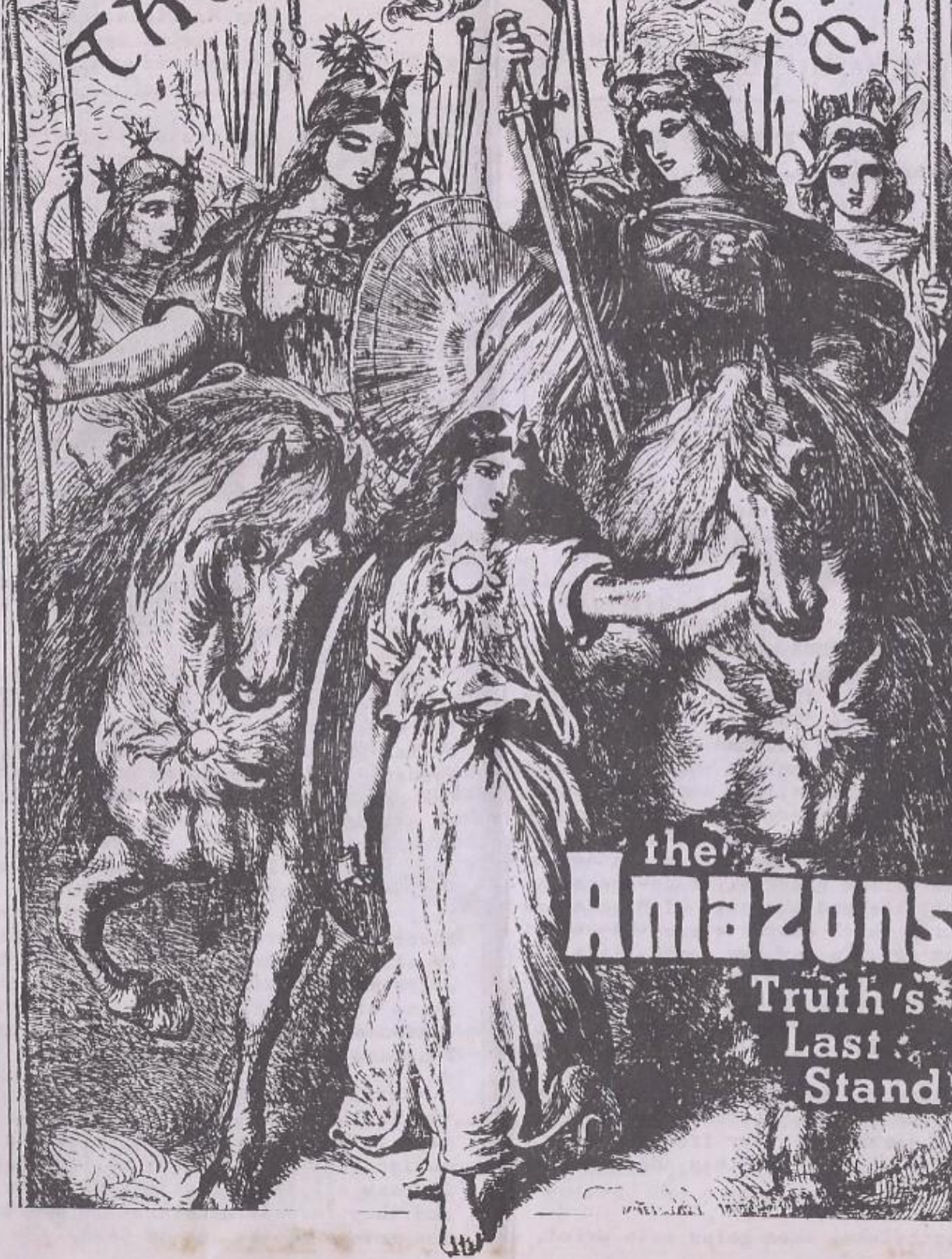


# THE COMING AGE



the  
**Amazons**

Truth's  
Last  
Stand

# THE COMING AGE



40, St John St., Oxford.

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## KALI YUGA 5081

**P**ERCEPTIVE 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

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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 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.

# AMAZONS

**T**HE LAST five or six thousand years have constituted Kali Yuga, or the Age of Iron; the tail end of history, in which the supernatural light in the heart of maidkind begins to fail.

The first millennia of the Iron Age saw the decadence of the old matriarchies and the gradual encroachment of patriarchal and semi-patriarchal forms of society and religion. The Madri-an faith and matriarchal order which had been the basis of human life for untold ages was beginning to give way to a cruder religion and a harsher way of life which would lead eventually to the violence and materialism of the modern world.

Large parts of the world remained untouched by these 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, while at the same time religious orthodoxy and primordial Truth were ignored in favour of outlandish cults reflecting the political situation. Male "sons" and "lovers" were invented for the Goddess, and even, in a few barbaric patriarchal tribes, the first hint of a male "god of wrath" equal or even superior to God Herself.

At first the faithful saw little to choose between the decadent matriarchies on the one hand, whose queens no longer ruled in accordance with God's law, and where religion had become a mere adjunct to "real life" (as if the whole purpose of earthly incarnation were not the spiritual progress of the soul), and on the other hand the new male states. Of course, the very

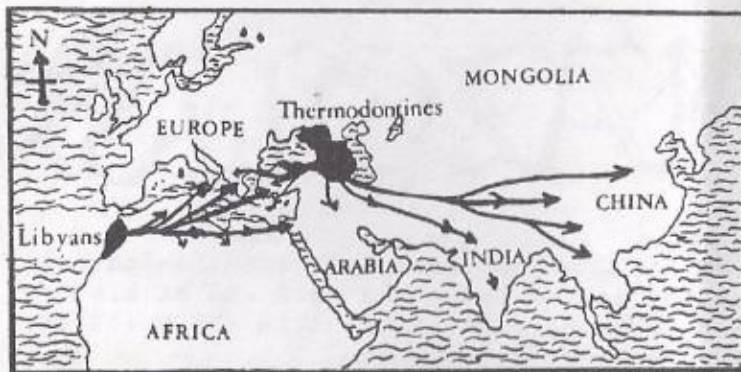
fact of having male rulers was a breach of *themis* - the sacred Order of society - but then *themis* was disregarded in any case.

Many of the faithful fled the degenerate cities and gathered in small religious communities in out-of-the-way places. But it was not until savage, fully patriarchal tribes began to invade the effete societies of the cities that people fled in large numbers. The refugees were welcomed by the small, convent-like communities, and soon,

as they swelled, they developed into city-states in their own right, practising many arts and crafts and ruled by priestess-queens in the old, God-centred, *themis* way. These societies, from their devotion to the Daughter, Inanna, and their proud display of Her symbol, the moon, were called moon-maidens, or, in Greek, Amazons.

As these cities flourished under the law of Heaven, the patriarchal kings began to





THE LATE AMAZON CONFEDERATIONS  
& their lines of conquest

attack them. But the votaries of the original communities were well-versed in every aspect of sacred and spiritual art, and taught the Amazons how the martial arts of archery and swordsmanship 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 go out to liberate nations which had been conquered by patriarchal tyrants. The Amazon campaigns were overwhelmingly successful, and for several centuries, they reestablished themis societies 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 about as long 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 masculinist-materialism.

As the Iron Age wore on, new patriarchal barbarian inroads were made, and eventually the Empire, already succumbing to a new decadence from within, 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 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 Aegean area. Their queen Myrine founded many famous cities, including Smyrna, Synope, Mitylene, Magnesia, Myrine and Pitane. She was the first person to colonise Samothrace, which she dedicated to the Goddess. The great Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient patriarchal world, was erected by 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 symptom of the dishonesty of modern historians on the whole subject of matriarchy. 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 the 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, Diodorus 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 (rather fancifully) 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 patriarchy has ever cast the smallest doubt upon it. One is reminded of an incident in which an official of a well known photographic company was asked to certify that there was no evidence of forgery on the famous Cottingley fairy photographs. Having examined them, he said "I can't do that." "Why," he was asked, "Is there evidence of forgery?" "No." "Then why can't you give a certificate?" "Because they're fakes." "How do you know that?" "Because there's no such thing as fairies."

And in the eyes of the patriarchal

bigot, all evidence of Amazons must be "fake", because there's no such thing as Amazons. This case shows up clearly the entire attitude of patriarchal historians toward matriarchy as a whole for what it is - a tissue of party prejudice.

In recent years archaeologists have uncovered the tomb of a high-ranking Amazon officer near Krishnev in Moldavia - the heart of the old Thermodontine territory. She lived toward the end of the Amazon period in about year 2652 of the Iron Age (450 B.C., profane time) with her war-horse, spears and arrows as well as gold earrings and other personal adornments. Patriarchal historians cannot dismiss this as a "fake", but they can, and will, ignore it.

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Because the story of the Amazons has (outside the traditional Madrian communities) 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 and alleviated the sufferings of thousands who had fallen under the yoke of patriarchal tyrants and torturers, these were not the most important 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 maids, and fell into decay. The old votaries, the mothers of the first Amazon nations, knew this, and under their guidance a new way of life was born; a way simpler and less demanding, suited to the weaker souls of our Age that cannot tread in the footprints of our mothers.

*In time of peace: A householder of the Pax Amazonia period.*



Wherever true spirituality has been able to survive under patriarchal conditions, it stems from 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, in a somewhat enfeebled form in certain strains of Christianity, stems from the legacy of the great *pax Amazonia* and later from the Madrian mystery schools Babylon (conquered by Queen Eurypyle, c. 1340 (1758 B.C.)) and Egypt.

More importantly, this great intellectual and spiritual people has bequeathed us a Madrian life that we are able to practise in the Iron Age. The Madrian faith has survived all the patriarchal attacks. Tyrants have come and gone. Patriarchal religions have run their course and died, but the Madrians are still here. And we will never forget how much of this we owe to the holy Amazons. The world's first faith will be the world's last faith, and that faith will spread out across the earth again, ushering in the new Age of Gold as the Iron Age draws to its close. The last Amazons died in defeat over 2,000 years ago. They had lost their last battle. But they had won the war.

Sister Alethea

NOTES: The infantrymaid pictured on page 3 is dressed similarly to the Amazon in *The Moira Handbook*. She wears a helmet with a high horsehair crest, leather body armour reinforced with metal strips, a short, full, pleated skirt and tall leather boots. She carries a *pelta* or moon-shield. A cloak was often worn over this uniform, fastened at one shoulder.

The serenely dignified *stola* of the Cretan noblemaid pictured on this page reflects the spiritual atmosphere of the *pax Amazonia* of the early Cretan Empire, in sharp contrast to the well-known bright, bare-breasted jackets, transparent chemises and gaudy, multi-layered skirts of the later decadence of Amazon Crete.



# LOVE

## *The Soul's Aspiration*

**I**T IS LOVE that holds the stars within their courses, and all the worlds of the immeasurable cosmos within the harmony of the celestial music" (*Crystal Tablet: 34*).

This cosmic love, which is part of the very Nature of the Goddess, and which sustains the fabric of the manifest universe, may seem at first to have little to do with the bonds of attraction and affection which unite the beings of the material realm. But in truth there is an

integral connection, from the highest to the lowest, for love is always ultimately the quest for union with the Spirit.

In the realm of Perfection, the eternal dance between the celestial Mother and Her divine Daughter is the expression of absolute Harmony. On this material plane, we, who have, through ignorance or malice, chosen imperfection and chaos, only experience the divine Harmony to any extent as a direct result of the Daughter's Self-giving in love. Without that sacrifice, the ground would not be firm under our feet, and we could have no certainty in anything, not that the sun would rise in the morning, nor that the tree before us was not a squirrel a moment ago and will not be a lightning-flash a moment hence, nor that two plus two equals four. We have a fleeting taste of chaos in our dreams, and they are mercifully soon forgotten. We live in an orderly universe only because the Daughter, Who is pure Spirit, has come among us. At the lowest point of the cosmos, She is reunited with Her Mother in the dance of love and harmony, thus patterning a new world. These loves, the love of the Daughter in coming to us and staying with us, and the love of the Mother in coming for Her Daughter, although they are expressed in terms of human relationships, are on a scale beyond our understanding, to which our only reaction can be awe.

Our true self, that part of us which is closest to Spirit, has only one love and one desire — the love of the Spirit and the desire to be reunited with Her. She

yearns to be in harmony with the divine dance and to tread its measure. This is our true destiny, since it was for this, in and through the dance, that we were created, and thus it is only the fulfillment of this desire which can make us perfectly happy. This union, then, is the ultimate aim of all of our activities: we should be striving for it in everything we do. Every act performed in the soul's true quest for the Spirit, however minor, is an act of love.

The true self, in loving the Spirit, will naturally also love the world, in which the Spirit is mirrored, however imperfectly. Pure contemplation of the Spirit is rare in maid, and many of us may never achieve it in this life, yet we all perceive the world, in which everything that is good or beautiful or pure or noble reflects She who created it. The pure soul will, like the Daughter Herself, embrace the whole world in her love, from flowers and spiders to metaphysics and mathematics, and will have love for every maid.

To recognise and appreciate the beautiful and the good even through the more unattractive forms of matter is a gift which some maids seem to possess naturally, but for most it is a hard training of the perceptions which brings us closer to the Spirit. It can also be rewarded by a flowering of love in the object of perception, for, in the case of maids and animals, and even of plants or trees, the best in them can be brought out by the sincere attempt to recognise the Spirit in them.

But this love cultivated against the odds is eventually no different from the spontaneous love which flows from us towards those maids, creatures and objects which attract us even from the first sight, whether the initial attraction arises from physical, intellectual or moral beauty. To the extent that we "see" the Spirit in any person or any thing, we "fall in love" because we are seeing again our first and only love.

Of course, although we have been using "love" here in its widest sense, this is particularly true in the case of love between two people. Over-emphasis on romantic and passionate love such as is found in this and many other societies in the Kali Yuga, has inhibited the expression of love in other relationships, and for this reason alone should be discouraged. However, it remains true that for many of us this form of love gives our most vivid experience of "falling in love" and can provide us with the deepest and closest relationship of our adult life. Many of us will not in this life have a better idea of union with the Spirit than that which being in love gives us.

Love between two people is thus by its very nature a mutual love of the Spirit, the Divine. The deeper the love each has for the Spirit, the deeper the love between them. A modern writer has said "to love is not to look at one another but to look together in the same direction." Only thus can love be enriched and grow, for if the lovers turn their eyes from the Spirit to "look at one another", the reflection of the Spirit in the beloved will become dim, and the lover consider herself "disillusioned", when she has in fact succumbed to the illusion of matter. If, on the other hand, the lovers use their love as a stepping-stone to union

with the Spirit, they will fall ever more deeply in love as the Spirit in each strengthens and shines forth more brightly.

It is proverbial that everything has its price, and it has been said that the only price worthy of a good and honourable lover is that we should become good and honourable ourselves. Any true love which is borne towards us is a love of the best in us, so that to display and encourage our worse elements will inevitably weaken the love. Furthermore, this is the best possible expression of love and its best fruit. The tendency and desire to flatter and pamper the beloved and seek pleasure above all things is an indulgence of the lower aspects of our love, the love of the material forms through which the Spirit is manifested. Love can turn selfish, often leading to jealousy, as the lover desires only to possess the beloved, unaware that as she clings more tightly to the material forms, that which she truly loves, the Spirit, is slipping through her fingers. The jealous lover will rejoice in the inferiority and dependency of the beloved, and seek to keep her from the company of those in whom the Spirit is bright, lest any should be preferred, and in doing so is constantly undermining and will eventually kill the very love she is trying to protect.

But she who is concerned with attaining the good, fulfilling the demands of honour and purifying the soul will want the beloved beside her, keeping step, so that hand in hand they may become one with the Spirit; the final consummation of all love: "For the Spirit is One, and I am the Spirit. And you are the Spirit also in the innermost Temple of your heart. And She Who is the Spirit, My Mother, holds out Her hands to you in happiness beyond all knowing and joy beyond expression of all words. And

# The Wheel of Moira

**M**OIRA is the Genia of personal fate; the spinner of the thread which connects our past, present and future lives, and weaves together the fate of our own life with that of all those with whom we come into contact in the course of it.

As spinner of the world-web, it is only natural that our lady Moira should often be depicted bearing a wheel. She appears in this form under many names; as the Greek Ariadne, Celtic Arianrhod, and even in Christian iconography as St Catherine, who always carries the wheel of her martyrdom. The legend of St Catherine seems to have its origin in the history of Hypatia, head of the Neoplatonic school at Alexandria in the 46th century of the Iron Age (the 5th of the Christian era). A renowned philosopher, mathematician, logician, astronomer and mystic, her great learning and eloquence, together with her beauty, modesty and spiritual virtue, attracted to her lectures a great number of disciples. The Christians, who were soon to destroy the ancient philosophical schools and libraries of Alexandria, were roused to hatred by Hypatia's success. Their bishop, Cyril, stirred up this hatred with an inflammatory sermon including an obscene and lying attack on her chastity. A mob of Nitrian monks and laity lay in wait for her at the door of her lecture room in the Mousaion, and finding her alone with one pupil, set upon her, stripped her naked, dragged her into the Kaisaereion (then a Christian church) where they scraped the flesh from her bones with oyster shells and fragments of pottery and burned her body piece by piece in the Kinaron.

The people of Alexandria held this atrocity against the Christians for a long time, but as the years passed, and the political power of the Christian church became unassailable, they altered the story to their own advantage, turning Hypatia into a legendary Christian philosopher and martyr called Catherine. The wheel on which she was supposed to have been tortured had no part in the original story, but rapidly assumed a central place in her iconography. She became a fully-

fledged image of Moira, although the meaning of the image was lost - this was, perhaps, not unconnected with the fact that the meaning of the name Catherine ("pure") is precisely the same as that of Ariadne.

The image of Catherine was often confused in the popular mind with that of Fortuna, a decadent late-Roman image of Moira. The Wheel of Fortune is a frequent mediæval image - a great wheel turned by a beautiful maiden, upon which human figures rise from poverty to power and fall again. This image is preserved in older versions of the Tarot trump, "The Wheel".

Closer to the original form are the world-wheels of Manichæan and Jaina art, held by richly ornamented maidens. Closer still is the "Wheel of Samsara" of the Tibetan tradition, held by the "goddess" Srimno. This last image goes back to the Madrian original of the Wheel of Moira, and is still a Madrian form today.

Moira's wheel is often depicted with eight spokes, but eight is really the number of Themis, the mother of Moira. Strictly Moira's wheel should have six spokes, which correspond to the six arms of a three dimensional cross, pointing to the north, south, east and west, to sky and to the earth. The upper arm points to higher states of being, the lower arm to lower states, while the four horizontal arms indicate the various possibilities of the present state (four being the number of physical matter).

In the traditional image of the wheel (see picture), the upper section depicts Heaven and the lower section Hell, while the four intermediate sections represent the middle states, human, superhuman, ani-

## Love

truly, all sweetness is the far-blown scent of this Sweetness; and all beauty is the pale and dimmed reflection of this Beauty; and all music but the faint and distant echo of this Music." (*Teachings of the Daughter* available through the Literature Circle).

Chrysothemis.

mals and insatiate ghosts. These are the six states into which one's moira (the fruits of one's actions in life) may lead one after death. The superhumans, like the "gods" of classical myth, are endowed with great powers, but may not necessarily be morally great. The ghosts have great bellies but little mouths. They can never satisfy their own desires. They see tables of sumptuous food, but are driven away by demons; they stoop to drink, but the water turns to fire.

This does not mean that there are only six possible states which we may enter after death. Rather, it is a schematic division of moral states, and of states of life, which operates on many levels. Within our own world, for example, human life represents the true Active Life, in which all work and activity serves a sacred ritual purpose, where life and spiritual activity are one. It is, so to speak, the "central" state for us. The superhumans are those whose energies carry them to positions of power and influence. They are the "great maids" of history, and the countless lesser figures known only to a particular time and place. They may be a force for good, or they may be ruthless self-seekers. The heaven-world corresponds to those whose lives are dedicated to real good, whether eminent or quite unnoticed — and also to the superior states which they attain after death. The animal realm corresponds to the passive life which cares for nothing except satisfying the needs of the senses and avoiding pain or discomfort. The whole modern world, blind to the Spirit, pursues this life; its whole

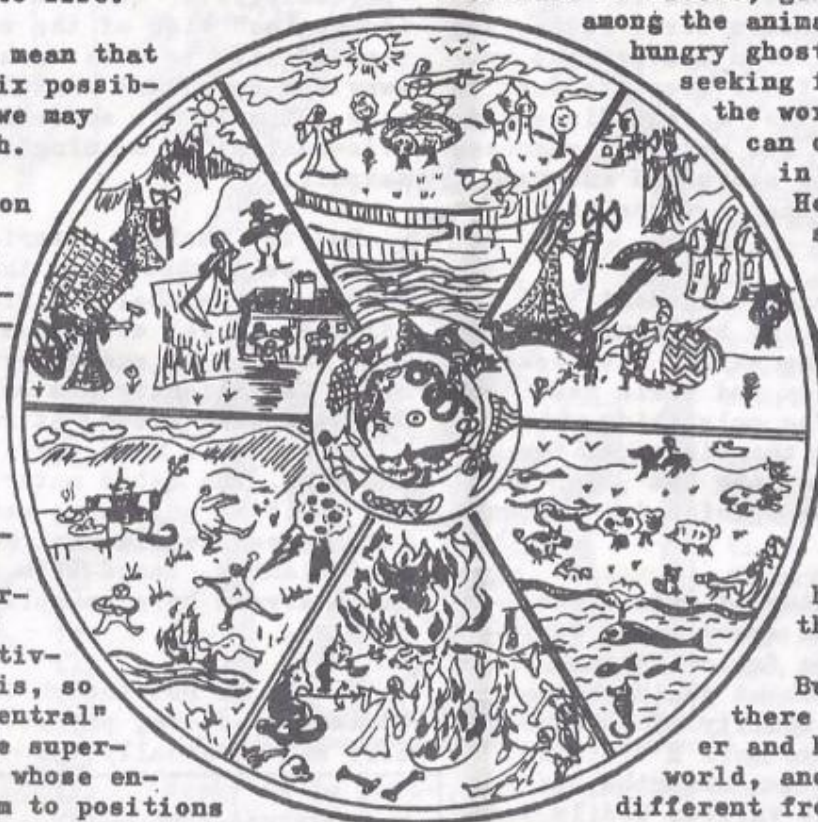
civilisation geared to physical "production", whether in the capitalist rat-race or the neatly ordered ant-hill of the social planners. A great many souls in the modern world will be reborn into the animal realm or its equivalents on other planes of being. The animals represent — even at their fiercest — the more docile aspect of the passive life. No animal stimulates artificial desires — as modern advertising does — nor greedily seeks for ever new sensations. There are no misers, gangsters or debauchers

among the animals. These are the hungry ghosts, ever more wildly seeking for satisfaction in the world of matter which can only truly be found in God Herself. Finally, Hell corresponds to states of real evil and cruelty. There are those on this world who are preparing themselves for Hell, and there are those who are in Hell (in a manner of speaking) already; for were there no lower states, there are horrors enough in this world.

But most certainly there are states both lower and higher than this world, and also, while very different from it, states on the same level. The wheel is not just a

moral allegory, but a map. Not a map showing all the territories of the universe (for that would be impossible) but rather showing the basic directions in which those territories lie.

In the inner wheel, we see maids rise and fall upon the wheel of life, as on the Medieval wheel of Fortune; while at the centre, we see the three symbolic beasts which represent the wheel's driving-force. The cock and the snake represent desire and aversion — the seeking of pleasure and the avoidance of pain which drives the soul on from birth to death. Underlying and





# The Sword of Truth

*The Mission of the Pallas Academy*

**M**AID, 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 worldview", 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 millenia. 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 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 maid. 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 Wheel of Moira*

supporting these two is the hog, representing ignorance - the spiritual blindness which keeps us enmeshed in the flux of moira instead of transcending it and returning to union with She who stands above all flux.

Contemplating the Wheel of Moira, we come to a deeper understanding of life in the material spheres - and if our contemplation were perfect, our ignorance would be destroyed, and we would pass through the still point at the centre of the turning world to find ourselves in the glorious realm that lies beyond the veil of matter.

Sister Angelina

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 reduced ("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 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 to 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 mechanical 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

# THE COMING festival meanings



## Summer

Correspondence of the sacred and secular calendars for the season:

Rosea: June 13 - July 10

Kerea: July 11 - Aug. 7

Hesperis: Aug 8 - Sept. 4

### Major Festivals

**BOSA MUNDI** (Festival of the Rose of the World): 12th Rosea (June 24th).

**FESTIVAL OF REGENERATION**: 22nd Kerea (August 1st)

### Minor Festivals

**DAY OF ALL HERAS**: 9th Rosea (Summer Solstice; June 21st)

**MOIRA'S DAY** 16th Hesperis (Aug 23rd)

## FIRE & ROSE

The season of Fire and the Rose, which lasts from the Day of All Heras on the Summer Solstice to the lunisolar festival of Rosa Mundi, is this year only four days long. The material and psychic realms are particularly close at this time, increasing the efficacy of natural magic and enabling those with the gift to make contact with nature spirits and other creatures of the subtle regions.

The season celebrates communion with the Goddess, consummation in the fire of the Divine, the final Great Mystery of the Rosary. Throughout this period we should be considering not only the ultimate union of our soul with the Spirit at the end of her journey, but our present relationship with the Mother, Who is the Source of our being, and the deepening of that relationship through prayer, ritual, meditation and contemplation.

A single rose, symbolising union stands before statues and pictures of our Lady throughout the season.

## Day of all Heras

A heras is a maid who has attained the most profound communion with the Divine possible in an earthly life and has fulfilled the highest possibilities of the human soul. This being so, she is released from the Wheel of Moira, transcending this plane of being, and will no more be born into an earthly life unless of her own choosing.

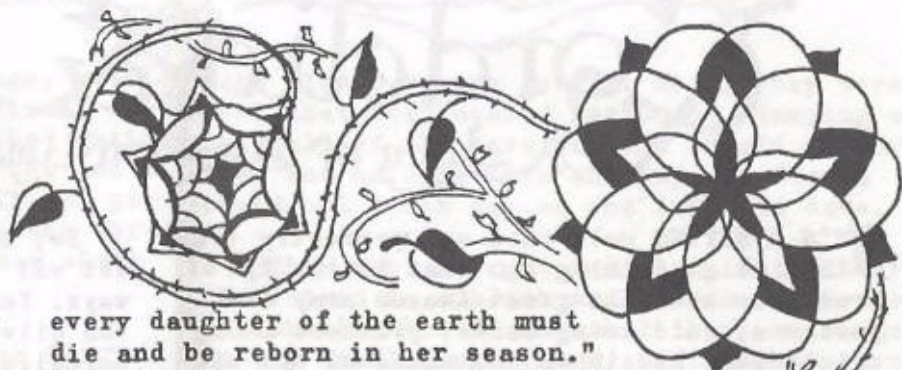
Many heras do, however, concern themselves with the lives of their mortal sisters, and with the whole course of human existence, always seeking to aid and support those who choose the right path. Thus it is that heras are often seen as the spiritual guardians of particular Temples, communities and areas. On this day we honour them all and pray that with their help, we too shall eventually achieve herahood.

## Rosa Mundi

This is the most personal and inward-looking of the Major Festivals, being concerned with the intimate bond between the self and her Creatrix - between soul and Spirit. Mystic contemplation, in which the mind and soul of maid rest upon the Absolute, is both an inward and an upward experience, and is symbolised by the rose and the lark. The Daughter speaks of "the innermost Temple of your heart, whose form is the form of a rose" and within which we experience oneness with the Spirit. The lark, which alone among birds ascends directly up-



# SEASON & celebration



wards, symbolises the direct ascent of the purely contemplating soul to heaven.

The rose is a triple symbol: the white rose, red rose and briar rose illustrate its different aspects. The white rose symbolises the pure, unchanging love of the Mother, the red rose the passionate, Self-sacrificing love of the Daughter, Whose sacrifice is consummated in perfect union with the Mother. The briar rose represents the aspiring human soul, the chalice into which the Divine love is poured. It is customary for the handmaid at the Rite to give each worshipper a rose to hold during the Contemplation.

## Regeneration

The festivals of late summer open the great Mysteries of Life cycle which spans a quarter of the year. They celebrate the Goddess as the Source of all life, the Creatrix and Sustainer of the cycles of existence through which the soul moves. The ultimate revolution in the life of every soul, her turning back to the Goddess, is particularly a subject for meditation during the late summer and autumn.

The symbol of the Festival of Regeneration is the ear of corn: "As an ear of corn falls to the ground that it may sprout anew, so

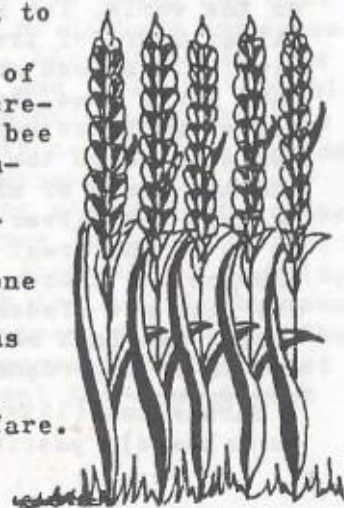


every daughter of the earth must die and be reborn in her season." This festival is concerned with the movement between lives and the resurgence of new life, celebrating the Mother of our rebirth and the Daughter as Our Lady of the Dark Gates, She who guards and guides all souls in the transition from one life to the next. For each soul must pass through many existences, on this world or elsewhere, on her journey back to her true home in the Goddess. Throughout this journey, our Lady is watching over us, giving us life and strength, protecting us from all harm outside our moira.

Ears of corn and bread made from the new wheat may be offered at the Rite on this day.

## Moira's Day

This day is dedicated to the Genia of personal fate. The threads of Moira draw all things in life together, giving each a special meaning in relation to the whole, as the threads in a piece of tapestry. Moira's creatures, the swan, the bee and the spider are symbols associated with the cycle as a whole. Her particular symbols are the wheel and the scales. This day is especially one for examining the direction of one's soul and making resolutions for the future, for our present choices create our future moira. Honey and mead are traditional fare.



# 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 themis, not three generations passed before the succession fell into the hands of Queen Myrna. She was a clever and a worldly maid, 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 moira 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 liyes 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 moira."

\* Barbarians (literally "bearded ones" from *barba* beard): patriarchs.

So, bidding their parents farewell, they set off together until the parting of the ways. Imogen came quickly to the camp 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, as was the custom, and asked 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 sank 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

### *The Sword of Truth*

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 materialistic darkness, for the first time in many a long century, the Sword of Truth is drawn.

and war and the truth of all things, until she was the wisest scholar, the finest swordswoman and the most accomplished musician 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 themis. 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 themis. 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.



*"Myrna was setting out...."*

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 are we 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. "What!" cried the Giant from behind her. "Why, thou'rt too big for one bite and too 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 footsoldier." 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, wellnigh 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 themis. "Whatever else, I still remain thy queen," said she. But Imogen replied thus: "I shall



# The Road to the Future

Extracts from Sister Angelina's closing address to the Kensington conference

**T**HE WHOLE difference between the traditional and the modern way of thinking is that the traditional order looks to the Centre, the spiritual essence, for the meaning of all things, while the modern mentality has been conditioned to look toward the outer material accidents of things, the "facts", as they call them. This affects everything that each of them says, does or thinks. I say the modern mind has been conditioned, because it is not natural to look toward matter for the explanation of things. When a child asks *why* there is a moon, she is not really satisfied with an explanation of

what the moon is in terms of physical matter.

But if she goes on asking *why*, she will be met by something like "It just is, that's all, there isn't any *why*." Now to answer the child's question about the moon by saying that it is a piece of rock floating in space is like answering the question "Why are you so sad?" by going into a rigmarole about the chemicals and electrical impulses in your brain. In a sense it is true, but it only describes the mechanics of the thing and doesn't answer the question. The essential moon, like the essential rose, is something far beyond its physical manifestation on this plane. And it is this essential moon that the child is instinctively after. Hammering this instinct out

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 themis, 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.

of her, killing her natural intuition of the spiritual nature of things: this is what is known as education.

\* \* \* \* \*

This conference is drawing to a close. Soon we will be going out into the world; and much of what has been said today may begin to seem "unreal". The things we hold dear, the world does not understand, and our minds are in danger of being swamped by the dead weight of its dreary, materialist "common sense". Let us remember, then, that the things we have been speaking of are very much hard realities. They have dominated the world for countless thousands of years, compared to which, the reign of the modern materialist mentality is no more than a fleeting moment.

And it is fleeting. Already it is passing from us. Already the technological society is beginning to crumble under its own weight, like a weed that has outgrown its strength. All that dull, smug world out there; where will it be in a hundred years from now? Do not forget either that the signs of the times are not only negative but positive. This conference has been one symptom of the gradual but definite process by which the consciousness of the Goddess is returning to the surface. Things will continue to move slowly for a little time yet. But it has been said, and there can be no question that it has been said truly: there is nothing in the world so powerful as an idea whose time has come.



# SYMBOLISM

## The Wheel and the Chariot

THE INVENTION of the wheel" is one of the stock items of materialist mythology.

The happy day when "man" (still rather shaggy) discovered this novel way of transporting "his" stones and things was a great leap forward on the long road from monkeydom to the glories of modern techno-bureaucracy and the factory system. The story is in all the school textbooks, carefully stripped of all the "if"s and "perhaps"s which a serious historian - even the most materialistic - would have to employ.

In fact, the wheel, like all the truly fundamental "inventions", was never invented at all. Neither did its origins have anything to do with its physical usefulness. Its form is an archetypal symbol, lodged in the very nature of creation itself; and since the soul is a microcosm of creation, she contains the symbol within the very fabric of her being. When maid first descended to the corporeal level, and her acts and purposes took on physical form, the use of the wheel was among them. The craft of the wheelwright, like all the sacred crafts, was in essence an effective cosmic ritual. Its physical purpose is only the adaptation of an eternal form to its temporary reflection in matter.

What, then, is the wheel? It is a symbol of such complexity that only an outline can be given here. One aspect, the Wheel of Moira, is discussed elsewhere in this issue. When the wheel has eight spokes, it is called the Wheel of Themis. The spokes correspond to the seasonal festivals of the four cardinal points of the year, the solstices and equinoxes, and to those of the cross-quarter days which fall midway between them. These mark the rhythmic progression of the year, and thus symbolise the order and harmony of the divinely-ordained cosmos. It is also called the Wheel of the Law.

But usually the number of the spokes is indefinite, representing the multiplicity of things in the world, or else the multiplic-

ity of incarnate souls. In each case, the rim represents the physical world, and the hub the realm of the Geniae, while the central axis-point represents the unmanifest Absolute, the divine Centre, "the still point of the turning world". It radiates the spokes even as the sun sends forth her rays. For it symbolises the divine Sun, who "radiates" Her creatures, both animate (souls, *animae*) and inanimate (the sun is always the Mother, while the moon is the Daughter).

Considering the spokes as souls: where any spoke touches the rim, that is her physical body. Where it passes into the hub, that is her spirit, or *the Spirit*. We may say either, for it is the point where "I" stop being a separate ego and become one with the essence of all things. It is the state of oneness reached by the heras. Subjectively, it can be called enlightenment; objectively, it can be called the Absolute. Both are true, because it is both subjective and objective simultaneously. It is both the "top" of the individual spoke and the Centre of the wheel.

Considering the spokes as "things": the point at which the spoke touches the Centre is the point at which it is emanated from the Mother as a divine Idea. The point at which it touches the rim is the point at which the Idea crystallises in physical matter to form a physical object. The real essence or nature of the thing does not lie in the physical object, any more than the real essence of the soul lies in the physical body. That is why the symbolic nature of a thing is more real than its physical nature. The symbolic nature is manifested at every level, right the way up to the hub, while the physical nature exists only at the rim. The rose, as a physical flower, exists only in the physical world, but the complex and uniquely beautiful expression of love, and of union with God the Mother, which is the inner essence of rose-ness, exists on every level of being. It exists at levels where the experience of redness, softness, sharpness and perfume have no

meaning, but each will have its precise equivalent, and these equivalents will be gathered together at that level to represent the unique and universal archetype of the rose. It is for this reason that a "science" based purely on physical facts can never fathom the inner essence of being.

The historical cycle is a centrifugal movement, pulling us out from the hub to the iron hoop at the rim of the wheel. As we approach the rim, the wheel turns faster; we are ever farther from the divine stillness of the Centre. The frenzied "pace of life" increases, the centrifugal pull accelerates with the speed of the wheel. If we could reach the outer rim, we would see neither souls nor things, but only sheer, undifferentiated matter. This is the inner drive of modern science, which seeks to interpret all things in terms of pure quantity, ignoring all their qualitative aspects, and of modern industrial-bureaucracy which reduces all people to mere numerical units and interchangeable button-pushers.

But we can never quite reach the outer rim. Or rather, we can only touch it for one brief instant of pure chaos; the momentary hiatus in which the wheel stops turning before it reverses its direction and the Age of Gold is restored.

Closely related to the wheel is the chariot. Like the centre of the wheel, it is a solar symbol — the Chariot of the Sun is a frequent Amazon image (Cf "The Legend of the Sun", TCA2\*). Its wheels, as Wheels of Themis, carry it through the endless cycle of the seasons. Yet like the rim of the wheel, it is also a chthonic or corporeal symbol. This aspect is apparent in the game of chess, which we owe in its present form to the Amazons, where the chariot was the original form of the modern rook (see the paper "The Inner Meaning of Chess"\*\*).

In many respects, the chariot is a symbol of duality, like the heart and the moon-axe (see last issue). Its two wheels represent heaven and earth: the Wheel of Themis and the Wheel of Moira, which together bear the "body" of the chariot. If the chariot is seen as the world, the Wheel of Themis symbolises all the processes laid down by eternal Law — the seasons, the rhythmic dance of the stars and planets, the religious festivals, the correct matriarchal order of the household and the state, the sacred crafts and the inner essences of all things. The Wheel of Moira represents the outward accidents of things, and all the complex patterns of fate set up by our separateness from the divine Harmony. Greek tragedy, with its complex interweavings and inexorable destinies is the drama *par excellence* of this Wheel; derived directly from the pre-Hellenic matriarchal Moira-dramas, it is darkened and filled with foreboding by the guilt-ridden knowledge of the patriarchal usurpers that they have broken the Wheel of Themis in the realm of human affairs.

The two wheels are light and dark, essence and substance, waxing and waning — all the opposites and complementarities from which our material life is woven — like the two blades of the moon-axe. The axle passing between them is the world-axis itself,

like the haft of the axe. Axis, axle and axe all have a common etymological root, for words, like "inventions", have their basis in metaphysical Reality.

Each Amazon nation in time of war had two queens; the junior one a warrior, the senior, to whom she owed complete obedience, a priestess (they are the Princess and the Banya in chess). When they ride together in the royal chariot, they represent soul and Spirit united in the innermost "cave" of the heart.

\* Available through the Literature Circle

Contd. over



# Work-in-Progress

**THE MAGPIE:** We seem to have so many regular items in "Work in Progress", mostly concerning things available from Lux Madriana, that we have decided to gather them all together in a two-page supplement entitled "The Magpie". New readers will be receiving a copy with this issue (anyone who has not a copy and would like one, please send a stamp). This should release space in "Work in Progress" for telling you what is going on - which, after all, is its real purpose.

**THE MARKET:** A group of Madrians is running a fund-raising stall at the Saturday Market in Rochester, Kent. Any offers of help, to serve on the stall or make items for sale

## Symbolism

Soul, the Princess, is the charioteer and the horses are the senses; the reins are the "rays" of her mind. Only the soul who is truly one with the Spirit can control her senses and desires. She is not the slave of passion, but drives the chariot faultlessly. The "ordinary" profane person is dragged hither and thither by the senses, knowing not whence she comes nor where she goes. She has no will of her own and knows not who "she" is. She is merely a puppet of external stimuli (including bodily and mental, for body and mind are external to the soul). It is *because* Cordelia knows that "She is the Self within all selves" and can say "Her will is mine, and blessed is Her Name", that she can drive the fiery chariot. Spirit and soul meet in the inner cavern of her heart and unite in the fire of union, just as the two riders meet in the fiery chariot. Thus she is literally "warm-hearted" (cordelia). This union is the basis of all Amazon martial arts, and is reflected on many levels throughout the symbolism of Cordelia's story.

Sometimes the horses also form a duality, the obedient white steed and the treacherous black one representing the true and false self respectively. But this brings us on to the symbolism of the horse and the unicorn, which we shall examine in our next issue.

(home-made sweets, preserves, needlework, carvings: any ideas welcome!) will be gratefully received. Contact Estelle Gilmeur, 01-839 7711, extension 472 (daytime).

**THE INNER STORY:** following our article, "Tales from Eternity" last issue, we have been asked for more details about the metaphysical meaning of traditional stories. In response, we decided to publish in this issue a metaphysical commentary on "Cordelia and Imogen", which is a shortened version of the opening of the traditional Cordelia cycle. However, as so often, we had far too much material for our limited space, and this was one of the casualties. We hope to make it available soon through the Literature Circle.

**CONFERENCE:** A conference entitled "The Re-Emergence of the Goddess" was held at Kensington in Maia. It was opened by the writer Geoffrey Ashe, who compared it to a similar event held last year in Santa Cruz, California. In his talk, he drew attention to the radical dishonesty of the profane academic world, citing many examples of highly respected academic authorities whose works were suddenly ignored or discredited when it was realised that they gave evidence for the universal matriarchal origin of society and religion. Modern scholarship, he said, is not impartial on this subject, but blatantly propagandist. The closing address was given by Sister Angelina. Extracts of this are printed on page 17, and the full text is available through the Literature Circle.

**AQUARIAN FESTIVAL:** Lux Madriana had a stand at the festival in London, selling *The Coming Age*, distributing leaflets and talking about the Goddess.

**THE WORK** progresses, but with rising costs of printing and everything else, we are still terribly short of funds. Please try to make a donation in the coming season.

**ACADEMY:** The Pallas Academy's Foundational Diploma Course is now under way. An article outlining the aims of the Academy is on p10.

# WITH GOD AS OUR PRINCESS...



**M**ADRIANISM IS NOT only a faith, but a nation. When an Outsider is Offered to the Goddess, she enters that nation. When she is Initiated, she becomes fully naturalised, and in so doing, she relinquishes her citizenship in any other legitimate nation. What I mean by this is that there is only one legitimate form of government — that which rules in the name of She who owns all nations and in accordance with Her laws. Any other self-styled state is mere theft and tyranny, however old it may be and however many guns it may have to keep it in power. When the first infidel usurper seized power, no true Madrian considered herself to be a member of his pseudo-state, even if she was forced to obey his pseudo-laws. Four thousand years have not changed that.

in a way it is right. For the customs and ceremonies of the modern world are empty. Their inner meaning has been forgotten, and their outer forms are corrupted and atrophied. The conservative people who wish to retain old ways and traditions are fighting a losing battle, because their attitudes are based on nostalgia and sentiment; they can find no real reasons for what they believe. Yet they are not a dying breed. Many young people ardently desire the abandonment of modern ways and a return to the older, more traditional way of life. They seek practical utilitarian reasons for this in the science of oecology, some of which are sound, others really quite contrived. But the real roots of this movement go far deeper than might appear on the surface. As with the older type of traditionalist, a very profound instinct is at work which, through lack of inner knowledge, takes on a purely emotional form. The justification of this emotion in terms of utilitarian physical objectives is really a "rationalisation" of a deeper and more powerful drive which is felt, but not understood.



As well as a nation, the Madrian also belongs to a clan or tribe within it, and all the laws and rules of life come to her through this immediate home-community, whether she lives within it or not. this is the only "state" to which she owes allegiance.

With God as our Princess, with Her Law as our law, every aspect of life becomes a golden thread binding ourselves to Her. Every act of life has a ritual purpose. So much is said nowadays about doing away with "empty rituals" in all areas of life; and

For the ancient crafts and the traditional methods of agriculture are part of the divine Law laid down by earth's true Princess. But as we have said, the inner meaning of this Law has been lost for many centuries. That is why the ignorant were able to replace it with superficially more "efficient" methods. In themis times, our Princess gives laws to each nation through Her regents, the princesses of the earth, covering crafts, dress, food, the decoration of homes and all manner of other things. This does not mean that a precise pattern must be slavishly followed, but that the rules and





principles are laid down. If a physician wishes to cure the sick, she must know her craft, she must understand the body, both physical and subtle and follow the rules and methods of the medical art. Otherwise her medicine will not work. Similarly, if human life is to serve its true purpose of leading the soul back to her true Home, the art of life must be known and practised.

In the household where I grew up and where I live still, we have never had electrical lighting. Why not? Because it is not themis. The flame is an eternal form, a reflection of the Real on the plane of matter. Its inner meaning is purity and union with our Lady. It is a portion of the sun. A piece of glowing wire has no inner essence. It is a mongrel form spawned solely on the plane of matter, with no divine Archetype. She who lives by the light of the flame is led into the soul of the flame. She who lives by the light of a piece of wire passes into meaninglessness and illusion. I do not mean, of course, that anyone who uses electrical lighting is damned! Lighting is only one small part of life, but if a false form is used, it is one element out of themis, one element pulling in the wrong direction; and life in the late Iron Age is a whole tissue of such elements.

We wear clothes made in the traditional way, from the materials which our Princess has provided for us. Each pattern and every fold has its meaning, and any maid of fourteen can expound in detail the metaphysics of her dress. Maid is a microcosm, and her dress is a ritual form which unites her with the source of her being. The changing fashions, the false materials, the meaningless and merely "decorative" designs of modern dress have also their symbolism, for they show forth a

state of humanity plunged into the impermanent flux of matter, meaninglessness and spiritual ignorance.

To a maid conditioned with the outward materialist view of life (and patriarchal religion takes this view just as much as atheism) these things may seem unimportant. Only one versed in the inner significance of outward actions can understand their depth and power. So often, when one reads of patriarchal communities which have retained some vestige of tradition in their way of life, whether American Indians, Romanies, or some eastern tribe, one reads also: "But these ways are passing", "The younger ones wear jeans and T-shirts nowadays", "The horses are gradually being replaced by tractors" etc. etc. That is because the inner meaning is not understood. Tradition is retained for a time out of sentiment, but there are no solid principles which could give it the strength to withstand "the march of Progress".



But the Madrian life is not based on sentiment, but on the eternal rock of concrete metaphysical Principles; and we know that "the march of Progress" is nothing other than the accelerating decay of the Iron Age. Madrians, young and old, are happy to follow the old ways and to give obedience to the mistress of the household and elder sisters of the clan, knowing that they are the regents of God. Outside, a false egalitarian libertarianism is encouraged in everyone - the discipline of family and community crumbles, while the octopus of the bureaucratic state winds its tentacles ever tighter. It is in the interest of the tyrant state to undermine every kind of authority except its own.

The Madrian household is at peace, for it is centred on the Law of Harmony. The fire of love burns in its hearth, the old tales are told around it and the songs of our mothers are sung. We have but little "leisure", for our work is as absorbing as any hobby. We are the servants of our Princess and not of money-grubbing corp-

orations or state bureaucrats, and our work has a far higher purpose than merely "keeping body and soul together" for we know that our souls have another destiny. Our discipline is strict, and I know that we are happier for it. But more than all this, our experience, whether of everyday life, or of our many festivals is somehow fuller and more complete, more like that of a child. It is often said that the "cult of childhood" is the invention of the last three centuries. In fact, the reverse is true. Indeed, there was no great division between children and grown-ups before that period, but what has been invented is the cult of adult-ism. Suddenly the children, who still had a sense of wonder, who could feel the mysterious depth of the old fairy tales and immerse themselves in simple games, became a race apart from the cynical, sophisticated adults. The human race, "liberated" from God and "enlightened" by material science had "come of age", as the textbooks tell us. In fact it was passing into senility, racked by neurosis, anxiety and doubt. The madness of the modern world is not natural. It is natural to live as the children of God. In the past, all England and all the world lived in this way. It is the way things have been since the dawn of time, the way they were meant to be. We are not just a faith, but a nation. We are the true England.

Sister Julia

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