

the coming age



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The Morrow-Long

Deep in the darksome days of winter
Climbeth the crescent to the crest;
Shinen the stars in sovereign stillness;
Reft are the red rays of the west.

Over the sea-spray's silvern splendour
Falleth a foot unfailing fast,
Fearing none fall nor seeking substance,
Faltering noight from first to last.

Moveth a maiden in the moonlight,
Draped in darkness deep and drear,
Over the waters white and wellowing
In the gaunt aging of the year.

Over the shores of silent silver
Unto the fearful forest deep,
Seeking the Cavern's secret centre
Setteth She still as She would sleep.

Out of the depths of drear and darkness
And the cruel cold of winter's night
Cometh a Child all cloth'd in candour
Bearing God's Love and Life and Light.

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O List Ye

O list ye, O list ye that pass on your way
And hear ye what ferling hath fallen this day:
A maiden resplendant with heaven-like light
Hath boren a child in the still of the night.

And who is this maiden from Heaven come down
In raiment of light and a sun-golden crown?
Fey, She is the lone Maid thine eyes may not see,
For She bare thine Mother and also bare thee.

O look ye, O look ye, the cold winter's night
Is riven in sunder by glories of light
The childer of heaven are gather'd in throng
All hail to the Child is the whole of their song.

Wherefore came that Daughter from country afar
Brought forth by her Mother in manner so rare?
Fey, She was iboren to death and to strife
That we might be starved to measureless life

NATIVITY CAROLS

The songs-on this page are two of the many traditional Rhennish Nativity carols which are sung throughout the Advent and especially during the Twelve Days of Nativity itself.

The following notes are intended to help those not familiar with Rhennish dialect:

Reft: gone (cf bereft, bereave).

Wellowing: wavy, ultimately from 'voive', to turn. A deep root, connected ultimately with will and the turning (re-vol-ution) of the wheel of Moira. More immediately connected with willow, willow (the water tree) and German *Welle* a wave.

As She would sleep: ie as if She would sleep.

Candour: white radiance (cf 'incandescence').

Ferling (pronounced 'farling'): wonder, marvel.

Fey: contraction of 'faith'. A common Rhennish interjection.

Starve: to die (not necessarily of hunger).



A Rhennish Nativity

NATIVITY, at my childhood home, centred always about the Great House and the little Temple established within it. The Great House, as everyone called it, was the home of the first family of the village. There it was that Communion was taken and several of the great communal festivities of the season were held. I was very familiar with the Great House, for I spent no little time there in the

company of the children of the family, and it was there that I received my schooling; for although my mother was a carpenter, we were a Raihira family — that is to say, were of the old Rhennish nobility — and therefore equal in rank to those of our kindred who retained the material position of the squirearchy as well as the birthright.

For this reason we went early on Nativity Eve to the house to assist in directing the festivities. I remember vividly the sights and smells and atmosphere of those few hours before the congregation arrived for midnight communion (they came well before midnight to drink and talk). The hall was rich with the sight and scent of hanging greenery, bright with candles, ribbons and trinkets. The long table was laden with beautifully decorated sweetmeats and savouries; the fire roared and a rich aroma floated from the mulling ale and also from the very special liqueurs which were only taken at Nativity and other very special occasions, and which we children never tasted.

Our parents talked with the *mestré* and *daun* (Lady and master) about the serious business of Nativity; though a pure and childlike excitement is never far from the surface, for no Rhenne ever "grows up" in the modern sense. We children, however, were bubbling over. Never far from our thoughts was the Star Fairy, the bright, regal princess of the airy sylph-folk, who drives her chariot abroad on Nativity Eve with its seven white mares giving presents to all who have deserved them. There was also the possibility that she might leave nothing but a rod, which our mothers, know-

ing by this that we had not been good throughout the year, would use to beat us. This possibility, however, seemed to us diminished by the fact that we had all been purified on Brichten-Day, when every child is ritually whipped. Brichten-Day is the culmination of that strange and beautiful period of Advent, which Ekklesia defines as semi-festive and semi-penitential. The purpose of the whipping is to drive out all *keres* (demonic entities) and to make us ritually pure for Nativity, and also to infuse into us the virtues of birch (which belongs to the Mother) and willow (which belongs to the Daughter), the Brichten itself being a rod made of twigs from these two trees. In actuality all the children looked forward to Brichten-Day. For it was a day of great festivity and, being the day before Nativity Eve, marked for us the beginning of the real Nativity period. The element of fear (gleefully exaggerated and play-acted by us all) only added to the excitement. The whippings rarely hurt more than a little, although it did depend on an (usually rather generous) estimation of how badly we had behaved during the year. It was not rare for a child to ask for a hard whipping so that she might "be pure for Inanna", though I must confess that I never did this. Sometimes a child got rather a little more than she expected on Brichten-Day; but I have never met one who had a rod instead of presents from the Star-Fairy.

The other great event of Brichten-Day was the ordination of the *Kindip'retre* (child-priestess). The child who was chosen for this office was nearly always destined to enter the Temple in later life



and often to become a real Priestess. For the period of her reign - until Duodecima - she stands theoretically above the priestess herself (although she takes advice from her). When all the adults are at communion she conducts the Rite of Sacrifice (a thing that no child under fourteen may usually do) for the children, and at the evening service on Nativity she preaches a sermon after communion to the adults in the temple. Everyone kneels and kisses her hands, and the height of her career comes on the sixth day of Nativity when she celebrates the Rite in the temple itself and preaches another sermon. But on Duodecima, when the high are made low, she becomes the servant of all. Even so, she is entitled to celebrate the Rite up until the Feast of Lights, and is the head of the children for the rest of the year.

Our talk of the radiant Star-Fairy was always cut short by the sound of the first arrivals coming up the path. This was a sound that never failed to thrill me, for they always came singing "Mari-Anna, Inanna" an ancient and beautiful Nativity chant. The chant grew louder and clearer as the first families arrived at the door and from that point onward the chant did not fade from our ears until the last of the families was inside in the firelight. The Nativity fir-tree was not customary in my community in those days, but we did have the Ashy Faggot or Ashenlog. The Ashy Faggot was a bundle of ash-wood bound together with withes. It was customary to bring one into the house and burn it in the hearth on Nativity Eve. Each time a withe burst, a new flagon of ale would be breached. But in the Great House we had the much larger Ashenlog, a huge log dragged ceremoniously home with plough-horses, followed by the children (and sometimes ridden on by the smaller ones). The other centrepiece was the Kissing Bough, a great spherical device covered with holly, ivy and mistletoe, and supporting a circle of white candles, which was suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room. The greenery of the bough was often dipped in flour and water paste to make it look snowy. Anyone kissing under the bough could make a wish.

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Nativity began early with the children anxious to see what the Star-Fairy had brought for them. She brought nuts and candied fruits, little wooden tops and fivestones, a red pencil,

a string of wooden beads, ~~sour little plums~~, an especially beautiful feather which might be used for a quill or for plucking a stringed instrument, coloured ribbons, an orange, a gingerbread ~~man~~. The Star-Fairy came not only to the children, but to the paccia (servants), the apprentices, to ~~most~~ maids (and men) who had a mistress, "to all who are children in their hearts" - and all of these were as excited as the children, or very nearly so. We gathered in the kitchen to examine our presents, the children still in nightgowns (a rare indulgence); but we had rarely finished before we were hurried into best dresses and white stockings for the dawn Rite at the Great House.

Later in the day we would give and receive larger presents. One year my mother gave me a little chicken, another year she gave me a small patch of garden all of my own; and I shall never forget the year she gave me my first long dress - in fact, it was not quite my first, for I had two long everyday dresses at my Initiation earlier in the year, but this was my first formal long dress, in blue velvet with silver trimmings, and in the true Raihira style.

Most of the families went to their homes after the Rite (having paused for a drink or two). But we were among the select group who stayed for Nativity in the Great House. It was by no means a quiet and lazy day, as I believe it is among urbie (non-Madrian) households. We played many energetic games and lots of quieter ones too, and we always went into the village during the afternoon to pay visits. The whole community was a criss-cross of visits on Nativity afternoon.

The high point of the day was the great dinner. There were several dishes, many of them containing traditional Rhennish preparations such as frighas and curd, but the central piece was usually the great goose. Mestré Anna said that in the old days it was always a wild boar, and that the boar hunt had been one of the great pre-Nativity events. One year she bought in a boar, which was hugely successful. Plum pudding and mince pies, of course, ~~were to~~ follow; after dinner each person in turn had to sing a song, perform a trick or tell some little story.

Like Nativity Eve, and the whole of the Twelve Days, Nativity was a time for singing the many beautiful Rhennish carols and for telling stories. Ghost stories are popular at





this season — but not on Nativity itself, when no ghosts are ever abroad. Certain special tales were told by my mother and *mestré Anna*, and others, every Nativity. They were never told at any other time. After the evening rite the whole community stayed for the tales and for certain quieter games, including, sometimes, the perilous and not-so-quiet *Snap-Dragon* — though this is really more a *Nativity Eve game*. Usually it was a late night and *Maskiday* (the day after Nativity) did not begin so early.

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Little work was done for the whole of the Twelve Days. *Maskiday* was the day when the traditional Nativity plays and dance-dramas were performed. Musicians, dancers and actors had practised for many weeks toward this day. Then there was *Wren-Hunt Day*, *Drispeal Day*, *Wexell Day* (when the *Rhennismare* was taken carolling the families). There were usually visits to and from nearby *Rhennish communities*, and often the *Day of Hestia* fell within this period. We all tried to eat a mince pie on each of the Twelve Days, which would bring luck for the first twelve months of the year (the thirteenth day, like the thirteenth month, is a fast). Finally there came *Duodecima*, the topsy-turvy day, when mistresses served their maids and the highest became lowest. The famous evening party was also held at the *Great House*, and was the most uproarious and hilarious event of the whole year. Before midnight struck, every decoration that did not grow on a tree had to be removed (the greenery remained up until the *Feast of Lights*).

The day following *Duodecima* is a fast, but the fast does not begin until dawn. The removal of the decorations is a traditional interlude in the *Duodecima* party, which then carries on for much of the night.

The thirteenth day fast is probably the easiest fast of the year, since one has fed well until the early hours of the morning,

and usually sleeps well into the day. My mother always made us keep the fast strictly, behaving quietly, reading and copying from the Scriptures, and creating the atmosphere of *Moura* for a few hours. She would bring out her switch to remind us of the seriousness of the occasion and curb any residual hilarity. I was always glad of this brief period of whiteness and purity after Nativity, for greatly as I enjoyed the twelve days of festivity culminating in *Duodecima*, a slight feeling of satiation began to develop which was quite dispelled on the thirteenth day. In any

case, it has always seemed to me a very wise way of ending Nativity. Rather than drifting vaguely back to normality in a climate of anticlimax, we were pulled sharply up against the discipline of *Moura* and then released with a sense of relief into the semi-festive post-Nativity period, which always contained a few treats and surprises.

Although Nativity was a time of high festivity in which much energy was spent on enjoyment, we never forgot the serious and profound Reality which lay behind it; indeed, the idea of purely secular enjoyment is wholly alien to the *Rhennish* mentality. Our games, our songs, our stories, even our food and drink, all had ritual significance. The profoundest spirit of Nativity is typified for me by the *Morrow Song* (see p.2), which tells the early part of the Nativity story. It is so called because it is especially the song of *Nativity Eve* (when Nativity is the *morrow*), although it is considered lucky to sing it on each of the Twelve Days, which our family always did. Both the tune and the words are heavy with a keen sense of the primal mystery of the world's oldest story, with the deep darkness of *Maid's fall* and the bright light of *God's descent*; superficially this solemn and haunting mystery may seem a hundred miles from the warmth, colour and gaiety of Nativity, but in truth it is its very heart. ELYSIA



The Trojan Horse

Television — Tool of Tyrants

THERE WAS ONCE a tyrant who overthrew the Law of God and Her earthly representatives, setting up a false, unlawful government based not upon the divine Law of Themis but only upon human notions, human ideologies, human greed and lust for power. But the people were not so easily hoodwinked. So far as they could, they held firm to the old ways, and even when they could not, they kept some measure of the Truth and would not conform to the ways of the tyrant.

So the tyrant gathered together a huge group of storytellers, and sent one storyteller to every home in the land, and the storytellers did not tell the old tales which all have their roots laid deep in the Truth, but new tales, or else perversions of the old ones. But every tale they told was like the old tales in one respect — it had an inner meaning; but the inner meaning was no longer concerned with the soul's path to the Centre; it was merely one of the tyrant's pet views or opinions. Soon the people forgot all the old stories and songs, and the only thing they knew was the tyrant's propaganda. They hardly talked among themselves in the long winter evenings, for they dared not interrupt the tyrant's storyteller. And the tyrant laughed, saying "now there will be no rebellions".

Of course no tyrant in history could possibly have amassed such a vast corps of professional propagandists as to be able to station one or more in every house, hut, hovel, castle and cottage in the country. There is no tyrant in history from Black Mider onward, whose mouth would not have watered at the prospect. It is no surprise, therefore, that now, as the Dark Age approaches its darkest hour the prospect has become not only a possibility, but an all-pervasive reality. Within the space of a few short decades the long tentacles of television have reached into almost every home, wrapping themselves around the mind of nearly every maid, man and child. The tyrant's dream has come true.

Who is the tyrant?

Television, in this country, is not manipulated by a single central agency devoted to pumping out one line of propaganda, as is the case in the Russ-



ian empire. On the contrary, it preaches, and, up to a point, practises, the doctrine of "freedom of expression". All kinds of notions and opinions are aired on the screen. But this only serves to make the propaganda more effective. In Russia it is very clear that the television is an instrument of propaganda. It is clear what the "line" is. Therefore everyone is on their guard against it; no intelligent person takes it very seriously. In the west it is much more subtle, and therefore much more effective.

For despite the fact that numerous opinions and positions are expressed (indeed, partly *because* of it), behind every word spoken, every image shown, and every song sung lies the modern patriarchal-materialist view of the world. Modernism contains hundreds of different views and opinions, all conflicting, and yet all modernist (indeed, the notion that there are hundreds of different opinions is an important part of the modernist attack upon the idea of Absolute Truth). The tyrant does not care whether you accept some of them, all of them or none of them just so long as you are still a modernist. Television is a continual drip-feed designed to maintain the modernist mentality.

No programme is innocent, however innocuous it may appear. A serious and informative programme on botany, for example; what harm can that possibly do? Well, in issue 14 this magazine published an article explaining the inner essence of flowers — their precise nature as expressions of particular divine Archetypes. It also explained the real spiritual damage that is done, especially to young children, by destroying their natural perception of flowers with the modern "scientific"



evolutionist-materialist dogma which regards them as mere "accidents of nature" and "devices for the survival of the species". Every television programme on botany propagates this dogma either explicitly or implicitly.

One could give innumerable examples, but let us leave them aside for the moment. For in the end, the evil of television lies deeper than anything it says or does not say. So let us leave aside television's coarseness, its attack on morality, its steady and deliberate lowering of the "shock-level" of its audience to every sort of nastiness. Let us ignore the fact that anyone who watches any programme, who even owns and licenses a set without ever switching it on, is as guilty of complicity in this as a receiver of stolen goods is guilty of complicity in theft. Let us ignore television's active collaboration with that monstrous system of compulsory mass child-indoctrination which goes by the name of education.

We may ignore all these things because they are not essential. Television is an evil *per se* quite regardless of anything it says or does. Even a television station controlled by Madriens would be an evil.

Why? Firstly because television replaces the hearth. *Hearth* in Latin is *focus*. The hearth is the focus of any healthy home. Elsewhere in this issue you will read about the profound ritual significance of the hearth. To replace the living hearth, the "gate of heaven", with a set of cathode tubes, a "window on the (profane) world" is a step of obvious significance.

Closely related to this is the undermining of the mother's position as teacher of the family and mistress of the household. Learning tales, lore, songs, and a whole culture from the mother at the hearthside is a part of the spiritual growth of every matriarchal child, as is the evening life of the whole family about the fire. Even without the slick trivia which is fed to children today, television could only ever be an unnatural parody of this.

Television creates a gargantuan world which is beyond the scale of any normal human community; when programmes review "the events of the year" they are not talking of the death of old Tham and the wedding of Mestré Alana, the flooding of the lost meadow and the good harvest — they speak of national and international events. The natural community is subverted and replaced by a vast, monstrous pseudo-community.

But beyond all these things, television, by its very nature, subverts the human heart. For the human heart is made to rest in God; to transcend the changing and temporary flux of matter and to repose in the Eternal. Of course, maid does not always succeed in this aim, but in the traditional civilisation every facet of that culture is designed to help her.

The crafts, the stories, the songs, the very clothes that she wears are all continual "reminders" of the true Centre. Television by its very nature focuses upon the new, the transient, the passing. By its very nature it is anti-contemplative, seeking to reduce complexities to simple visual images; placing visual impact above inner vision. All traditional culture focuses upon the inner essence of things. All anti-traditional culture focuses upon the outward, the accidental, the individual. Television is irredeemably modern in this sense. Everything in traditional culture is designed to counteract the illusion of the material world, to lead us from things into the arms of God. Television by its very nature must always reinforce the illusion, persuading us to believe that the world which can be filmed is the "real" world. As such, television is the quintessence of anti-culture, the diabolic parody of all that human civilisation was made to be; and it is from this that all its lesser evils naturally and necessarily flow.

To those who still harbour the Trojan Horse within their walls, this must be said: there is no legitimate reason for watching television; you have no right to expose yourself or your children to it. Put it out of the gates.

SISTER ANGELINA





Goat: traditional

The Realm of the Real

The truth of art; the art of Truth

“**WHY ARE THERE NO great women artists?**” is a question often asked in the profane world. Various solutions are put forward, social, economic, cultural and otherwise, none of which are very convincing. Every modern discussion of this subject begins from the same fundamental limitation of vision — it questions only why maids, by nature or by social position, seem unsuited

to “art”. It does not occur to the modern mind to ask whether “art” — or rather the modern version of it — is not unsuited to maids.

By modern art we mean all that has been produced over the last five hundred years or so since the European Renaissance, for it was at that time that the art of the west underwent a change which set it apart from every art-style in the history of the world. In a true matriarchal civilisation, the aim of all art is to reveal the divine Realities which lie behind the earthly forms of things; for all the things of the material world are but shadows cast upon the veil of matter — shadows of perfect Archetypes, or perfect Forms, the eternal Ideas in the mind of God Herself. The Archetypes exist beyond the world of flux. They are changeless, serene and eternal. They cannot grow less, for they are beyond the realm of decay and dissolution. They cannot grow greater, for they are already absolute in themselves, the perfect expression of the divine Mind. That is why the pure contemplation of any Archetype must lead directly back to God.

It is this contemplation that is the true function and vocation of every authentic artist. Her job is not to copy the outward appearances of earthly things (far less to express her own personality); it is to reveal the true inner essence of those things — the perfect Archetypes which stand behind them. To discern the Eternal in the changing forms of things; Truth in the illusion of matter; the Perfect in the imperfect: that is the aim of art, or it is not art.

This is true not only of the primordial matriarchal doctrine of art, but of every legitimate or quasi-legitimate art form of the patriarchal world. The necessity for the artist to reveal the unchanging Reality behind the flux of the natural world was understood the world over; whether in the ‘Platonic’ tradition inherited by Islam and Christianity, in the

Taoism and Buddhism of the far east, the doctrine of the Hindu sages, or the less articulate but equally profound doctrines of the Red Indians, or the Africans, the fundamental matriarchal doctrine of art was always passed on — for it is only to a civilisation in an advanced state of decay that any other view of art is possible.

It was precisely such a state of decay which made possible the European Renaissance; and what it produced was an art diametrically opposed to the art of every traditional civilisation, whether matriarchal or patriarchal: an art dedicated to the imitation of the physical appearances of earthly things rather than their underlying Reality, to the proclamation of the illusion of matter rather than the Truth which it conceals.

All art is doctrinal, whether or not it understands the doctrine which it teaches. The doctrine of all traditional art is that the world is but a shadow of the Real, that it is beautiful, and that we must love it — but we must “love it for that it is an echo of Eternity”. The doctrine of Renaissance art, despite its apparently “Christian” subject matter, is that this world exists in and for itself without reference to the Eternal. The spirit which could produce such an art must inevitably lead to the atheist/materialist chaos of the modern world.

Every traditional art has an elaborate system of rules for its execution, based upon sciences ranging from sacred geometry to the symbolism



Goat: modern



of colour. These rules make up the "language" in which the Truth may be expressed — though that which is communicated can only come through a direct contemplative perception of the real nature of the thing to be expressed. The artist who has not yet attained to this direct perception must carefully follow the method and instructions of her Ranya (mistress), who, like every craft-mistress, is essentially a spiritual teacher.

Post-Renaissance art, on the other hand, developed an entirely different sort of rule — such as the loss of perspective — designed not to express the inner truth of things, but to create the illusion of substance, solidity and materiality; to make pictures that were 'realistic' rather than real.

The 'message' expressed by this new artistic 'language' was not the universal contemplative vision of the Truth (which is always and everywhere the same), but the individual 'genius' of the particular artist. It is significant that it is toward the end of the Mediaeval period and the beginning of the Renaissance that works of art ceased to be anonymous like the works of every other craft. For it was at this stage that art and craft, which had always been one and the same sacred contemplative path, became separated — the one to become a mere depiction of worldly things and human emotions, the other to become a mere means of producing material goods. The one leading to wage-slavery and the factory system; the other to all the grotesqueries of "modern art" in which a loaf of bread painted blue or a man vomiting into a bucket are accepted as authentic works of art (both have been displayed by prominent galleries). These last excesses are the natural result of an "art" which concentrates wholly on novelty and "progress" (the flux of change) and egotistic self-expression. It may seem far removed from the unquestionable beauty of Renaissance art, but it is in fact its logical conclusion.

What in fact is happening is that one of the inevitable developments of the final phases of the Dark Age is manifesting itself in art

just as it is in all phases of human culture. The phenomenon in question is what we may call "the opening of fissures" or "the breaches in the world wall". Up until the last century the world had been undergoing a continuous process of consolidation or materialisation. The materialist doctrines which have been developing and gaining increasing popularity over the last few centuries are nothing more than a reflection of this actual development within the cosmic environment. But the stage of complete "materialism" has already been passed. The world has been, as it were, sealed off from "above". Now the fissures are beginning to open, through which the world may be permeated from "below". These influences belong to the region of inferior psychism — they are the inverted parodies of the true spiritual forms which exist throughout a sacred civilisation. In art, the process may be stated thus: Traditional art is stylised. Rather than imitating physical appearances it depicts the inner Essence. Untraditional art is simply materialist. It imitates the outward appearance. Modern art does not imitate appearances, but rather than expressing the spiritual Essence it reflects the contents of the psychic region. Since these are often parodies of the Real, some modern art may actually appear more Essential than, say, that of the last century.

As has often been explained in these pages, patriarchy results from the ascendancy of the material over the spiritual principle. The stage of absolute materialism, therefore, corresponds to complete patriarchy, while the breakdown of the materialism of the last century is necessarily accompanied by the blurring of the old patriarchal lines, the "liberation" of maids etc. But like the modern "neo-spirituality" and "new art", this "liberation" is no more than an inverted parody of the Real. One in which maid, rather than taking her true place, is always reduced to the level of late-patriarchal man.

Contd over





The Fire in the Hearth

THE KINDLING of the inner fire, the birth of the Spirit within, the coming of the Daughter, Inanna, to the human heart — these are the Mysteries of the Nativity season, and they are closely bound up with the seasonal centrality of the hearth-fire. The hearth is always the centre of the home, but most particularly in winter does it draw all toward it, effectively replacing the sun as the source of warmth and becoming the focus of activity.

The fire in the hearth reflects the sun within the home as the symbol as the Spirit. In one sense, the midwinter festival of the hearth-fire, the Day of Hestia, reflects the midsummer festival of the Spirit as consuming flame, Rosa Mundi. In the matriarchal societies, the hearth-fires were always lit from the Altar-Flame of the Temple, through which passes the Axis of the world: the central pillar which connects earth with Heaven. Every hearth-fire is a microcosm of the Altar Flame, the chimney symbolising the Axis itself (see "Symbolism", p. 20). The fire also reflects the Spirit within the heart, at the centre of our being; the heart without the Spirit, like the hearth without the fire, is cold, dark and dead. It is this essential lack, this inner chill, which pervades the modern world, creating sensations of emptiness and centrelessness.

A traditional society, and each maid, man and child within it, is "centred"; the Spirit is in their midst; each household centres around the hearth, each village around the Temple; all activity, both work and play, is directed toward the Centre, the Source of all being. People are not fragmented, dissociated units, they are a community, united in the quest for Perfection: they are the individual spokes of a wheel which turns smoothly because each radiates from the central hub, acting not in dissonant "independence", but in harmonious unison.

In true traditional art (except where specifically excluded) maid has always excelled. In an untraditional art, while she may appreciate it and even participate, it is metaphysically impossible for her to reach greatness. She is, as it were, protected by her inner nature. Modern antitraditional art being a complete parody of the Real, it is possible, even probable, that we may once again see "great women artists". One can only hope not.

SISTER ALETHEA

In the present age, while the wholeness of an integrated, centred and unified society is denied to us, we should strive to make of our home a true haven, centred upon the Spirit. We should attempt as far as possible to expel all that does not relate to the Centre, all that is not themis, or within the divine harmony. Anything that could not have been conceived or made within a traditional community should not find its way into our homes. In practice, of course, many such things are already in the newly Madrian home, and often in our hearts also, so that it may be painful and distressing to part with them — so painful and distressing that we may be able to find countless reasons why we cannot possibly manage without this or that. Try one thing a week: start with the least attractive — the plastic washing-up bowl, the nylon housecoat, last year's paperback — and go on from there. And as you throw things out, bring things in. Your eye for themis will develop slowly as you become centred, but at first begin by considering "could this have been made, say, five hundred years ago?"

It must be realised that this is no mere matter of sentimental conservatism. All traditional objects made by traditional methods have an inherent symbolism which draws us subtly but powerfully to the Centre. Conversely, forms and materials which have no basis whatever in nature or in normal human craft contain a ritual potency for disruption and de-centring whose cumulative effect is unbelievably powerful, and which is one of the strongest weapons in the arsenal of the disruptive influences which underlie modernism.

Unless the fire is lit, there is no warmth or light, however well swept the hearth and beautiful the mantel; just so, however themis the home, it needs the presence of our Lady to be truly nourishing to the soul. Make a shrine in the house with an



image of our Lady, candles and flowers, so that you are ever aware of Her. Use the shrine for your daily devotions, praying, chanting the holy Name, meditating, saying the Rosary, offering incense; and it will become a real source of spiritual warmth. If a family is within the faith, ideally each should have her own small shrine and there should be a larger shrine for family prayers.

As you deepen in devotion to our Lady, you should also be gaining in understanding of the faith and of metaphysical truths. As our Lady has said: "Therefore know you well the sacred Mythos and the words that I reveal to you,

and let your knowledge

dwell not only on the surface, but go deep into the inner soul." Read and re-read the Scriptures and expositions of the Truth, not with the casual attention given to the ephemeral productions of the modern world, but

slowly, with care and with the desire to understand not only with the head but with the heart. Mere reading is far from being enough, however; indeed it is no exaggeration to say that one never truly learns except through personal teaching from those older in the faith.

The cultivation of a quiet mind is of first importance — not that one is advocating a protestant sobriety; rather that the mind should be capable of resting in the Eternal, not constantly flitting from one material thing to another, like a bee among plastic flowers, gathering nourishment nowhere. The restlessness of the modern mind, its absorption in trivia, its inability to be at peace, is a symptom of centrelessness — the mind simply has no stopping-place. The plethora of books and magazines, the omnipresence of the mass-media, the unceasing bustle and scurry of modern life — all these are like a sheet pulled across a gaping emptiness. As you gain knowledge of the Truth, which is the foundation of life, these things become of no importance; but begin by reducing your exposure to them as far as possible. Trivia, of course, exists within a traditional community, but it is not the purely

destructive trivia of the modern world, which implicitly denies the Truth and disrupts the soul at every turn. Even the trivia of the traditional world conduces eventually to the Centre. To defend yourself against the poisonous trivia of the modern world, you must be always aware firstly of our Lady's presence, secondly of the soul's quest for the Spirit and thirdly of the reflection of the Divine in all earthly things that are not wholly unnatural. Take every opportunity to remind yourself of these great truths. Also take every opportunity to be with

others of the faith; and while with them, do not talk of

the "outside world", but only of that which relates to the Centre; and this is not only a question of serious religious and philosophical discourse, for traditional stories, songs and every aspect of traditional life relates directly or indirectly to the Centre.

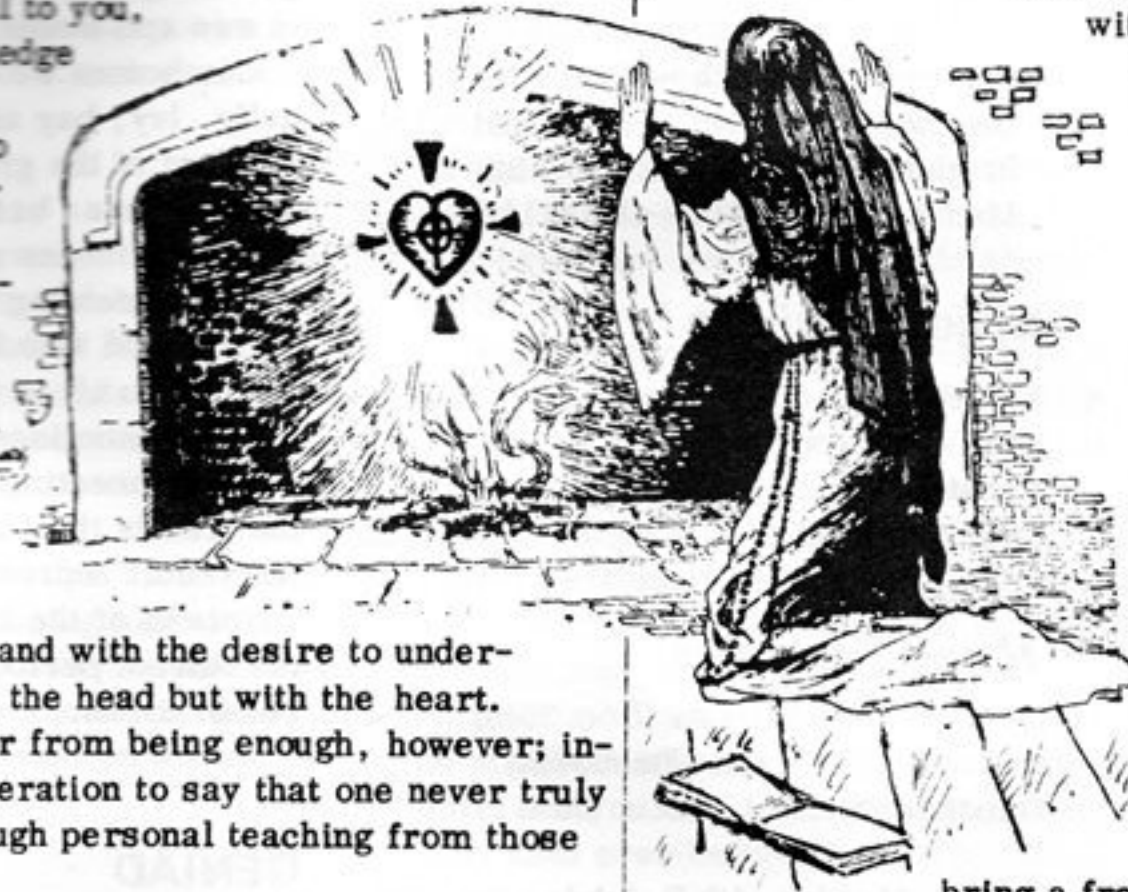
As you advance in the faith, becoming more centred and thus more whole, so every contact with the excrescences of modern society will

bring a fresh shock to the soul and a feeling of spiritual contamination. This is inevitable, for no-one can touch pitch and remain undefiled. While at present the contact may be impossible to avoid, you should be looking toward a time when it can be drastically reduced. Meanwhile there are various ways of protecting yourself; through laughter at modern absurdity, through a sense of being centred within the sacred hearthfire of your own heart, and especially through chanting inwardly (or outwardly) the holy Name of Inanna. However, too much exposure can dampen the fire of the heart's hearth, leaving you depleted and downcast.

The home then becomes of crucial importance to your spiritual welfare, very much more so if it is a full Madrian community or household.

Here we can find our true Centre and kindle our inner fire anew.

DONNA CHRYSOTHEMIS



THE COMING festival meaning



Winter

Correspondences of the sacred and secular calendars for the seasons of Winter and Moura:

Astraea: Nov. 28th — Dec. 25th
Hestia: Dec. 26th — Jan. 22nd
Brighde: Jan. 23rd — Feb. 19th
Moura: Feb. 20th — Mar. 18th

Major Festivals

The Nativity of Our Lady: 11th Hestia (Jan. 5th, new moon)
Feast of Lights: 10th Brighde (Feb. 1st)
Eve of Moura: 28th Brighde (Feb. 19th)
Passion: 28th Moura (March 18th)

Minor Festivals

Geniad: 28th Astraea (Dec. 25th)
Hestiad: 6th Hestia (Dec. 31st)
Duodecima: 22nd Hestia (Jan. 17th)

Purple Monday: 4th Brighde (Jan. 17th)
Moura Day: 1st Moura (Feb. 20th)
Med-Moura: 14th Moura (March 4th)

Nativity Season

"Rejoice, poor wanderers of the earth and exiles from the house of your Mother, for to you shall come a guide and a deliverer."

During Advent we make preparation of our hearts and homes for the coming of this guide and deliverer, our Lady Inanna, Princess of the World. With acts of devotion, unselfishness and self-denial we prepare ourselves spiritually for the descent of the divine

Child, that we may have a deep inward experience of the mystery of Nativity. We are the children of the earth, hastening toward the sacred grove guided by the star, that we may await in awe and wonder the Holy Event.

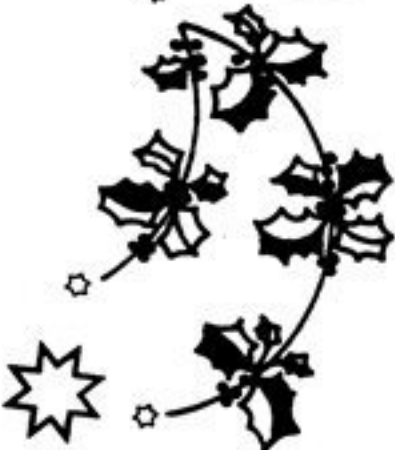
Our homes we deck with greenery — holly, ivy, bay and mistletoe — in emblem of the grove and of the life among winter barrenness. We decorate also with moons and stars, with candles representing the birth of the Light eternal and with images of the Central to all is the Nativity fir-tree, which symbolises the World-Tree, the pillar connecting earth to heaven; atop the tree is the star of Nativity or a fairy-doll representing the Star-Fairy, Princess of the air-sylphs, who rules the Advent period and the Nativity celebrations.

GENIAD

Suddenly the air was filled with the daughters of heaven, and the sky was ablaze with the radiance of their joy.

The Day of All Geniae celebrates the resplendent creatures who are the children of heaven and our sisters in perfection. Each Genia purely reflects some aspect of the Divine, complete, unsullied, unfallen. If each of us allowed the light of our Lady to shine through us like sunlight through crystal, we would be as shining as they; the day is also devoted to the recognition of this truth.

Each earthly thing which reflects the Divine is ruled by one of the shin-



SEASON & celebration

ing ones, from mountains and temp-ests and flowers to truth and love and wisdom. But we do not remember only the great Geniae, but also our own 'personal' Genia, who guides our steps and is indeed our closest friend on earth.

HESTIAD

"a place of safe repose for her soul"

The Day of Hestia celebrates the Genia of the hearth and home; she by whose loving graces a place of bricks and mortar or of planks and nails may become a true home, a resting-place for the Spirit.

This is often a day for visits from home to home, bringing blessings and wishes for good fortune and being welcomed with freshly baked bread and home-made or mulled ale and wine.

NATIVITY

"My Mother, Who is Light, has sent one light upon the world, and I am that light."

Nativity Eve: At sunset a white candle is lit to burn through the night and be extinguished at dawn on Nativity morning. For the midnight rite, altars are white and the incense sandalwood for Mother and Daughter. Children may leave gifts of food and drink for the Star-Fairy to refresh her journeying.

Nativity: On this, one of the great feasts of the year, we celebrate the birth of our Lady Inanna, Princess of the World, Priestess of the World,

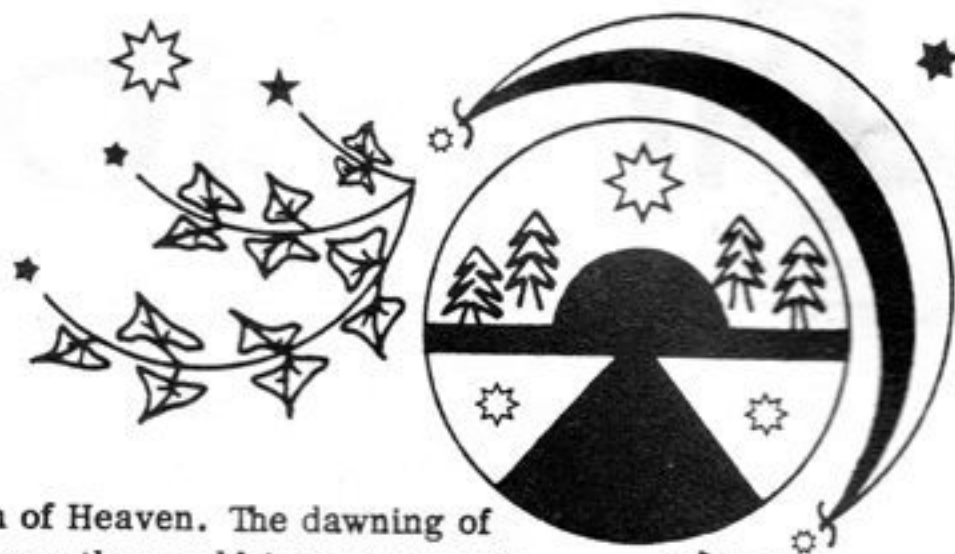
and Queen of Heaven. The dawning of the light upon the world is an occasion of great rejoicing, as through Her coming She protects us from the cold and isolation of our fallen state and is a beacon leading us back to the Spirit, the Mother from whom we have deliberately and foolishly turned away. In this She rescues us from non-existence and gives us life abundantly.

The power of the central winter festival to move the human heart is so great that even in ignorance of the Truth it has never been forgotten, celebrated, for example, by the Teutons, Celts and Romans before Christianity, by the Christians and in the present post-Christian decadence. Celebrate it in its true purity, stripped of sentimentality and commercialism, and you will experience it more fully than ever before.

DUODECIMA

"For twelve nights the star returned to the sky."

The twelfth day, Duodecima, is a light hearted festival devoted to parties, games, tricks and enjoyment. Each of the twelve days represents one of the months of the year and the thirteenth day which represents Moura is thus kept as a fast. All representations of the star are removed on Duodecima, in memory of the night on which the star did not return. The other decorations are taken down, save the greenery, which remains until Purple Monday Eve.



Fireside tales

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

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

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

When the strave led the creature to the village, all the people came running to see the strange and welcome sight. The strave told them that they were

not to kill or harm the monster from the sea, and that henceforth it would hurt and destroy no more, but would live in peace far from the sight of maid. The monster bowed its great head and went, and was never seen or heard of again. Such is the great strength that comes from deep contemplation: more mighty than horses and warriors. The strave stayed, not for thanks, but must be on her way. But the villagers held such a feast that night, the dishes so many and the wine so freely flowing, that the Kindred themselves were talking of it nine years after.

* * *

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

At the second step, the maid slipped upon a wetness and tumbled down. She twisted this way and turned that way and put out not a hand to save herself, all to keep the pitcher whole. She came to the bottom breathless and bruised, battered and bleeding. The mistress came to the cellar door and shouted "Have you a-broken my pitcher?" The maid struggled to her feet. "No I haven't," she replied, "but I will now." And she did.

* * *

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

'Twas that man's grandson that was going to the



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

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

* * *

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

This Rhennish maid had a bit of a droll way with her, and she told them: "'Tis a mare's egg, mistresses, and a fine one too." Weren't they impressed! It was a new thing to them, you see, and they did run on about how fine it did appear. "Aye, the colt from here will be leaving the others standing, you may be sure, for the mother is a fine blood-mare." Well, after that, the Blentish maids were keen to buy it, but she let on she wasn't so keen to sell, and it was a tidy price they finally settled upon; more than enough for a whole field of pumpkins, I'd say.

These Blentish maids were crossing a

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

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

* * *



It is well and truly said that trouble taken to avoid moira* is trouble wasted, for there's no changing a body's destiny, however little it may suit you. Now there was once a poor crofting couple that had but one child, a baby boy, and as they were not in their first youth, they were fretted over his future and what

would become of him. So they took him to a wise maid to spy into his destiny, and she said that he would grow up tall and handsome and gentle and good, and would marry the Rayin's daughter beside. Weren't they pleased about that, and did they not tell everyone they met all about it!

By and by it came to the Rayin's ears, and she was not best pleased to hear that her daughter would marry this poor magdalan* boy. So she went to visit the old couple, and they were beside themselves with delight when she told them that she would take the child for a page-boy that he might be trained in court manners. But no sooner had she brought him to the palace than she chained him in a stout wooden chest and cast him into the dark waters of the river that flowed by the palace walls. And she thought that was the





end of that.

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

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

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

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

One day she sent him to the palace with a packet of jewels, for it was the birthday of the princess. Had she but known it, she was sending the princess a finer gift than any piece of jewellery, for the maiden instantly lost her heart to the charming boy. So they were married that very month. As for the Rayin — well, it cannot be said that she was overly delighted, but then, she did bring it on herself, did she not?

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

"But Mestré*, is not the bear illusion?" "Foolish pupils," the ranya replied, "have you learned nothing? Most certainly the bear is illusion, but my fleeing is illusion also."

* * *

It was a hard winter. The ground was frozen and covered with snow, and there was a hungry hare seeking for food. She went here, there and everywhere, and at last she came to a hole in the ground. She followed the hole down and down to the very centre of the world,

where there was food aplenty, sweet and juicy. The hare ate and ate. But then along came a great black dog with two heads and eyes of flame who chased the hare around and around until they came to the gates of that place. The gates were two great rocks which constantly clashed and clashed together. Well, the hare darted through, and not a whisker too quickly, for the dog right behind her was caught between the rocks, and so was the hare's tail, too. So that was the end of her tail, and this is the end of mine.

* Glossary

Rayin: a sovereign queen; Strave: a maid dedicated to the contemplative life; Paccia: the bonded estate (usually servants); Parit: bonded; Bleshtish: non-Rhennish; Moira: personal fate (cf Sanskrit *कर्म*); Magdalan: mascul-





Scepticism & Gullibility



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

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

It is the same in every area of modern life, whether we are considering political, religious, artistic or social beliefs. There is never any clear logical demonstration that one is true and the others false. If there were, there would be agreement. Instead, each person picks her own partic-

ular set of 'opinions' from the supermarket shelves of modernism (for even the most bizarre modern notions are simply unusual combinations of the basic range of modernist ingredients), attracted by their particular smells and colours — and actually believes them! A crank is someone who holds irrational beliefs. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that modern civilisation as a whole is a crank civilisation.

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

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

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

ine form of magdala, the estate of craft-workers, including farmers. Vagabond: literally "bound to the wind-Spirit (Vaya)". Travellers express the Spirit that "bloweth in and bloweth out unbounded", while house dwelling is based on the dictum "earth moves, but Heaven is still."; Ranya: spiritual mistress; Impias: kares, demons; Mestré: mistress.



The Fountain of Life

The Care of the Young Soul

“IF THE SPRING is poisoned, how shall the river be pure?” Childhood is the spring from which the river of a human life flows. If the modern world is filled with chaos and disintegration, we may be sure that a large part of the blame lies in the early life of the children. If, on the other hand, one wishes to create a healthy, happy, balanced individual, unswervingly dedicated to life's true purpose, then one must begin from the beginning — from the earliest

months of childhood.

The art of child-rearing is based upon one simple aim. Everything that is done and said in the course of dealing with the child should have this aim as its ultimate source. If this aim is fully understood, half the task is already accomplished. What is this aim? It is to bring the child to the Centre. To bind her every thought, word and deed to God, Who is the true Source of all activity. To help her to see all earthly things not as things-in-themselves cut off from God, but as directly dependent upon Her, and as expressions of Her love and will. A child who has not learned to relate all things to the Centre will have a fragmented view of the world. Inevitably this must lead to various kinds of insecurity.

Now let us be clear that what is intended here is *not* a 'religious education' in the modern sense of the term. Many modern children receive a religious education and are no more centred, or scarcely less so, than their more secularised sisters. Modern education, like modern art and every other modern phenomenon, has the specific effect of leading all things away from the Centre. Of treating every subject as a thing-in-itself, separate and independent of the Source. Once this 'separatist' —

ment of mental goods from the modernist supermarket.

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

eventually materialist — view of the world has been inculcated into a child, no amount of 'religious teaching' is going to repair the damage that has been done to her natural spiritual perception of the world. Those who have followed the 'Symbolism' series in this magazine must realise that every earthly thing — the seasons of the year, the wheel, the horse, the heart etc. — has its place within the symbolic structure by which earth reflects heaven. Traditional education teaches the child to see this reflection on the waters of the world. Modern education teaches her to see only the ripples on the surface — the mere material accidents of worldly life.

When a child asks questions such as "why does it rain?", "why is the grass green?", "what is the moon?", never, never give the modern "scientific" answer. It is not wrong for a child to know this answer, but it is wrong certainly for her to know this answer *first*, before she knows the deeper truth. She should learn the modern answer only when she has built up a traditional outlook on the world and when she has grown old enough to understand how the modern mechanical explanation (the *how* of things) fits in with the deeper and far more important symbolic explanation (the *why* of things). Anything else will give her a disrupted and fragmented view of life, for it is almost like learning about her mother as a structure of blood and bone and tissue before learning about her as a mother!

If you can, answer the question with an account of the true symbolic meaning, scaled down to the child's level of understanding. Otherwise, a simplified explanation such as "God sends the rain to give drink to the flowers" (which is true enough on its own level)



will do, but never be tempted to give the "scientific" name is not simply a sound, it embodies Her very
answer. If it is the only one you know, say, "I will
tell you later", and find out the true one.

For all children, but especially for the younger
ones, we must never forget that the impulse back
to the Centre or away from Her may be stimulated
not only by words and ideas, but by sights, sounds,
shapes and material surfaces. Remember that a
baby is not simply a 'new animal' freshly popped
into existence. She is a soul who has lived on this
earth before and in other planes of being. Put her
into contact with plastic or some artificial fibre,
and she will sense in the depths of her being that
this is something unnatural. You should in
any case be phasing these things out

of your own life, but be espe-
cially careful to keep the
child away from them. Do
not expose her to antitrad-
itional music, as this will
have a very bad effect on
the harmony of her soul.
Traditional songs and
chants, however, will have
a most beneficial influence
upon her character and
intelligence. Surround her
with good traditional things.
Let many of her playthings
be painted with sacred
geometric designs — a

pentacle, a resurrection cross, a cross, a five pet-
alled rose, a wheel of Moira — in strong symbolic
colours. These should be among the most frequent
things her eyes see as soon as they are able to focus.
Uncorrupted by distraction, she will be able to see
the inner truth of these symbols in a way that comes
to older folk only with much striving.

Let there be statues and pictures of our Lady
about the place, and let one be set in a lighted place
when she goes to sleep. Let the light not be electric-
al, and if possible, keep her away from electrical
lights altogether (it goes without saying that she
should never see a television, even when she is too
young to understand it). Show her the statue often
and talk about, and to our Lady for her, even
when she is too young to speak herself. Chant
our Lady's holy name to her. You cannot
possibly do this too much, for our Lady's

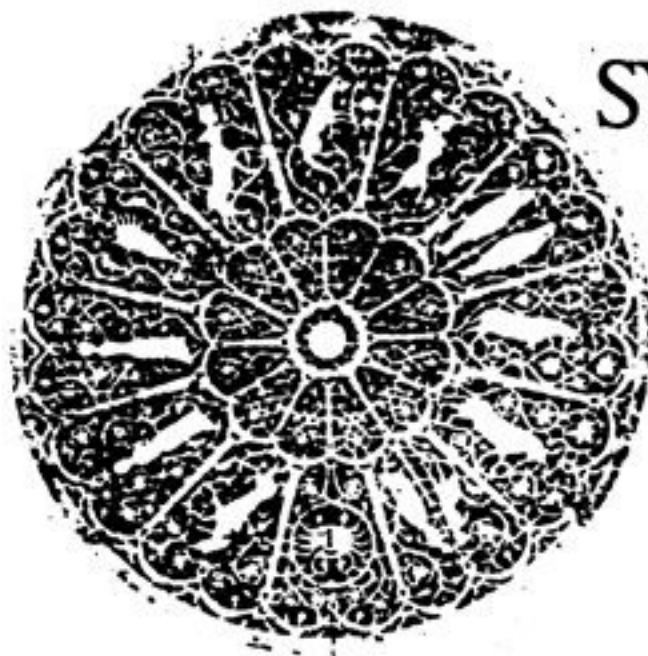
Essence; in chanting to your child you are bring-
ing our Lady very close to her. I have explained
before (TCA 12) that chanting is the easiest and
best way to come to our Lady in this Iron Age when
we are weaker and less intelligent than our mothers
before us. It is so simple and so effective that even
the smallest child can make real spiritual progress
through it. The chant should be the most familiar
sound to her ears from the very first days in the
world throughout her early childhood. As soon as
she is able to understand, the child should learn
obedience. This cannot begin too soon. Obedience
is the first of all the virtues. Do not
forget that as a Madrian mother,

you are the child's lawful
mistress in themis. Your
duty is to rule her wisely
and to lead her first steps
upon the true path. It will
be easier often to avoid
the issue of obedience,
but you have no right to do
it. In any case, it is very
cruel to give a child all
her own way in childhood,
for she will have that
expectation for the whole
of her life, and it will be
a constant source of frust-
ration to her. Much of the



unhappiness of the modern world is caused by this
very thing. But more important is the fact that, in
the golden chain of themis, you are God's repres-
entative and regent to your child. You must discipl-
ine her according to Her Law. The converse of
discipline is affection, and Madrian parents are not
only more strict but also much more affectionate
than most Blentish parents. Indeed they are usually
so loving and generous that the child might well be
spoiled were it not for the strictness.

But the best form of teaching is example and per-
haps your first duty to your child is to purify your
own life; to give up your own untraditional habits,
to throw away untraditional things, to put God at
the centre of your life. If this seem one of the
hardest ways of helping your child, it is also
one of the most important. It is also the first
of many ways that your child will help you.



SYMBOLISM: The Gates of Heaven

IN THE ARTICLE entitled "The Cycle of the Seasons" in our previous issue, it was explained that the different phases of the yearly cycle create different conditions within the heart of maid. We may explain this a little further by saying that the different phases of the year are in fact different 'places' in both psychic and symbolic terms. Many traditional symbolic designs are in fact 'maps' of the year, seen as a geometric 'territory'. The

simplest and most fundamental of these is the cross itself. Of course the cross has many 'other' meanings: but since the fourfold cross and the four seasons of the year are precisely analogous (the fifth season of Moura corresponding to the centre of the cross), all the meanings of the cross are transferable to the year and *vice versa*; indeed we may say that it is impossible fully to understand the one without the other.

Other symbols more specifically represent the year, such as the figure on the opposite page, which depicts the thirteen months of the year (with Moura at the centre), the four cardinal festivals (the solstices and equinoxes) and the four cross-quarter festivals in between them.

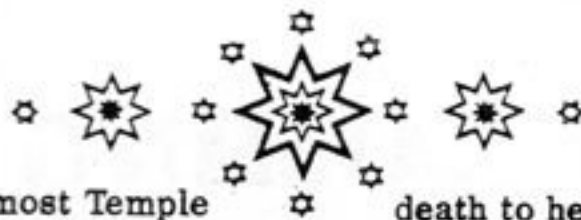
Reverting to the cross: two solstices make up the vertical axis, the direct ray of divine light which descends from God (at once the 'Central' and the 'uppermost' point of being), while the equinoxes make up the horizontal axis — a particular plane of manifest existence (usually our own) upon which the perfect Forms or Archetypes transmitted by the divine Ray combine with the 'matter' of that plane to take on substantial forms. It is for this reason that winter and summer correspond to the 'subtle' elements of air and fire and spring and autumn to the 'gross' elements of earth and water.

The two solstices, at the highest and lowest points of the year, are called the 'gates of heaven'; for they are the two points of entry and exit from the world-cavern in which we exist (that is why both the Nativity and Rosa Mundi periods are noted for the manifestation of subtle entities on the world). The winter and summer solstices are known respectively as the Gate of God and the Gate of Maid,

and this corresponds exactly to the solstitial mysteries, for the Nativity mystery is precisely concerned with the descent of God into the world-cavern, while the Rosa Mundi mystery is concerned with the ascent of maid 'like a lark' directly upward into perfect union with God. The complementarity between the two solstices corresponds to the third and final declamation of the quintessential matriarchal statement of faith, the Drispeal: "God became maid that maid might come to God" (see "The Three Eternal Truths", TCA 15).

From another perspective, however, the two gates are both exits through which maid may pass out of the world-cavern. In this case, the Gate of God leads to the 'Northern Way' by which maid passes into her perfection and does not return to the world of manifestation whether on this earth or otherwise; the Gate of Maid leads to the 'Southern Way' in which maid reaps the reward of her merits in a heavenly state, but, being yet imperfect, must return again to the world of change and becoming, death and decay.

The paths to which the two gates lead correspond to the two halves of the year: the 'ascendent' half in which the sun's strength waxes towards the fulness of midsummer, and the 'descendent' half in which her strength wanes toward midwinter. We may see then that the path which begins from the Gate of God leads through the sacrifice of Easter in which the soul must give herself to death — that is, the destruction of her ego; all that she calls herself as opposed to her true Self, which is none other than the Spirit Herself; for as our Lady has said: "the Spirit is One, and I am the Spirit, and



that art the Spirit also, in the innermost Temple of thy heart." The sacrifice truly is a death: the death of the personality, the ego, the self — of everything that retains the illusion of being other than God; and it is only through this death that the soul may pass through the heart of the sun into the immortality that lies beyond — into perfect union with God.

This, then, is the Northern Way, passing through the sacrifice of Easter into the consummate union of Rosa Mundi. The Southern Way, which is the lesser, begins from Rosa Mundi. This may at first seem confusing, but it is to be understood that once one has come out of the world-cavern through one of the Gates, we are no longer speaking of the earthly passage, but of its heavenly equivalent. Therefore the ascendent path leads from the earthly nativity to the heavenly Rosa Mundi, while the descendent path leads from the earthly Rosa Mundi to the heavenly Nativity.

The descendent or southern path is for those who are not ready to accept the death of the self; who lead a good and devout life, following a legitimate craft or other path, and yet remain within the world of change and becoming. This path leads not to the absolute 'heaven' of perfect union, symbolised by the rose garden, but to the relative heaven from which the soul must return — the apple orchard, the Western Paradise of Avala. The Southern Path thus leads to Avala at the Autumn Equinox, just as the Northern path leads to the Rose Garden at Rosa Mundi; but unlike the Northern Path, it does not end at its 'heaven', but passes on to the Northern Gate of Nativity, which, from the heavenly point of view (and, as we have seen, it is the heavenly Nativity that is here in question), is the place of descent or coming-to-earth. It is also, of course (from the earthly standpoint — and it is to the earthly Nativity that the descent leads) the starting-point of the Northern Path. Thus the Southern Path is also analogous to the Lesser Mysteries, which purify maid and lead her to the very portal of the Greater Mysteries.

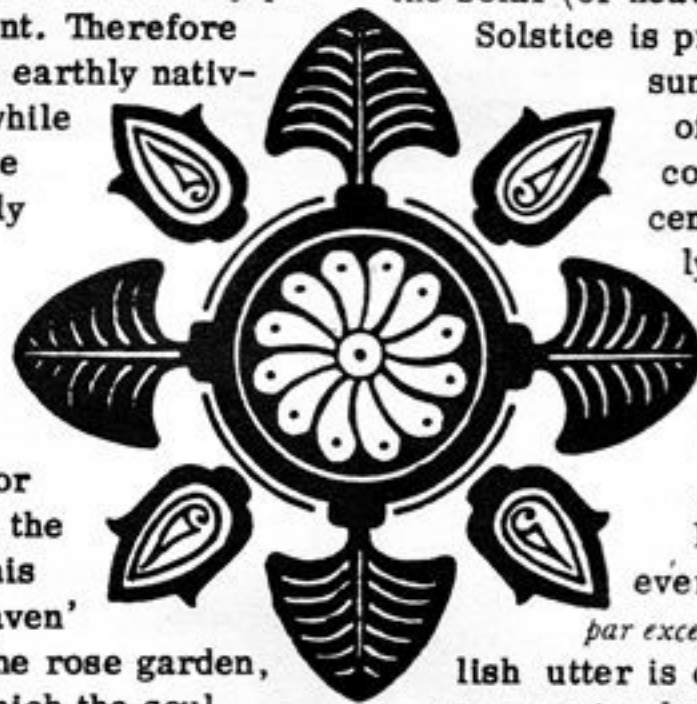
We may see, then, that the two paths, the path of return and the path of non-return, are inverse images of one another. The ascendent path leads through an analogy of our Lady's

death to heaven; the descendent path leads through heaven to an analogy of our Lady's birth.

One further apparent paradox remains. It may at first sight appear contradictory that the ascendent path of the sun's waxing should lead from the highest (or Northern) point of the cross to the lowest (or Southern), while the descendent path of the sun's decline leads from the lowest point to the highest. But this is due to the law of inverse analogy. As with reflections in a pool, whatever is in heaven is reflected upon earth in inversion; thus, from the earthly point of view, the Winter Solstice corresponds to the northern point of the compass, but from the solar (or heavenly) perspective, the Winter

Solstice is precisely the moment at which the sun reaches the southernmost point of her annual journey (this, of course, is within the ambit of a geocentric symbolism). It is by precisely the same inversion that what on earth is the Gate of ascent is in heaven the point of descent, while what on earth is the lower Gate is from the heavenly perspective the sun-door itself.

From the earthly standpoint, however, the Gate of God is the Gate *par excellence*: the 'uttermost Gate' (English *utter* is cognate with Sanskrit *uttara* which means not only 'highest', 'superior', 'last', but also 'northern'). Thus January, the Blentish name for the month in which Nativity falls, derives from Latin *janua* a gate or door. The Madrian name for the equivalent month, Hestia, or to give it its more normal Rhennish form, Hertha, may not at first appear to be connected with the notion of a gate, being concerned rather with the hearth. However, the hearth in the microcosm of the home is the direct reflection of the sun in the macrocosm of the world; and since the sun-door of the Southern Gate is the uttermost Gate in heaven, so, by inverse analogy, the hearth of the Northern Gate is the uttermost gate on earth. The chimney, which is literally a 'hole in the roof' is in microcosm an image of the access by which God breaks into the world. The lightning-bolt which breaks through the roof in the story of the Brown Bull of Norroway (see last issue) corresponds to precisely this symbolism. It is for this reason that the



THE COMING SEASON 2



The Nativity greenery remains until Purple Monday Eve, when the Nativity season ends and the great Easter cycle, stretching from Purple Monday to Exalt-

ation in mid-Spring, opens. The time between Duodecima and Purple Monday is semi-festive; between Purple Monday and the Feast of Lights semi-penitential.

PURPLE MONDAY

The first Monday in Brighde begins the short period of penance leading to the Feast of Lights. The altar cloth of this period is purple as in Moura. Violets and pansies are the flowers of the month.

French *cheminée* (chimney) is related to *chemin* (way). *Caminus*, a Latin word of Greek origin, means hearth or furnace (and originally also chimney) and is related to Spanish and Italian *camino*, meaning again 'way'. It is by no mere coincidence that the Star Fairy enters the house via the chimney, especially since, being the Rayin (princess) of the sylphs or air-spirits, she is the direct representative of Vaya, the Breath or Wind which is the Spirit of God (Spirit and (re)spiration being two forms of the same word); nor is the practice of sending written petitions up the chimney (borne by up-currents created by the confluence of air and fire) so frivolous in its origins as it has become in Blentish practice.

The Mystery of Nativity and the Mystery of the hearth are closely related, and their relation is actualised by one very ancient and profound ritual custom: the relighting of the hearthfire on the Day of Hertha is always done with the remnants of the Ashen Faggot or Log from the previous Nativity (this itself being lighted from the Altar Flame). In this act is realised the reflection of the Summer Mysteries of fire and the sun in the events of the Winter Solstice. For traditional science teaches that all fire is a yerthing (coming-to-earth) of the sun; and since we, through our fall, have cut ourselves off from the supernal Sun, Who is God, it is only through Her coming-to-earth that the hearth-fires and the Altar Flame are lighted.

FEAST OF LIGHTS

This day celebrates our Lady Inanna's promise to carry Her light into every part of fallen creation, even to the lowest regions and the realm of death, foreshadowing Her Sacrifice. The "lights" are the many candles of the festival, all white as are the altar cloths and the altar flowers (traditionally snowdrops). All maids attending the Rite are also dressed in white. On this day the candles for ritual use in the coming year are blessed after the Lction with the words: "May our Lady's blessing rest upon these waxen creatures." As the words are spoken, the celebrant makes the sign of the pentacle over the candles.

MOURA

Moura Eve: A time for good food (especially pancakes) and energetic games — skipping, foot-races, ball-games and pancake-tossing — before the fasting and self-discipline of Moura. On this day, the particular acts of self-denial and purification which we will practise in the month before Easter are decided upon. All Madrians fast on the Mondays of Moura, but individuals and households will have their own variations on other penances.

Moura Day: The first day of the penitential month which is also a season in itself, the season which corresponds to Spirit as the other seasons correspond to the four earthly elements. Confession and purification prepare us spiritually for Easter.

Med-Moura: A day of respite from Moura's fasts and penances. Small gifts are traditionally offered to mothers, ranyas and heads of households, while for tea there is usually a fruit cake covered with almond paste and decorated with crystallised violets and marzipan balls.

Passion: The last day of the year and the first of Easter, this is a day of solemn mourning for the death of our Lady Inanna, spent in prayer and fasting. It is particularly a day of special importance for those preparing for Initiation, to die and be reborn with our Lady at Easter.

The festival of Easter at the Spring Equinox will be discussed fully in the next issue.

Hail Holy Hestia!

Mistress of the Hearth

The Day of Hestia is the great festival of the home and of the hearth-fire. As such it is one of the most important minor festivals of the year, for in the matriarchal tradition the home is the centre of life, and the hearth is the centre of the home. For the hearth-fire is the reflection of the Holy Altar Flame and represents the constant oblation and conformity to the Divine Law of Themis that a true household maintains. The fire is the essence to which the substance of the household conforms itself, and its flame does arise from the Temple because all authority and Law derive from obedience to God. The mistress of the household rules only as Her representative, not in her own right, and the members of the household obey her as such.

The household fire is extinguished only twice each year: once on the Day of Hestia and once at Easter. The fire is extinguished on the day of the

Passion is reflection of the extinction of the Altar Flame. The great light being darkened, how can the lesser remain? The Altar Flame is relit during Communion on the Resurrection, and afterwards the house fires are lighted with rejoicing.

On the Day of Hestia the house-fires are damped in submission to Holy Hestia and relit in her name, thus reaffirming the allegiance of the house to the mistress of all households.

It is as the agent and surrogate of this Mistress that the mistress of each household rules. When a maid becomes a householder she takes upon herself a most sacred duty: the duty to transmit the light, love and law of God to her household, even as a Priestess transmits them to her flock. She must strive to maintain a high personal standard to allow our Lady to shine through her. The mistress will rule neither softly nor harshly, but firmly, wisely and with compassion; filled with love, affection and a genuine concern for the best good of her subjects. Thus shall the house become an offering to Holy Hestia.

In the modern world this duty is not fulfilled. The home is dominated by the television, not the hearth. Home life is stripped of all meaning and the children will not obey, thinking that they know as much as their parents - and indeed their parents know as little as they. Thus is born strife and discord and the terrible insecurity of the moderns. And who can blame them for being insecure? As children they have been ruled, at best, by their parents' person-

al values and opinions, and at worst by their parents' passions, resulting in a mixture of loving indulgence and bad-tempered severity.

These poor souls are indeed deprived. How rare the urble (non-Madrian) with any emotional security! Home has become somewhere merely to live, instead of a haven of calm and love. The urble has never been offered anything sure-fixed, complete and eternal; the love of God and Her absolute Law.

Pity them then these poor ones. Never have they known the security of resting in the hands of a wise mistress; never have they known the warmth, joy and harmony of a themis household; but most of all, pity them for they have never felt the joy that every Madrian has felt: that of looking into the inner essence of her home, seeing what it truly is and thus rejoicing - for every themis home owes its haunting and wistful beauty to That of which it is the reflection: the One True Spiritual Home, which is God.

* * * *

It is the custom on the Day of Hestia to bless the home; the Mistress of the House will make the Pentacle with a stick of incense in the four corners of each room and at the doors and windows; while all pray that the home may become a centre and beacon of our Lady's love. The blessing of a previously non-Madrian home represents a first and important step toward bringing the household within the law of themis.

MESTRÉ PHOEBE