution" of Language'.
- 37 TCA 15:2.
- 38 TCA 15:6–9.
- 39 TCA 15:18.
- 40 TCA 15:19.
- 41 TCA 16:16–20.
- 42 TCA 16:23; image TCA 12:13.
- 43 TCA 17:14–17.
- 44 TCA 17:17–18.
- 45 TCA 18:2.
- 46 TCA 18:10–11, 22.
- 47 TCA 18:14–16, 22.
- 48 TCA 18:17.
- 49 TCA 18:23.
- 50 TCA 19:11, 17.
- 51 TCA 19:14–16; COMG, 'The Question: A Tale of Queen Werde'.
- 52 TCA 19:23.
- 53 TCA 20:14–17.
- 54 TCA 20:17–18.
- 55 TCA 20:23.
- 56 TCA 4:27–8; 6:19–20; 8:19–20; 10:17–18; 12:17, 22–3; 15:17–18, 23; 16:22.
- 57 MLC.
- 58 MLC.
- 59 MLC; 'Meditations on the Love of Our Lady', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/82>>.
- 60 MLC.
- 61 MLC*.
- 62 MLC.

- 63 MLC*; image TCA 6:6.
- 64 MLC.
- 65 MLC.
- 66 MLC*.
- 67 MLC.
- 68 MLC; MLC*.
- 69 MLC.
- 70 MLC.
- 71 MLC.
- 72 MLC.
- 73 MLC.
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- 75 MLC*.
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- 87 '[Rosa Madriana Introductory Materials]', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/88>>, pp. 4–6.

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- 89 '[Rosa Madriana Introductory Materials]', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/88>>, pp. 10–13.
- 90 '[Rosa Madriana Introductory Materials]', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/88>>, pp. 17–18.
- 91 'Why the Pursuit of Spirituality Is Not Selfish', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/92>>.
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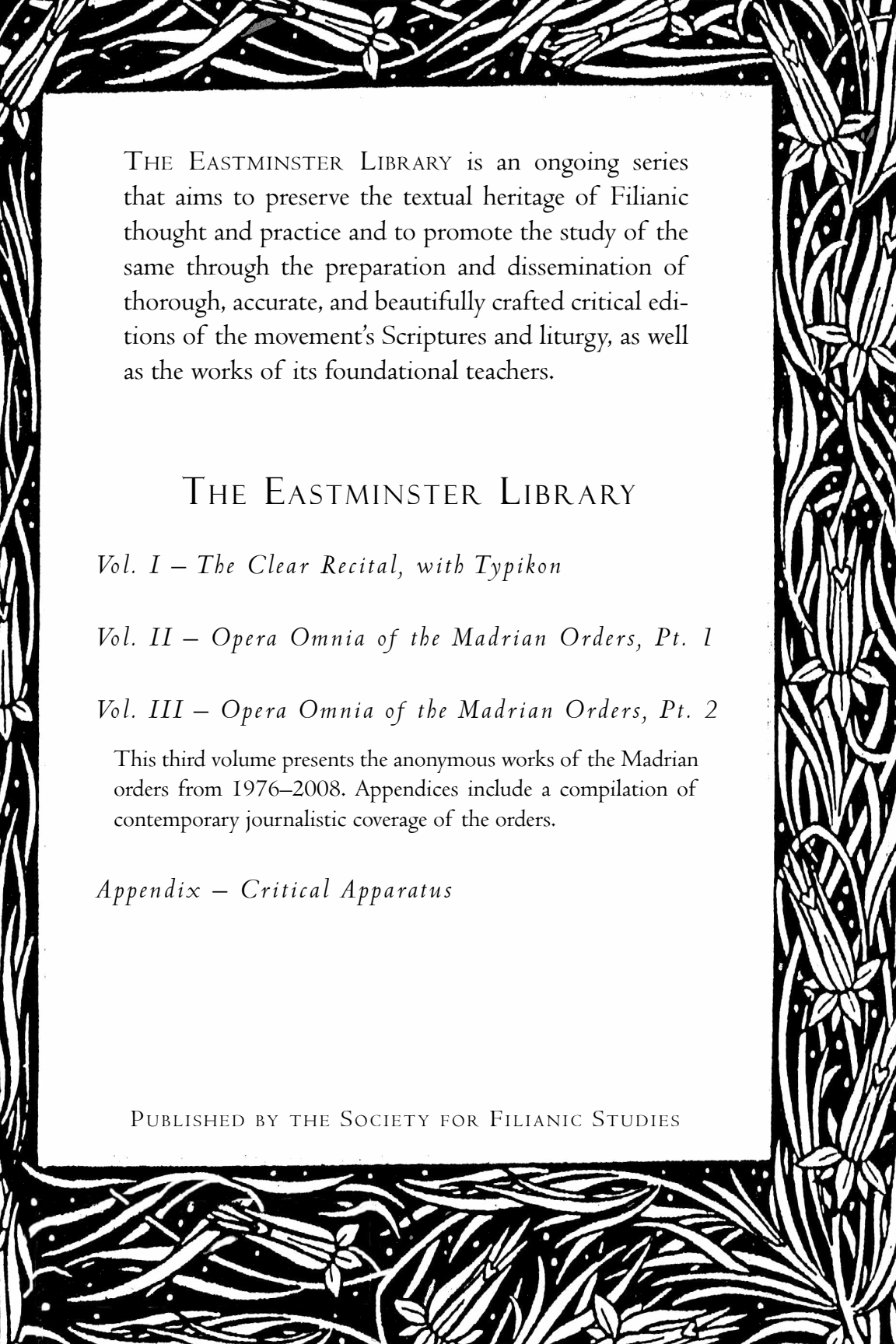
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COLOPHON

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Appendix – Critical Apparatus

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