

No.

14

# THE COMING AGE



CHILDHOOD, Youth & Maturity

The Matriarchal Way of Growing Up

# THE COMING AGE



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## In the Best Tradition

THE HYMN on this page is a popular traditional Easter carol. It is given in its normal form, without any attempt to 'modernise' it for the non-Madrian reader. The following notes, therefore are to help in its understanding and appreciation.

Rayant: radiant, raying. Rayin: queen, princess - it is one syllable, and is pronounced almost, but not quite, as if it rhymed with 'line'. All the lines of this verse rhyme with it, as does Sain, which means holy (cf saint, sancte). Sovereign is three syllables. The 'shivering souls' are the souls who followed Inanna out of the Nether World (*Mythos* VI, 19).

Leered (two syllables) means emptied. Mari is a name of the Mother. Irkalla is the Dark Queen; the personal principle of evil, who slew Inanna. Deathys gatys: death's gates.

The first verse is the chorus, and is often sung between the other verses. We may note that the fifth verse, which is the mid-point, and also the turning point of the hymn from dolorous to glorious, we return to the rhyme of the first.

## SAIN SOVEREIGN!

Risen is the rayant Rayin;  
From the darkness come again;  
Shivering souls walk in Her train;  
Sain Sovereign!

Stept She unto a loathly place,  
Freely and of Her sov'reign grace  
Only to save our fallen race;  
Sain Sovereign!

Holy Her hands were straitly bound,  
Though they had set the stars in round;  
All of Her flesh bore grievous wound;  
Sain Sovereign!

Bitter the blows Her bones did bear;  
Bitter the stripes Her flesh did wear;  
Bitter the scars She suffer'd there;  
Sain Sovereign!

On the World-Pillar hang'd Her corse,  
Leered of all its quick'ning force;  
And in our hearts is sharp remorse;  
Sain Sovereign!

Death may not hold the rayant Rayin,  
Mari doth bring Her life again;  
Deathys dark house is rent in twain;  
Sain Sovereign!

Broken are deathys gatys wide;  
Broken is black Irkalla's pride;  
Never shall we in death abide;  
Sain Sovereign!

Crown Her with stars and garlands bright!  
She that hath vanquish't evil's might!  
Hail to the triumph of the right!

Hail to the dawn of death's dark night!  
Hail to the Princess of the Light!  
Crown Her with stars and garlands bright!  
Sain Sovereign!

# FLOWERS

## IN THE LIGHT OF SACRED SCIENCE



**AS THE SPRINGTIDE** draws upon us, the barren earth of winter is transfigured by the bright effusion of one of nature's richest and most mysterious gifts. Flowers in a hundred shapes and colours; each one designed with perfect form and symmetry; each expressing some unique thought

in the mind of God. A soul awake and receptive to beauty must be astonished afresh each year by this glorious abundance, and must ask within herself "What are these resplendent creatures which we call flowers; what is their innermost essence?"

According to the point of view of material science, to which the modern mind has been conditioned to turn for the 'explanation' of all things, a flower is a characteristic of the class of plants called angiosperms. Its normal purpose, especially where the flower is conspicuous and attractive, is to secure the transference of pollen from one plant to another by the medium of a flying insect.

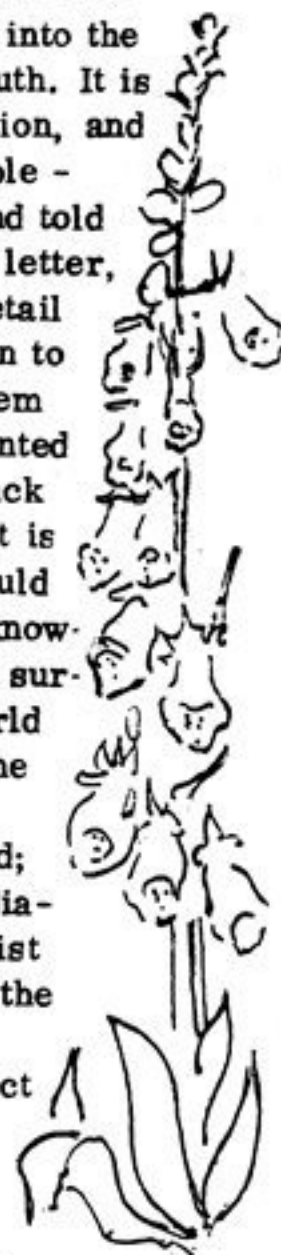
The 'scientific' account only explains the physical function of the flower. It does not give the smallest hint of an explanation for the variety and complexity of forms found in flowers; far less can it explain why each of the innumerable and perfect forms should be exactly as it is and not otherwise.

It is obvious that both in complexity and in variety, nature has gone far beyond the mere requirements of survival. The evolutionary hypothesis is quite inadequate to explain the real nature of flowers, just as it is inadequate to explain the real nature of anything.

In point of fact, even the general assertion that the colour and form of flowers exist for the purpose of attracting insects is misleading. Modern experimenters have pulled the petals off geraniums and found that insects visited them just as before. The flowers of vines, ivy, box, gooseberries and sycamore are small and green, and yet prove more attractive to insects than many more conspicuous varieties. The fig

and the yucca both depend for pollination upon one small and specialised variety of insect, yet while the flowers of the yucca are large and bright, and displayed on stems many feet high, those of the fig are small and hidden. Bees will always go to a ready source of sugar, such as the waste from a refinery, although it has no flower, and will desert their normal sources for it.

The intricacy and formal perfection of a flower is no mere device for attracting insects. If it serves that function, it does so as a by-product, and not particularly efficiently (efficiency being defined as the maximum result for the minimum effort). To define the flower in such terms is like saying that a magnificent stained-glass window created by a great artist-craftsmaid is a device for letting light into the Temple. It is not so much as a half-truth. It is a definition of the whole by a tiny fraction, and as such it is a falsehood pure and simple - like the child who went to the circus and told her mother that she had been to post a letter, having done so on the way there. To retail this mean and mealy-mouthed deception to children or adolescents is to poison them for life. Every intelligent soul, confronted with the glory of flowers, has in the back of her consciousness the thought "What is the meaning of this miracle?" and should this question be slain at birth by the 'knowledge' that it is 'only' a device for the survival of a species, not only has the world been robbed of a depth and wonder in the heart of that child, but something far deeper and more sinister has occurred; something which reveals the literally diabolic influence underlying the materialist or 'scientist' or evolutionist doctrine: the voice of God has been silenced in that child's heart. For every flower, perfect and complex in its design, is a 'word' of God; the expression or manifestation in matter of an Idea in Her divine Mind. Any true appreciation of flowers



involves at least some faint intuition of their meaning. An intuition which the 'scientific' approach is specifically designed to destroy.

What, then, is the meaning of flowers? Let it be said firstly that a flower, like every natural thing, is a symbol, and that the deepest meaning of a symbol can never be expressed in words, but only experienced through a direct intellectual perception. Nevertheless, a verbal exposition can give an important indication toward the inner meaning.

In the case of flowers, it must be understood that each species has its own specific symbolism, which, in many cases, would require an exposition many times the length of this article. What can be given here, therefore, must be only the most general indication of the principles underlying the manifestation of flowers as seen in the light of the true sacred science which deals with the transcendent causes of things, as opposed to material science which views only the mechanical *modus operandi*.

Primarily, a flower is a symbol of the manifestation of the divine Ideas, or Archetypes, upon the plane of matter. The very variety and multiplicity of flowers is indicative of the plurality and uniqueness of the celestial Archetypes; while the earth from which they grow represents the

pole of being which is opposite and complementary to the essential or Archetypal: that is, the material or substantial pole of manifestation (sub-stance = literally that which "stands under"). The fact that colour is a prominent feature of flowers is connected with their Archetypal nature, for colour is a reflection of the primal qualitative differentiation of things. Thus, the seven colours of the rainbow correspond to the seven great Geniae who govern the seven primal categories of being.

In general, the form of the flower may be as-

simulated to two other symbols; firstly the wheel. By virtue of the radiation of the petals out from the centre, a flower partakes of the wheel's function as a symbol of cosmic manifestation (see "The Wheel and the Chariot",

TCA 11) Secondly, the flower corresponds to the chalice (the word calyx is etymologically identical to Chalice). In this aspect, the flower is the material vessel which lies open to the form-giving essence or Archetypes. Since essence, or Spirit, is often represented by a ray emanating from the supernal Sun, Who is the Mother, it is highly significant that a flower draws a great part of its sustenance from Her cosmic symbol, the physical sun.

In the case of the lotus, which is the central flower of the east (corresponding to the rose and the lily in the west: the rose being a symbol of the Mother, and the lily of the Daughter), the celestial ray striking the surface of the waters corresponds to the World-Axis passing through the centre of a particular plane of being (see "The Cave", TCA9 etc.) of which our physical plane is one example; while the blossoming of the flower represents the manifestation of a world-system (such as the physical universe) upon that plane, developing out from the central point through which the axis passes. In the west, the water-lily carries the same symbolism,\* while in the case of other flowers, the earth represents specifically the physical plane of being, thus giving the flower an identical, though less universal, significance. Thus the symbolism of the wheel radiating out from the axis and of the chalice filled by the rays of the divine Spirit (cf *Mythos*, VII, 13 and 22) are combined.

We may note that while a flower is primarily a natural symbol, the cultivation of new strains by human intervention, provided it be done according to the principles of themis, can create an authentic symbol, as can the legitimate activity of any sacred craft (the more garish modern cultivars, which impair the symbolic content of the flowers concerned, are equivalent to the spiritually barren products of modern industry as opposed to the works of true craft). The primary example of this is the cultivated rose, known to be one of the earliest, probably the earli-



# Work-in-Progress

**INTERVIEW:** On the 23rd of Moura, Sister Angelina gave an interview to an Oxford radio station, explaining the Madrian beliefs, philosophy and way of life. Particular attention was given to Madrian culture and traditions in these islands, and how those not born Madrians can return to the old ways.

est, of the cultivated flowers. While the wild rose, with its five petals, is related to the Pentacle with all its manifold significances, the cultivated rose, bearing a multiplicity of petals, both symbolises the labyrinthine depth of the Spirit, and, in the stylised representations of sacred art, may be depicted with twelve, thirteen, fifteen, thirty-two, sixty-four or even hundreds of petals, each number (and many others) having a particular metaphysical significance.

Finally we may note that flowers are symbols of the material manifestation of divine Ideas in a particular aspect - that is to say, in the aspect of beauty. God is the quintessence of all positive qualities. All earthly goodness is the reflection of Her absolute goodness; all intelligence, all joy, all existence but shadows of the absolute Intelligence, Joy and Existence of God. Likewise, all beauty is the reflection of Her absolute Beauty. We love and are attracted by beauty only because deep in our hearts we are reminded of the one changeless and eternal Beauty with which, in the beginning, we were one. It is just such a 'reminder' which flowers constitute. Symbolising the manifestation of the world in its aspect of beauty, they seek to lead us beyond the world, to the unmanifest Reality which lies behind all earthly beauty.

SISTER ANGELINA

\* This 'reflected' manifestation upon the lower planes of being corresponds to the 'secondary creation' wrought by the Daughter, as opposed to the primordial creation of the Archetypal cosmos wrought by the Mother (*Creation*, chapter I). This is one aspect of the lily's reflection of the Daughter.

**CALENDAR:** The new calendar for 5082 is now available; it is really two calendars in one, with the usual large month-to-page one, giving all major and minor festivals and natural Rites, plus lots more information, plus a dual-dated calendar digest for those living or working outside a Madrian environment, so that one can keep track of both sacred and profane dates at a glance. The main calendar is illustrated throughout with beautiful traditional Celtic knotwork designs, and incorporates the motifs of the thirteen-sign zodiac, which align with the thirteen months of the year. It is executed throughout by the Madrian artist Richard of the House of Colwyn, and may well become a collector's item in years to come; so order yours now, while the price is only 75p post free.

**TROUBLE:** The reason why this magazine is so late (and why overseas subscribers will not receive it until after Easter) is that our expensive typesetter broke down half-way through its production. We have now got a better one (as you may have noticed), which we were intending to do in any case. But we could not really afford to do so without first selling the old one. This puts us in a difficult financial position; and as repairs to the old machine are likely to be costly, we are likely to sustain a considerable overall loss even when it is eventually sold. Put briefly, this means that most of our activities will have to be cut to the bone over the coming months, and our Lady's work of gathering in Her lost souls will be severely hampered unless some extra donations come to the rescue. We would therefore ask everyone who is able to give something, great or small, in order to help the work over this crisis. The ways in which your money will be spent are not spectacular, but they are vitally important, for it is in this slow and quiet gathering in of souls and making known of the good Doctrine of our Mistress that the seeds of the new age, which shall follow upon this present chaos, are being sown.

# Scenes from a Madrian Childhood

## Part 2: My Father



**I**N MANY WAYS my father was a very contrasting personality to my mother. While she was controlled and dignified and a little reserved, he was of a sanguine and outgoing temperament. He found life in general to be amusing and laughed often. While my mother was learned in the history of our people and could, with a little persuasion, be induced to tell high tales of the ancient days, my father knew countless merry yarns and could tell more of the tricks of Shearwind the vixen than anyone I have met. His songs, too, were of the merrier sort, and though his singing voice was not sweet and true like my mother's, he could hold a tune well enough on a fireside evening with plenty of good ale inside him.

I remember when I first went to a large city in my teen-age; some Madrians who were familiar with that place came to guide me through the unfamiliar world. They were acutely embarrassed by the noise and bustle, by the thousand unnatural things that were monuments to a debased and materialistic way of life. There was a sense of shame in allowing these things to come into contact with a properly-reared Madrian child. By contrast, about a year later, my father had occasion to take me through that same city. In him there was no trace of embarrassment. He pointed out the office blocks and vulgar advertising posters and simply roared with laughter. To him, the monstrous anomaly of modern civilisation was just a huge, outlandish joke. And nothing in the world could have protected me from the strangeness and wickedness of this modern Babylon better than the comfortable, confident and heartfelt laughter of my father.

To those who did not know him, it may have seem-

ed that he was a person who ignored the deeper and more serious side of life. But that was not so. He had unbounded admiration for my mother's wisdom and devout spirituality, and this was an integral part of his deep love for her. It is true to say that his life revolved around her. Ideally, of course, every wife is the representative of God to her husband, and insofar as she obeys Her laws and rules him in accordance with them, this is so.

But when the maid is truly the mistress of her lower self, and truly the servant of God, then this can go far deeper. The Scriptures say that a man may approach God through his wife, and this my father did. He treated her always with a deep reverence, obedience and devotion. Of course, any man would count it a low and contemptible thing actually to disobey his wife, but my father's service went beyond both natural obedience and natural love. He saw within my mother the light of the Divine. He sought her advice on all things and treated her lightest word as an oracle. He brought her often gifts of flowers or of some little thing that he had made for her like one who brings an offering to the Temple. For our Lady has written:

"I am every priestess and every mother, each princess and each lady of the earth, and none has authority save in Me. Therefore obey Me in thy lady, for I am thy Lady in she."

My mother was deeply conscious of his devotion and I am sure that it gave her a particular feeling of

responsibility. She strove ever harder to make herself a perfect temple for our Lady; struggled still more valiantly to bring under control such faults as she might possess.

Thus she was the flame that lighted his way toward heaven, the image, in his eyes, of the Spirit Herself; whilst he, by his devotion, inspired her on toward perfection; each of them loving the other more dearly because the very heart and core of their love is the love of God; and loving God more dearly in their love of one another. This is the love of maid and man, and the reason why marriage is a sacred contract and a true vocation.

The energy of this love flowed into the devotion of the whole household. Most strongly would I feel this in an evening when my mother took her seat by the fire. My father would sit at her feet, and I upon his knees, while she would have my little sister on her lap.

About the fire would be her pupils and other members of the family. Her clear voice would lead us in devotional songs and chants or she would read from the scriptures or recite one of the many passages she knew by heart.

Even when she told her wonderful tales and histories of the past, she showed in every word how God is at work in human affairs; how She lives in the valour of the great ones like Queen Colwyn, Cordelia, Morrigan the Falconer; how the beauty of the beautiful, the courage of the noble, the strength of the strong and the wisdom of the wise were all manifestations of the glory of God. Even my father's beloved Shearwind was a yerthing\* of Nimue, the trickster aspect of the Lady Metis.

Marriage, however, was not my father's sole vocation. He was adept in several of the mysteries of agriculture, and in particular he was a fine ploughman. Ploughing is perhaps the men's mystery *par excellence*. Part of the art lies in making

\* yerthing: descent, coming-to-earth

the furrows utterly straight, and so it has not a little in common with the mystery of archery (cf TCA 13), but it is also bound up with the relationship of the ploughman with his horse (cf "The Horse and the Unicorn" TCA 12), the governing of the soul by the Spirit. The earth on one level is the world of matter, through the resistance and support of which our spiritual progress is made, yet on a deeper level it is the Dark Mother, Who is the Ground of all being. This is but a hint at the inner mystery of ploughing. It is a craft which engages the whole *physical* being of the adept. As my mother said: men, even more than maids, often

need to feel their mystery in their very blood and bones and muscles in order truly to realise it.

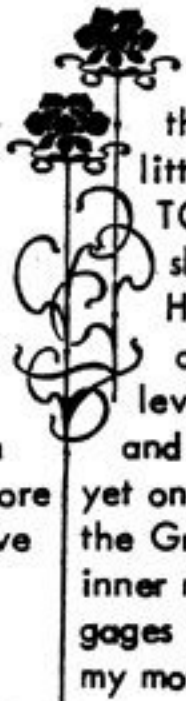
All of my father's vibrant animal spirits were poured into this craft, and it brought him closer to our Lady day by day.

I sometimes wonder what my father would have been like if he had not been a Madrian.

Deprived of a meaningful craft, of the guidance, governance and

love of a true matriarchal marriage, cut off from the way of obedience and the support and good comradeship of a traditional community, he would have been forced to live, like so many other poor creatures, a life without depth or meaning or true purpose; dwelling alone with a wife who could offer no guidance or direction and children who would soon go off into the world and become almost strangers, oppressed in the depths of his heart by an aching sense of the futility of it all. And the world would have lost one of the finest and most beautiful men that ever walked the surface of the earth.

And I wonder also how many fine and noble souls walk among the grey disconsolate masses of the modern world, crushed by the weight of the materialist machine, hating its lies, and yet continuing to believe them, who, had they not been brainwashed from the age of five, would have had the power to look upon the great ridiculous sprawl of modernity, and laugh.





# INANNA

## VALIANT AND VICTORIOUS

**R**ED AND WHITE, the interweaving flowers and ribbons of the Queen of Heaven\*, reflect the aspects of the nature of Inanna which are at the heart of the Easter Mystery. The meaning of the Act by which the cosmos is redeemed can never be fully clear to us in this life. Its grandeur and its terror would dazzle our senses into shocked incomprehension; it would be beyond our endurance. Thus we are given the story of the *Mythos* to lead our understanding along the gentle way to the full radiance of eternal Truth. For the story is the Truth indeed, fitted to our condition on this world, and meditation upon it opens into an ever richer and deeper knowledge of the Reality from which it protects us. This is the story of Inanna, Whose banner is woven in white and red.

White is the colour of divine Light, containing within it all the colours of the spectrum, all the colours of all things. Its meaning is wholeness, completion and perfection, and it is this light which Inanna brings for the healing of the world. When the world was perfect in the beginning, the white light of the celestial Mother shone on all things, and silver, the radiance of white, was their colour. All was innocent, good and pure, until through the black Snake the world was tainted, and the white light broken. The white robe which Inanna wears symbolises Her own spotless innocence and perfect purity, for She is the perfect soul that has never fallen; the snow-white Dove, the stainless Sacrifice.

Red is the lowest colour of the spectrum of seven colours which formed the rainbow after the fall when the pure Light of the Divine no longer shone directly on the world. The red sphere rules the virtue of courage, and in its turn is ruled by *Madria Niké*, the Daughter of the Flaming Sword and commander of the armed hosts of Heaven in the contest with the forces of darkness. Her name means 'victory'. Red is the symbolic colour of

Inanna's sacrifice, Her descent from divinity to the lowest planes of being, and is the symbol also of the heroic strength and great courage which enabled Her to give Herself for us. It is the heart's blood of the sacrificial Dove.

What is the story of Easter? It is the story of a young, beautiful and innocent Princess ruling Her people in Her Mother's absence, according to Her Mother's wishes. She is given great power; power over the wind and the waters, over the seasons and the stars, and She uses that power wisely, following Her Mother's Law. She rules with love and with peace, and brings hope and happiness wherever Her reign extends. This is Inanna, Princess of the World, and all the joys and pleasures that we know on earth are the gifts of Her reign.

The Princess knew, however, that there were souls outside Her governance; outside light and happiness and glory; souls who had allowed themselves to be captured by the Dark Queen, and who lay helplessly in the darkness. She knew also that every one of Her people was in danger from Her sovereign enemy. She knew that the Dark Queen feared Her power and Her light, and would always retreat before Her, not allowing herself to be conquered. And She knew what She must do. To offer open combat, clothed with the sun as She was, would be useless; no envoy could be sent, for none were strong enough. She must go Herself to Her enemy's realm, stripped of Her power, and carry Her own gentleness and goodness there for the comfort of the subjects of darkness. Thus it is that Inanna makes Her sacrifice, that the cosmos may never know eternal night, but that every soul may always hope to be perfected in reunion with the Mother of All Things.

Without fear, there is no courage, and the Princess knew fear. She was weak now, and could die, and knew that She faced death and worse than death. She would not be turned from Her purpose by promises or by threats. She did not go with the

hope that She would be comforted or protected or rescued. She expected nothing and accepted everything; endured everything with serene resolution, until She stood before the Dark Queen, armed only with Her innocence and courage. And there She died. Thus did Inanna die. Not the physical death which we die, beyond which there is new life, but an unspeakable, unknowable spiritual death of complete oblivion. This is the death from which Her death shields us, in an act heroic beyond human measure.

Inanna's victory over death does not begin with Her resurrection. It begins when first She swears to carry Her gentle light into the realms of darkness and death; for it is in the bringing of the light that She has won Her first victory. Even as She hangs lifeless on the pillar, the great Moon-Axe which symbolises Her light hangs above Her head, at the centre of the Nether World. Inanna also 'brings' the greater light of Her Mother to that realm; a light so bright and fierce that the gatekeepers of Hell flee before it, and the great gate is shattered. In the union of Her light with that of Her Mother is the final victory through which every place comes under Her sovereignty, on, above or below the earth. And this is the joy that is Easter.

The fruits of Inanna's sacrifice and victory are always with us; for it is from our Princess that all good things come, from the smallest flower to life itself. And as the spring unfolds all about us, as the flowers unfold from the shoot, the trees explode into snowy blossom, the hills and the valleys awaken into exuberant life; it is Her own heart's blood that quickens them. All the glory of the earth She has won for us; it is sweet and joyful only because it is Her reconquered realm, won back from the withered and

withering hand of the Enemy. What would the earth be like without Her? We know exactly what it would be like, for the Scriptures tell us what it was like while She was not with us, during the time that She hung dead upon the Pillar of the World.

"...neither bird sung, nor any flower showed its beauty forth; nor was there joy in any heart."  
 "...And the rivers of the earth ceased to flow, but drained

away into the salt sea. And the sea ceased to move, but stood still in awful stagnancy. And there was drouth in all the earth. And neither maid bore child nor ewe brought forth the lamb. And every living thing began to wither from its roots. And in the nights were neither moon nor stars, and the heat of the sun by day was terrible."

This is the world without Inanna. This is the world as the Enemy wants it to be. This is the world as it would be, if Inanna had not conquered and transformed it by Her courage and Her unthinkable sacrifice. This is the world which, by our disobedience, we have earned, yet by Her

mercy and Her courage and Her suffering, She would not allow us to have.

As you look around yourself this spring, it may be that you do not see much blossom; it may be that you see more concrete than columbine; for many places on the earth are very much as the Enemy would wish them to be. For this is the Iron Age, the Age of Irkalla; and she has placed her quislings and collaborators among maids\*\* in the high places of the earth. Nuclear and chemical wastes, and a hundred different forms of pollution threaten to create a world very much like that described in the passage quoted above; yet this is as nothing compared to the bleak and barren wasteland which modern atheism and materialism is making of





# Childhood, Youth and Maturity

A Study in Decadence

I WAS INFORMED recently that an international chess championship had been won by a child of fourteen. I am also told that most of the great speculative thinkers of modern physics have made all their most important discoveries before the age of twenty-five; and that the age of international champions in many athletic sports is steadily receding toward adolescence.

These are facts of no small significance for the modern world. The chess example may perhaps be a freak; but it is nonetheless symptomatic. Chess was traditionally a contemplative activity. The prime quality of a good chess player was a profound spiritual maturity. It is only when the game has been reduced to a skeleton of its former self - to a merely mathematical and technical exercise - that it becomes possible for an agile-minded child to equal or even excel those with long experience.

In sport, similarly, the traditional civilisation knew nothing of merely secular displays of physical prowess. Every "sport" was a contemplative discipline resting upon spiritual rather than physical skill (cf the article on archery in TCA 13). In each case, what is indicated by these youthful triumphs is a lack of maturity in the practices valued by modern civilisation. Where true (that is, spiritual) maturity is not required or valued, an adolescent may well be superior, both in bodily and in mental prowess, to her elders.

The instance of the physicists is rather more serious in its implications, for it indicates that the same shallowness and lack of maturity which has entered into competitive pastimes also characterises this most respected of disciplines. Indeed, it is wholly typical of the modern outlook that the science which is imagined to explain the very nature of "matter" and of the universe not only appears not to require maturity for its highest achievements, but to be actually easier for those who lack it! This has been explained on the ground that as one grows older one gets a fixed view of things, and that to inaugurate a truly revolutionary concept, the mind must be quite flexible and un-tied to the past. In other words, this discipline is so bound

up with the impermanent flux of matter, so subject to the cult of perpetual change, that only the most unformed minds can fully enter into it. It is the precise reverse of the traditional concept of the aged Ranya achieving Realisation of the immutable and changeless Truth and leading her younger pupils toward it. In this modern parody, only the youngest and rawest aspirant can catch a brief handhold upon the whirling and chaotic flux; quickly giving place to one yet younger and rawer. For "earth moves, but Heaven is still". The Spirit is immutable, but the deeper we plunge into matter, the more we are lost amidst a phantasmogoria of shifting and dissolving images.

At the same time, we are told that children are "growing up more quickly". In other words, they are reaching maturity at an earlier age. But in many ways, what is actually happening is that the modern concept of human maturity is simply getting lower. A person who lives for this world alone; who has a little knowledge, a great deal of shrewdness and not a scrap of real wisdom is counted "mature".

A dog can reach a ripe old age in fifteen years. That is because the purpose and fulfilment of a dog's existence entails comparatively little. A dog lives only for material things - food, comfort, procreation etc. When human beings live on this level, they too can reach "maturity" in under fifteen years. All the energy which should





normally go into developing and maturing the soul is poured into the shallow material development which is all that modern "maturity" requires.

Human childhood is far longer than that of any animal precisely because man has so much more development to undergo. The fact that children are becoming physically mature at an earlier age (interestingly, this is much less marked in Madrian communities) is a frightening symptom of the descent of modern humanity toward the animal level. What differentiates man from the animals is *not* her merely rational faculty, but her ability to transcend the earthly plane, to know absolute Truth and to approach God. When this central pivot of her existence is neglected, she has already lost that which makes her truly human.

Yet it has been argued that "childhood" as we know it is only the invention of the last three centuries; that before the bourgeois "cult of childhood" there was no great divide between the child and the adult. Now like so many modern notions, this is simply the truth turned upside-down. It is quite true that the division between children and adults was not so wide as it later became. Four centuries ago, adults were not ashamed to listen with delight to the traditional stories that are now despised as "fairy tales". It was not unusual for grown maids to play five-stones, or other "children's games" in the street or the market-square. What has happened is not that we have developed a "cult of childhood". Rather, we have developed a cult of adult-ism. It is the "adult" as we know her today that is the modern bourgeois invention; or at any rate, she has become a more widespread and pronounced phenomenon. And having invented the adult, the next stage in the process is to phase out the true child, that maid may leap direct from infancy to adult-ism.

And what is this adult-ism? Simply a lack of the sense of the depth and wonder of the world; a loss of innocence and simplicity with no corresponding gain in wisdom. Take the fairy-tale. A child sees it on the surface level, rejoicing in its magic and beauty. As she grows older, she begins to see its inner spiritual meaning; to learn the deeper roots

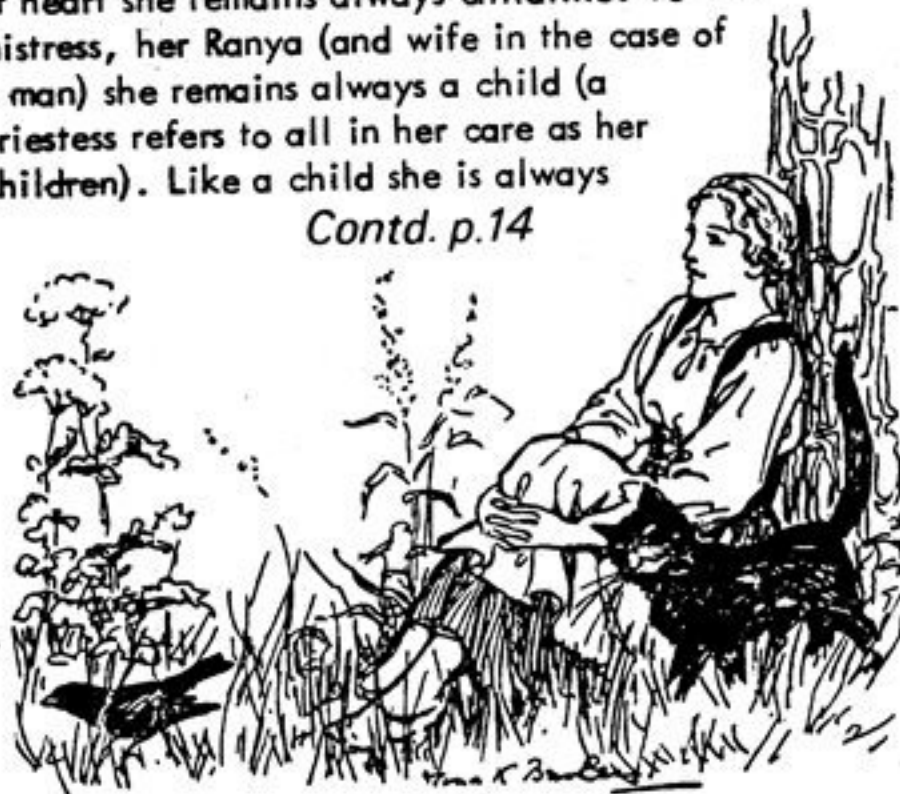
of the wonder which the story originally inspired. This is the true process of growth. But the modern "adult" cannot see the inner meaning of the story. When she has finished looking at its surface level, she simply casts it aside in order to look at the surface level of something else, such as a novel. She feels that she has "outgrown" it, when in fact she has merely failed to comprehend it.

The Scriptures praise both wisdom and maturity and also the virtues of childhood ("unless your souls be simple as the running deer, My childer, and your hearts as little childer filled with wonder, how shall you attain to Liberation?"). But the modern "adult" combines the worst features of both age and immaturity - a young head on old shoulders.

Perhaps this is most clearly seen in the cult of "youth" - the ideal which the whole modern world worships. True childhood is pure, innocent and simple. "Youth" is slick, clever and worldly-wise, unbound by "old-fashioned" morality. True childhood is obedient and ready to learn; "youth" is independent and rebellious. True maturity, on the other hand, is steadfast and undistracted by the things of the world, calm, patient and wise; "youth" is the opposite of all these things, continually pursuing fads and fashions. It is the perfect combination of the worst of both worlds. Little wonder that the modern world adores it.

The traditional maid, on the other hand, is the very reverse of this. In her simplicity and innocence of heart she remains always childlike. To her mistress, her Ranya (and wife in the case of a man) she remains always a child (a priestess refers to all in her care as her children). Like a child she is always

*Contd. p.14*



# THE COMING festival meaning



## SPRING

Correspondence of the sacred and secular calendars for the seasons of Moura and Spring, for the years 5081-5082 I.A.

5081: Moura: February 19 - March 18  
- Hiatus: March 19 - March 20  
5082: Columbina: March 21 - April 17  
Maia: April 18 - May 15  
Hera: May 16 - June 12

### Major Festivals

EASTER: Passion (Moura 28th), Hiatus (-), Resurrection (Columbina 1st) Spring Equinox (March 18th - 21st).

LADY DAY: Columbina 5th (March 25th)

EXALTATION: Maia 14th (May 1st)

### Minor Festivals

MAIA'S DAY: Maia 1st (April 18th)

ROSARY DAY: Maia 3rd (April 20th)

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

## Easter

Spring is the season of growth and rebirth; the beginning of the new year after the apparent death of winter. The first festival of spring is Easter, the celebration of the rebirth of Inanna, the divine Daughter of the Mother of All Things. Without the sacrifice of Her suffering and death in the realm of the Dark Queen, the world would be swallowed up in an eternal winter and finally dissolve into nothingness. So with Her resurrection, the earth itself, the year, and every human soul is reborn. These events happen not in the distant past but beyond time in the eternal Present. They are a part of the pattern of the cosmic Year

of which every earthly year is an echo.

The name Easter comes through Oestre, the Teutonic goddess of Spring and dawn, from Ishtar, a name of the Daughter in ancient matriarchal Babylon. It is the central festival of the Madrian calendar and due to its ritual significance is the time most usually chosen for initiations.

PASSION: The last day of the penitential month of Moura is the last day of the year. In a ritual sense, time itself comes to an end with the death of Inanna. This day is spent quietly and solemnly in prayer and meditation. Its symbols are the equiarmed cross of matter, which indicates that by Her sacrifice, Inanna has spread Her light throughout the manifest universe "even to the nethermost regions and the regions of death" and the willow, the tree of mortification and sacrifice.

The sacred custom of eating hot spicy buns marked with an equiarmed cross, especially associated with the festival, was observed also among the ancient Greeks, Romans, Saxons and others, particularly in the worship of Diana-Artemis.

HIATUS: Our Lady hangs lifeless on the pillar of the world, and without Her, all creation is without life, for She is the support of all the cosmos. The Mother of All things weeps for Her Daughter, walking in sorrow over heaven and earth.

This year there are two Hiatus days, but the strict Hiatus is kept on the second day. The Hiatus, which belongs neither to the old year nor to the new, is a time of disciplined inactivity: silence, fast and prayer, culminating for many in a vigil kept until dawn on the Resur-

# EGG SEASON

## Eggs & celebration

rection. All work begun on this day is sure to fail, and all but the bare minimum of tasks are suspended. Altars and shrines are draped in black with no decoration beyond a few sprigs of yew, the tree of death.

**RESURRECTION:** Rejoicing is the keynote of this festival, for Inanna, and with Her the whole earth, is reborn and at one with the Mother of All Things. The equiarmed cross of the Passion is transformed into the Resurrection Cross, as it is superimposed upon the circle of full divinity and pure Spirit. Of the other symbols of the festival, the egg self-evidently represents new life and rebirth; the dove is Inanna, the Sacrificial Dove arisen and glorious; and the hare, by its cavorting dance, is said to welcome the return of the Princess of the World.

The festival colours are white and gold; the white of purity and the gold of triumph. Altars are decorated with candles, lilies, daffodils and yew, while homes and shrines are bright with flowers and greenery, the new growth of spring. The first hour (ie dawn) of the first day of the year, at the birth of spring is the time when the Easter Rite is celebrated.

Dancing and games with eggs - rolling, tossing, juggling and hunting - are part of the celebration of the festival. Special Easter foods include dyed and painted hard-boiled eggs, chocolate, marzipan and jelly eggs and hares, Easter biscuits (a thick fruited shortbread) and cus-

tard tarts.

## Exaltation

Inanna is the Princess of the World, our one true Sovereign, and on this festival we celebrate Her return to Her ranyam (realm) after Her descent into darkness.

The daffodil is the day's special flower, an emblem of praise, and before the Rite is heard the paean "All nature shouts with a single voice the praises of our Lady".

The earth is renewed, and on Lady Day we ask Inanna's blessing on all things, that they may become ever more perfect and closer to the eternal Realities which they echo.

## Lady Day

Our Lady is crowned with stars as the Queen of Heaven by the shining Geniae, perfect daughters of Eternity, and pure expressions of the unique facets of Godhead. She is returned to Her full divinity, and reigns over the three realms of Heaven, earth and the nether regions. On this day we also celebrate the institution of Communion, the Sacrament of union with our Lady, for it is on this day in the Archetypal Year that our lady enters the Temple of Heaven to break the bread of Her sacrificial body and to pour out the wine of Her Spirit into the holy Chalice.

Flowers of all kinds adorn homes and shrines, and statues of Inanna are crowned with garlands. Altars are decorated with ribbons and flowers in white and red.





# The Water of Life

ONCE UPON A TIME, in the far-off days when the morning air was milk and the evening air was wine, and the dew of the world's dawning lay still upon all things, there lived a maiden with her two brothers who had not a penny nor a crust nor a stick between the three of them. But the maiden

said to her brothers: "We have ready hands and quick minds to work, and work we shall. For the day shall come when we will build in this place of our poverty a glorious palace to be the wonder of all the countryside."

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

All who came were captivated by its beauty and splendour, and not one was there who failed to

praise the craft of the maiden and her brothers. But one remained behind, a maid burdened with long years and deep wisdom, and it could be seen that her heart was not content and that her eyes saw a lack in the palace that had been so greatly admired. The maiden and her brothers were troubled, and persuaded her to say her mind, and she told them that the palace needed a Temple, where prayers and thanksgiving could be offered to the eternal Mother of Creation. At once they saw that the wise maid spoke truly, and without a moment's pause set to work again, that a Temple might be built that was worthy of the palace.

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

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

The elder of the brothers asked his sister's permission to be the first to try the quest, and gave to her and to his brother a new and shining

*Childhood, Youth and Maturity*  
obedient and recognises her complete dependence upon the Tradition. She does not want to assert her "own ideas" against primordial Truth. She is never too stiff for simple games and ancient tales. She is quick to laughter and to tears. And yet - indeed, by virtue of this very fact - she develops a depth and a maturity which the modern world can never know. True human maturity, rather than the mere animal maturity of a materialist civilisation. A maturity which makes a maid a deeper, a better and a wiser person at sixty than at forty, at eighty than at sixty. For maid is not a plant which achieves its finest flowering in its first days and then wilts for the rest of its life, looking back upon lost youth. If her life is lived in true themis, she ripens and grows throughout her days until the time comes for her to be gathered into the arms of the beloved Reaper. And all her days, from childhood until that final end, are lived in the purpose of making herself a golden harvest for Her.

SISTER JULIA

knife, that they might know that while the blade was clean all was well with him, and when it was bloodied, he had encountered death or worse. Thus he set out with a song on his lips and joy in his heart, for he had high hopes of the quest that would bring their long toil to glorious completion. The sun rose in an arch over the noble youth and set behind him, and so he journeyed eastward for many nights and days, and the path lay before him clear and unencumbered. A mountain grew from a bump on the horizon until it towered above him, and no sooner had he set foot on the path that led directly upward than a great lion appeared before him. Undaunted, for his spirits were high, he greeted the lion as a friend and offered it food; and at once it was no lion, but a giant of a maiden with tawny skin and hair, and golden eyes. She told him that she was the guardian of the pathway and asked the purpose of his journey. Having told her, he eagerly begged her help in the quest.

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

The brother thanked her gratefully and began to climb the mountain. Indeed he was glad of her advice, for at once all the stones about the pathway lifted up voices filled with scorn and contempt, and his ears rang with their scoffing and jeering. Much as he longed to confront and silence them, he went steadily upwards, looking only ahead. As he neared the summit, the clamour increased sevenfold until his head throbbed from the noise, and,

on a sudden impulse, he picked up the nearest stone and turned to throw it down the mountain. But in the very act, his arm stiffened, and his legs also, the world grew suddenly large, and he lay, a stone on the pathway, with the others.

In the palace, many miles from the mountain, the maiden saw that the brother's knife dripped with blood, and both she and the remaining brother wept for his death. Nor did they wish to remain in ignorance about the manner of his fate, nor leave the quest unaccomplished, so the younger brother set out also on the eastern path. Like his brother, he left his knife behind him, but he went with tears and little hope.

When this youth met the lion on the pathway, it seemed to him he knew the reason of his brother's death and silently prepared himself to die also. Since the lion did not attack as he expected, but drew further off, he looked again to find the giant lion-maiden watching him through the golden calm of her eyes. Feeling chided for his surliness, he recovered himself and asked after his brother. "Such a

young man on such a quest passed here not long ago," she answered, "but he has not returned, and I fear the spell has taken him." These words brought hope, for enchantment may be broken, for it is a binding, but death, which is a loosing, can never be broken. The guardian of the pathway knew no remedy for the spell, but told the younger brother of the treasures and the stones, and gave him the same advice that she had given before.

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



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

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

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

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

new-born her own two brothers.

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

## THE COMING SEASON 2

**MAIA'S DAY:** Maia is the first person of the Moira trinity. She is the bringer-to-life of all manifest creation. Where this central day of spring is celebrated as her joyous festival, Rosary Day is normally held two days later instead of today.

**ROSARY DAY:** This is the day specifically dedicated to the Rosary. All Madrians, even those with whom it is not a regular practice, should make the Rosary on this day.

**ANTHEA'S DAY:** Anthea is the Genia of flowers. It is traditional on this day to go out into the country to gather flowers and blossom. For the symbolism of flowers, see page 3.

*Inanna - Valiant and Victorious*  
the human heart. Yet we know in advance that the Enemy cannot be triumphant, for the victory has already been won, and it was not won by her. We know that the flowers will blossom bravely in the earth, and faith blossom bravely in the heart until the darkest hour, when the struggle becomes impossible; and we know that in that hour, when the triumph of evil becomes complete, it will suddenly be overturned, and even as the blackest hour of the night precedes the dawn, so the very nadir of the Iron Age shall precede the new Age of Gold. Until then, we must fight on. But we are not fighting a lone battle. We have a Leader - a Leader Who has earned our respect, our love and our loyalty many times over by Her courage, endurance and wisdom. One who will lead us to victory, if only we will follow Her. Hail Inanna!

DONNA CHRYSOTHEMIS

\* The sacred Name Inanna literally means Queen of Heaven. \*\* This, of course, includes men.

# LANGUAGE & 'PROGRESS'

Clearing aside the popular fallacy of 'progress' we discover the beautiful Truth concealed in our language.

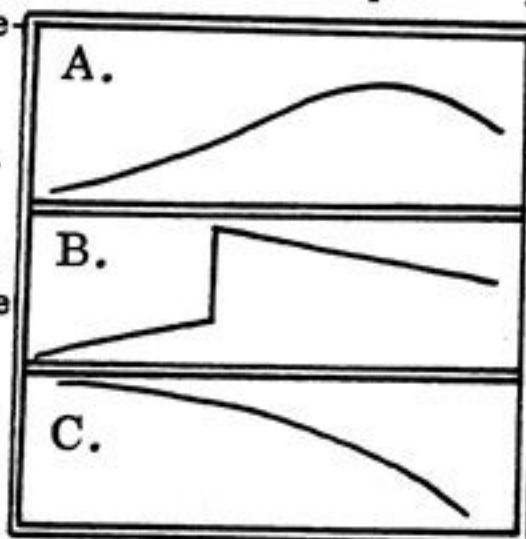
**ONE CAN SCARCELY OPEN** a book on the subject of any human activity without being immediately confronted by the dogma of 'progress'. The first clothes 'must have been' animal skins which 'primitive man' draped around 'him' self. The first drum 'must have been' made by 'primitive man' slapping 'his'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

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

In order to explain this fact, modern linguists have postulated that language developed in a manner resembling Curve A in the diagram above - a slow, painful 'evolution' (of course), followed by a relatively slight decline over the last few thousand years. But this theory ran into another difficulty. Out of countless studies made of the lang-

uages of 'primitive' peoples - American Indians, Africans, Polynesians etc., not one language was found to be in a 'primitive' state, and few were so 'primitive' as modern western speech. So linguists were forced to adopt Curve B - a slow evolution many thousands of years ago, followed by a sudden huge 'jump', and then a long period of decline. Now this is an absurdity even from the evolutionist point of view, but when one *will* cling to a dogma in the teeth of all the evidence, one is frequently led into absurdity.

Actually, of course, there is no evidence for anything except the last part of the curve. The rest is pure conjecture, like the belly-slapping. If we



stick to the actual known facts, we can only postulate Curve C. This is naturally unthinkable to the modern mind, but it fits in very well with the words of Scripture: "What is your language of the earth, My children, what are the words of your speech? Are they not fallen from the first, the mother language? Are they not broken and impaired?" Inanna is telling us that language was created not by

maid, but by God. She gave us the pure and perfect language spoken by the Geniae, and we have gradually allowed it to degenerate as we have turned away from Her.

Students of the Pallas Academy and regular readers of this magazine - especially the 'Symbolism' section - will have seen how, time after time, the analysis of the etymology and origins of a word can be used to elucidate the metaphysical significance of the concept which it expresses. This is a whole science in itself - the science of hermeneutics; and it is possible only because language is not a mere set of conventional tokens, like road signs. It is a structure as perfectly ordered and organised as the human body - for it was ordered by the same Intelligence. Nothing in it is merely accidental or



# Anarchy or Order?



"WE ARE ALL anarchists now" might well be the motto of the modern world. Of course, relatively few people openly endorse anarchism as a political creed, but the anarchist mentality is nevertheless all but universal. One has only to mention the word "obedience" in modern company in order to get the same reaction that could be produced among Victorian matrons by mentioning legs. To hear one maid refer to another as "my mistress" would probably send the poor dears into apoplexy or the vapours.

Interestingly, this stands in sharp contrast to the attitude of all traditional peoples, who regard the bond of mistress and maid as sacred and honourable, founded upon love, obedience and the initiation into the sacred mystery of a craft; whereas to work in some factory or office or other institution for nothing except money - to be "bought" at so much an hour - is regarded as a wretched and dishonourable state, lower even than slavery. As an old lady in a traditional Madrian community once said to me: even a dog is bound to her mistress by bonds of themis - only the poor cur of a wretched woman works for nothing but the hope of food and the fear of kicks and will run off to any mistress that will give her a mouthful of extra victuals a day.

In the modern world, children do not see why they should obey their parents, and parents often do not see why their children should obey them. To say that politicians and governmental authorities are not respected is to put the case more than mildly.

In short, the modern world has no respect for authority. Why should this be? The answer is simple: because there is no authority for it to respect. Of course, people are always talking about "the authorities", but in fact there are no authorities. It is simply a typically modern misuse of the word. An individual or institution cannot become an authority simply by having power and responsibility any more than a custom or practice can become "traditional" simply by virtue of having existed for a few hundred years.

There are many powers in the modern world, some more powerful than they have ever been before, but

there is not a single genuine authority.

There is only *one* ultimate authority in the world, and that is God. She alone made the world and owns it. She is the source and fountainhead of all other authority. Without Her, no authority can exist. No human being or group of human beings, no human agency or institution, can ever have the smallest authority in its own right. No human being is good enough to wield power over any other human being. Only God is good enough to do that. Therefore the only human being who possesses authority is she who is in complete obedience to God and to Her laws, and who exercises power solely in Her name and by Her authorisation. Nothing else can ever be correctly called authority. Modern "governments" pass "laws" and give orders simply because they have power. They command the armies and the police. But they are not authorities. They are just like a bandit who commands travellers to raise their hands or give up their money on the grounds that he has a brace of pistols levelled at their heads (the claim that they are "elected" is quite irrelevant, for only God has the right to "elect" them. "Democratic election", on the rare occasions when it is anything more than a farce controlled by vested interests, simply makes them like bandit chiefs who have been elected by the gang).

In their hearts all people know this. That is why they have no respect for any authorities. Why should they not strike? Why should they obey industrial owners who have no true authority but are only trying to make as much money for themselves as possible? Why should they obey governments, teachers, etc. who follow no divine Law, but are simply motivated by prejudices or else by the latest theory from the universities which will soon be replaced by some newer fad? Why on earth should anybody willingly submit herself to the whims, cranks and cupidity of other human beings no better than herself?

The simple answer is, of course, that she should not. In a world without authority, anarchism is the only logical attitude. But where does that lead us?

The modern world is rent by chaos and confusion. Crime and violence become commonplace; psychiatric disorder reaches epidemic proportions. Young people and older people alike are bewildered and made insecure by the lack of order and of real moral standards. There is unrest in every area of life, discontentment, vandalism, decay. The absurd "generation gap" grows wider as children take up "musical" cults which seek deliberately to be as decadent as possible, as if they were seeking some limit; some extreme antithetical point at which harmony and order will be forced to re-assert itself. But it cannot be. Anarchism may be the only logical attitude in a world without authority, but anarchy is only another word for chaos.

So what can be done? If the modern aberration has taught us one thing, it is that there can be no substitute for true authority. False authority is neither respected nor effective. Deep in every heart lies the knowledge that "the Truth alone is true".

Truth is the essence of order. Themis means nothing other than order. A normal matriarchal society is an harmonious whole. Order runs from the highest point to the lowest; for true authority is a golden chain leading back to God. As She has said:

"Let the brother obey the sister and the younger sister obey the elder. Let the child obey the mother, let the husband obey the wife. Let the wife obey the lady of the household, let the lady of the household obey the priestess: let the priestess give obedience unto Me."

No human being is good enough to rule any other. Only God is good enough to rule. It is the unconscious knowledge of this which fires the modern anarchism. In a normal society nobody need be bossed by any party, company, sect or government, nor be pushed about in accordance with the latest educational/political/social theories and fads. Everyone is ruled by the eternal, unchanging and absolute law and government of God. As

She has said: "To rest in the hands of a mistress that ruleth in themis is to rest in Mine own hands, and I shall infold you in the hand of love and keep you in a gentle safe-keeping." This is the only way to a loving, trusting and harmonious society dedicated to the true aim of human life, which is to draw nearer to She Who created it.

Of course, we cannot change the whole of society overnight; but it is for every family, every household, every community to return to the harmony and discipline of themis; for the husband to obey the wife, the maid to obey the mistress and all to obey God. There is no other way, for the Truth alone is true, and if we cannot or will not have the one true Order, then we will certainly have anarchy. And the anarchy which we see about us today will be only the beginning.

SISTER ALETHEA



**Modern 'governments' are nothing more than armed bandits.**

### *Language and 'Progress'*

arbitrary; every word has a metaphysical reason for being what it is. That is why the analysis of words will always lead us back to the same metaphysical truths. Anyone who claims that this is mere coincidence is either very ingenious or very disingenuous. Language developed not upward from squeaks and grunts, but downward from pure Truth. We have abused and misused it, chopped it into a thousand different tongues, twisted it to fit false philosophies and worldly senti-

ments; but still we have only to look clearly and closely at our language, and it will quickly lead us back to pure Truth.

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



## SYMBOLISM:

# The Grail and the Chalice

**T**HE GRAIL and the chalice are inseparably linked, for every Communion Chalice is, by virtue of the Sacrament, identical with the holy Grail itself, the sacred Chalice into which our Lady poured Her precious Spirit at the primordial Communion (*Mythos VII*, 22). We do not say that the Communion Chalice 'symbolises' or 'represents' the Grail. The Chalice of the Rite of Sacrifice reflects the Grail; but the Chalice of Communion *is* the Grail from the time of the consecration to the closing of the Rite, even as every Communion *is* the primordial Communion.

Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that holy Communion is an invention of the Christian religion. On the contrary, it is one of Christianity's many borrowings from earlier cults which trace their ancestry back to the primordial matriarchal tradition. The doctrine of transubstantiation has always been a part of this tradition; for example, Cicero, who died half a century before the birth of Jesus, reports that the worshippers at the Mystery centre at Eleusis believed the bread of their communion to be transmuted into the body of Demeter.

The Chalice, wrought in gold or silver, is found among the artefacts of every matriarchal civilisation throughout ancient Europe, Africa and Asia Minor. It is often found in conjunction with the labrys or Moon-Axe (cf 'Symbolism', TCA 10), the two being emblems of the Haiela (priestesses and scholars) and Raihira (princesses and nobles) castes respectively.

The matriarchal importance of the Chalice has nothing to do with the supposed sexual significance imposed upon it by self-styled 'witches' and other modern cultists. That is nothing more than a predictable manifestation of the tedious banality of the post-Freudian imagination, and yet another evidence (if such were needed) that these 'occult traditions' are no more than modern fabrications. This is not to say that there can be no legitimate sexual symbolism. The cave, for example, can in

certain respects be related to the womb (cf 'Symbolism', TCA 10). But if the Chalice is to be related to a bodily organ, it must be to the heart.

The heart, like the Chalice, is a vessel that is continually filled with blood. It is true that the sacred Chalice is actually filled with the wine of the divine Spirit, but blood represents the vital principle in maid, and as such is closely related to the wine. That is why, in certain more or less degenerate traditions, blood, either actual or symbolic, was used in communions. If Inanna had not spilled Her blood, She could not have poured out the wine of Her Spirit.

Wine, in fact, is an alchemical combination of water and fire, reflecting the fusion of the water of pure love and the fire of pure Intellect, which find their ultimate Source in the Daughter and the Mother respectively; thus wine, like the heart (cf 'Symbolism', TCA 10) reflects the union of the Mother and Daughter principles. Blood, on the other hand, is purely 'fiery' with little element of 'water'. Now in the Absolute, pure Intellect and pure love are one, while on the relative planes, neither love without wisdom (which is mere sentimentality) nor wisdom without love (which remains ineffective even where it does not degenerate into a materialistic rationalism) can lead to salvation. Each path must contain an element of the other. This truth is expressed in the counterchange of elements by which it is the Daughter's blood and the Mother's tears (which are the very Water of Life: see *Mythos*

V, 16) which make possible the outpouring of the wine. We may also note that this perfect equilibrium is impossible in the relative world, which is why wine must be either white (leaning toward the side of water) or red (leaning toward the side of fire, or blood). Since our direct communion is with the Daughter, the wine of Communion is always white.

There is another respect in which the Chalice corresponds to the heart, and that is in the 'hiddenness' or 'secrecy' of the Grail. The loss of the Grail, like the 'hiddenness' of the heart (cf 'Symbolism', TCA 9) reflects the separation of maid from the Centre; but it is also connected, on a lower plane, with the loss of the primordial Tradition. This may

operate on various levels, from the loss of the perfect Tradition which began from the dawn of the Golden Age, to the greater losses occurring at the end of each world-era, to the complete loss occurring in the patriarchal period. It may also refer either to the closure

of the primal centre or fountain of the Tradition, or to one of the secondary centres operating in a given era. The 'finding of the Grail' in this context always represents an era of regeneration. But in order to go more deeply into this subject, and into certain other matters, it will be necessary very briefly to recount a little of the early history of the Grail as told in the traditional Madrian narratives.

During the Silver Time, when there was no separation between the earth and the Archetypal realm, when all things were perfect, and the first daughter of creation (the first maid) lived in harmony with the Mother of All Things (cf *Creation* Chapter I), the Mother placed a jewel in the forehead of the first maid. This was for her a 'third eye' - the 'single eye' with which she saw Eternity rather than the things of time. It is from this event that the various traditional

forehead-markings derive. Now when she fell down and embraced the Snake, this jewel fell from her forehead, or else was plucked out by the Snake. Throughout the Silver Time, she had made her home in the garden at the summit of the Holy Mountain, and this was where the Snake came to her. This had been the first land to emerge at the parting of the waters, and it was the last to be covered by the flood; even then, the waters came no further than the furthest-flung roots of the great apple-tree at the very summit. So the jewel was not touched by the flood, for it lay at the foot of the tree. After She had dispersed the flood, God built a wall around the garden, and caused thick, entangled briars to grow all about it, that the first daughter of creation might not return thereto.



Colwyn's riders sought the Grail

Now the first maid had a daughter by the transformed Snake, and her name was Strave. She was the servant of all her sisters, the youngest and humblest among them. One day Strave left her home and, after many wanderings, found her way back to the garden.

In that place, three

things happened to her. She was given a new name: Ouranya (or Astraea); she became a wondrous worker in all the crafts; and she found the jewel, and wrought it into the form of a Chalice.

When she returned to the world, Ouranya became the first princess (rayin) of the earth, and there was perfect peace and harmony and justice for many thousands of years. But as the age wore on, human wickedness and dissension grew greater, and finally the people of the East, South and West came to ask for ranyams (realms) separate from, but still in fealty to, Ouranya in the North. This she granted, but soon afterward left the earth and went to rule in the starry heavens for her celestial mother, Themis. The Grail was passed to her daughter, who became the new High Princess (Mayarayin) in the North.

But her daughter did not guard the Grail so well as she, and it was stolen by airy spirits, who broke

it and made it into four separate Chalice, one like to the first, one golden, one silver and one of crystal. The High Princess recovered the first of these, but the others were taken to the princesses of the East, South and West. In time, each of these princesses wrought her chalice into a crown.

When Inanna was born upon the earth, the three princesses each brought her crown as an offering to Her. The first Chalice had always remained in Her possession, since the Northern Ranyam remained wholly in Her service. It was this Chalice which She filled with Her Spirit, and after this She ordered the reunited treasures to be given into the hands of the princess of the North.

We should note that the birth and life of Inanna are cosmic Events which take place in Eternity and not on this physical earth or in time. There is no reason, however, why these Events should not have been 'reflected' directly on the earth in some distant world-era, nor any reason to suppose that the Grail did not and does not exist in a physical form.

To bring the story briefly up to date: the four treasures were again dispersed at the dissolution of the great Northern Empire, but the Grail, amid many vicissitudes, passed to the Mayarayins of each succeeding world-empire, the last of which was the Western or Atlantean. During the decadence of this empire, the Grail was spirited away and was taken to Haiela Rhennisraihir which became the far west of the world after the submergence of Atlantis (what later became the Americas was then counted as the far east). This empire had its seat in the British Isles, and the Grail passed to the Rhen princesses until it was stolen by demons and hidden. In the next generation the throne was usurped by the patriarch Mider. But the daughter of the dethroned Rayin was the famous Colwyn the Fair, who won back the throne and afterward sent out her Riders in all directions to seek the Grail. It was found, and the whole land was healed of its suffering. But after Colwyn's time it was lost again, and, despite many efforts, has not been found since.

These events obviously contain a very pro-

found significance, part of which may be elucidated by a study of the 'Symbolism' articles in TCA 8, 9 and 10. Here space will permit only a few notes:

The jewel in the forehead is characteristic of maid in her primordial state; in the supra-individual states beyond that of maid, union with God is so complete that no 'eye' is needed to perceive Her. In the lower states, perception of Her is mediate and indirect. Strave, in returning to the Garden and recovering the jewel, is a contemplative who re-attains the primordial state. She brings the jewel back to sisters not as a faculty of direct vision, but as a vessel from which they may take sustenance and drink the 'Draught of Immortality'. This is connected not only with her priestly function, but also with her establishment of the crafts, which allow maid to approach God through the Gentle Way of the Active Life, centring on a sacred craft, as well as through the hard path of direct contemplation.

The division of the Chalice into four represents a further descent into materialisation. The single principal Point becomes manifest in fourfold matter, even as a pyramid descends from the point to a square base. The division represents not only the birth of the four elements from the 'quintessence' but also the division of the year into four seasons, which had once been perpetual spring, and the division of the four estates. Ouranya, being priestess, princess, craftmaid and servant, had contained all four estates within herself, but after her time, divisions became necessary. These two events are said to have taken place at the end of the Golden Age, but the period envisaged is far more remote than that of the 50,000 year cycle of which we normally think. The ending of a more recent Golden Age took place with the dissolution of the Northern Empire. The Division of the Chalice is also connected with maid's ceasing to depend for sustenance (both material and spiritual) on God alone, but drawing it from diverse sources (the four quarters).

Inanna's reuniting of the four treasures is the gathering of the scattered elements and the return to primordial Unity. We must not be misled by the 'historicising' prejudice of the modern mentality to 'date' Inanna's birth 'at the end of the Golden Age' - whatever period may be envisaged. But we

# The New Year



**THE NEW YEAR** is not simply this dawning year that begins with the five-thousand-and-eighty-second spring of the Iron Age. It is a reflection of the Archetypal new year. What do we mean when we say 'Archetypal'? Well, we are not referring to this world of matter, but to the Perfect World of Divine Ideas. All these Divine Ideas, taken together, make up the original World, of which this world is only a copy. Naturally, the Divine World is not like this world, for it is perfect and complete, while this world is broken and partial. An ash-tree There would be the original and perfect ash-tree. It would be the only real one, of which all physical ash trees are like two-dimensional, grey copies, as compared to the fullness of the Reality itself. Of course, the ash-trees here do not look like the Real ash-tree, but their meanings are the same. All the Divine Ideas (and therefore their material reflections also) are not just things-in-themselves, but are actually meanings; that is, ideas! For example, a certain flower may mean the soul's delight and surrender in turning to God. So when we talk about what the New Year symbolises, we are talking about the one New Year, of which this present one is but a reflection. The New year is symbolic of many things, but most importantly, it reflects the re-creation of the world - the second creation.



and the second, for the re-creation is a reflection of the original creation. For example, both creations issue forth from water. In the beginning, God first created water, the sea, which reflects the limitless but unmanifest potential inherent in the Dark Mother, or Absolute Deity. The sea gives rise to the earth, where all Her creatures may live. She then looks into the water, and sees Her own reflection, which rises from the waters and becomes maid. In the second creation, the Daughter is brought back to life by another water: the Water of Life. Through the Daughter's sacrifice and resurrection, She can re-create the world. Thus the two waters are connected.

Another example concerning water is the connection between the First Waters and spring. The Mother, Who is the Spirit, created the First Waters which we discussed above. Moura is the season of Spirit, and the season which follows it, spring, is ruled by water, the First Matter that arises from Spirit.

A common custom in past times was to plant seven seeds in seven pots on the morning of the Resurrection. Each seed was ruled by one of the seven Geniae. These seeds would then represent the potentialities of the coming year, because the seven Geniae rule every aspect of human life and all manifest existence. This custom is connected with the rainbow in the *Creation*. The rainbow symbolises the seven Geniae. The rainbow appears in the sky when the seven colours replace silver, the colour of Perfect Creation. Creation is no longer Whole, because maid has fallen, through disobedience to God. As a result, the world was made manifest, and so was no longer unlimited and perfect. Initiation, which is literally a re-birth, traditionally takes place on New Year's dawn, and the taking of a new name is closely bound up with the soul's own re-creation.



PHOEBE

When we fell from Perfection, creation was, in a sense, destroyed. Our Lady's Sacrifice re-created it, but on a lower, material level (or rather, on a number of lower levels, of which the physical is only one) on which our fallen souls could continue to exist. However, we can see similarities between the first creation



may see in this a paradigm of the fact that every reunification, or atonement (literally at-one-ment), individual or social, has its roots in this primal act of atonement wrought by the coming of She Who is the Primordial Unity Herself: "One God alone, none other God than She."