

# THE COMING AGE

The  
AMAZONS  
in Sain  
Arien



# THE COMING AGE



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## Amazons

WITH OUR cover story (on page 14) and our first article, we seem to have something of an Amazon theme this issue. To continue this, we are printing a (rather modernised) song of the Holy March, which, with its rousing tune, is still popular in British matriarchal homes.

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

'The Amazons in Sain Arien' is less a war story than a story of everyday matriarchal life in the rural middle world (probably somewhere in what is now the south of France); though, being based on Rhen traditions, it probably also reflects a British provenance, even the name Sain Arien being a Rhennish translation.

## March On

March on, march on,  
There can be no surrender;  
March on, march on  
And victory shall be ours,  
For years of bold Raihira blood  
Are lost in these few hours,  
Or our mothers' flag shall fly again,  
March on.

March on, march on,  
The road lies ever eastward;  
March on, march on  
Into the rising sun;  
For generations after us  
Shall praise that we have done,  
And our mothers' flag shall fly again,  
March on.

March on, march on,  
The world is to deliver;  
March on, march on  
Brave daughters of the West,  
For they that fall in this great war  
Shall be in Heaven blest,  
And our mothers' flag shall fly again,  
March on.

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

# THE THREE ETERNAL TRUTHS

The Triple-Declamation of the Amazons

PROBABLY THE MOST difficult question for a Madrian to answer is the one that she is most frequently asked: "What is Madrianism all about?" After all, Madrianism is not just a 'religion' in the limited modern sense of the word: it is an entire way of life as well as a total philosophy which embraces every aspect of manifest existence. Where in the world is one to begin?

Our people has passed through a long period of oppression and persecution, and it has been many centuries since the primordial Truth has been taught openly to the infidels. This problem, therefore, seems a new one to us; but in fact it is not new. The first Amazons, who won back the world for a time from the hands of the patriarchal barbarians, often confronted in the course of their campaigns a spiritual ignorance almost as obtuse as that which pervades modern society.

The foremost spiritual weapon against this abyss of darkness was a threefold formula called the Drispeal (triple-message) or the Three Eternal Truths. This was not invented by the Amazons. As the name implies it has existed from the beginning; but it took on a particular importance for the Amazons as the spearhead of their spiritual thrust into the heart of darkness. For this reason there was necessarily a tendency to concentrate upon the most outward and obvious meanings of the formula - but it was never forgotten that it contains depths of meaning which lie beyond all measurement. The formula is as follows:

- One God alone, none other God than She.
- One Law alone, none other Law than Her Law.
- God became maid that maid might come to God.


The first two declarations alone were spoken by every Amazon rayin (princess) upon entering a territory previously occupied by the infidel. It was both an explanation and



a validation of their conquest, and a declaration of their sacred mission. The primary meanings of these, together with the third declamation, were taught to the people by the White Amazons; and it was customary to make the declamation of the Three Eternal Truths before every gathering, public and private. A modified form of this custom still survives in some English matriarchal communities.

The Amazons were above all messengers of God, and the Drispeal was the very essence of their message, for, as the White Amazon mothers taught, all the Scriptures, all the teachings, and every part of wisdom are contained within the Three Eternal Truths "enfolded like a rose within the bud." More than this, the Three Truths themselves are all contained in essence within the first Truth, and the first Truth is contained within its first word: One.

The primordial matriarchal philosophy has always taught "the One" as the most basic metaphysical definition of God. She is the primordial Unity Who gives rise to all multiplicity, the spaceless Point wherefrom all space proceeds. Multiplicity is the result



of manifestation, and to say 'manifestation' is always, in some degree, to say 'separation from God', and therefore 'imperfection'. To contemplate the One perfectly is to return to - to "become one with" - the One, and thus to receive the consummation of the third Truth.

From this it may be seen that the first Truth is not simply a formula condemning the idolatry and polytheism of the barbarian. It is this, certainly, but it is very much more. To say "none other God than She" is not merely to deny something, but to affirm that She is the "One without a second", the Essence of all things; for while She is other than all things, no thing is other than She.

The first Truth does not merely refute the temporary and contingent heresies of a particular time and place; it refutes the abiding heresy of fallen creation - the illusion that we are apart from God. By perfect contemplation of the first Truth, it is possible to eradicate this heresy from our hearts, and when a soul succeeds in this, she will cease to be manifest, having achieved complete Liberation.

Is this, then, to state that all souls are a uniform 'oneness'? Far from it. It is at the furthest extreme from God - at the 'outside' of the wheel of manifestation - that we find quantitative multiplicity combined with qualitative uniformity. This 'ideal' is expressed in the grey-uniformed 'masses' of People's China, but is implicit in all modern democratist notions. At the centre of the wheel we find quantitative unity combined with qualitative multiplicity (or rather plenitude, or totality): the One in Whom all the possibilities of manifestation lie immanent.

Since the true essence of the Law is the perfect order and disposition of all things, since all things lie in the One, and since multiplicity, or separation from the One, entails, of necessity, a measure of imperfection, it is clear that the Law can only achieve perfect fulfilment in the One; and thus the first Truth, and indeed its first word, contains the second as well as the third Truth.

Already, then, we see something of the inner meaning of the second Truth. On the most superficial level, it became for the Amazons a proclamation of the establishment of a new social order - or, more precisely, of the re-establishment of the primordial social order in place of the illegitimate rule of the infidel. But the term 'Law' goes far beyond questions of social government. Law is literally Order, or Themis; the music of the spheres, the harmony of the universe. The first Truth speaks of the One God before and beyond all manifestation. The second Truth speaks of the perfect and harmonious manifestation of all things from Her. Perfect or un-fallen creation is by definition in perfect harmony - or perfectly Lawful, to say the same thing in another way. On the manifest level, the Law is no less expressed in the movements of the planets about the sun, or in the law of gravity than in the laws of human government. And on the human level, law is not simply a political or even a moral matter. The food we eat, the way we greet one another, the clothes we wear, can all be thame (themis) or athame (anathemis). Art and craft, music and story-telling; all are subject to the law of themis; and things, too - a votive lamp carved by a contemplative craft-ranya is highly thame; an electric light is (strictly) anathemis. As it is said in the traditional communities: "there are two ways of doing everything - the right way and the wrong way." This does not mean "the practical way and the impractical way", it means the lawful and the unlawful, the harmonious and the disharmonious.

In fact, it is *only* in the human realm that there can be anything other than the Law. A star cannot but pursue its allotted course; the law of gravity is never broken; a dog can only behave as a dog. It is only maid who can "desert her post". This is in the very nature of maid: "she who has the power of choice".

To say "none other law" means not simply that there *should* be no other law, or that we should follow no other law. It means what it says - that there is no other

law. Any movement away from the primordial matriarchal law of God is in fact a measure of chaos. Insofar as any patriarchal 'law' maintains any degree of order, that is because it has retained something of the one true Law. Insofar as it has rejected that Law, it is in disorder. That is why government is maintained only by torture and terror (as in Eastern Europe), or by the yapping, snarling, backbiting arena of 'democratic' politics (as in the West). That is why patriarchal history is nothing but a list of wars, revolutions and disruptions.

Human life was designed to be a way back to the One - a path of salvation; but for that end, every part of it must be in harmony: our art, our craft, our clothes, our marriages, our stories and our daily work. Each should be done according to the Law, that the world may be a bridge that leads to Heaven. That is the meaning of the second Truth.

The word 'maid' is closely related to 'may', the verb of possibility. Maid is "she who has power to choose". She alone can choose, against the Law, to fall below the Norm of manifest creation. Yet, conversely, she alone can choose to transcend manifest creation and return to the One. It is for this reason that she is the centre of the manifest universe (we must remember that while, on non-earthly planes of being, non-human creatures are central, by virtue of their very centrality they are still defined as maid). The 'greatness' inherent in this position is reflected in the etymological connection of maid with 'mag', meaning 'great', as in magnify, magnificent and mighty - it is significant that 'might' is the past tense of 'may'.

Maid is neither matter nor Spirit. She

is psyche, or soul, which stands between the two and may give herself to either. This is what is meant when we say that God became maid - not that She became a physical human being, but that She descended to the level of psyche. Yet while maid is what she is because she has used her power of choice to transgress the Law and turn away from the One, God, becoming maid, made all Her choices perfectly; She is not fallen maid, but perfect Maid. All

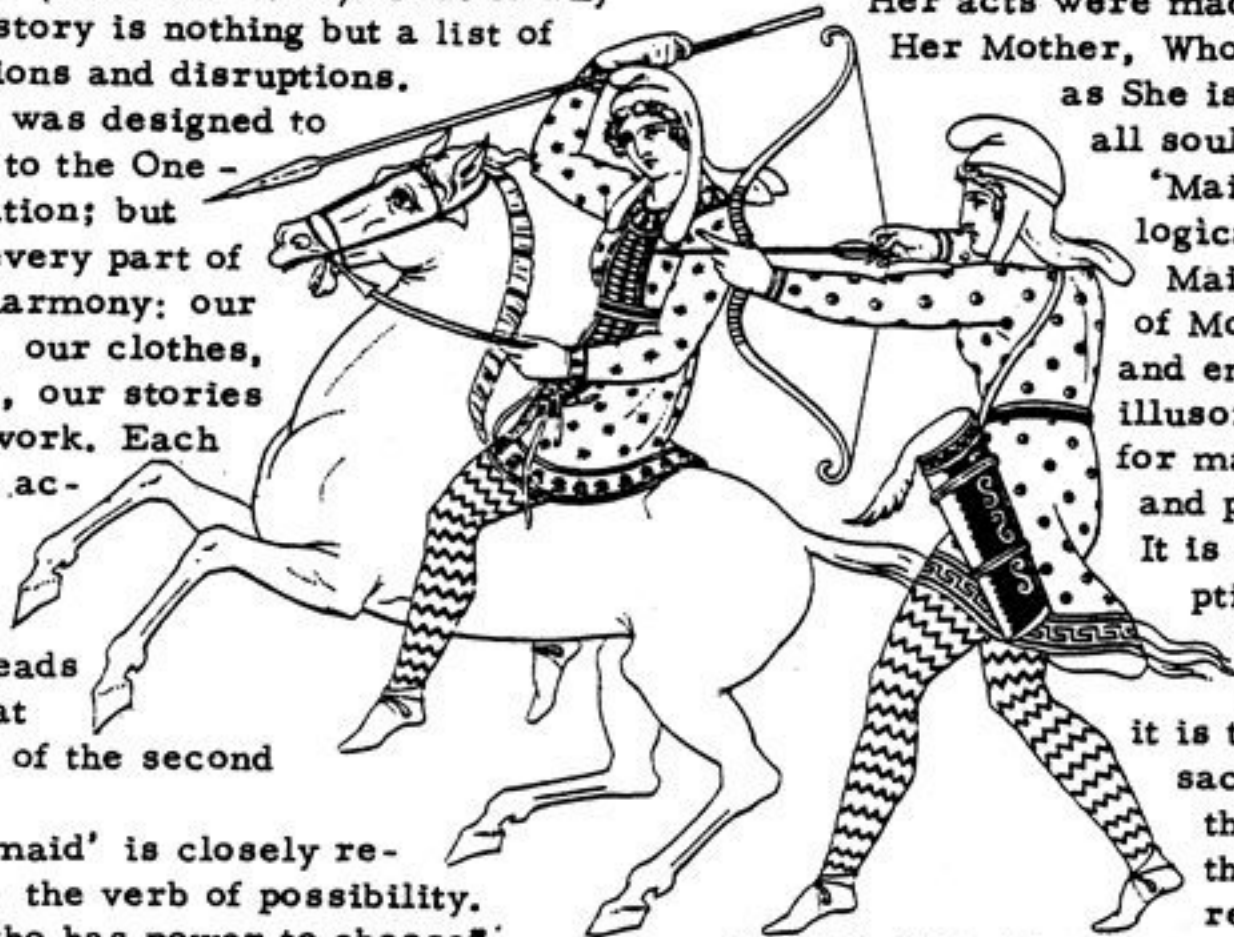
Her acts were made in obedience to Her Mother, Who is Her Self (even as She is the Self within all souls).

'Maid' is also etymologically linked with Maia, the first person of Moira - the creator and embodiment of the illusory world of matter, for maid is the centre and pivot of this world. It is through the redemption of maid that the whole world may be redeemed, and it is through the perfect sacrifice of Inanna, the one perfect Maid, that maid may be redeemed.

The third Truth also encompasses other, more detailed, aspects of reality. For example, the fact that God *becomes* maid, while maid *comes to* God makes clear the seeming paradox of the downward continuity of the Absolute with the relative, and the upward discontinuity of the relative with the Absolute (She is other than all things, nothing is other than She), which is the basis of all cosmological understanding. But there is not space to go into a more detailed exposition of the Drispeal here.

Let us note in general, however, that the Drispeal is an image of the Trinity: the One, preceding all manifestation is the Dark Mother; the Law, implying manifestation, belongs to the Mother Creator; whilst God-become-maid is, of course, the Daughter,

Contd. over





# A MAN'S PLACE

Some Common Questions Answered

☆ What is the position of men in Madrian society?

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

Inanna. It is also the perfect paradigm of the thesis-antithesis-synthesis dialectic (which originates with the matriarchal Philosophy - that of Marx and Hegel being merely a diseased parody of the mediæval version). Thesis: the One without a second; antithesis: manifestation - the differentiation of 'things' (maia) from God; synthesis: the reconciliation of 'things' with God by the perfect Mediatrix Who is at once God and maid (maia).

The Amazons were the world's first missionaries, because they lived in the first epoch in which the world had need of missionaries. We live in the last. There are many similarities between their time and ours, not the least of which is that the time has come once more for the universal declamation of the Three Eternal Truths. SISTER ANGELINA.

scendent Reality - then you will be able to understand the earthly reflection." That is the only true science.

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

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

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

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

☆ Then what is man's place?

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

☆ But does this not degrade men?

Not at all. The glory of man is to obey. But do not forget that the glory of maid is the same - to obey. Man obeys his maid, maid

obeys her mistress, all obey God. This is harmony. If maid is in disobedience, her authority is automatically gone, for "only the obedient may command". When we consider maid and man together, she is the sun and he is the moon; but when we consider the full picture, we must see God as the sun, maid as the moon and man as the earth. Maid reflects the light of God. The light of the sun is "too bright for us to look upon" but we may look upon the reflected light of the sun in the full moon. Thus maid reflects the light of God upon man, even as Inanna reflects Her light upon mankind. Maid is priestess to man.

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

Not at all. They are perfectly complementary. The moon-axe has two blades: the relatively solar (waxing) crescent, and the relatively lunar (waning) decrescent. So it is with maidkind. As a whole she is lunar, but she has a relatively solar half (maid) and a relatively lunar half (man).

Without either she is incomplete. Substance without Essence has no shape, no colour, no size - it is a "nothing". Essence without substance remains unmanifest. Only through the marriage of the two can creation become manifest. Each has its different part to play.

☆ What are those parts?

That is a large question. In one sense the patriarchal notion of maid as "passive" and man as "active" is correct, for "earth moves but Heaven is still". Thus, in marriage, a man leaves his mother's household and comes into that of his wife. In physical union likewise, it is man who is invited to enter his mistress's domain. He is like the running stream that flows into the chalice, conforming himself to her shape. Thus is matter given form. Thus is creation effected. This is not simply a physical act: it is the ritual "actualisation" of a cosmic Reality. That is why it should only be performed under correct ritual conditions and in per-

fect purity. When this is actualised, there is an ecstasy far beyond any physical sensation. That is what the modern world has lost. All their frenzied obsession with sex is due to this fundamental dissatisfaction. When one knows the secret, *lives* the secret, then one has found the true satisfaction of physical union. The modern sex-crazed world is like a foolish monkey trying to grab the reflection of a fruit-tree in a pool. They do not know the secret. Their grasping paws are always left empty.

Man, no less than maid, is the reflection of a cosmic Reality. Only

by living in the light of this can he be fulfilled. The "chivalrous" behaviour of some modern men is a survival of the correct ritual deference of man to maid, and modern maids who deprecate it as "male chauvinism" are being ignorant as well as ungracious. On the other hand, the modern notion that only maids should adorn themselves is incorrect; men as well as maids may use ritual forms of adornment, though those for men

are different from those for maids. Both physical grace and physical strength are beautiful in both maids and men in their different forms. There are particular songs, particular games, particular forms of dance which only men perform. There are some crafts which are traditionally male, and many forms of task are usually performed by men, just as others are performed by maids. Men have their own manners, their own customs, even their own forms of humour, all determined by the cosmic rôle of man. The men's group within a matriarchal community is to some extent a culture in itself.

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

It is possible for a person to be married to someone of her own sex. It is even possible for a magical ritual to change someone's sex if that is necessary. Actually, the marriage of two maids (known as Idonic marriage after the legendary charioteer Idonya) re-



presents the other side of the lunar ambiguity. One maid entering the household of another, to become her helpmeet and "house-bond" represents the female soul returning to God - the full moon (which, due to its relative solarly, is female) uniting with the sun. But these things are exceptions, and (for reasons which we will come to later) are much rarer in a traditional society. Yet everything fits into the harmony of society. There is no disruption.

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

In a sense it is, though not greatly so. There are many traditional roles and models for a person of either sex to follow, nor are there

such artificial patriarchal constraints as strength being solely masculine or grace solely feminine. But the important point is this: in profane society men are more and more becoming displaced. They have no special role in society. Their only task is to be the "breadwinner",

going out and bringing money into the family; yet even that activity is being rapidly invaded by maids. The result of all this is that there is a great anxiety felt by many men. They are wondering what is their place in things - do they even *have* a place? All their old patriarchal attitudes are condemned as "sexist" - but they have no new models to follow. It is one of the paradoxes of patriarchy that, at its final extreme, it displaces men. Now, surprising as it may seem to some people, matriarchy works against all this. Matriarchy gives man his rightful place in the scheme of things. It declares that he is indispensable.

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

That is the ultimate patriarchal idea - the Conquest of Nature. Hammer out nature and remould it in a new "rational" shape. The most intelligent and sensitive people of our age are reacting against this idea in most areas - factory farming, super-technology, machine-medicine. People are beginning to realise that these things are dangerous and soul-destroying; that natural ways are best after all. Yet these very same sensitive people are wanting to bulldoze the natural barriers between the sexes. Do you think it is an *accident* that maids and men are different? Did God not know what She was doing? No; these things are there for a reason.

They are a part of the harmony of the universe. Maid has her place and man his. If we destroy that harmony we will create havoc, just as we create havoc whenever we upset the balance of nature.

☆ What havoc?  
Well, there is more mental illness than there has ever been, the divorce rate is enormous, even so-

called "respectable" publications are full of filth and pornography. Everywhere people are looking for satisfaction and finding nothing but dust and ashes. Depression is almost unknown in traditional societies. In the modern world it is an epidemic.

There is much more, and, of course, it cannot all be attributed to the confusion of the sexes. We have disrupted nature in a hundred different ways, now we reap havoc in a hundred different ways. It is to be expected. But they all link up together. For example, we said that there is less homosexuality in a traditional society. Why? For various reasons. You love someone of your own sex?



# Discovering the Goddess



ONE OF MY earliest childhood memories is leaving Victoria Station in a train bound for Surrey, to visit my grandmother. I would always sit on the left-hand side, waiting with a kind of fascinated dread for the huge towers of the gas-

works to pass by. I did not understand what they were. I remember the horror that these edifices inspired in me. I felt these towers were alien, horrific, not of this planet.

When I was sixteen, I painted a series of inspirational pictures. A woman kneeling on an open plain beneath the full moon. A woman with uplifted arms, whose power had split

So you should. Everyone does - or should. But the modern world gives no way of expressing this. A traditional maid will have a close love-relationship with her Ranya, or craft-mistress, with her spiritual adviser, with her brother-in-law, with a whole range of people. But the modern world is so body-obsessed, so narrow. It reduces all love to sex. It has also destroyed the extended family, smashed the crafts and replaced them with the soulless slavery of the factory, taken away the spiritual mother. So we have to find *all* these people in one marriage-partner. No wonder there is so much divorce!

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

cliffs asunder, and by whose grace, dead bodies were crawling up onto the ground from chasms, resurrected. A woman kneeling, looking into a pool, a tree on a hill behind her.

I remember my religious feelings; the painting of the woman beneath the moon was named "Supplication". There I was, praying to the sacred symbol of our Lady, the moon, catching a glimpse of the Resurrection, with no one at hand to tell me of our Lady and of the glory of the Goddess.

For this I feel sad - the child who understood intuitively the evils of 'men's' ways, the adolescent who searched but found no harbour, no one to enlighten her darkness. If only I had been able to become Madrian at seven, at seventeen. For as a child and a young adolescent, I was shy, quiet, caring, well-behaved; until I could take my fumbling, rejected self no longer and deliberately sought to become confident, outspoken.

And so I rejected my yearnings as "my adolescent religious phase". I hardened through humanism into revolutionary mouthings. Eventually, through the Women's Movement I found an awareness of the Goddess. But, oh dear, how different from the true Eternal Faith. A silly, paganised distortion of the Mother, gained by me and other feminists from looking back to the remains of degenerate matriarchies. An earthy, almost savage image, closer, I imagine, to the wiles of Irkalla than to our dear Mother.

And this, I feel, though it led me eventually to Lux Madriana, severely damaged my initial ability to accept the Faith. I had always known that maids were 'stronger' than men, so it made sense to recognise their spiritual responsibility and rightful place as the head of the household. I had always known that the world was on a path to destruction, so I could let go easily of the myth of 'progress'. I had not always known about discipline and obedience. I had been against hierarchies, seeing the way power is used in urbie society. But I

*Contd. over*



# The Art of Adoration

**SUMMER** IS the season of the lark, that rises upward in the sky. The legend says that she flies into the very heart of the burning sun, and is consumed by her fires, in consummation of her love. For the sun, of course, is the very image of our Mother, Who gives all life to the earth, and Whose brightness is too great for us to look upon.

The summer Mystery is the Mystery of adoration; of that love which consumes us wholly, until there is nothing left of our selves except the Mother in us; the burning Sun within our hearts.

But how do we learn to feel this love? When I was young, I

said to my Ranya: "I know that I do not love God enough. Sometimes I worry that I do not love Her at all." "Oh, never say that," she replied. "Not only do you love Her; you love Her with your whole heart; you love Her as completely as a perfect strave, who sits all day in contemplation of Her Name."

"Oh, if only that were true," I said.

"Do you love honey-cakes?" she asked.

found that I came to accept and understand the necessity and duty of obedience and discipline. I understood a hierarchy based upon spiritual purity and responsibility; was glad of being a lowly link in the golden chain stretching to Heaven itself. I had no idea about humility and modesty, but as I dwelt on these far-distant ideals, I felt the stirrings of longing; longing to be less under the domination of my arrogant false self.

I said recently to a friend that the artist in each of us would know that Madrianism must be true, just by the sheer beauty of it. The Scriptures, the Teachings, the meditations, the rhythm of festivals and fasts, the flowers, the fairies, the Rite of Sacrifice - every part of Madrianism radiates beauty as well as Truth.

Discovering the Goddess, in Her true and undistorted form, has been arduous, painful, joyful and beautiful. And now, finally, I am ready to strive to be a good child of the Faith, secure in the knowledge of Her almighty love. The journey begins here.

MARY SCARLETT

"Yes, but that is a different kind of love."

"Do you love sweet ale? Do you love blue-bells? Do you love hot chestnuts?"

She knew me well, and had mentioned my favourite things. She explained to me how God is the very Essence of all delightful things, as the Holy Scriptures tell us: "all sweetness is the far-blown scent of Her Sweetness, and all music but the faint and distant echo of Her Music." If we yearn for any earthly thing, then, whether we know it or not, we are yearning for God. Even if we only love ourselves, only want to enjoy pleasure and avoid pain, still we are loving Her, for She is the Self within all souls. But because we do not know Her, all our desires are bound to lead to frustration - for those things are not really what we want at all. We want the Reality behind them. We want Her.

Deep within every soul is a love for God a hundred times stronger than any love for herself. We only have to find that love. But how?

First of all, remember that you love Her. When you pray, tell Her: "I love you more than I love myself. Only I can't find my love. Please help me to find my love." Remind yourself during the day as often as you can: "I love God, She loves me." Chant Her name as I have explained in issue 12 of this magazine. Look at all the beautiful things about you - the sky, flowers, animals, pleasant food, the power of speech and of singing. Think how She has given us all these.

But what are we to think of the things of the

world? Think of a greedy, lustful person, hungering after carnal pleasures, drinking to excess, reading impure literature to excite the senses, watching licentious films or television programmes, scrabbling avidly for money, or else idling and sleeping late into the day. Such a person is never happy, always wanting more, never satisfied. What is this but the perversion of God's good gifts of food and drink, sleep, and the loving union of marriage? Certainly we may enjoy these things, but we must enjoy them in remembrance of She that has given them. The perversion comes when we put material goods between ourselves and God like a wall; for they should be between us and Her like a bridge. Remembering Her, this is the key. She who eats a single meal without first offering it to Her, or who picks a single flower without thanking Her has taken one step on the road of the lustful, miserable debauchee - the road that leads to the hell of the greedy, unsatisfied demons.

Offer everything to Her, and trust Her. Talk about Her often. Mix with her devotees as often as you can. If it is possible, mix only with them - what is the good of seeking companionship among those who do not love Her? What can you have in common? Never fall into the habit of talking like urbies - talking for hours and never mentioning Her. Mother Alethea once said to a group of friends: "You have talked of the harvest for a full hour and have not once mentioned God. Is She not the mother of the corn? Is She not the Sun that ripened the grain? Oh, do not say 'if it shall rain', but 'if God shall send us rain'."

Actually, the conversation in question was far from normal by the best Rhen standards; for the talk of an ordinary Mad-

rian is full of 'reminders' of God. Few would presume to speak of a future event without the words "if our Lady wills it so", and such phrases as "Mari be praised" spring readily to the lips at every relief or blessing of everyday life. In the same way, it is usual for Madrians to address one another with terms of affection; even titles of respect often have endearing forms. These are not "mere words", for our words

shape our thoughts, and our thoughts shape our souls. Nothing is more needful than to cultivate the habit of love, and the continual remembrance of God - for, among other things, what our mind is dwelling on at the time of death shall determine the state into which we pass - and death can come at any time. The remembrance of God makes us joyful. Mother Alethea, who thought upon God all the time, was so gay and charming that everyone wanted to be with her. It is said that once she told this story:

Two maids were on a ship, watching the sunset. One was a profane philosopher, the other a simple peasant.

"Do you know that the sun is not setting at all?" said the former. "It is the earth that moves." The peasant did not know this. The philosopher smiled boastfully. "Do you know how many miles the sun is from the earth?" "Do you know ..."

While the philosopher was talking like this, the ship struck a rock and sank. "Do you know how to swim?" asked the peasant. "No," replied the philosopher. "I do not know all those wise things," said the peasant, "but I know how to swim."

The Art of Adoration; the remembrance of God. These are like swimming. One day, not so very far hence, the little ship of our earthly life will strike the rock that Providence has appointed for it, and go down. And then nothing else will be of any importance.

SISTER JULIA





# THE COMING S festival meanings

## Summer

Correspondence of sacred and secular calendars for the season:

Rosea: June 13th - July 10th

Kerea: July 11th - Aug 7th

Hesperis: Aug 7th - Sept 4th

### Major Festivals

ROSA MUNDI (Rose of the World):  
16th Rosea (June 21st) Full Moon.

REGENERATION: 22nd Kerea (Aug 1)

### Minor Festivals

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

MOIRA'S DAY: 16th Hesperis (Aug 23)

## FIRE & ROSE

Early summer, and most particularly the festival period between the Day of All Heras and Rosa Mundi, is the season of Fire and the Rose, the primary symbols of contemplation, union and consummation. It is the season especially devoted to the adoration of the Mother as Centre and Essence of all things, the blazing Sun of creation. Through the spring Mystery of the sacrifice and resurrection of Her Daughter Inanna, the Queen of Heaven, the gulf which we have opened up between our hearts and Her Heart is bridged, so that we may come to Her in contemplative union, now and eternally.

Consummation in the fire of the Divine is the fifth and final Mystery of the Rosary, that pure devotion which echoes the cosmic pattern and the journey of the soul. Each time we

come to the Spirit through meditation, prayer or ritual, we are moving toward the final communion, the true Homecoming.

A single rose stands before the statues and images of our Lady throughout the festival season, to recall our minds often to the single path and the single goal. Bonfires are also a custom of the season.

## Day of all Heras

A hera is one who in the course of an earthly life has reached that single goal, achieving full communion with the Mother of All Things through perfect devotion and understanding of the Truth. Being one with the Spirit, she is freed from Moira's wheel of birth, death and rebirth, although she may sometimes take a human form.

A hera is often the guardian of a Temple, community or village, as she will frequently concern herself with her sisters on earth and seek to lead them to the fulfilment she has found. On this day, we honour the heras for their achievement and their aid, and resolve to follow them.

## Rosa Mundi

On this joyous summer festival, we celebrate the Rose of the world, the Heart of Creation, the Consuming Fire. It is supremely the Mother's festival, and is the time that we meditate most deeply upon our relationship with Her. She is the Maker and Shaper of each individual



# SEASON & celebration

soul in its pure and perfect form. We are born from Her joy, and only in Her are we whole.

The symbols of this festival are the lark, which rises directly to heaven as does the contemplative soul, and the rose. The rose is a threefold symbol of complex significance: the briar rose, white rose and red rose, symbols of love; the golden rose, or golden heart within the petals within the bud, the symbol of perfection, and of the Spirit at the Centre of all things.

It is the custom at the Rosa Mundi rite for the handmaid to give everyone a rose to hold during the Contemplation, that they may meditate upon the inner meaning of the manifest flower. The altar is decked with roses and candles.

## Regeneration

The late summer and early autumn festivals, of which this is the first, celebrate the Mysteries of Life. The central subjects for meditation during this festival cycle are the source of all life in the Spirit, Who is Mother and Creatrix, and the cycles of existence in which all nature moves and through which the soul may turn and grow back to her original Perfection.

Regeneration is especially con-

cerned with the passing from one life to the next and the consequent resurgence of new life. Its symbol is the ear of corn which falls to the ground to be reborn in the spring, just as a maid dies and lives again, either on this earth

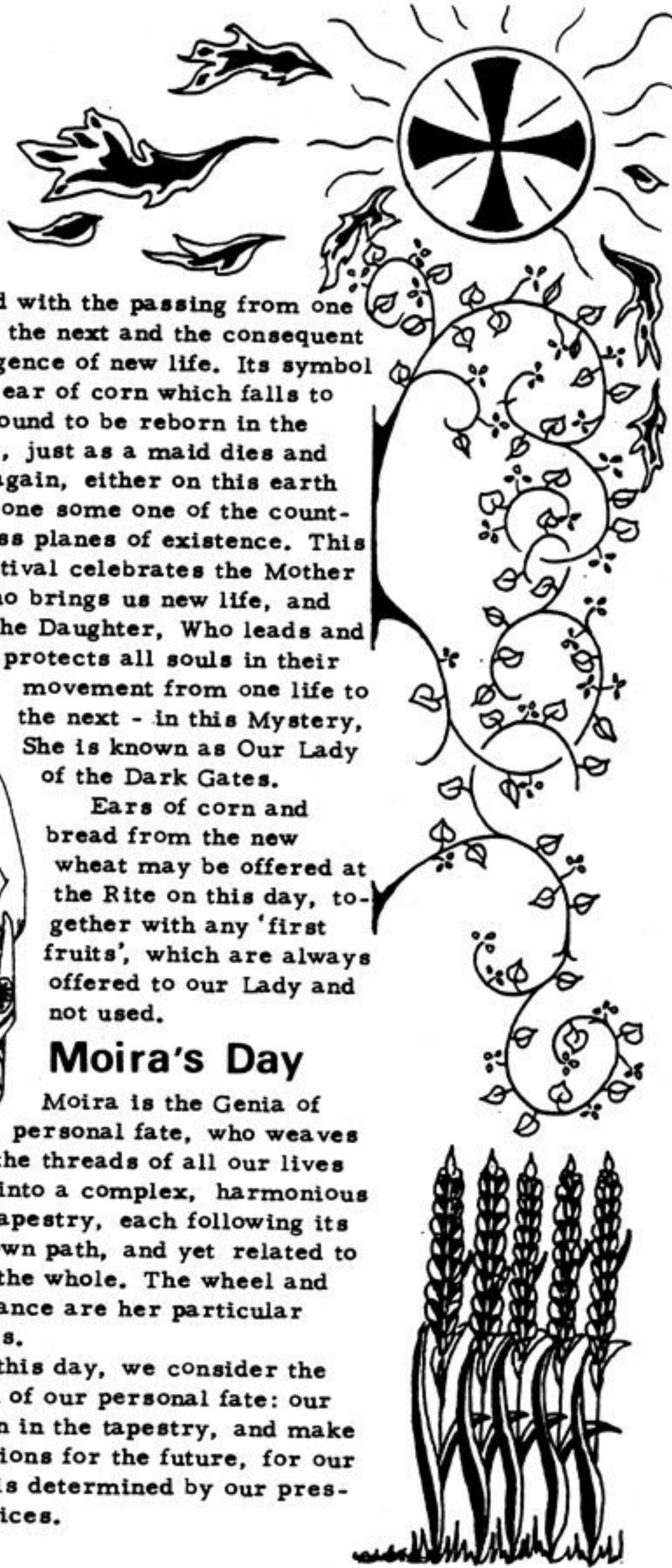
or one some one of the countless planes of existence. This festival celebrates the Mother Who brings us new life, and the Daughter, Who leads and protects all souls in their movement from one life to the next - in this Mystery, She is known as Our Lady of the Dark Gates.

Ears of corn and bread from the new wheat may be offered at the Rite on this day, together with any 'first fruits', which are always offered to our Lady and not used.

## Moira's Day

Moira is the Genia of personal fate, who weaves the threads of all our lives into a complex, harmonious tapestry, each following its own path, and yet related to the whole. The wheel and the balance are her particular symbols.

On this day, we consider the pattern of our personal fate: our position in the tapestry, and make resolutions for the future, for our moira is determined by our present choices.



# the great CRUSADE

The Holy March of the Western Amazons

The following account of the Great Crusade is extracted from "The Amazons in Sain Arien", a long story which is serialised in the Literature Circle. While it is fictionalised, the story is based directly on the historical traditions of the English matriarchal peoples. What follows, therefore, is an accurate historical account.

THE FIRST THING the Amazons brought to Sain Arien was music. On that fine spring day in the month of Maia when three hundred soldiers marched down the main street, the little market town had not for many a year heard such a rousing and heart-cheering sound. Long side-drums pounded, horns halloed and flute-pipes trilled an infectious tune from the West that seemed familiar even on its first hearing, and set every foot stepping in its rhythm.

The whole town had come to see them, of course, and people from the surrounding villages for several miles around; and truly they were a fine sight to be seen: banners streaming in the wind, purple, blue and gold; pennants and standards; triumphs of a dozen campaigns fought on their eastward march from the sea. Gleaming helms and breastplates in silver, leather and bronze; shields and spears, and the maids themselves: taller, for the most part, than the maids of the middle-world, and made to look taller yet by the high horsehair plumes upon their helmets. Disciplined and self-possessed, yet with an air of gaiety about them, they were the products of a rigorous training which had honed them to perfection in the practice of the martial arts, yet had taught them primarily as a way of contemplation and a spiritual discipline. Not contemplatives or mystics in the true sense, they were young women fully devoted to the life of outward activity, at a peak of physical condition and alive with vibrant animal spir-

its. To this, their training had added a calmness and control, a depth and wisdom, which was the foundation both of their courage and of their courtesy.

For the Amazons were renowned for their courtesy and generosity both to the peoples of their captured nations and to their conquered enemies (who were usually foreign invaders of those nations from the barbaric patriarchal tribes of the North and East). A few cynics said that they were only trying to purchase the support of the people; but for the most part, even those unable to see that their gentleness proceeded from a far profounder source found such "purchase" considerably preferable to the means of enforcing support which had been employed by one patriarchal army after another: killing of children, burning of homesteads, maiming of livestock, and, of course, the continual plunder of the harvests. After all, the only "support" an army really needs from the people is their obedience, and it can easily get that without purchasing it.

As one patriarchal army drove out another in those bitter years before the coming of the Amazon crusade, each one came to relieve the tyranny of the one before it and to bring new and better gods; and each was as bad as, or worse than, its predecessor, or even if there was some small improvement, that was more than offset by the hardships inflicted by the war. As for the gods, they all looked remarkably like the kings who brought them, and behaved similarly also.

Thus, when rumours of the great Amazon army first reached the people of the middle-world, there was little rejoicing. A new army to sweep away oppression and to establish the worship of the one true God. Yes, one had heard all that many times before. Perhaps a ray of hope was kindled when it became known that this was the Old Faith that had prevailed before the chaos had begun; the God of the old Temples, to Whom each of the male godlings

had in turn been "married", taking Her as as his "consort"; yet ironically, this very piece of blasphemy had led to great confusion in the religious sense of the people, not least because the majority of those still endowed with understanding had risen furiously and unthinkingly against it, and so had been slain many years ago.

In any case, an army was an army, whatever it fought for. What could it mean, this Great Crusade, except more looting, more burning, more maiming? But as the Crusade advanced steadily through the continent it became known that this was an army like no other army. When before had teams of soldiers rebuilt burned houses? When before had an army brought with it an Order of white-robed sisters, many of whom, skilled in the medical arts, spread out into the towns and villages, healing the disease and suffering that had been spread by the wars, teaching not some politically-motivated state religion, but a Way of inner peace? When before had land taken by previous conquerors been restored to its original owners, and the reigns of government put back into the hands of the local people, while the soldiers helped to put the devastated farmsteads back into order? never before had these things happened; and never before had an army been garlanded with flowers by the people of a city as it marched into the main street; yet all these things became familiar occurrences as the Great Crusade carved

its inexorable path eastward.

From the Amazons, people learned that an army could be trusted, and that a firm, sound, dependable order could arise out of chaos. And from the *innocui* (meaning "The Unarmed"), the teaching and healing Order that marched with them, and were popularly known as

"White Amazons", they gained a re-awakening of spiritual understanding. The babble of religious claims and counter-claims, all motivated by political interests, was suddenly silenced by a single voice, clear, sweet and thrilling, speaking the ancient Truth known from time immemorial, and still remembered by many from their childhood: "One God alone, none other God than She."

The Amazon rule was strict yet gentle. Its aim was to clean up the chaos as quickly as possible, but without undue severity. There were no widespread reprisals after an Amazon victory. Those guilty of rape, torture or the desecration of a Temple were summarily executed. Men guilty of beating their wives, or of other acts of violence against maids, to-

gether with priests, es and other Temple

officers guilty of apostasy, unless committed under extreme duress, were publicly whipped with birch-rods. Other than this, there was a general amnesty on crimes committed during the period of non-matriarchal rule; "the time without the Law". Even these laws were administered leniently, with every consideration being given to extenuating circumstances and even the whippings, although certainly a salutary chastisement, were very far re-



Like every lawful princess, the Amazon *Rayin*, so long as she is wholly obedient to God's Law, is Her regent on earth.

moved from the long drawn-out tortures practised by the various patriarchal juntas. Their whole purpose was to restore the balance, and, having purified the transgressors, to allow them to return to life within the Law. "The sin being purged, let it no more be spoken of." said one Amazon edict.

For the real meaning of the Holy March lay far deeper than the cleaning up of human chaos and tyranny. It was the re-establishment of the divine Order and Harmony in the middle-world. For this, neither vindictiveness nor retribution were necessary, but the "unworking of knots" - the ritual cleansing of all transgressions which would be a stain upon the sacred Order, and a weakness in its fabric - was very much so.

After this came the process of re-establishing the matriarchal order. This belonged largely to the White Amazons, assisted by the army in the physical tasks of reconstruction, and occasionally in curbing any of the menfolk who were too tenacious in their memory of patriarchal ideas. This they did as little as possible, for it was their aim to put all discipline in the hands of the homesteads and their mistresses and of the local community as quickly as possible. Their aim was not to build an empire, but simply to re-establish the Law and then to pass on, leaving the nations behind them free and independent. Thus it was a task for the teacher and the preacher rather than the soldier.

Often there were other tasks also. In many areas banditry had become rife in the time without the Law, and roads outside the major cities were used only by fools and by great caravans of traders protected by armed guards; and even these latter were frequently attacked. In such cases it was the custom of the Amazons to issue an edict on the first new moon after their establishment in a city, declaring that all bandits who came to them before the next new moon would be granted a free pardon and honourable livelihood; but after that time: "upon your haunts

and your hiding-places; upon your ways of passage and upon your fastnesses shall the right hand of the Law descend, and the servant thereof, like, in her wrath, to the very thunder of the heavens." These edicts were nearly always sent out in the name of Alana Fi'Alana; for that name was known and feared throughout the continent - Red Alana, "the hammer of the Lawless". Many of the bandits were but fugitives from patriarchy, and not only gave themselves up freely enough, but quickly joined the Amazons and became the core of the native Civil Guards which the Amazons were establishing, or even joined the Crusade itself.

So the Amazons made their slow but certain way through the middle-world, carefully ordering and purifying each territory before moving on to the next. But not all territories presented such problems. Not all were infested with bandits; not all even required conquest. One of these was the little town of Sain Arien and its outlying villages. For Sain Arien was a quiet, out-of-the-way sort of place, distant from any large centres of population and of no political importance.

The first thing the Amazons brought to Sain Arien was music, and music was, in all probability, the most lasting thing they brought; music and tales. A hundred years after they had gone, their songs were still sung in the ale-house and around the fire on winter's evenings; their tunes were still played on the pipe-and-tabor for the dancers in the village square and picked out with a goose-quill on the three-stringed dulcimer. Their tales - variants from the western world upon the old eternal themes - were added to the stock of the village story-tellers to become a part of the rich mental undergrowth of generations of children. These things apart, the Amazons brought little of lasting importance to Sain Arien, for the various patriarchal revolutions had scarcely touched it. Life carried on before their coming and after their going very much in the same way that it had for countless generations.





# A TENTACLE IN EVERY HOME

*Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*  
Jerry Mander, Harvester Press, £12.50

REVIEWERS have said that this book presents the fundamental case against television; but that is just what it does not. As with metrication (see p. 23), the *fundamental* case against television lies on the metaphysical plane. What this book presents

is a series of peripheral, but nonetheless important, cases, ranging from startling revelations about the physical effects of radiation emitted from the screen to the impoverishment of the imagination. No less startling are the alpha-wave measurements which show television watchers to manifest brainwave patterns similar to those produced in trance-meditation, hypnosis and certain techniques of brainwashing. What is being inculcated in these states of high suggestibility are not so much the political and advertising messages (which largely cancel each other out), as the whole crude, unintelligent materialist outlook of modernism. The book comes closer to essentials when it speaks of the tendency of the

medium to focus the mind upon externals, slogans, and clumsy oversimplifications based on visual perception at the expense of fine distinctions and subtle understanding. It gives alarming evidence of the measurable decline in intelligence and the critical faculties of children and adults exposed to nightly doses of television. And this is but a small sample of the book's findings.

"Evil roots bear evil fruits". Written from a profane standpoint, this book has no conception of the evil roots of television; but it documents a range of evil fruits far wider and deeper than even the most trenchant opponent of the medium is likely to have suspected.

## Idoloclasm

*The Bugbear of Literacy*  
A. K. Coomaraswamy, Perennial Books, £3.25

THE cover blurb on this book says that Ananda Coomaraswamy was "one of the three really outstanding authors of our time." For once we can believe the blurb. It is true.

Several of these essays are on general themes concerning modern western civilisation as compared to integral traditional societies. With devastating metaphysical acumen and immense erudition, they pare away the myths of 'progress', 'civilisation', 'scientific-knowledge-replacing-primitive-superstition' etc. with a razor-keen precision which leaves the modern world naked and shivering, revealed as the pompous, preposterous, pathetic aberration that it is.

The title article presents the case against the cult of literacy, which is, briefly, that it destroys memory. A small community with the healthy memory of natural people can know by heart (the term is significant) all the cultural material that a people should know - Scriptures, stories, epics, songs, sayings *et al.* What can literacy add to this except ephemera - novels, newspapers and the like - all of which we are far better off without? But far worse than this, literacy often destroys the things of real value: "the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, before the time of the Board Schools (were) thoroughly familiar with an epic poetry of profound spiritual significance and a body of poetry and music of incalculable value." Now their only 'culture'

is that of the television, the cinema and the gutter press.

In "Spiritual Paternity and the Puppet Complex", we encounter a very old matriarchal truth enshrined in the Australian aboriginal belief that sexual intercourse does not *cause* childbirth, but only prepares the maid to receive the spirit-child. Now the man's contribution, being translucent, colourless and fluid, is reflective of prime matter which must be poured into the forming vessel if it is to 'take shape'. Maid is this vessel, but since there is but one Mother, and She is the supernal Sun, maid (being lunar) is the vessel only 'reflectively'. Maid, being psyche must mediate between matter and Spirit in order to facilitate the manifestation of an 'entity'. The earthly mother is vicar and surrogate of the heavenly Mother just as the earthly princess is the regent of the heavenly Princess. Drawing upon Vedic, Christian and Platonic parallels (for the doctrine is universal), Coomaraswamy presents a heavily patriarchalised version of this in the concept of "spiritual paternity". In a sense, it is an inversion of the primordial doctrine, yet, in its own 'language', it is still 'true' as compared to the unintelligent biologism of the modern concept.

Perhaps the most important essay is the last: "The Bugbear of Democracy, Freedom and Equality". It makes clear that these three notions, far from being the 'philanthropic' and humanitarian ideals that modern propaganda would have us believe, are in fact cynically manipulated tools for the destruction of all traditional order and the enthronement of a crass, materialistic bourgeoisie (or people's commissariat, which is another name for the same thing); insidious weapons for the destruction of a folk and its conversion into a landless, dispossessed proletariat of 'employees' and state-serfs. Normal society is governed by true vocation - by craft practised not as 'productive industry', but as a spiritual discipline; ruled not by economics, but by Truth. A state in which a maid is not a mere 'cog' to be moved at will to another place in the machine, but inseparable from her work

## DISINTEGRATION

THE picture on the right illustrates the 'progress' of the historical cycle. The Cycle affecting us most immediately constitutes roughly 50,000 years and is divided into four ages: the Ages of Gold, Silver, Bronze and Iron, whose respective durations are in the ratio 4:3:2:1. The longest and best is the Golden Age. As the Ages advance, the world and maid herself are subject to a progressive 'consolidation', or descent into matter

(this is the reality behind the materialist's 'progress' and 'evolution') and a disintegration of the spiritual and intellectual fabric of both. All ages before the Iron Age have been matriarchal, patriarchy being an expression of the material principle. The Iron Age is now approaching its final disintegration, after which, it must give place to a new matriarchal Golden Age.

and function, which are a part of her sithamë, her inner harmony, her very self. These things have been said often in these pages; but if evidence is wanted that this state is the natural condition of every normal human civilisation, and that the modern world is nothing more than a freakish anomaly, one cannot do better than to read this closely-argued and copiously documented essay.



# Shearwind & the Urchin



**S**HEARWIND WAS A FOX, and the cunningest creature! She was a tricksy one even as foxes go, and you know what a crafty clan they are. It was said in her day that in all the world there was not her like for guile, and I doubt not there's been none since. Nothing escaped her, of that you may be sure, and she had her fill of eggs and chickens, butter and honey, all stolen, mind, and that right craftily, too. Well, tricking the other creatures was her craft, you might say, and she was pleased enough with herself about that. But what most delighted her heart was not her quick wits, but her quick heels. She believed she could outrun the wind, and main handy it was, too, when it was wolves and bears she was a-cozening of and not the smaller beasts of the forest.

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

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

Now the urchin was not without some sharpness of her own, and not all of it on her back. She had hidden in a hedge and seen Shearwind stealing the pots of butter, and she was fair nettled by the trick and decided her to have back at the fox. So she made no tattle of the pots when next she met Shearwind, but boast-

ed of how fast she had run from the dairymaid and, at the last, challenged Shearwind to a race, with three pots of butter for the winner. Well, Shearwind thought that the urchin's wits must be addled, but still, she minded that six pots were better than three. So it was agreed that they should run a furlong, from one furrow to another.

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

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



Traditional Rhen tale (modernised)



# SYMBOLISM

## The Holy City

THE CONCEPT of the Holy City may seem an odd one to find in connection with the matriarchal tradition. Are not non-Madrians habitually termed 'urbies', as if unbelief and apostasy were especially a property of the cities? The words of the old Amazon song have long been true: "there is treason in the town". And yet the city is by no means a patriarchal invention, nor a purely Iron-Age phenomenon. There were cities throughout the Silver and Bronze Ages, and a profound doctrine connected with them, as with all aspects of traditional life. Even so, there are reasons why the city, even before the end of the matriarchal era, should have become prone to certain forms of decadence, and why it should today be the very fountainhead of spiritual decay - a complete inversion of its true function.

But first let us understand something of the real meaning of the city. The countryside, when compared to the city, represents pure potentiality. The city is a crystallisation of this potentiality into a particular 'world'. Its very essence has to do with consolidation and the arrest of movement, which is why the phenomenon of 'civilisation' (i. e. citification) could only take place at a particular stage in the consolidation or materialisation of the human world. The very word city (*civitas*) derives from the Indo-European root *kei*, meaning primarily 'to rest', from which we also derive our 'couch'.

Nonetheless, the city is not merely a contingent earthly phenomenon. It has its celestial prototype in the Heavenly City, founded by the angels upon the body of Hagal, the Universal Maid near to the dawn of time (the name Hagal - h and k often being interchangeable between different dialects - is also distantly related to  $\sqrt{kei}$ ). This city we know to have been the universe itself; yet its form and measurements are meticulously described in the traditional narratives in terms that can only apply to an actual city; for the city, like the house (Germanic *heim*, = Eng. 'home', is also from  $\sqrt{kei}$ ), a microcosm, assimilable at once to the world and to maid. The palace at the cen-

tre of the Celestial City is occupied by the lady Theia, and as the divine Centre, corresponds to the sun in the cosmos and the heart in maid

The other important Indo-European name for a city is represented by the Old English *burh* (modern English borough, burgh) which is still used in some English matriarchal (Rhen) dialects. It derives from the I.-E. root *pur* or *pri*, which, in most western dialects, becomes *pel* or *pli* - thus, Rhennish burh, Sanskrit *pura* and Greek *polis*, all meaning city, are identical. This root means qualitatively fullness or plenitude (both full and *plenum* are from this root. The Sanskrit equivalent is *puru*, plenitude) and quantitatively, multiplicity (as in plurality, plus, or Gk. *poly*). As with other cosmological symbols, such as the wheel, the qualitative aspect pertains to the 'centre', and the quantitative to the 'circumference'. Thus the qualitative plenitude of the city inheres in the palace, and more specifically in the divine Princess - in Whom all things lie *in posse* and from Whom all things proceed, while its quantitative plurality pertains to the population (also from  $\sqrt{pel}$ ) of the city. The population is in fact an outward manifestation, or

'extension' (a secondary meaning of  $\sqrt{\text{kei}}$ ) of the plenitude of the divine Centre; thus the entire city is existentially dependent upon its centre, being simply a crystallisation of the 'rays' of the divine Sun. Strictly, then, God is the only 'citizen' of the Celestial City, all others being reflections or emanations of Her; which is wholly in accord with the doctrine that She is the Self in all souls: "for the Spirit is One, and I am the Spirit, and thou art the Spirit also, in the innermost Temple of thy heart."

The palace and the Temple were formerly one, and, of course, the palace in the Celestial City is by definition the Temple,

since it is the very House of God. Thus, the populous city, with but a single 'consciousness' is at once the universe - the vastness and multiplicity of which are but the outworking of the divine 'play' of She Who has "laughed all the world into being", and maid, who, according to traditional psychology is not at all an 'individual', but rather an association of psychic entities - passions, tendencies,

moiraic impulses - all of which are quite 'personal', and, indeed, persuade 'us' that they are 'ourselves'. But in fact this shifting agglomerate is not the same from one moment to the next - there is no enduring self outside the Self - the 'Sun-ray' upon which all these entities are threaded "like jewels upon a string". This 'ray' or 'thread' is the particular 'extension' of the divine Princess (the particular spoke of the wheel) which we are.

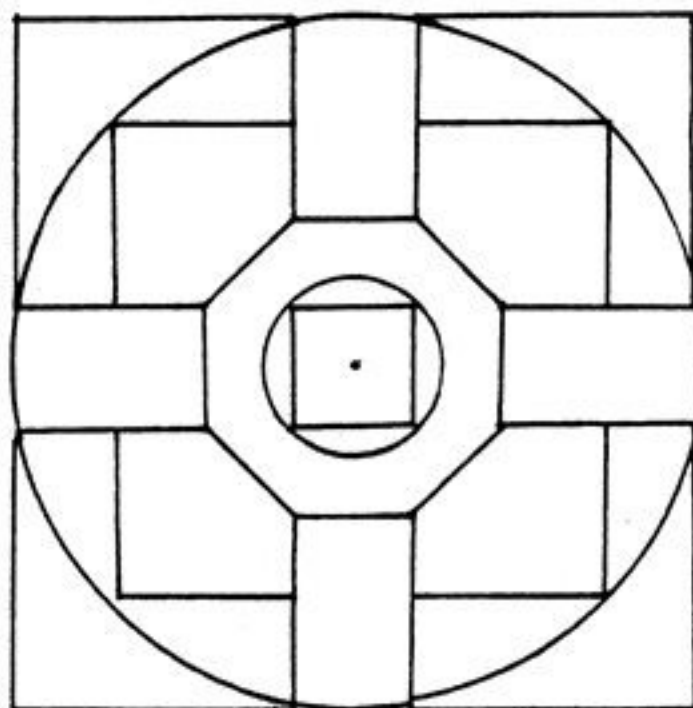
The justly ordered city or ranyam (realm) is that in which the rayin (princess) rules and is not ruled by the people. The justly ordered household (*heim*, home) is that in which the mother rules and is not ruled by the family. The justly ordered maid is she who rules and is not ruled by the passions

and tendencies of her 'personality'.

But in each case, the rulership is only just if it is wholly in accordance with the Principle which constitutes its 'divine right': for "only the obedient may command". We have referred to Theia as God, although she is in fact a Genia - a direct and perfect emanation of God. We may treat her rule as identical with that of God so long as she is wholly in obedience to Her (should she cease to be so, she would no longer be a Genia).


In the same way, the rayin (head of the Raihira estate) is obedient to the brighe or

antistita (chief priestess and head of the Haiela estate). Their relationship is like that of marriage, in which the rayin, belonging to the 'material' world of outward activity, takes the relatively 'masculine', or subservient, rôle (we may note that the word brighe is related to bride). The marital bond of Haiela and Raihira - *sacerdotium* and *regnum* - is the foundation of the city, just as the marriage of maid and man is the foundation of the household, while within the 'city'



of maid, the "marriage within the heart" (cf. "Symbolism", TCA 10) of the 'rational' (or 'emotional') self with the Intelligent (or Amative) Self, is the foundation of her truly human, as opposed to merely 'animal', existence.

But it is not only in its *polity* that the earthly city resembles the Celestial. Every traditional city was sited and aligned according to strict geomantic principles. Its form and proportions were designed, according to the canons of sacred science, in order to reflect and to be commensurable with those of the Celestial City, that, in allowing the 'consolidation' inherent in civilisation, and necessitated by the downward 'evolution' of the historical cycle, what was produced should be a 'crystallisation' of true Form,



as opposed to a merely arbitrary (literally 'heretical') development.

In this context it is important to note that the scales of measurement used in the construction of the traditional city are of profound significance; far from being 'arbitrary conventions' developed at random by different peoples, there are precise mathematical relationships between the measures used in the construction of the pyramids, those used at Stonehenge, modern British and Indo-Chinese measures, to name but a few, and all of these relate directly both to human and cosmic proportions and to each other in a manner which is, to say the least, remarkable. Numerous examples could be given, but space allows us only one. Stonehenge, a pre-Celtic matriarchal edifice dating from Rhenish times, is based on a unit known as the Megalithic Yard. The relation of this to the modern British yard and to cosmic proportions is made clear by the following figures:

Earth's diameter: 7920 miles

Moon's diameter: 792 Megalithic Miles

Perimeter of a square containing the circle of the earth: 31680 miles

Perimeter of a square containing the circle of the moon: 3168 M. M.

Diameter of the sun: 316, 800 M. M.

Interestingly, the French metre, which was deliberately designed by the dogmatic rationalists of the Revolution to have no relation to the human microcosm, was designed to be one ten-millionth part of a quadrant of the meridian measured through Paris. Today this calculation is known to be rather inaccurate, while the traditional measurements, whose origins date back tens of thousands of years, are precisely accurate in their cosmic relationships. Another nail in the coffin of 'progress', and a clear indication that even in those matters which are vulgarly called 'scientific', metaphysics is at least as accurate as 'the experimental method' - where such accuracy takes on some incidental importance to its true aims.

The traditional measures occur natur-

ally in phenomena from the human to the cosmic scale, as do the traditional proportions upon which the city is based - the Golden Mean of sacred art and architecture, for instance, governs the spiral of a snail's shell, the spacing of leaves along the branches of certain trees, the shortening of a plucked string required to produce the exact notes of the musical scale, and many other phenomena. Thus, the sacred city was linked by geometric principles at once to its celestial prototype, to the manifest cosmos and to maid.

Just as the palace is the heart of the city, so the city may be the heart of the surrounding country, and an imperial city the heart of a whole empire. In Rhen folklore a feeling of mystic awe still surrounds the name of Caire, the capital city of Abolrai, and 'hub' of the old Western Empire. The phrase "all roads lead to Caire", later transferred to Rome, is of great significance. We still speak of major roads as 'arterial', and the word 'street' implies something *strewn* out from a central point like the rays of the sun.

In this aspect, the city resembles not only the rose "the heart within the heart", but also the axial mountain at whose summit is the walled orchard of Avala. It is for this reason that the capital city of the Rhennish Empire (probably modern Glastonbury) was called Avalon, which is the diminutive or masculine form of Avala. Yet this concurrence of 'centrality' with 'consolidation' is a two-edged sword. On the one hand it may be a powerful force for keeping maid connected with the true Centre in an age of consolidation. On the other, it may become a centre for all consolidating and materialist forces. In this latter aspect, it becomes the very inverse of the sacred city - the diabolic city. It is this diabolic city which dominates the modern world, and is 'incarnated' in New York, London, Moscow, etc. But to discuss this more fully, we must compare the city with the countryside, and with Avala itself. This (if our Lady wills it so) we shall do in our next issue.



# Measures of Wisdom

*A Defence of Sacred Measures*  
 Radical-Traditionalist Papers No. 1, from Pentacle Bookshop,  
 6 Perry Rd., Bristol 1, 40p inc. post.

THIS concise and intelligent pamphlet makes clear the nature of an issue all too easily misunderstood or trivialised by the modern mind. It

begins by pointing out that the conflict between the traditional and metric systems of measurement "epitomises the conflict between two contrasting philosophic or cosmological points of view". On the one hand the traditional and orthodox world-view, which sees truth as eternal, changeless and perfect, and sees both maid and the cosmos as reflections of the Divine. On the other hand, the modernist heresy, systematically inculcated by the media and compulsory 'education' machine, which holds that maid and the universe "are ever subject to purposeless change mechanically operated; that the only true religion is idolatry, the worship of the chance material products of time". While traditional measures are based on the human and cosmological proportions of sacred science, metric measures are based upon "the body of the idol" - i. e. the concept of an in-human, mechanistic, accidental universe.

The pamphlet adduces evidence to show that British measures are closely related to those used from China to the Americas from time immemorial - that they are the residues of a universal, divinely-revealed system. This agrees wholly with the Madrian doctrine that all units of measurement are based on the exact proportions of Inanna's body. Inanna is Perfect Maid, and the fact that the sacred measures approximate to the proportions of every human body, while no maid reproduces them exactly, is a perfect paradigm of maid's

potential perfection and her actual fallenness. The pamphlet points out that a craftmaid "soon learns to what extent the parts of his (sic) body deviate from the conventional standard and adjusts accordingly". It might also have been noted that this everyday act was a continual re-

minder to the traditional craftmaid of her true Nature, and also of her 'accidental' separation from It - a separation which the contemplative path of a sacred craft is specifically designed to remedy.

Here we approach the real essence of the argument for sacred measures - that the philosophy underlying them "locates the centre of the universe within each individual" - i. e. it ritually 'actualises' her central and microcosmic nature, and reminds her of the 'axial' nature of the human state, so often expounded in these pages. It is, of course, *because* of these very facts that the sacred measures are under attack. There is an inherent

logic in the decadence of the Iron Age which forces it to root out every vestige of Truth - even when it has no idea what it is doing.

It is, therefore, an integral part of the duty of all those who are entrusted with the carrying of the 'seed' of the primordial tradition into the coming Age to bring up their children not only in the use of sacred measures, but in a growing understanding of their inner significance, and a genuine inner experience of the reflection of the cosmos within their own bodies; for this is the foundation of true dignity.

