

# THE COMING AGE

no 6

*Easter Issues*

**The Forces of Darkness**

**The Experience of Initiation**

**The Hanged One — God the Daughter**

**Discovering the Goddess**

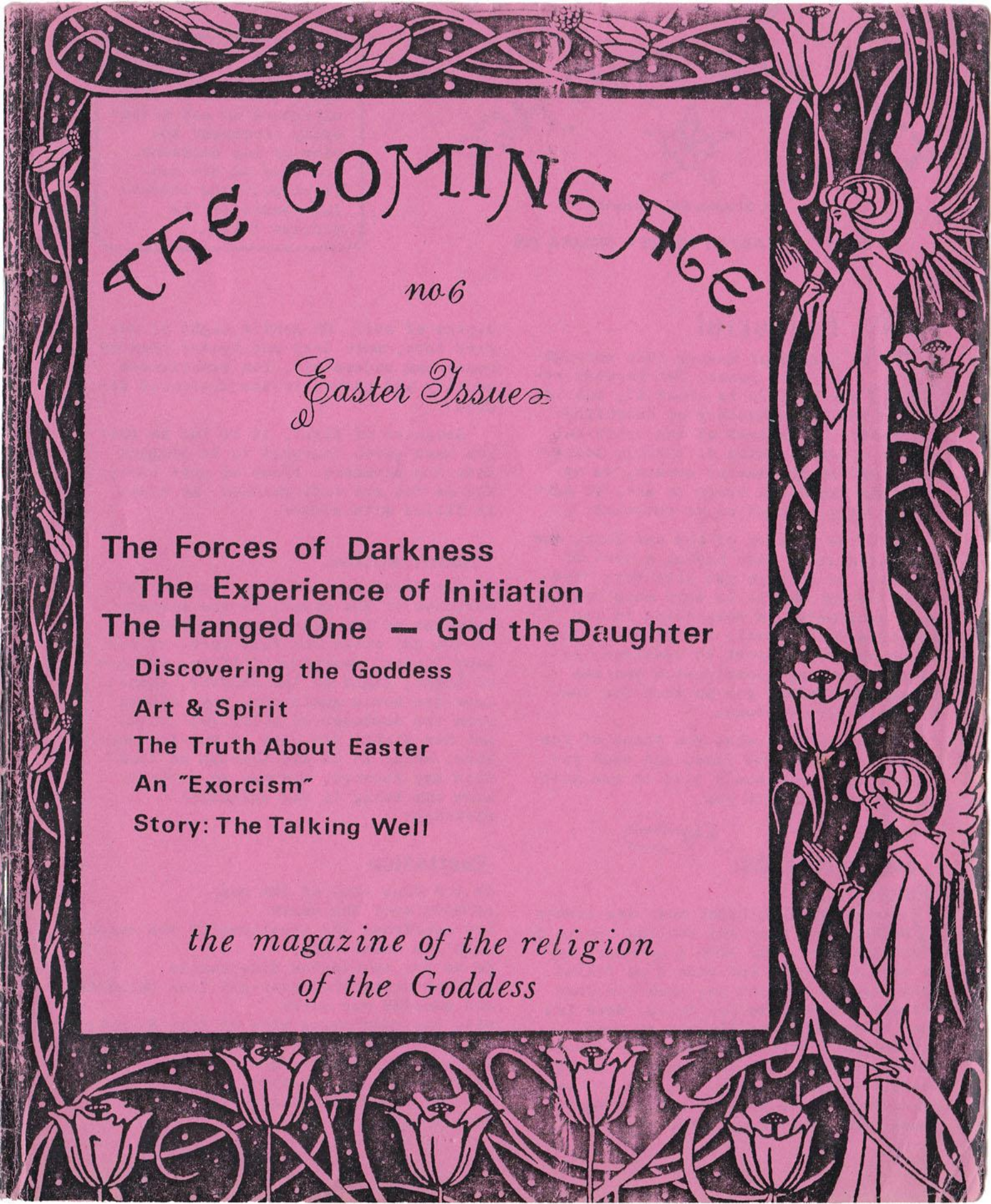
**Art & Spirit**

**The Truth About Easter**

**An "Exorcism"**

**Story: The Talking Well**

*the magazine of the religion  
of the Goddess*



# THE COMING AGE



40, St John St., Oxford.

Nr. 6 + EASTER ISSUE + MOURA 119

Issued in the month of Moura in the year 119 apres Lourdes. Opinions expressed do not necessarily represent the view of Lux Madriana, but they do not conflict with the essential tenets of the Madrian faith.



## Editorial

The spirit of Easter runs throughout this issue. Not because every article is about it, but because the Mystery of sacrifice and rebirth is a part of the spiritual aspect of every phase of earthly existence, and in the Easter season, we apply this essential truth to art, to work and to play as much as to devotion.

With the rebirth of the New Year, our own magazine is also having a sort of rebirth. We do hope you like this "new-look" *Coming Age*. It is very much due to your generosity in responding to the Magazine Fund appeal; but it still depends on your support to continue, so please send any contribution you can manage, and thank you so much for what you have already done.

Please tell us what you think of the magazine - what you liked and what you didn't, what you would like to see more of. May She be with you,

*Chypothemis*

## MEDITATIONS:

### Passion

O Inanna, guiding Light that are always with me, who hold the cooling cup to my parched lips, and when I am weary lay me down to sleep, and when I am filled with anguish comfort me; when You were thirsting none gave You drink, when You were weary You were allowed no rest, when anguish tore Your soul, the keres but mocked you, and finding Your darkest fear, brought it about. Oh, milk-white Dove, immaculate soul of perfect innocence, You were thrust into the vilest

depths of evil. Oh gentle Light of perfect Love, more deep and tender than my heart can understand, You experienced cruelty and hatred to the uttermost degree.

Daughter of Light, it is for me that You have given Yourself to be dragged into the darkness. Flame of pure Love, for me You are extinguished. My heart is filled with sorrow.

## Resurrection

As the first rays of dawn lighten the darkness of the night, as the slender crescent of the moon brings radiance to the sky after the full dark, so our Lady Inanna, Daughter of Light, Bringer of Light, Light of the Heavens, shines upon the world again this day, reborn from the darkness of spiritual death. Let Her light, the hope of our deliverance, shine in us and through us from this day forward, and may we forever have our being in Her celestial radiance.

## Exaltation

As the blue arch of the sky spreads over the earth and nourishes the creatures of the earth with its sweet rain, so do You spread the blue mantle of Your protection over all Your children and nourish our souls with the refreshing wine of Your Spirit. Open our eyes, Queen of Heaven, to Your resplendent Altar and Your loving Presence, that we may know You are with us and be with You.

# THE FORCES of DARKNESS

Are there really demons in the modern world? To many people the idea seems incredible. To them only things which can be seen and touched are "real". But anyone who has even the smallest knowledge of the spiritual nature of things realizes that what is apparent to our physical senses represents only one level of existence; only a tiny fraction of all that surrounds us. Many people have the gift of being able to see on one or more of the other levels at least some of the time, and such gifts often develop with spiritual advancement.

Nor are we and the higher animals the only intelligent beings on this planet. There are nature spirits of all types - the lower kinds usually as unaware of us as we are of them - ranging from the sub-human to the near-angelic. There are Geniae: spirits who are at one with God Herself, and therefore channels of pure Good. There are other higher spirits who work in harmony with the various Geniae. And just as there is this hierarchy of Good "above" us, so there is a corresponding hierarchy of evil "below" us.

These can be called the discordant forces of the universe; but they are not mere "forces" in the normal sense. They can often seem as personal as you or I. These are the keres or demon-forces, and their existence is sometimes made terrifyingly apparent in cases of possession or in the horrendous and (often literally) mind-shattering manifestations brought about by the invocations of black magic.

At the top (or bottom) of this hierarchy stands Irkalla, the Dark Queen of *Mythos V*. Metaphysically, she may be defined as the crystallisation into personal form of the extreme point of descent from the Absolute; that is, from the Goddess. In more traditional language, she is the Evil One: the single intelligence directed unconditionally toward chaos, destruction, nihilism and discord. In practical terms, she is the quintessence of all that we understand by the word evil.

The *Mythos* speaks also of Irkalla's daughters. These are said to be seven in number, and to represent

the extreme perversion of the seven planetary principles which run through the universe on every level from the highest to the lowest. Beyond these come all the lesser evil powers ranging from the great demonic forces to the keres which surround us in everyday life.

For there should be no mistake - it is not only in spectacular events like possession that keres are active. They operate in all human activity. A soul who has turned to the Goddess will often find them seeking to tempt and distract her, playing upon her particular personal weaknesses, such as anger, laziness, pride etc., to try to break up her devotions, and if possible destroy her faith. In the profane political world, keres are rife, sowing strife and hatred of every kind. As soon as one learns a little about them, one can recognise them at work in all areas of human life. But they are primarily spiritual creatures - or rather, just as on the material plane there is such a thing as anti-matter, so on the spiritual plane, pure evil is anti-spirit. The chief concern of the forces of darkness is not to cause material harm but spiritual harm; to corrupt souls morally and to bring them after death into the darkness. That is their real aim, and they will sometimes even be party to a bit of short-term good if it will help them to achieve that.

When we turn to the Goddess, we are declaring our complete opposition to the forces of darkness. We are seeking to reorient our whole lives toward She who is Absolute Good. Provided this is a fairly superficial thing, the keres will be content and just work quietly on our laziness and apathy. But the more we strive toward spiritual perfection, the

more active they will become in their attempts to stop us. A maid kneeling at prayer may seem to be the most peaceful sight in the world. In reality it may be the scene of a spiritual battle as great as any worldly war, and with far more at stake.

But to speak only of the forces of darkness gives a very one-sided picture of the spiritual world which surrounds us. The Geniae are with us also; and our Lady, through Her perfect sacrifice, has brought Her presence into even the lowest level of manifest creation. When we call upon Her name or make the Pentacle, the keres scatter in terror. Perhaps they will return again with renewed force or in more subtle form only seconds later. But our Lady and the forces of harmony are infinitely stronger, and will always protect us, provided we allow them to. If only we stand firm, darkness can never triumph over light.

Camilla



# ESS . . . WORK IN PROGRESS . . . WORK IN

**CALENDARS:** The new Madrian year begins at Easter. The new Madrian calendar is now available. It is fully illustrated, gives all major and minor festivals and natural rites; correspondences of every date of the sacred and secular years and lots more information. It is an improvement on last year's calendar, but because we have been able to print a larger edition, the price remains the same: 50p plus 10p p&p.

**REINCARNATION:** A group of Madrians and friends have been doing research into methods of recalling past lives lived in Madrian-matriarchal times. The results of their work are published in *The Moira Handbook*. The Handbook discusses the principles of reincarnation memory in conjunction with matriarchal history, gives several detailed accounts of personal memories of life in Madrian-matriarchal societies, plus full instructions for a simple and safe "waking dream" technique for recovering your own past lives. It costs 75p post free and can be obtained from TCA.

**RADIO:** Canadian radio have proposed to broadcast the Madrian Easter service from Oxford.

**ASTROLOGY:** Anyone interested in the study of astrology from a spiritual-feminist standpoint should contact Sue c/o TCA.

**ACADEMY:** The foundational diploma course in Madrian philosophy and criticism will be starting soon. This is a basic training in the spiritual-feminist approach to all areas of study in the humanities. Those interested should contact Sister Angelina c/o TCA.

**ROSARIES** are available in violet, silver, dark blue and aquamarine at 60p inc. p&p.

**PAPERS:** A number of Madrian informational papers are available: "The Divine Trinity" at 10p, "The Year of Our Lady" at 10p,

"The Pattern of History and the Quest of the soul" at 18p, "The Idea of a Covenant" (not an official Madrian paper) free. Please enclose 10p p&p for any number.

**ISIS:** England's most famous student magazine will be featuring photographs of a Moira session (see REINCARNATION) on its front cover. The article inside will deal with the Moira method, matriarchy, Madrianism and the work of Lux Madriana.

**MONEY:** Thank you all so much for your response to the Magazine Fund appeal. It has made this "new-look" Coming Age possible. We will need your continued support to keep it up and to finance our forthcoming projects. We would also ask for your prayers to help our work and the spread of Our Lady's Truth.

**LITERATURE CIRCLE:** Contributions of a different kind are needed for the L.C. - stories, meditations, articles on all Madrian subjects or anything you would like to share with other Madrians.

**MEMBERSHIP** of Lux Madriana is open to all who wish to serve the Goddess. Subscriptions are purely voluntary - give whatever you wish. Please enclose SAE, 9" x 6".

**PUBLICITY:** Please help to make the Faith known in any way you can. Mini-posters, 6½"x8" suitable for noticeboards etc. are available at 1p each (plus SAE if ordered separately). Contact us if you know of any outlets for selling *The Coming Age*.

**IF YOU HAVE** any projects, ideas, etc. of interest to Madrians, please write to "Work in Progress". For any of the above, write to:

40, St John St., Oxford.



# HE HANGED ONE



**E**ASTER: the death and resurrection of the Child of God. This festival goes back thousands of years before Christianity. Its very name takes back to a time long before the Hebrew "Old Testament"; for it is derived from Eastre, the Teutonic goddess of spring and dawn,

and the name Eastre comes originally from Ishtar, the ancient Babylonian name for the Daughter who descended into the under world, died and rose again.

The death and resurrection is one of the perennial motifs of religion. It arises again and again in every culture. Even before Christianity there were dozens of male variants of the dying and rising Daughter - Attis, Tammuz, Adonis, Osiris, etc. Many of the most influential modern Christian theologians, such as Rudolf Bultmann, state that it is impossible to know anything for certain about the historical Jesus - there just isn't enough evidence to be 100% certain that he even existed - but that the myth of his death and resurrection answers a fundamental religious need. In other words, whatever the *historical* facts, there is a very real and objective *spiritual* reality underlying the story.

What is this reality? Well, since spiritual reality exists outside space and time, and since all our thinking takes place in terms of space and time (try just for a moment to think of any "event" "happening" not in space and with no time-sequence), the only way we can get any inkling of spiritual truth is through rare mystical experiences or else through revealed myths which "trigger" the understanding of that part of our being which is itself

spiritual. This sets up a super-rational understanding process, although it can only be achieved by meditative depth-reading of the myth.

True myths are not just stories; they are living things. They are not human inventions, but Divine in origin. Even in their most debased forms they can be "triggers" of profound spiritual truth.

But every time a myth is tampered with by human hands, something of its essential nature is inevitably lost; and a myth like the Christian one which pretends to be a piece of history, and which even as a piece of history has been largely discredited by modern scholarship, is obviously a long way from the pure wellsprings of spiritual truth. Unfortunately, the followers of this myth succeeded through centuries of persecution in stamping out all the others.

But as we look backwards in time, we see first the so-called "pagan Christs", Attis, Adonis etc., and then, very quickly, these give place to a female figure, known by different names in different places. The sacred icon of the Daughter hanging from a tree or pillar (the original form of the Christian crucifix) recurs again and again. The earliest of all surviving written texts describes Sumerian Inanna after Her death in the underworld being hanged on a stake. In Crete, the last surviving matriarchal

nation, the hanged Ariadne was worshipped (She is not to be confused with the debased Greek myth of Ariadne. The name means "Most Pure" or "Most High", and is a title of the universal Moon Goddess). In other places, She was given other names: the Hanged Artemis in Arcadia, Erigone in Attica, Helen of the Trees at Rhodes.

In all cases, She is associated with the moon. Not, as is sometimes suggested, because primitives believed the moon to be a goddess (matriarchal Crete had four-storey buildings, chess and modern-style sanitation. They were hardly primitives!), but because the moon is a natural visible symbol of Her, just as the sun is sometimes taken as a symbol of the Mother.

Even when the pure religious myth has been lost, it often lingers on as a half-understood story. Thus an old English folk-tale\* tells how the forces of evil - the "Bogles and crawling Horrors" - cannot come out when the moon is shining. It goes on to narrate how once in her dark period the moon descended to the marshes where the evil forces live, wrapped in a black cloak which hid her light; how she fell into a pool and her hands were caught by the tendrils of a malicious tree, so that she was hanged by her wrists. Because her light was shrouded, the Bogles and crawling Horrors were able to kill her and so be free to roam the night without opposition. But she was rescued and brought to life, and returned to the sky to defeat the powers of evil with her light.

The story is confused, but no-one who has read the *Mythos* can fail

\*"The Buried Moon". A full version of this story will appear in the Literature Circle.

to recognise it.

The death and resurrection of the Daughter lies at the root of all human religion. Since the suppression of the original religion by patriarchy, this Truth has returned in ever more debased forms which have less and less power to transform the human soul. That is why we live in an age where religion is dying. The time has come to turn back to the one true Saviour of humanity - the Divine Maid Who died for us and for us is resurrected.

Sister Julia & Sister Angelina

## Discovering the Goddess

MY NAME is Sherée Cavers, I am 19 and have just finished being an insurance consultant. I have been a Madrian for just about a year, and the reason I am writing is that I'd like to tell you how the Goddess came into my life.

About two years ago I had just come through an emotional trauma, and as a result I had been to stay with a friend in Lincoln and had there met a man to whom I was strongly attracted. When I returned I sat in my room with the curtains open upon the full moon and started to write to him. I completed the letter and re-read it.

To my great astonishment, it seemed to be a letter not by me but to me, with very mystic and encouraging phrases in it.

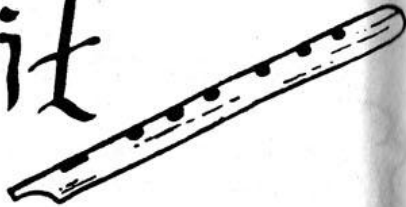
For the next few months, I was able to help people I scarcely knew in a very odd mystical way. It didn't seem to be me talking at all. It was very strange.

Then a book about Wicca suddenly appeared, given to me by an acquaintance. The chapters devoted to Diana made a

Contd. p. 8



# Art & Spirit



"Beauty is the echo of Eternity" —

Reading the *Moirra Handbook*, one becomes aware of how modern society is specifically a profane society directed in a quite unnatural way solely toward material aims; toward "getting things done" in the most efficient and practical way, without giving a thought even to the destruction of the environment or the conservation of resources for the future, far less to such "abstract" considerations as the spiritual effect of actions upon those performing them. And yet in the end this is the only thing which matters. In a few short decades each of us will be dead. Nothing will remain for us of our material achievements. All that we have gained (or lost) by our earthly life will be spiritual.

In the high matriarchal period, all the actions of everyday life took on the aspect of a ritual of attunement with the eternal spiritual rhythm.

While it is not possible for us to re-create this whole way of life at once, there are certain areas of Madrian-matriarchal life which we could begin to develop now, and which would deepen at once our spiritual awareness and our true creativity, and bring us closer to oneness with She Who is All.

One of these areas is art. Art in the highest, but also the broadest, sense. Painting and poetry, yes - but also flower setting, embroidery, the decoration of a shrine. Every art can, if practised in the true spirit, not merely express spiritual principles and states, but also lead the artist to them.

This deeper aspect of art does not lie in any of the things which the profane world understands by art. It is not self-expression. It is inspiration, but in the true and original sense; not "my inspiration", but the expression of the

universal Spirit through the self.

In the art of flower-setting, the aim is by quietness and contemplation to enter into the essence of the flower; to understand it as a microcosm of the Absolute and to be guided by it into expressing its inner truth.

In the art of wood-carving, again it is the true essence of the particular piece of wood, its microcosmic nature, which must be brought out by the artist.

*Discovering the Goddess/ from p.7*  
great impression on me. For the first time since being a Christian, I began to pray properly. I asked that it all might be speeded up as I felt lonely in my faith. By this time, I knew I was being guided.

Three weeks later, a good friend rang me with Lux Madriana's address. I immediately wrote, and a short time later was provided with the means to visit Oxford.

While I was there I read the *Crystal Tablet* and the *Mythos*. I sat with a silly grin on my face. I had come home.

It hasn't all been easy since then. But looking back I can see that She has in fact been guiding me all my life, and this sustains me through bad times. As the Catechism says: "She is always guiding the soul that turns to Her".

I was lucky; She guided me before I even knew She existed. For that, and for guiding me now, and for other mercies too numerous to mention, I can never thank Her enough.

---

We would be pleased to hear from other readers giving their personal experiences of the Goddess. These can be published anonymously if you prefer.

The painter, too, must be emptied of her self, must become the channel by which a particular mode or aspect of the Whole may find expression on paper or canvas.

The profane concept of art is bound up with self-advertisement, self-discovery, self-expression. True art is before all an exercise in selflessness, in humility, in non-egoity.

Does this mean that one should dispense with technical ability and simply create as the Spirit guides? Not at all. It is the falsehood of self-expression which leads to "free verse" or "free creation" of any sort. In truth it is only by the strictest discipline and the highest technical proficiency, so thoroughly learned that it has become unconscious, that the mind can be freed from self-occupation. All art has its rules. Poetry has verse-forms and even flower-setting has formal styles which express in themselves certain fundamental spiritual truths. The modern profane artist dismisses these as empty outward forms; and, of course, they have become empty in a profane society which can no longer understand their true meaning. The answer is not to throw away the chalice but to fill it again with wine!

Not only the form of the work, but the ritual surrounding its performance must be observed. But both of these are not enough to produce true art. Inner balance and harmony of manner, quietness and gentleness of spirit, the power of putting aside the super-

ficial exterior self. These are the hardest skills of all and the most essential.

For here lies the true paradox of all the arts of life: profane society sees form and ritual as merely superficial; as standing in the way of the *essential* thing - the personality. But the truth is that the outward personality is itself a mere formality, an empty illusion. All our ceaseless clatter of trivial thoughts, which, until it is brought under control will not allow us a moment of pure contemplation - this we take to be our real mind - our self. In reality it is nothing but an illusion. All the rituals of art and life were originally made to cut through that illusion, to liberate the true self; the self which is a pure ray of the Divine Light. And it is in this higher sense that art truly



is self-expression. For each soul is a perfect and unique reflection of God Herself, and no soul can truly express the Absolute without at the same time expressing her own Absolute-ness.

Thus true art, like all true spiritual endeavour, is a death and a resurrection. We kill the "self" in order that the self may be born.

Art is never a "finished product", it is a way - a path toward perfection. A path whose end we cannot see, for it leads beyond the boundaries of this world. The true artist says not "I am an artist", but "I am learning to become an artist".

Art begins as well as ends outside the world. The discipline of art, given first to maid by the Goddess, has been

# Like A Dove Into the Flame

## *The Experience of Initiation*

**I**nitiation is the most important event in a person's life. It is her death.

Of course, the initiate is not killed in the normal sense, but it is not true to say that her death is merely symbolic. Sacramental ritual is not just gesture or symbol, it is a concrete actuality. The earthly and visible aspect of the ritual is merely a shadow of the events taking place on the spiritual plane. In the highest sense, Sacrament is more real than any thing else which can take place on earth. It is the point where time touches eternity, where space touches infinity.

Sometimes supernatural experiences are connected with Initiation and the period immediately before or after. Sometimes the initiate develops psychic abilities, or those which she already has begin to deepen; but these things are really unimportant compared with the tremendous inward and spiritual significance of the Rite.

First of all, it is death. We die to the world. After Initiation we no longer "belong" to the world. We are not part of it. No act of ours can change this, for the Sacrament has acted upon us and is irrevocable. In the words of the Rite of Initiation:

"Know you that it is no light thing to take upon yourself the mark of the Goddess which shows you for Her own; that mark which once put on can never be expunged."

Yet through this death we are resurrected. Reborn not back into the world, but into the Wholeness of the Goddess.

We are a part of the spiritual body formed by all souls in communion with Her - Her Ekklesia, which exists on every plane of being, right up to the Geniae.

Wherever there is true beauty in the world, from a sunset to a snowflake, it is a reflection of the Absolute beauty of the Wholeness to which we now belong. We may now sometimes be able to see "within" the phenomenon of beauty, to perceive its true Essence, which is God Herself, like us within the world yet not belonging to it.

This is not to pretend that we have now attained liberation. Our false selves are still with us. No Sacrament can replace the spiritual/moral struggle for liberation. Indeed, as we advance the forces of evil become more powerful. But so do the forces of good. In fact, one result of Initiation is that we are brought to the forefront of the conflict between good and evil. We see both the bright and the dark more clearly. Initiation is not an end but a beginning; not the goal of our spiritual quest, but a setting forth upon the path.

The lengthy spiritual preparation which precedes Initiation may be taken to represent the purification which must be made before undertaking a holy quest. And if one has not been "born to the quest", having been offered to the Goddess as a

### *Art & Spirit / from p. 9*

preserved through millennia, but now is all but lost. Yet we live in a time when all things are ending and all things are coming to a beginning; and I believe that if Her servants come before Her, God will give us again the secrets of true art. Sister Angelina

child, then it is usual to receive the Rite of Offering some time before Initiation.

But the reality of Initiation lies beyond the world we know, and no earthly likeness can be fully accurate. A quest involves a distant object, and the full liberation of spiritual perfection is certainly very distant. Yet God is not distant. In Her Daughter, Inanna, She is with us constantly; and the very essence of spirituality is a real ongoing personal relationship with Her.

Initiation is a stage in that relationship. It is an act of personal commitment. In a way it might be said that it is like marriage. Not the beginning of a relationship, but the opening of a new and deeper level in its development. In this analogy, Offering is like betrothal - but all analogies are only of limited value.

When we take this aspect of Initiation together with the others discussed here, we begin to see how deep and (by earthly reasoning) how contradictory a thing it is. It is the Easter reality working in our lives. It is the eternal death and resurrection. It is a thing as vast and timeless as the waves of the sea or the stars of heaven. And yet it is a thing as intimate, as unusual, as personal and unique as any human relationship - indeed far more so.

The relationship with our Lady is compounded of emotions which are almost contraries - love and awe, intimacy and wonder. In Initiation we die to the mundane logic of the world and are reborn into that Wholeness where all contraries are one.

Sister Alethea.

# 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 keres 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.

contd. p. 14



# THE COMIN festival meanin



Correspondence of the sacred and secular dates for the seasons of Moura and Spring, years 119 and 120.

119- Moura: February 19 - March 19

- Hiatus: March 20

120- Columbina: March 21 - April 17

Maia: April 18 - May 15

Hera: May 16 - June 12

## Major Festivals

**EASTER** The Passion (Moura 28th), Hiatus and Resurrection (Columbina 1st). (Spring Equinox, March 19-21)

**LADY DAY** (The Day of Our Sovereign Lady): Columbina 5th (March 25th)

**EXALTATION** (The Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven): Maia 14th (May 1)

## Minor Festivals

**ROSARY DAY** Maia 1st (April 18)

**ANTHEA'S DAY** Hera 10th (May 25)

## Easter

This Spring festival celebrates the central event of the Madrian year - the Passion, Death and Resurrection of the Divine Maid, the Daughter of the Goddess\*. The month of Moura, with its prayers and purifications, has been a period of preparation for this most sacred of all festivals. The festival also marks the beginning of the new year and of Spring, "the dawn of the living year". Easter is named after Eastre, the Northern goddess of the dawn and spring, whose festival was at this time, and whose name in turn comes from Ishtar, the Babylonian Queen of Heaven who descended to death in the underworld and rose again - in other words, a form of the Daughter.

**THE PASSION** The day marks the death of our Lady. It is the last day of the old year and the first day of Easter. It is a solemn day for meditation and prayer. It is suggested that on this day individuals should try to write down their meditations on the meaning of Easter for use as seed-thoughts for the Contemplation in the Rite on Resurrection Day.


One distinctive custom associated with this day is the eating of hot spiced cakes or buns marked with an equal-armed cross. Small wheaten cakes marked with a cross were eaten as a religious custom by Greeks, Romans, Saxons and others, and were especially associated with the worship of Diana. The equiarmed cross is the symbol of the day and has always signified Divine Sacrifice (see article "The Cross" TCA2). The tree most associated with the Daughter's passion is the willow.

**HIATUS** This is the day when our Lady hung lifeless on the pillar of the world and all the world stood still (*Mythos* VI, 1-5). In commemoration, Madrians attempt to reduce activity to a minimum and observe a fast and periods of silence. Initiands and some communities also keep vigil until dawn, as did the daughters of the earth in the *Mythos* Altars and shrines should if possible be draped with black and should be plain apart from sprigs of yew, the tree of death and immortality.

The Hiatus is an unnatural day, neither of the old year nor of the new. From this anomaly of the thirteen month year is derived the familiar folk-tale phrase "a year and a day". It is said that any work begun on Hiatus is sure to fail.

# ING SEASON

## gs & celebration

**THE RESURRECTION** a day of rejoicing for the rebirth of the Daughter. The chief symbol of this event is the Resurrection Cross . This signifies the return of the Daughter from death to full Divinity and the diffusion of the light of the Divine throughout fallen creation. The Rite properly takes place at dawn or shortly after.

Those unable to attend should spend this time in prayer, meditation and reading of the appointed text.

Homes and shrines are decorated with spring flowers and greenery; Altars are decked in white and gold, the seasonal colours, with candles, lilies and daffodils backed with yew. Two central symbolic themes, represented in decorations, foods and games are the egg and the hare. The egg is a symbol of life and resurrection and has always been associated with Easter. Greeks Romans, Persians and Chinese exchanged eggs at the Spring Festival and myths imply a far older origin. The hare, sacred to Eastre, is said to celebrate the resurrection of its Mistress by its leaping and cavorting at this season.

Special foods of the day are the dyed hardboiled egg, shapes of egg and hare in chocolate, marzipan, jelly, etc., custard tarts and Easter biscuits (rather like Shrewsbury biscuits). Boil eggs with the dyes. Food dyes may be used, or onion skins, gorse, coffee, spinach,

anemone, etc. Games with eggs, such as rolling, juggling and tossing, and dancing also mark the festival.

## Lady Day

This day celebrates the return of our Lady to full sovereignty as Princess of the World. All earthly things should be seen in their glorious aspect as reflections of Her Eternity. Praise is the keynote of this festival as shown in the Paean: "All nature shouts with a single voice the praises of our Lady" (may be used in the Rite before the Preface). We call for Her blessings on all things and creatures, that they may become perfect. The daffodil is the flower of Lady Day, its

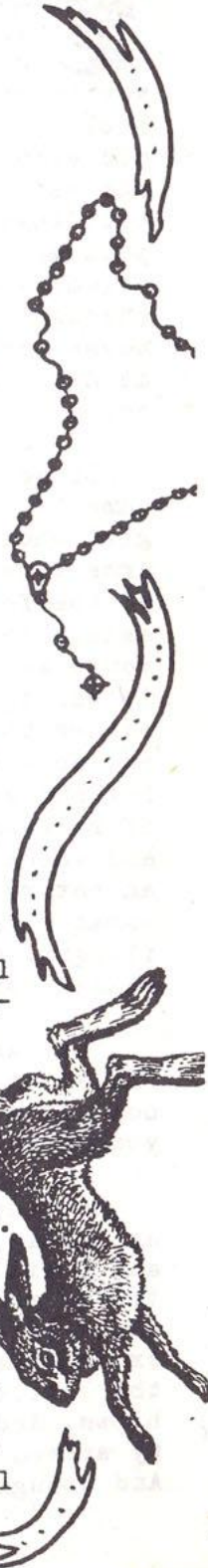
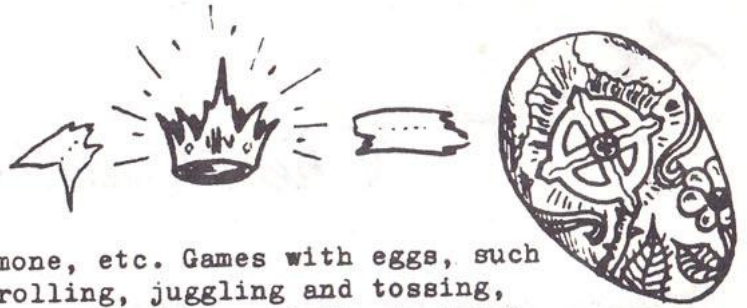


golden trumpet signifying praise.

## Exaltation

This is the festival of the Queen of Heaven, celebrating Her return to full Divinity and Her crowning by the Geniae (*Mythos VII*, 9-13). It is the last festival of the Easter cycle. Altars are decorated with red and white flowers and ribbons - this is especially a festival for flowers and blossom and many arrangements, including hanging garlands, are made. The Roman festival of Flora, goddess of flowers and fruits, was held at this time. Statues of our Lady may be crowned with flower-garlands before the rite, usually by the youngest maid or girl present, who wears white. All should wear white if possible. Ginger cake is the traditional

contd. p. 19





# 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 tormenter 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 slug-

gish through that 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 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 for-

## *"Exorcism" from p.11*

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 the Goddess). When she lit the candles, her room became even nastier and more sinister...

\* Jasmine is an incense of the Daughter, Amber of the Mother.

est, 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 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 you do that, I shall come and go as I please." And as so often we do in rage, the old woman did what she had 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 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

# the Truth About Easter

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 Geniae 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 pure "inner self" descended to the lower planes was in the Easter 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 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

*The Talking Well*/from p. 16

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."

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



*The Resurrection*

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 Easter 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 Easter experience.



## Reincarnation

*The Moira Handbook*

Marie Ellens (editor). Price 75p from Silver Chalice, 40 St John St., Oxford.

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

## THE COMING SEASON 2

*Exaltation/contd.*

food of the festival.

The Exaltation also celebrates our Lady's gift of the Sacrament of Communion, the sacred meal in which we are one with Her.

## Rosary Day

We celebrate our Lady's institution of the Rosary, the system of meditation which attunes our spiritual being to the Universal Mystery. Everyone should say a Rosary on this day (using a knotted cord if one has no beads); the Catechism gives details (appendix 2). For fuller detail, see TCA2. Handmaids and Servants of the Sacred Rose and others who say a daily Rosary should say a full Rosary today. A single rose is placed in the shrine or before a statue of our Lady.

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 govern-

## Anthea's Day

Anthea is the Genia of fruits, flowers and blossom, sometimes titled Our Lady of the Flowers. It is customary to gather wild flowers and blossom on this day to make displays in her honour.

\*See "The Hanged One" and "The Truth About Easter". You may read of the Divine Maid's sacrifice in the *Mythos* (see back cover).

ment in the secular sense was not an important aspect of life) and wholly centred upon the religion of the Goddess.

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.

## Poetry

If Women Want to Speak, What Language Do They Use?

Diana Scott and Mary Coghill  
Beyond Patriarchy Publications, 31  
Dalmeny Rd., London N.7. 40p

This is a collection of feminist poems on personal, personal/political and quasi-spiritual themes. Religious motifs, where they do appear, remain under the shadow of late-patriarchal materialism. They cannot be accepted as concrete realities, but are hedged with a vague psychologism which robs them of poetic vitality. "Lady of the Dance" escapes both this and the pervasive exclamatory/confessional formlessness of late-patriarchal art by giving itself unashamedly to an iconic structure and to a robust and fictile folk-tune form and rhythm. The soul which flickers in much of Diana's other work is here "incarnated" in vibrant bodily expression. This is the way forward. It is perhaps not a perfect poem, but it is a very fine song. Song is the root and source of all poetry, and if we are to build a genuinely spiritual-feminist art, we must begin again at the beginning. But no rational abstraction can do justice to a song. Let it speak for itself:

## Lady of the Dance

I danced in the morning  
when the world was begun  
and I danced in the moon  
and the stars and the sun  
I danced in the water  
and I danced on the earth  
in the darkest night  
I had my birth

(Chorus)

Dance, then, wherever you may be  
For I am the Lady of the Dance, said she  
And I'll love you all wherever you may be  
And I'll lead you all in the dance,  
said she

I danced in the evening  
when the sky turned black  
and the moon turned red  
and the sea came rushing back  
They buried my body  
and they thought I'd gone  
but I am the dance  
and I still go on

(Chorus, as above)

I dance in the night  
when the moon rides high  
and I dance for my joy  
that the dance will never die  
I dance the maze  
on the deep green earth  
and I dance for death  
and I dance for birth

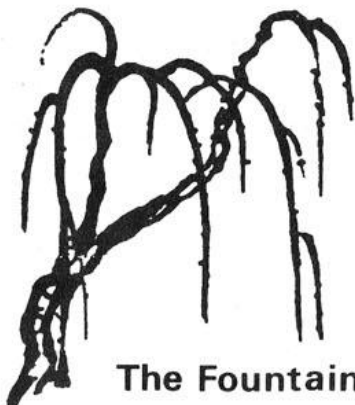
(Chorus)

Dance then, wherever you may be  
For I created the dance, says she  
And I'll give you life wherever you may be  
And we'll all join hands in the dance,  
says she

I dance in the morning  
in a lake of light  
and I dance for the grass  
and the flowers of delight  
my body is the hills  
and I steer the sun  
for I laugh as I dance  
and the dance goes on

(Second chorus, as above)

by Diana Scott & Kate Ness  
Tune traditional




# SYMBOLISM

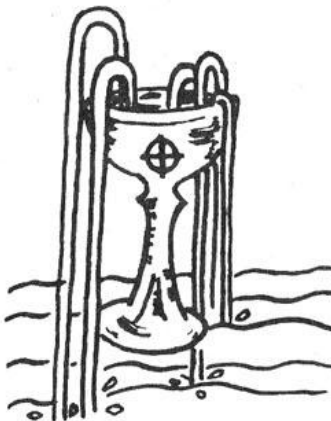
## water and the willow

### The Fountain of Life

The life-giving waters of the silver fountain are the fruit of sacrifice. Water is everywhere associated with the Goddess, and is especially the element of the Daughter. She has been called the Fountain of Mercy, the Sweet Waters, the Well of Comfort and the heavenly Elixir. "The magic philtre, the love potion, the poets' elixir, the intoxicant, soma and nectar are... vehicles of transformation, forms of the Water of Life, which the Feminine itself is." (Erich Neumann in *The Great Mother*) She is the friend who puts the cup to our parched lips and the healing water that we drink. This is especially true in the spiritual sense, but it is also manifested physically in healing wells and springs throughout the world associated with Her under some local name. The most famous modern example is, of course, the miraculous spring at Lourdes given by our Lady in the last century. This act is said to have opened the new age of the return to Her true Faith. The continuing stream of "impossible" cures that has flowed from this spring is so great and so well-authenticated that the only course left open to the determoned sceptic is to close her eyes. More recently, at Huntington Castle in Ireland a well newly dedicated to the Goddess under the name of Dana began last year to yield healing water which sometimes also emanates a bright radiance.

Water is the primary element from which all life proceeds. On the physical level, we are told that the first biological organisms developed in the sea, while the spiritual act of Creation, of

which physical existence is but a faint shadow, is symbolically associated with the great sea (cf *Creation* chapter I). Our letter M is derived from the root-word *Ma*, meaning mother, originally represented by the water-ideogram  (sea-waves). This is the root of many names of the Goddess: Marah, Mariamne, Mary, etc.



Water is also the element of purification and of rebirth, associated with the season of spring and the Mystery of the Resurrection (as in the Rosary structure - see Catechism, appendices 1 and 2). The water which brought back Inanna from death came from the tears of Her Mother. This is the true Water of Life. It is said that the tears of joy shed by Mother and Daughter when they were reunited mingled with this water to sweeten the streams of the Fountain of Life, for no human soul could endure the bitter cup of sorrow which our Lady drank.

In the Sacrament of Initiation, the consecrated water sprinkled in the initiand is mystically transmuted into the true Water of Life by the supernatural action of the Sacrament. And it is by the Water of Life that the soul is brought to spiritual rebirth through which she may be reunited with the Daughter in the Sacrament of Communion, and, taking Her hand, sets her feet upon the path to her final reunion with the Mother.

### The Willow

Our Lady of the Willows is one title of the Daughter. The willow is a sacred tree throughout Europe and as far away as Japan, and has frequently retained its as-

sociation with the Goddess. The name of "willow" has been given to the Daughter in some places: the names Sal-Ma, Helice, Europe and Salmaona can all be traced to words for willow. Helen may also be one of these names, being interpreted either as "moon" or as "the willow basket for offerings to the moon-Goddess". The closeness of the words reinforces the association between willow and the moon, the moon being the primary symbol of the Daughter. Herbalists classify the willow tree under the government of the moon. Willow also gave its name to the mountain of the muses, Helicon, as the tree of enchantment and inspiration.

The willow is the tree of our Lady's passion: the relationship between this tree and Her death can be seen in the pre-Hellenic myths of Persephone, Hecate and Circe and the dedication of willow groves to them. The tradition has lingered even later in folk-memory, which calls such groves unlucky and places willow beside cypress and yew as trees of mourning. In many folk songs and tales, the association with sacrifice is very strong:

"...Tomorrow thou shalt see  
Me wear the willow, after that  
To die upon the tree.  
As beasts unto the altar go  
With garlands, so I  
Will wear my willow wreath also  
Come forth and sweetly die."

In Shakespeare's *Othello*, Desdemona sings another "willow song" and speaks of its association with death immediately before her own murder.

The willow aspergilla of the Initiation Rite is used to symbolise death and to sprinkle the Water of Life upon the initiand. This tradition is reflected in Chinese myth in the willow branch of the Saviour-Goddess Kwan-Yin with which she sprinkles water onto her devotees.

Chrysothemis

## BOOK REVIEWS 2

### Astrology

*Arachne Rising*  
James Vogh, Granada, £3.95

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 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.

## History

### *Communion With the Goddess, 5-8*

Lord Strathloch, Cesara Publications, Huntington Castle, Clonegal, Enniscorthy, Eire. Price £1 each.

The latest four parts in this ongoing series deal respectively with the temples to the Goddess in the Near and Far East, Asia Minor, Greece and Italy. Temples both ancient and modern are included and all aspects are covered - architecture, history, traditions and the practices associated with them. As usual, Lord Strathloch assumes a largely editorial function, allowing authors ancient and modern to speak for themselves. Many diverse sources are drawn on to give a comprehensive reference on a subject not, so far as I know, specifically dealt with in any other work. Lord Strathloch is a member of LuxMadriana.

## Advertisements

**STONEHENGE VIEWPOINT:** Quarterly magazine covering astro-archaeology, megalithic zodiacs, geomancy, ley lines, Druids, analysis of symbols, and British-American expeditions to explore sites in England, Wales, Scotland and elsewhere. 4 issues £1. Eight issues £2. Stonehenge Viewpoint, 51, Charminster Avenue, Bournemouth, Dorset.

**THE FELLOWSHIP OF ISIS:** For followers of the Goddess of all traditions. The Temple of Isis, Huntington Castle, Clonegal, Enniscorthy, Eire.

**WIRES:** Women's Liberation Information & Referral Service. Send your information and queries. Newsletter (individuals) £5 per year (£3 if poor). WIRES c/o 32a, Parliament St., York

**RACHEL'S PENPALS & collectors' club.** Magazine 20p. Membership £1 plus 2 7½p stamps - free listing in every issue (up to 30 words) half price on advertisements, cash prizes & lots more. Join today! Be in the know!

119 Redwald Rd., London E5 0JQ

**QUADRIGA:** Gareth Knight produces a quarterly review called *Quadriga*. First issue contains long articles on "Active Imagination and the Archetypes", "The Mysteries of Melchisedek" and "The worship of Isis". Send 50p for specimen copy to: G.K.Secretariat, Wistaria, Runcton Lane, Runcton, Chichester, Sussex.

**FORESIGHT:** A bi-monthly magazine concerned with the spiritual evolution of humanity and promoting a philosophy to encourage a greater spiritual awareness in the true spirit of the New Age. Also dealing with mysticism, philosophy, psychic phenomena, UFOs and world events. Single copy 15p plus postage. Yearly subscription 90p plus 42p postage. Contact FORESIGHT organisation, 29 Beaufort Ave., Hodge Hill, Birmingham.

**AQUARIAN ARROW:** a broad-spectrum, future-oriented occult magazine. Published quarterly. Price 75p. Subscription (4 issues) £2.50. Post free from Aquariana, BCM OPAL, London WCIV 6XX.

**REVELATION:** Quarterly magazine for the occult and spiritual seeker. Single copies 25p. Yearly subscription £1 including postage. From the editor, 8, Victoria Ct, Victoria Rd, New Brighton, Mersey.

**THE PAGAN WAY:** The magazine for those who wish to have a medium through which to express their love for the old gods. Articles on all subjects of interest to pagans plus the opportunity for contact with others. The magazine where your comments are as important as your subscription. One year subscription (6 issues) £1.20 from 51 Loates Lane, Watford, Herts.

**THE CAULDRON:** A pagan newsletter. 20p from Howard 18a Church Hill, Furley, Surrey. Blank postal orders only.

"I have conquered death and kear, and I bring you my conquest. Open your heart to Me, and I shall bring you all the fruit that I have reaped in sorrow."

From *The Teachings of the Daughter*  
(available through Literature Circle)

## An Introduction to the Faith

THE THREE booklets listed below provide an indispensable introduction to the Madrian faith, giving a selection of the most fundamental Scriptures, together with a clear outline of Madrian belief. The booklets are 30p each, post free, or 80p for the full set.

### *The Catechism of the Children of the Goddess*

All the essential beliefs of Catholic Madrianism in question-and-answer form. A full synopsis of the faith. With appendices on personal devotion.

### *The Creation & The Crystal Tablet*

The Scripture of the creation of the world by the Goddess, together with the Divine teaching on the spiritual/moral principles of existence; with an introduction on the meaning of Scriptural Truth.

### *The Mythos of the Divine Maid*

The Scripture of the nativity, life, death and resurrection of the Daughter of the Goddess. The pure essence behind all religion.

The Coming Age 5 contained: Geniae, the Children of Heaven; the meaning of Nativity; the spiritual forces behind the seasons; a legend of the three crowns; symbolism: the star and the sacred grove; the meaning of penance, etc.

This or any back issue (except nos. 1 and 2) can be obtained at 30p post free or set of four (issues 6-9) at £1.

*The new year starts at Easter*

**NEW MADRIAN CALENDAR**

60p inc. post