

# the coming age



*The Metaphysics of Children's Games*

# the coming age



40 St John St., Oxford.

THE COMING AGE: magazine of the British matriarchal tradition. Number 18, issued in the month of Moura in the year 5082 of the Iron Age. All written material copyright of Lux Madriana.

## CONTENTS

Children's Games .....	3
Entropy .....	6
Matriarchal History: Haiela Cantre .	8
The Mainspring of Matriarchy ....	10
The Coming Season .....	12
Story: The Magic Ship .....	14
Commentary .....	16
Chains of Freedom .....	17
The Great Lie .....	18
Symbolism: The Fora .....	20
The Coming Season 2 .....	22
The Philosophy of Fun .....	23

THE Rhennisleague Song is one of the oldest Rhennish anthems, sometimes called 'the Western Cottavai', after the old Amazon Canta Cottavai. It concerns Rhiannon, the legendary founder of the Rhennish Empire, often depicted as half maid and half mare; although her name is that of the nation, so the pledge of allegiance is to the Rhennya itself. The legend states that when the Western Amazons were finally defeated, their rayin (princess), Caran, broke her sword, making a gaish (spell) that it should nonetheless be wielded by the new ruler of the western world. It was brought to Rhenneland (a loose confederation of British principalities) where all the local princesses tried to re-forged it. Only Rhiannon succeeded, becoming rayin of all Rhenneland. She led a crusade to avenge Caran, cast out the infidel and establish the Rhennish Empire in Europe.

Line 1. rayant: raying, radiant — a symbol of the Centre, with the troubled watres (turbulent waters) as the outer extremity. 4: Sunrays seen as horses, a traditional Rhennish concept. 10. torent: rent, broken. Chenti: Rhennish name for the Western Amazons. 14. weld: wield, but punning on the other meaning. 20: ie the Empire (Raihir) was born out of Rhiannon's forge-fire. 26: ie to send them back to Hell. 30. worshipt: honoured (no religious connotation). 31. marmaiden: mare-maid. 35. prick: ride hard.

## The Rhennisleague Song

From the mountain's rayant pinacé  
To the troubled watres of the sea,  
O Rhian, thy rule doth run  
As coursers of the sun:  
We pledge allegiance unto thee. 5

We do pledge allegiance unto thee,  
We do pledge allegiance unto thee,  
We do pledge allegiance, O Rhiannë,  
We do pledge allegiance unto thee. 9

When torent was noble Chenti's sheld  
And Caran was slaghan on the feld,  
She did cast her swerd adown,  
Destrailt upon the ground  
And fast another bound to weld. 14

'Twas to Rhennya came the broken blad,  
'Twas Rhian the noble swerd remad.  
In her flaming furnace fire  
Was wrought the great Raihir,  
The world's distress to cure and glad. 21

Then rode forth the Rhennya's goodly rayin  
Unto Chenti's final battle-plain,  
There to meet the infidel  
And all his host of Hell,  
And there to send them well again. 26

All the rayins of North and South and Est  
From the greatest lands unto the lest,  
Rend'red honour, faith and love  
And worshipt none above  
The bold marmaiden of the West. 31

And again the fora's flag shall fly  
All within that distant boundary.  
All arrayed most royallic,  
Our rayin shall boldly prick  
Unto the final victory. 36

# CHILDREN'S GAMES

IF ANY SHOULD DOUBT the possibility of the unbroken continuance of rituals, customs and practices over thousands of years, she need look no further than the nearest playground. There she will see a hopscotch diagram virtually identical to the one inscribed in the pavement of the Roman Forum; she will see five-stones played in the manner shown on ancient Egyptian inscriptions and hide-and-seek exactly as described by a classical Greek author.

Like 'fairy tales', these games were not originally the exclusive domain of children but were played by all members of the community. This is certainly a sign of the 'simplicity' of traditional peoples in the spiritual sense of that word, but it is by no means an evidence of stupidity; on the contrary, the ability of the traditional adult to appreciate what are now called "children's games" is a practical demonstration of her superior intellectuality. For the continuing fascination with these games stems from an ability to understand and ritually enact their inner meanings. It is entirely typical of an age so crass as to give the unqualified name of 'science' to a mere collection of observations, calculations and experiments relating to material phenomena, and actually to persuade itself that this 'science' represents the apogee of human knowledge, that it should utterly miss the point of these games and relegate them to the children's playground.

It is true that certain anthropologists have understood that the games have their origins in "religious rituals", but apart from the fact that they have no conception of the nature and reality of these "rituals", the notion is rather less than a half-truth. The fact is that in the authentically traditional matriarchal civilisations of past and present, while there are specific 'religious' rituals performed in the Temples, there is no act of life which does not have a ritual aspect. The crafts, their tools, patterns and operations, all have a ritual — that is to say intellectual — dimension. Primarily they constitute an initiatic path whereby the craftmaid may



return toward the divine Centre of all being — achieving the highest degree of spiritual realisation possible to her in her present life; secondly they were 'reminders' of that Centre for the users of the artefacts produced. Only thirdly were they valued as utilitarian objects. It is only in a society which has wholly lost this intellectual perception that the factory system can be seriously regarded as a 'progress' over traditional craft.

By the same token, traditional games are not merely secular 'entertainments', but have as their very core the ritual actualisation of that transcendent Truth which is the meaning and purpose of human life.

Human life, before all else, is a journey. For modern humanity and for the animals it is simply a journey from birth to death, picking up as many material and emotional satisfactions as possible on the way. For traditional humanity it is a spiritual journey, leading the soul ever closer to the true Centre of being. This journey is made possible by the Path or Way provided by a sacred craft and by all the rituals, customs and institutions of an integral traditional society.

The game of hopscotch is an enactment of this inner journey of the soul. The oldest form of the game uses a spiral bed (see diagram 1 overleaf). The spiral is one of the profoundest of traditional symbols, depicting primarily the outward manifestation of the created world from the unmanifest Centre which is God Herself. The original spiral hopscotch bed, having twelve 'stations' plus the centre is a perfect 'map of the year', and therefore of the cosmos (see "The Gates of Heaven", last issue). The twelve stations correspond to the twelve months and the centre to Moura. The dividing lines, it will be seen, form a 'rose of the winds'

\* radiating out from the centre. The upright cross + represents the solstices and equinoxes of winter, summer, autumn and spring; the transverse cross X the cross-quarter festivals which fall between them. The whole diagram represents the development of manifestation through a number of descending cycles, each one going through four phases: an age of gold (spring), of silver (summer), of bronze (autumn) and of iron (winter) with a final reinstatement of the Golden Age, but on a lower (i.e. further from the divine Centre) level, beginning a new cycle of descent. The aim of the soul is to retrace this descent of material manifestation, finally transcending it in a full return to the Centre. The game is thus based upon this return, hopping through the twelve stations to the centre of the diagram. In some areas, both inside and outside the Rhennish (British matriarchal) communities, the game is called "Heaven and Hell", referring to the journey from the lowest or outermost point of the cosmos, the 'outer darkness' of hell, to the divine Centre or 'heaven'.

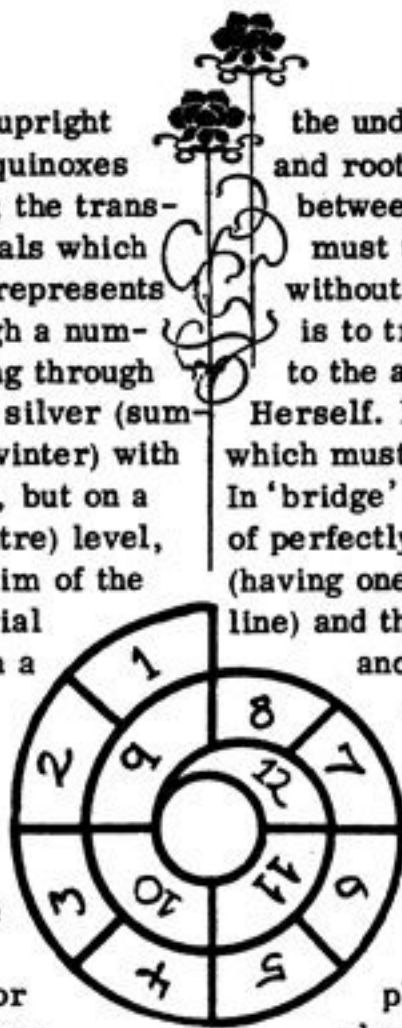


Diagram 1

The other main form of hopscotch is played in the long bed (diagram 2). While still a paradigm of the Way, it reflects a rather different symbolism. Instead of being a microcosm of manifestation, it is a bridge between the hither and the nether shore; between this world and the transcendent realm. We may note that the 'hither' end of the bed is a square section while the 'nether' end is round — the square signifying consolidated matter and earth, the circle heaven and the Spirit. There are numerous variants of this bed, but the great majority have in common the alternation of single and double stations — that is, those entered with one foot only and those in which the two feet are placed in adjacent squares. This is closely connected with the meaning of the word 'hopscotch' itself — to hop a 'scotch' or line. The cardinal rule of play is that one must clear each line without the foot crossing it at any point. This is intimately linked with the 'clashing gates' or 'perilous passage' motif so common in traditional literature. The material world is made up of pairs of illusory opposites which conceal

the underlying spiritual Unity. The first of these and root cause of all the others is the distinction between 'self' and 'other'. At each passage one must transcend or 'leap over' the clashing pair without being caught between them. The final aim is to transcend the ultimate duality and attain to the absolute Unity which is not other than God Herself. But there are numerous lesser dualities which must be confronted at each stage on the path. In 'bridge' hopscotch we trace the initiatic process of perfectly balancing two halves of a given duality (having one foot in each station without touching a line) and then reconciling them into unity, then balancing a new duality at the next level, reconciling that, and so forward (this also encapsulates the thesis-antithesis-synthesis dialectic understood metaphysically from matriarchal times until the Middle Ages and ignorantly misinterpreted by Hegel and Marx).

In many versions of hopscotch, the players have a soul-token of a stone or potsherd, called a 'potsie'. This must be thrown accurately into square 1 before beginning. Having successfully completed the course, the player throws it into square 2 and begins again, and so on until she reaches the final square. This process reflects the truth already implicit in the spiral bed: that each stage of the journey is a microcosm of the whole. The bridge version of the game also has a secret significance and is traditionally played at weddings.

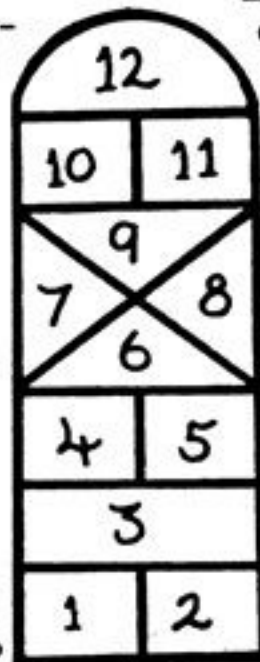


Diagram 2

level of sheer physical energy, which is an important means of centring the incarnate soul upon the object of 'contemplation'. Nonetheless, behind the apparent simplicity of these games lies all the complex doctrine of the Sacred Hunt, expounded at length in issue 16 of this magazine. An important feature of many of these games is that the hunter



is rapidly transformed into the hunted and *vice versa*, reflecting the essential ambiguity between the hunt of the soul for the Spirit and of the Spirit for the soul discussed in issue 16. That aspect of the Hunt which involves 'hitting the mark' is enacted in the very ancient game of marbles — but a discussion of the various versions of this game would lead us into a consideration of ball games in general, which lies beyond the scope of the present article.

Fivestones, which like hopscotch has been played from ancient times in China and India as well as Europe, has too many versions to discuss in detail here; however, all of them involve controlling, or gathering together, the scattered elements of the fallen soul. The soul in her primordial wholeness sees only the divine Unity. It is only when she is fallen from that wholeness that she becomes entangled in the illusory multiplicity of the manifest world. It is literally true to say that the various powers and tendencies of the soul are scattered among the fragmented world of matter. The five stones represent the four material elements plus the Quintessence (fifth element), aether or spirit. Since the soul of maid is a microcosm of the universe, these five constituents of manifestation are also the elements of the soul (in some



eastern variants a large number of seeds reflects the sheer multiplicity of the fragmented soul rather than numerologically expressing its microcosmic nature). In all five-stone versions the four are on the ground or in the hand to be gathered, while the fifth, transcendent, element is thrown into the air (versions using a ball are not traditional). Thus it is only during periods of sustained contemplation, when the higher part of the soul 'takes wing', that the lower elements can be gathered and disciplined. It is appropriate, then, that the game is one depending almost entirely upon unbroken concentration. The game reflects the Lesser Mysteries, in which the aspirant returns to the integrated and fully human state of Primordial Maid before proceeding to the Greater Mysteries.

In the game of Follow my Leader, all players line up behind the leader and follow wherever she

goes, imitating her actions exactly. If she hops they will hop, if she touches a tree, they must all touch the same tree as they pass it. Thus the leader enacts the part of "the Sun Whose ray doth bind us all like jewels upon a string" — that is, God Herself, while the followers recall that "of mine own self I can accomplish nothing, only so far as Thou art acting through me." Thus the doctrine of the Strivate or thread-Spirit and the truth that all creation is but the 'play' of She Who has "laughed all the world into being" are simultaneously expressed in a ritual enactment of the pure soul's perfect obedience to the will of God.

Another popular 'obedience game' is Menous Says, the Rhennish version of Simon Says or O'Grady Says. Menous was the daughter of Ouranya and the second great rayin (queen) of the Northern Empire who made the world's first code of law, still followed by all matriarchal peoples. The point of this game is that in matriarchal tradition each person gives obedience to her Ranya (spiritual mistress, the head of her clan, etc. because she is the direct representative of the Tradition which leads back to God Herself. No mistress rules in her own name, but only in the name of

God. Thus when the leader speaks in the name of Menous, she is to be obeyed; when she speaks in her own name, she is not. The Christian tradition may have remembered something of this, since Simon may be Simon Peter, the traditional founder of the papal succession, and there is some evidence to connect O'Grady with the name of a Celtic deity; but these last two suggestions are only conjecture and not founded upon the certainty of traditional knowledge.

We may see, then, that Rhennish and Blentish (non-Rhennish) children often play the same games. The difference is that the Blentren have been conditioned from the earliest age not to seek the deeper meanings of things, while the Rhennes know that all things have an inner significance. As the Blent grows up, she casts aside her childhood games as 'shallow' and concentrates upon the

# ENTROPY

## The Disintegration of the Social Fabric

**R**OME FELL not as a result of the barbarian invasions, but primarily because of social disintegration from within. In the last days the city was populated by a vast rootless and depressed proletariat dependent upon social welfare for livelihood and entertainment (bread and circuses).

A normal traditional society is held together by a common purpose — the pursuit of the one true aim of human life; spiritual realisation. Its structures and institutions are direct reflections of heavenly Archetypes (however imperfectly they may function in practice) as are all natural things. Such a society requires no extensive bureaucracy to keep it intact; it requires no police force; its members are united by a common understanding of the purpose of life and a common pursuit of that purpose. This is true not only of a perfect integral matriarchal civilisation, but of any society which retains some link with tradition and has not begun to disintegrate.

Disintegration is precisely the breaking down of society into ever smaller and mutually hostile (or at any rate non-cooperative) units. The nuclear family becomes the only 'society' to which anyone owes any real loyalty. The average person will not further the interests of the community except insofar as it is to her private advantage to do so. Laws will be disregarded wherever there is no reason to fear punishment. Anti-social acts such as vandalism will take place wherever there is insufficient security to prevent them. If the system were not shored up by bureaucratic institutions of every sort it would immediately collapse.

This, of course, is neither more nor less than a description of modern society. The very fact that most people regard it as normal is a testimony to how conditioned they have become. Yet further disintegration is on the way, and we are moving rapidly toward a society wherein the only 'society' to which a person owes ultimate loyalty is herself. In many urban slums where disintegration has gone further than in modern society as a whole, the

dreary business of the modern industrial world. The Rhene, on the other hand, moves ever deeper into the hidden meanings of those games which fascinated her earliest years, in that simplicity of heart which is the only true maturity.

MESTRÉ ANGELINA



single-parent family is the rule rather than the exception. Throughout modern society, the divorce rate, already astronomical, is rising rapidly. And, of course, it is taken for granted that the nuclear family is merely a temporary arrangement lasting some twenty years or so while the children grow up, after which the couple (if still together) will be left alone. The disintegration of the social fabric takes place not only in space but in time. Traditional maid sees herself as one step in a continuous process (tradition) stretching back to the first ancestors and forward to posterity. She will happily plant trees whose fruits she will never taste, which will reach maturity in the time of her great grandchildren. Modern maid has no sense of continuity with her family's past, far less that of her town or village, and she has no idea where or how her great grandchildren will be living.

Faced with the chaos and isolation of a fragmented and meaningless society (if it can really be called a society at all), it is little wonder that one in six maids and one in nine men are now treated at some time for mental disorder (to which we must add the thousands who suffer without seeking treatment).

No modern theory or ideology can offer any solution to the situation, for all the notions of society, class, politics etc. of the last 400 years have been

formed from the observation of a society in various stages of disintegration. We are now entering the terminal stage of that disintegration.

What, then, is a healthy integral society? It is simply the adaptation of a group of souls to the material conditions which they are temporarily inhabiting, in accordance with the divine Norm (Thamē) established from the dawn of human life. A traditional civilisation, like maid herself, is a microcosm of the whole created order; thus, just as the cosmos is founded upon the four elements, air, fire, earth and water, so traditional civilisation is founded upon the four estates: the Haiela (air), the scholars and priestesses who give society its intellectual and spiritual direction; the Raihira (fire), the princesses, nobles and warriors who administrate and, if necessary, defend the society; the Magdala (earth), the largest estate of craftmaids and traders; and the Paccia (water), the bonded estate who are servants and helpers to the other three.

It may be thought that the system of estates would generate tensions such as the class tensions of modern society; but this is not so, for the system is cooperative rather than competitive. The social body reflects the human body itself — the Haiela are like the head which thinks, understands and decides; the Raihira like the arms which do and defend; the Magdala like the torso wherein all the vital functions of the organism are carried out; and the Paccia like the legs which support the rest of the body. It is no more possible for an integral society to war among itself than for the parts of a body to quarrel among each other.

But all the bodily parts are worthless without the heart, which in traditional symbolism is the seat of pure Intellect (as opposed to earthly reason); the faculty by which maid perceives the Divine Reality underlying the appearances of the material world. The heart in the social body corresponds not only to the Straven (those who have renounced estate in order to pursue the contemplative life) but to the spiritual orientation of society as a whole. A society which ceases to be God-centred cannot long remain cooperative. The different estates are no longer pursuing a common purpose; chaos and disintegration rapidly supervene. Recent history provides a striking example of this. Mediæval Europe, although highly decadent and patriarchal, nonetheless maintained a crude approximation of the traditional system. It was, at least nominally, God-centred. Kings were

crowned by the Pope and there was a rough likeness of the four estates: priesthood and monastic orders (Haiela); feudal lords (Raihira); craftsmen and traders (Magdala) and serfs (Paccia). Firstly the "Haiela" became corrupt, putting themselves on the same level as worldly princes. As a result, the "Raihira" saw no reason to obey them. Thus began the rule of the corrupt "Raihira", greedy and rapacious without the direction of the "Haiela". The Protestant "reformation" is the culmination of the "Raihira" revolt against priestly control. However, under the tyranny of the corrupt "Raihira", the "Magdala" — especially the rich and decadent urban elements — grew restless. Their revolt is typified by the French Revolution. The result was not the triumph of the true Magdala principle, but of its inverted parody — a society dedicated to 'making' in the most inferior sense; a vast industrial slum in which a handful of rich capitalists exploit the mass of the population in factories and sweatshops. Against this new tyranny comes the "Paccia" revolution of the present century. Brutal and tyrannical in its Communist and Fascist manifestations, subtly, crushingly all-pervasive in the western techno-bureaucratic state, it everywhere paves the way for the final disintegration of the social fabric.\* Regular readers will not be surprised to learn that this fourfold process is a microcosm of the four Ages of world-history.

Without this diagnosis the modern disintegration cannot be understood. Even with it there is no solution except that society should return to the primordial God-centred matriarchy and to the true microcosmic social order. This may seem far from modern political possibility. But the final chaos is beginning; and when all the falsehoods have destroyed themselves, only the truth will remain.

\*We must note that the modern proletariat is no more a true Paccia than the industrial bourgeoisie is a true Magdala, but only its inferior parody. The proletarian is not bound in sacred bonds of love and honour to a lawful mistress, but a mere wage-slave, bought and sold at so much an hour by the highest bidder. The traditional *paxit* despises such helotry. Nor are we claiming that there has ever been or ever could be a true socialism or democracy in which 'the people' rule, but only that the parodic "Paccia" spirit is dominant and that the rulers are no longer "gentlemen of private means" with a corrupt Magdala mentality, but waged politicians and *apparatchiks* with a corrupt Paccia mentality.

# Haiela Cantré



**T**OWARD the latter part of the Age of Bronze\* many great disturbances shook the earth, for slowly, century by century, decade by decade, that noble Age of Heroes was drawing to a close, and the dark corruption of the Iron Age was already beginning to manifest itself. The most terrible sign of this was the gradual decadence of Caire, the capital of the great Western Empire and of Abolrai ("Atlantis") as a whole under luxurious infidel Rayins (empresses) such as Kermis. Finally the corrupt continent was submerged beneath the waves of the Atlantic. The submergence of Abolrai was generally welcomed in the "Middle World" of Europe, for the Empire had turned from a teacher and protector to a corrupt and oppressive force. But relief was short-lived as patriarchal barbarians from the east began to infiltrate and conquer the Middle World. The situation was saved by the Great Crusade of the western Amazons (see "The Great Crusade", TCA 15) and a peaceful confederation was set up somewhat on the lines of the old Empire.

It was some three hundred years after the Great Crusade that Suanti, the Haiela Cantré, was born. Far in the north-west, the saints, sages and poets of Rhennesland (not yet Rhennisraihir) were developing what was to become the world's last great cultural expression of the primordial matriarchal tradition, but Suanti and her people knew but little of this, being at the opposite extreme of the Middle World, in Drumati, perhaps in the area that we now call Turkey. Suanti belonged to a rich and powerful Rathira family. Her mother was a vesard — a local noble ruling a large manor and sitting on the governing council of a wealthy mercantile city. It was a worldly and unspiritual society, more concerned with money and politics than with Truth. Most people were believers, but, like modern Christian churchgoers, their faith had little bearing on their lives. The upheavals of recent centuries had disrupted the traditional way of life in which all things are understood in the light of their transcendent significance. The intellectual decline of the Iron Age was already drawing near, and without adequate guidance every sort of error and heresy was springing up. The Scriptures themselves were often

used to support worthless opinions, and the Haiela were too ignorant to confute them — indeed, they were often the originators of them. Into this world came Suanti as a purifying force. Her work began from the earliest possible age, for it is said that she was the most turbulent of babies and that nothing would prevent her from screaming and crying except the invocation of God's holy Name — Hail Inanna! The house was thus filled with the chant of Hail Inanna from morn 'till night. This was a sign of things that were to come.

As a child, Suanti was enchanted by the stories and teachings of the Scriptures. She thought and spoke of little else, continually asking questions about religious matters. Her parents found this embarrassing and considered it to be in poor taste — religion, they thought, was a fine thing in its place, but one shouldn't take it too far. These were their private feelings; however, even in those times they could not bring themselves to say anything so blatantly profane, nor to believe that it was right if stated so explicitly. Therefore Suanti was an embarrassment.

But things became worse. As Suanti grew older and began better to understand the Scriptures, she was continually quoting some passage or other and wondering how this or that feature of the life she saw about her could be reconciled with our Lady's words. She intended no criticism by such questions, but was genuinely puzzled. Later, when she was introduced to the various people of heretical opinions who visited the home, she asked them question after question until they were forced to admit the contradictions and absurdities inherent in their notions.

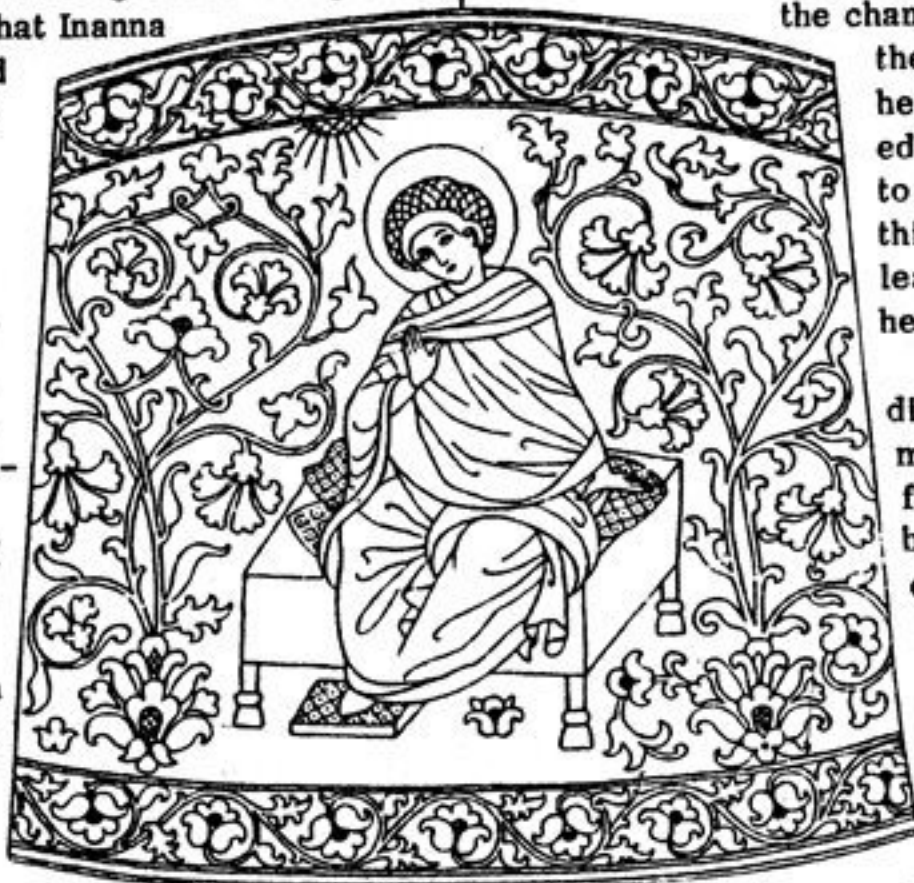
\* The Age of Bronze lasted for some 10,000 years and ended about 5,083 years ago, giving place to our present Iron Age.

She did not set out deliberately to confute them, for she was no scholar or philosopher. She just had a simple, straightforward mind which was always seeking the Truth. Nonetheless, at least one philosopher left the house in anger, declaring that she would not come to a place where the children were so impudent.

Unable to understand the conventional 'wisdom' of the day, or to keep silent, Suanti was soon regarded as a fool and kept away from important company. She spent much time wandering the grounds of her mother's estate, often playing musical instruments and singing devotional songs. She was greatly captivated by the thought that Inanna had once been a little child and spoke of it often. This only served to increase doubts about her mental wellbeing.

She would often dance and sing by herself in the great walled garden. One day, at a loss for a song, she began to chant rhythmically the Name of God: "Hail Inanna, Hail Inanna". Quickly it fell into a very natural, tuneful rhythm, and she felt herself drawn into an ecstatic state. The garden seemed transformed into a walled paradise like those she had seen depicted in the old paintings by true spiritual artists of another generation which her mother kept in an upstairs room. The chant began to grow in power and momentum until she realised that other voices were joining with hers. She looked about, and it seemed that angels were all around her, chanting and playing bells and drums. Then the child Inanna approached her, robed and crowned, and Her voice was clear even above the chanting. "Go forth," she said, "and carry My Name to all the world." The vision of Inanna disappeared, and without more ado, Suanti left the garden and went out onto the road which led to the nearest town.

The people of the town could not see the angels, but they felt the supernatural influence about her. Curious at first to see a well-attired Raihira maid



singing and dancing in the streets, they were quickly caught up by the infectious rhythm and beauty of the chant. This was a quiet town where even an unfamiliar wagon passing through would bring people to their doors. It was not surprising then that they dropped their work and followed Suanti along the streets. What was surprising was the way they clapped their hands and joined in the chant. When she stopped in the town square, everyone was there. She climbed onto the pedestal of the dachara (an outdoor shrine consisting of a life-sized statue of Inanna in a roofed enclosure, often placed in the central space of towns and villages) and, as the chanting ceased, she spoke of the love of God. All who heard her were greatly moved. Most gradually went back to their work, but a group of thirty or more would not leave her. They wanted to hear more.

These became her first disciples. In the following months they cleaned and refurbished the old dachara, brought fresh flowers and offerings, and made it their regular meeting-place. Gradually more of the townspeople came to the suanga (chanting sessions — named after Suanti). Inspired by God, Suanti spread the cult of the child

Inanna which captured many hearts; she taught love and compassion for all creatures. She taught that in this late age it is very hard for us to come to God through pure contemplation, for we are greatly inferior to our foremothers. But God is present in Her Name. She has given us this method of chanting Her Name because it is very simple and straightforward. Therefore it is especially appropriate to these last ages. People were very attracted to the beauty of this movement — the music and dancing and flowers. When heretics and worldly people came to challenge her, Suanti simply questioned them as she had when she was a child, until the falsehood of their views became apparent even to themselves.

Suanti became known as the Halela Cantré — the



# The Mainspring of Matriarchy

★ What would you say is the heart and core of the matriarchal life?

Without doubt it is *thamë* (sometimes known by the classical name of *themis*). This is a Rhennish word impossible to put into modern English. Truth, justice, harmony and order all have some bearing on it, but it is greater than all these. It is the law by which all matriarchy lives.

★ So it is a morality really?

No. There is a moral aspect, but *thamë* does not necessarily have anything to do with morality — for example, the seasons of the year are *thamë*; a plastic bag is *athamë* (against *thamë*). The law is not a human thing especially — it governs all things. The stars move in their appointed courses, the

seasons pass in their cycle, each plant and tree grows in the form ordained for it. In the same way there are forms and patterns ordained for human life. The difference is that maidkind is free to break her *thamë*, for maid means she-who-has-choice. Things are not simply physical 'accidents'. Every material thing reflects some aspect of the divine Reality. As we have often explained, the moon is not simply a lump of rock, nor the sun a ball of gases. They are the material incarnation of transcendent Principles which were before any material things existed and will be when all the worlds are dust. Every flower reflects some part of the Truth (as was explained in detail in TCA 14). This is because nothing comes about simply by the accident of evolution, but follows its *thamë* — the pattern laid down by God from the beginning. Likewise every object of human craft is equally a reflection of Reality (for example; the symbolism of the wheel is explained in TCA 11), and

for the same reason. God has laid down the *thamë* of all human crafts. The wheel, and every other *thamë* object, is fashioned after a divine pattern passed down by tradition over countless centuries. Likewise, every aspect of human life, from its social structures to its games, is governed by *thamë*. But unlike the stars or the seasons, maid is able to move out of *thamë* — to invent her own artificial social structures, to neglect the sacred crafts out of greed, preferring methods which have no spiritual value but greater material advantage. But once the natural sacred harmony has been broken, things run out of control; we are quickly faced with wars, tyranny, social breakdown, massive pollution, a vast build-up of thermo-nuclear weapons which nobody has the power to stop and a hundred other uncontrollable crises.

★ Is the matriarchal order part of *thamë*?

Very much so. From the most ancient times the feminine principle has been symbolised by the sign of Venus: ♀ and the masculine principle by that of Mars: ♂ (some late versions depict the cross as an arrow). Now in each case the circle represents spirit and the cross represents matter; thus the former depicts spirit dominant over matter and the latter depicts matter dominant over spirit. This is still understood by modern astrological authorities (see, for example *Teach Yourself Astrology*, pp. 29 and 31). Actually it

Holy Chantress, and the hearts of the whole town were captivated by her message of love and simple devotion. But neither she nor they realised that Inanna was preparing the ground for much greater things — a new Crusade across the Middle World. A Crusade from east to west instead of from west to east. A Crusade whose weapons were to be drums, bells and flowers instead of swords and arrows. In our next issue, if it is Inanna's will, we shall tell the story of the other Great Crusade. DONNA JULIA

is metaphysically impossible for matter fully to dominate spirit, since the very existence of matter is wholly dependent upon the Spirit "from Whence all comes, Whereto all must return"; but the cross set above the circle at an angle of forty-five degrees indicates the dominance of matter so far as that is possible.

Now *thamë* is precisely the dominance of Spirit over matter — the ordering of all material things in accordance with the divine Harmony. This is the very essence of the feminine principle. *Athamë*, on the other hand, is precisely the dominance of matter over spirit — material advantage and merely human notions are set against the divine Norm. This is the masculine principle; and it is metaphysically inevitable that once these inverted values begin to take hold upon society the matriarchal order will quickly become subverted and patriarchy will supervene. Once this has happened, we have entered the vicious cycle known as masculinist-materialism. Civilisation will move further and further from *thamë* until there is a complete atheism, a total subversion not only of human craft but of nature herself. This is the situation which the modern world is now rapidly approaching.

★ But you said that matter can never wholly dominate spirit.

That is quite true. No creature can ever be wholly without God, for God is the essence of existence — if any creature were wholly without Her, it would cease to exist. Similarly, in the human realm, nothing can be wholly separate from *thamë*. As is shown elsewhere in this issue, the *athamë* social systems of the last few hundred years are simply stages in the breakdown of the traditional *thamë* social order. Similarly, every modern science is a degeneration of one of the traditional sciences. Every traditional science, from mathematics to geology, is concerned primarily with discerning the inner Reality veiled by the outward forms of nature. The modern sciences are residues of these traditional sciences, and may be likened to empty shells or husks from which the liv-

ing kernel of spiritual truth has been lost, and only the external physical aspect remains. Sometimes a modern science may become not merely a degenerate residue, but an actual inverted or diabolic parody of a traditional science, as in the case of nuclear physics (see "Black Alchemy", TCA 12). But however *athamë* things may become, they can never break away from *thamë*. Nothing can exist apart from the Truth, and the modern world has actually produced nothing new, nothing of its own; only a series of inversions, perversions and degenerations of the Truth.

Actually, in the profoundest sense, it is not possible for a society to move out of *thamë* at all, for just as the cold and dark of winter is part of the

*thamë* of the seasons, so this Iron Age is part of the *thamë* of the historical cycle. Even the most profane and *athamë* manifestations of this Age of *Irkalla* (the Queen of Darkness) serve only to fulfil the greater *thamë* of cyclic manifestation. Nonetheless, the fall from *thamë* in the modern world is made up of individual human choices, and those who choose to live out of *thamë* suffer both materially and spiritually. As the scriptures tell us:

"That these dark latter days should come upon ye,

was it not known before the dawn of time?... Evil must needs arise and be triumphant, and the dark mistress have her night of power. Yet dark is the path of them that prepare her entry, and swiftly shall they behold the night of blood. For she is the dragon that doth devour her children, and casteth her children into the lake of fire."

★ How can those of us still living in the profane world bring our lives closer to *thamë*?

Firstly we must try to remove negative influences from our lives — and especially from our home environments — and to replace them with positive ones. The first thing to go (if it is there) should be television. The manifold disruptive power of this

*Contd. p. 22*





# THE COMING festival meaning

## SPRING

Correspondence of the sacred calendars for the seasons of Moura and Spring for the years 5082 and 5083 of the Iron Age:

5082: Moura: Feb 19th - March 19th

- : Hiatus: March 20th

5083: Columbina: March 21st - April 17

Maia: April 18th - May 15th

Hera: May 16th - June 12th

### Major Festivals

EASTER: Passion (Moura 28th), Hiatus (-), Resurrection (Columbina 1st), Spring Equinox (March 19th - 21st)

LADY DAY: Columbina 5th (March 25th)

EXALTATION: Maia 14th (May 1st)

### Minor Festivals

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

ROSARY DAY: Maia 3rd (April 20th)

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

## Easter

Easter heralds the glorious rebirth of the year at the Spring, the banishment of the rigours of Winter and Moura and the ascent into the realms of joy and light. It is not simply the year 5083 of the Iron Age that is born, but the Eternal Year beyond earthly time, which every year reflects. This year is especially dedicated to the Genia Madria

Rhea, who rules the deepest wisdom, time, the earth, humility, stability, the home and the consolidation of all enterprise.

Not the earth alone, with her sprouting seeds and blossoming trees, is ritually reborn with our Lady Inanna at Easter, but also every human soul. It is for this that all the purifications of Moura have been preparing, that the soul may be cleansed and ready for her new birth.

PASSION: On this day, the year, and time itself, dies with Inanna. The primary symbol of the day is the equiarmed cross of matter, representing the spreading of the divine light throughout fallen Creation by means of Inanna's Sacrifice of Herself. The willow, the tree of sacrifice and purification, is the tree of the month of Moura, and especially of this last day.

The solemnity and sorrow of the Passion are marked by prayer and meditation on the seasonal mystery. Hot spicy buns or cakes imprinted with an equiarmed cross have been associated with this day from ancient times.

HIATUS: A day outside the year, outside time, on which our Lady's lifeless corpse hangs from the central pillar of the netherworld, the lowest part of the World Tree, and all nature mourns.

All activity is kept to the bare



# ING SEASON

## gs & celebration



minimum; periods of silence and fasting are observed. Altars and shrines are decked with black, all statues and pictures removed, the only decoration being sprigs of yew, the tree of death. A vigil of prayer and contemplation is often maintained until Resurrection dawn.

**RESURRECTION:** The culmination of the great festival of Easter, this day celebrates the rebirth of our Lady Inanna and the rebirth, with Her, of all the world. We celebrate Her return and our rescue from the black chaos of extinction, the fate from which the Sacrifice of Inanna protects us. This is pre-eminently a festival of rejoicing and gaiety. The day begins at dawn with the first Rite of the year, the altar decked in white for purity, and gold, for glory.

The important symbol of the resurrection cross or fora, discussed elsewhere in this issue, is rivalled in popularity by the egg, representing the seed of life. Eggs are exchanged as presents, used (hard-boiled) in tossing or juggling games, and form a central part of the festival fare. Warm bread rolls break the Hiatus fast, and 'Easter biscuits' (thick fruit shortbread) and custard tarts are also traditional on this day.

### Lady Day

Inanna is the Princess of the World and this day celebrates Her return to full sovereignty over Her realm after

Her death and rebirth. It is a festival of praise, fulfilling the ancient paean: "All nature shouts with a single voice the praises of our Lady". Golden trumpets of daffodils proclaim their praise from altar and shrine.

In the days after Easter, our Sovereign Lady walked over the new-created world, blessing all Her creatures with Her presence. The earth is our sister, and this day we pray for the return of all things to their first perfection.

### Exaltation

The Exaltation of our Lady as Queen of Heaven, crowned by the Geniae, the shining Daughters of Heaven, is the third joyous festival of Spring. Our Lady rules the three realms of heaven, earth, and the underworld, Her Light reaching every corner of the universe. Flowers decorate homes and shrine; red and white flowers and ribbons adorn the altar, and large statues of our Lady are crowned with flower-garlands.

Communion, the Sacrament through which we become one with our Lady, was instituted on this day. In the Heavenly Temple, our Lady breaks the bread of Her sacrificial body and pours out the wine of Her Spirit; it is the essence of this act which is reflected in the earthly sacrament.

New year's calendars are available at £1 post free, containing a wealth of traditional illustration and information.





# the magic ship

ONCE UPON A TIME, in those days when the roads to Abalon were paved with silver and the streets within her paved with gold, there lived a rayin in Rhennisral that had four sons and not a single daughter. Each time she prayed for a maiden-child to bear her name and to rule her ranyam ; and each time another son came to her. At long and at last, her courtiers and counsellors became troubled within them and approached her, saying: "Most honoured and beloved mistress, many years have we enjoyed your gracious rule, and have seen the white hairs of wisdom added to the royal radiance of your crowned head. But now we do trouble us that when that time shall come that you are called to your reward there shall be no princess to rule over us in your stead."

"My loyal subjects and my dear friends," replied the rayin, "long has it been our happiness and our delight to serve ye with such small ability as we possess, yet long have we feared us of this moment. I must take counsel of my ghostly mother in this thing."

After long consultation it was decided that to be sure only the most worthy and puissant maid should be the new sovereign, a task of great difficulty should be imposed. It was decreed that any maid who should build such a ship as could ride as well upon land as on the sea, and sail it up to the palace gates, a hundred miles from the nearest shore, should become princess of the land and have the rayin's four sons in marriage. And this decree was announced over all the land and in the lands beyond.

Now some way from the palace there lived a maid who had three daughters. The elder two were wise and cunning, but Brithe, the youngest, was a simple child, fit only to feed the chickens. This maid forthwith sent her two eldest daughters as apprentice to a shipwright, and when, after a year and a day, they returned, she said to the eldest: "Can thee build a ship that will sail as well upon land as on the sea?" "Ay, ma'am," quoth that first-born, "If any can do it, that is I." And so saying, she set off with her tools to the wood. On the way she met with an old dame who asked her whither and wherefore she went. "I am off to the wood to make a door for our house," she replied. "Well may it be so," quoth the old one. The daughter sawed and hammered and hammered and sawed day long and night late until the ship was all but finished. Then, when she drove in the very last nail, why, there before her was a fine, half-hatch farmhouse door.

After this the second daughter took her turn. Again she met the old dame who asked her whither and wherefore she went. "I am off to the wood to build a wheelbarrow," she replied. "Well may it be so," quoth the old one. Well, the daughter sawed and hammered and hammered and sawed day long and night late, and a right good ship began to take shape. And when she put in the last nail, why, there before her was a fine, sturdy wheelbarrow.

Well, after this, Brithe declared her intention of going to build the marvellous ship. Everyone laughed but off she set without so much as a nail upon her person. On her way she met that same old dame, who asked her whither and wherefore she went. "I am off to the wood to build a ship that will sail as well upon land as on the sea," she replied. "Well may it be so," quoth the old one. Brithe began piling up logs and branches in a shape that seemed to her to resemble a ship. Those who passed by laughed right heartily when they saw it, and heartier still when she told them what it was supposed to be; but when she threw on the last branch, why, there stood the finest ship you ever laid eyes upon. She climbed inside and bade the ship take her to the rayin's palace, and off she sailed across the meadow, with a fair west wind behind her.

Well, she had not travelled long before she came upon a maid hopping on one leg across a great plain and moving as fast as the wind itself. "Who be thee and why hop thee so on one leg?" "I be Swift," replied the maid, "and my other leg is tied up under my skirt, for else would I be at the four ends of the world before I could stop myself." "Why, thee do be a wondrous mortal, to be sure," quoth Brithe. "Will you not care to join me on my journey to the royal palace where I mean to wed the four princes?" "Most

willingly," quoth she, "for I have hopped here three hundred years, and have never yet seen any thing so wondrous as thy ship."

Off they went together, and they had not travelled far when they saw a maid kneeling with her ear pressed to the ground. "Who be thee, and what do thee?" asked Brithe. "Why, it is springtime," replied the maid, "and there is naught that I like more than to hear the fleece a-growing on the backs of the sheep, for I am Hark and I can hear all things."

Well, she soon accepted the invitation to join the ship, and they had not travelled far when they came upon a maid with a bow, shooting far into the distance at nothing that they could see. "Who be thee and what do thee?" asked Brithe. "A hundred miles off," replied the maid, "there is a tree covered with apples. I am shooting maggots out of the apples, for my name is True-Eye."

Before long she joined the ship on its journey, which had not progressed far when they saw a group of trees moving across a plain. As they came closer, they saw that a maid was beneath, carrying them. As she came to a great oak, she pulled it out of the ground with her right hand, and added it to the bundle on her shoulder. "Who be thee and what do thee?" asked Brithe. "I be Strong," replied the maid, "and I be gathering timber to build a house."

Soon Strong had joined the company, and after they had gone a little way, they came upon a maid sitting in a great valley and catching every bird and beast and other sort of creature that came into that valley, and when she had caught them, they seemed at once to disappear. "Who be thee and what do thee?" asked Brithe. "I be Vittle" said she, "and I am doing no more thing than satisfying my hunger."

Well, it was not long before she was in the ship along with the others, and before much longer they came to a great gully which must once have been the course of a mighty river, but now there was not so

much as a drop of water. As they sailed up the gully, they came to a great waterfall that cascaded into the gully with a noise like thunder. But before it reached the dried-up river bed, every last drop disappeared into the mouth of a maid standing at the bottom. "Who be thee and what do thee?" asked Brithe. "I be Quaff," replied the maid, "and can you not see that I be taking a little drink?" "Why, thee do be a wondrous mortal to be sure," quoth Brithe. "Will you not care to join us on our journey to the royal palace

where I mean to wed the four princes?" "Most willingly," quoth she, "for I have been drinking at this stream three hundred years and have never yet seen any thing so wondrous as thy ship, which can sail up a dry gully as well as up the river itself."

So off they sailed until they were arrived at the rayin's palace. The wondrous ship was quickly seen from the palace windows, but it was some time before any came to greet them. "I wonder what is happening," quoth Brithe. "That is soon told" quoth Hark, and putting her ear to the ground, she said: "The rayin is in consultation with her counsellors. She says that there must be more tests. The guests are to be given eight hundred roast oxen and the

same number of lambs and of hogs, and fifty loaves of bread to go with each of them, and if they cannot eat them all they are to be sent back whence they came." "At me," quoth Brithe in despair, "it were better we had not come at all." "Do not lose hope," said Vittle, "until I have tried myself at this task."

Out came the rayin and her retinue. "Greatly welcome ye are," said she "and it would behove me ill did I not feed ye as a royal party should be fed. And if ye can eat as a royal party should eat, then my childer shall be yours most surely, and my ranyam in time to come."



THE RAYIN CALLS  
HER ELDEST SON  
TO HER

Into the palace they went, and the massive feast was set before them. Vittle made short work of it and cried, "Why, this is a goodly fore-course to a meal; I am right eager for the feast to begin." Nor was it long before she had put away every last morsel in the palace.

"Ye have eaten well," said the rayin, "and now ye will be thirsty." She clapped her hands and in came a troop of servants bearing five hundred hogs-heads of ale, and the same amount of beer, of cider and of wine. "Al me," whispered Brithe, "now it were truly better we had never come." "Do not despair," said Quaff, "until I try what I may do." Quaff made short work of the drink and was soon calling for more until no drop was left in the palace.

When they retired, Brithe said "I hope that there are no more tests for us now." "That is soon discovered" said Hark, and laying her head to the floor she said "The rayin has summoned her eldest son to her. He is the swiftest runner in all the ranyam. One of us must race with him to fetch a flagon of water from the well at the world's end. But in case he should have difficulty in defeating us, the rayin has appointed a cunning sorceress to help him." "Al me" said Brithe, "We may as well board our ship and set sail for home." "Do not lose hope so quickly" quoth Swift, "Not until I try what I may do."

The next day the race began, and although the young prince was fast, Swift was far faster. Indeed, she had gotten the water and was half way home before he was half way out. On the way back she met him and stopped for a moment to speak to him. Since he was a lovely and beguiling boy, she talked a little longer than she had intended, and he sat down by a tree and enticed her to take a little rest, leaning her head upon his shoulder. But this was all part of the sorceress's plan, for she had given the prince a sleeping pin, and as soon as Swift closed her eyes, he put it into her head and she fell fast asleep. Taking up her flagon, he began to run swiftly home.

Now Hark, putting her ear to the ground, had heard all this and told the others. "Let us depart for home as soon as we may" said Brithe. "Not until I try what I may do" said True-Eye, and, putting an arrow to the string, she took careful aim and shot the sleeping pin out of Swift's head without harming a hair. Swift, understanding what had happened, untied her other leg, and, picking up the prince's empty flagon, sped to the well at the world's end, filled it up, and arrived at the palace, overtaking

the prince a hundred yards from the gate.

"Well, ye are a right good company" quoth the rayin, "and well have ye passed every test. Yet I am not ready to give away my sons, and although ye have won the right to them, I do pray that you will take as much of gold and treasure as ye can carry with ye and be ye quit at that." Brithe was not happy at this, but felt that she could not refuse a mother's request. Sadly she turned to go. "Wait a little," said Strong "and let me try what I may do." Strong gathered together all the tailors in the ranyam and asked them to make her a cloth bag. They sewed for seven days and seven nights, and when the company went to the palace to take their treasure, the rayin sent out a great cart drawn by six oxen, loaded with gold and silver and every kind of jewel. Strong threw it all into her bag, cart, oxen and all and called for more. Cartload upon cartload came until there was no treasure left in the palace. "Come, come," cried Strong, "we have hardly covered the bottom of the bag yet." In went plates and cups chairs and tables, beds, cupboards and wardrobes. Finally, in went the maidservants and menservants, soldiers and statesmaids, counsellors and courtiers, until the only thing left in the whole palace was the four princes. "Come, come," said Strong, "I still have not all that I can carry."

Then the rayin laughed. "Well have ye passed this last test," quoth she, "ye have earned your reward and ye shall have it." And the very next day, when the palace was put back in order, preparation was begun for the wedding. When at last it came, the celebrations lasted a year and a day, and the last day was better than the first, and even Vittle and Quaff had enough to satisfy them.

## — COMMENTARY —

Space permits only a brief commentary upon this story, which is found in countless versions from Ireland to India. Brithe is the holy innocent — the soul purged of worldly cunning and ready to accept the initiatic path (cf. the Fool in the Tarot). This path comprises three stages: 1. The preparation of the ship of the soul, which, in this case, entails a test of her guileless truthfulness. 2. The gathering of the scattered fragments or 'powers' of the soul. They are six in number, representing the six planets revolving about the sun, or the

Contd. p. 22

# CHAINS OF 'FREEDOM'

The illusion of 'liberty' is a tool of oppression

**M**ENTION of the role of the Paccia in traditional society often draws forth a very predictable reaction from the modern person — a belief that personal service rendered by one human being to another is somehow degrading and alien to human dignity. Actually, this is a peculiarly modern point of view. Every traditional person would regard the bond of love, duty and service (binding upon both parties) in the pursuit of a sacred function to be the highest dignity of humanity. What would be considered degrading is the modern wage-slavery, which, devoid of any personal bond or spiritual meaning makes mere tools or used-things (which is precisely the meaning of the term 'employee') of human beings. If for a moment we can drop the indoctrinated modern prejudice, it becomes clear that this is the obvious and natural view of the matter.

The propaganda machine of modern 'education' and the media is serving powerful vested interests in presenting inverted notions of 'freedom' and 'dignity.' As the sociologist A.M. Hocart has pointed out: "Hereditary service has been painted in such dark colours only because it is incompatible with the existing industrial system." Incompatible because it involves human relationships and mutual responsibilities which can have no place in the world of faceless bureaucracy and the cash nexus.

Millions upon millions of people in non-European countries have had a meaningful and satisfying way of life smashed in order to integrate them into communist or capitalist factory systems, and this 'freedom' has always been the cynical pretext. Millions upon millions of people sincerely and naïvely believe in this ideal of freedom; but that does not alter the fact that from its invention by the philosophers of the up-and-coming bourgeoisie in the eighteenth century, it has never been anything except a tool of exploitation and oppression.

Just as social notions of 'freedom' are used to promote social slavery, so notions of intellectual 'freedom' are used to promote mental slavery. Vast numbers of modern people take pride in the thought that they "have their own opinions". If one of them should ask my opinion upon some question of theo-

logy or philosophy, and I reply "I do not know, I will have to ask my teacher", she will probably laugh, saying that I should not slavishly follow dogmas, but should have my own opinions. But note how illogically one-sided this is. Suppose I am asked a question on some point of chemistry or biology and I do not know the answer, so I simply invent something out of my own head. That same person will think me mad. If I do not know the answer, I should ask someone who does, or look it up. So (according to the modern view), in chemistry or biology I should never make up my opinions, but always go to knowledgeable authorities. In philosophy and theology I should never go to knowledgeable authorities, but always make up my own opinions. What is the meaning of this one-sided "freedom of opinion"? The meaning is very simple: only 'scientific' materialism is 'real'. Everything else is just "a matter of opinion". This is the technique by which 'scientific' materialism maintains its monopoly over the modern mind.

"I cannot accept hierarchies" is another parrot-cry of 'freedom'; and it is nonsense. Tell your employer (user), the Inland Revenue, the police that you cannot accept hierarchies! Again 'freedom' only serves to grant a monopoly to the hierarchies of patriarchal materialism. No serious alternative can be constructed because nobody will accept any authority except that which is thrust upon them by force. Who benefits? The answer is obvious. The impersonal, exploitative hierarchy of money power is free to destroy every natural hierarchy based upon human and sacred values. The notion that any society can live without hierarchies (or would be happier if it did) is simply bait for the trap.

So what is human freedom? Is it just a lie? No. True freedom lies in following one's own sithamē — one's inner harmony — pursuing the sacred craft or vocation that one's own inner nature calls one to and thus coming closer to one's own true Self, which is not other than God Herself — not merely being 'employed' for someone else's purposes. This is the one true freedom which all the 'freedoms' of the modern world are specifically designed to destroy.

# THE GREAT LIE

**T**HE CONCEPT of the 'march of progress' is the modern world's justification of itself. To every criticism it provides the ready reply: "Things were worse in the past and will be better in the future." Every problem caused by 'progress' can be solved by more 'progress'. Twentieth-century western society is regarded as the height of human achievement; its rapid spread to every corner of the globe is seen as necessary and desirable. This is purely the result of blindness: blindness both to the true nature of the modern world and to the inner meaning of the traditional life which 'progress' has all but destroyed.

The exclusively outward vision of the modern mentality sees the problems, difficulties and limitations of life on the material plane and sets out to 'solve' them on the merely physical level. The resulting series of 'solutions' is termed 'progress'. Does it on any level represent a real improvement over the life lived in comparative contentment and harmony for many thousands of years? The superior physical capabilities and control over the environment exercised by modern technological society may be evidence of progress of a sort — certainly in the awesomeness of its destructive power. However, it not only contains the seeds of its own destruction in its heavy dependence upon rapidly diminishing natural resources but in the process poisons the earth which grows our food, the seas and the very air we breathe.

The medical and other humane aspects of 'progress' are often used in its defence. Let us leave aside the many specific criticisms that might be advanced against this claim of 'progress' — the fact that while some diseases have been eliminated, others, such as heart diseases and cancer (the latter often directly attributable to pollution, radiation and other side-effects of 'progress') have increased dramatically; the fact that one in five hospital beds are now occupied by people suffering from iatrogenic diseases (that is, diseases caused by the side-effects of medical treatments); the fact that claims of greater modern life-expectancy are often based on tendentious and inappropriate comparisons (do not Christian scriptures speak of human life as "three-score years and ten" ?). Let us leave these aside and simply point to the fact that technology must be judged as a whole. There could not be a society which produced life-support systems and did not also produce thermo-nuclear bombs and nerve-gas. The whole momentum of progress is based on the notion that whatever can be done shall be done; and once done, it is irrevocable. Everyone would like to 'dis-



*"Forward, ever forward!"*

invent' the atom bomb, but it cannot be done. More people have been killed by 'progress' in the last half-century than in all the plagues and persecutions of the Middle Ages put together.

But even this is not the most fundamental point. The whole purpose of progress is to increase the sum total of human happiness. Are people happier under the regime of 'progress' than they were before? If progress has raised living standards in the most outward and superficial way, it has also increased expectations. People on the whole are far more discontented, and the whole industry of advertising (on which all the other industries depend) is wholly devoted to the continual stimulation of dissatisfaction and the creation of artificial 'needs'. But more important than any of this, the ideology of progress is a pseudo-religion which has, for most people destroyed the spiritual meaning of the 'old-fashioned' view of life, which was the last remnant of true tradition. The result of this is an overwhelming sense of meaninglessness which has settled on society as a whole. Its effects are soaring crime rates, divorce rates, rates of mental disturbance alcoholism, illegitimacy, suicide, drug abuse etc.

Belief in 'progress' originates in atheism. Every God-centred society recognises that all things

began in God and have since declined; the doctrine of the four ages being a systematic exposition of this process. If one discounts God, it is necessary to believe that everything began in the primordial slime and has since improved, the theory of evolution being the typical application of this notion to life on earth and humanity in particular. It follows from this latter view that human society, human knowledge and human intelligence have been improving from the earliest times, the present representing the highest stage yet attained. The 'progress' which has produced such disastrous results is seen as the direct outcome of great advance in human knowledge. The scientific materialism which provides the basis for 'progress' and underlies all modern thought is held to be the superior product of the superior intelligence of modern man, and to relegate traditional thought and traditional knowledge to the realm of uninformed ignorance.

It is a mistake to suppose that the scientific and technical knowledge of the modern world is an entirely new phenomenon, and that the only reason why a technological society was not created long ago was the ignorance of traditional people in these matters.

There are numerous evidences to show that the very opposite was the case. Metal artefacts found in America, made of an alloy which only the most recent technical advances can duplicate, are estimated to be seven thousand years old. Seals from ancient Sumer of about the same period show all nine planets of the solar system, while Pluto was only 'discovered' by modern science some fifty years ago. Electric batteries, steam engines, submarines — all these were designed and even occasionally used (for temporary and trivial purposes) many centuries before their modern 'invention'.

It was not lack of knowledge which deterred these ancient cultures from initiating modern-style 'progress'; it was lack of stupidity, lack of ignorance about the fundamental nature and purpose of human life on this earth. The very existence of 'progress' is evidence of a massive intellectual degeneration in tune with the latter days of the Iron Age — a concentration on 'things' and 'facts' as opposed to intellectual and spiritual principles. The attitude of the modern world to the traditional world is that of the child who says "I'm lots cleverer than those other kids — I can't read, but I've got more sweets." — and the sweets themselves are in fact poisonous pills.

'Progress' has robbed human life of its inner meaning, its relatedness to the Spirit. The tradit-

ional institutions of the crafts, social forms, relation to nature have been upturned, replaced with gadgets, mechanical contrivances, chemical formulae and above all an overriding bureaucratic tyranny which calls itself benevolent. Few would deny that factory work is unsatisfying and eventually soul-destroying, as opposed to the crafts which were designed to lift the soul toward the Source of life, the Spirit our Mother, and which, furthermore, engaged the body and mind in the production of a truly worthwhile artefact. The very recreations of traditional life had their inner meaning, very different from the bombardment of novelty and trivia which fills most modern people's leisure time. All activity was ultimately related to the Centre, which is the Spirit, all life revolved about it, and each man was in touch with her own transcendent Centre through the actions of her daily life. Even the more degenerate traditional societies of the Iron Age continued to preserve this to some extent. 'Progress' has eliminated it.

Ironically, in its quest for perfection, which can never be found on the material plane, 'progress' lose sight of the only true perfection which is God Herself. In conceiving time and life as a straight road leading ever forward, whereas it is in truth a circle, it exerts itself in looking along the circumference for that which can only be found at the Centre. Solutions give rise to new problems, cures cause disease, increased comfort increases discontent, precisely because a particular degree of limitation and suffering is part and parcel of this world system. 'Liberation' and 'progress' are words that can only truly be applied to the soul in her journey toward God. As the soul ascends toward the Spirit, she is freed from the cyclic flux of manifestation and attains her true heart's desire, to which every earthly hunger inwardly aspires. 'Progress' not only cannot satisfy the fundamental yearning of the soul, but in its concentration upon the merely physical and outward, actually tightens the chains of matter which bind the soul to this world.

This then is the Great Lie from which so many of the errors of the modern world proceed: the lie which denies the past and its traditional wisdom, ignores the present, both its grisly witness against 'progress' and the possibilities which remain inherent in the human soul, and focuses on the future, which it is all set to spoil and destroy.

DONNA CHRYSOTHEMIS



# Symbolism: The Fora

**T**HE FORA, or Resurrection Cross, is one of the most fundamental of metaphysical symbols. It is especially associated with the western matriarchal tradition, being the standard of Rhennisraihir, the last great matriarchal empire, whose homeland was in Britain. Indeed, so closely is it associated with the Rhennes and those patriarchal tribes which took over much of the Rhennish tradition, that it is commonly called the Celtic cross, despite the fact that, like all metaphysical symbols, it is universal, and is found in many diverse parts of the world.

Since it is a symbol of such fundamental importance, there can be no question of our expounding the full range of its significances in an article of this length and scope; but we may give some indication of its general meaning.

The cross by itself, as we have previously explained, depicts the celestial ray, or world-axis (the vertical line) penetrating a particular level of material existence (we must bear in mind that matter strictly means "all that is not pure Spirit", and that the physical is only one modality of matter). Now, since the forms of all things are ideas in the mind of God, it is not until the divine ray of Her form-bearing Light touches the material plane in question that the matter of that plane can take on forms, and any thing can exist. Once the ray strikes 'the surface of the waters' (the term applied to a material plane in a state of non-differentiated formlessness) a world will develop. In the case of the physical plane, the world in question is the physical universe as we know it.

The fullest form of the cross is in fact a three dimensional figure with the three lines running north-south, east-west and up-down, all intersecting at the centre. In other words, we have a horizontal cross transfixed by a vertical line. In this three-dimensional figure, the horizontal cross corresponds to the full extension of the world in question in the four directions of matter (the four physical directions have their precise analogies on all non-physical planes), while the vertical line is the celestial ray or world-axis. It is true that the cross is rarely modelled or pictured in this three-dimensional form; but every

\* Needless to say, we are not referring to the Christian crucifix, nor to the historical events represented thereby, but to the cross as a very ancient metaphysical symbol.

form of cross depicted in traditional usage is by implication either a 'vertical' or a 'horizontal' cross: although this categorisation is slightly complicated by the fact that just as everything 'below' is a reflection of something 'above', so the horizontal cross is a 'shadow' of the vertical cross, with its north-south axis playing the part of the celestial ray in a limited and reflective mode.

The cross of the four seasons, described in our last issue, is a good example of the horizontal cross: there the solstitial (winter-summer) axis plays the part of the celestial ray, although the most important part of this cross is the centre, corresponding to the fifth and 'transcendent' season of Moura. This is important, because it is clear that the centre is precisely the point at which the vertical axis transfixes the horizontal cross. Another important point illustrated by the cross of the seasons is that the horizontal cross is a rotating cross, subject to movement and change in the flux of material existence, while the vertical axis remains motionless and immutable, and is the 'still point' about which the movements and mutations of the changing world take place, and is the 'unmoved mover' which governs all these fluctuations. This corresponds to the Scriptural dictum: "Earth moves, but Heaven is still."

The horizontal cross is eminently a symbol of quaternity, four being the number of matter, and corresponding to the four elements of the physical world (which have their analogies on other levels of material manifestation). Here the centre of the cross corresponds to the fifth element of aethyr, which is actually the first-created, from which all the others proceed, and which contains in itself all the conflicting tendencies of the four in perfect equilibrium. It is for this reason that aethyr is non-differentiated and imperceptible, since the tangible manifestation of the elements is precisely due to their warring

disequilibrium which maintains their continual flux and motion. Aethyr thus corresponds reflectively to the non-manifest Point. It is for this reason that the fifth element is sometimes called spirit, and, in many contexts, symbolises the Spirit Herself.

In Chinese numeration, the cross represents the number ten, and the Latin X is only the cross placed on its side. Here we must note the relationship between the quaternary and the denary, expressed in the Tetrakys:  $1+2+3+4=10$ . Ten, of course, is the number of the historical cycle, whose four Ages are of rapidly shortening duration, the ratio being 4:3:2:1.

Various geometrical symbols relate to the fundamental meaning of the horizontal cross. The cross enclosed within a circle  $\oplus$  shows the extension of the four directions within a given world-system, and thus relates the horizontal cross to the wheel (cf "Symbolism", TCA 11), the outer rim being the most consolidated point of manifestation — 'the world', or, better, 'the mold', a Rhennish word designating 'this material world', as opposed to the cosmos. For this reason, this symbol has been used in astrology to represent the earth. The figure also implies the rotation of the horizontal cross, as does the swastika, which has half-lines tangential to the (undepicted) circumference, indicating directional motion — but in this latter case the reference is not to the movement of the world itself, but to the operation of the Principle upon it. The circle with a point at the centre  $\odot$  long used astrologically to represent the sun, corresponds to cyclic perfection — the integral realisation of all the possibilities inherent within a particular world-system: literally (or rather, pictorially) the alpha and the omega.

Now the fora is often considered to be only another form of the earth sign, but this is not so. The true significance of the fora can best be understood by recalling that the first explanation that young children are given is that it is a picture of Avala. Avala, the paradise of the Daughter, has the Tree of Life at its centre, and from directly beneath this tree flow four rivers, down the axial mountain, Car-stalas, in the four cardinal directions. After the Fall of mankind, a circular wall was placed about the orchard garden. Thus the cross of the fora represents the four rivers, the circle the wall and the central point the world-Tree. Now the tree is the

world-axis (cf "Symbolism", TCA 8 and 16) and Avala itself, being unfallen, represents the realm of the Archetypes, where things are still perfect Forms, rather than the broken and imperfect reflections of them upon the world of matter (as such, it corresponds to the hub of the wheel, just as the Tree corresponds to the axle). The four rivers represent the extension of the Divine Ideas, first as perfect Forms in the Archetypal realm, and then out into the world of matter.

Now the whole movement of the last Ages is away from the Centre. Life in all its aspects tends ever more toward the rim of the wheel and immersion in the lowest and most material aspects of existence. The modern materialist civilisation approaches the extreme point of this tendency; but the tendency has been present for several thousand years, especially since the collapse of the Western Empire. It was thus necessary for the people of the last matriarchal cultures to make use of a symbol which focuses upon the Centre to the virtual exclusion of the totality of the cosmic whole. The symbol has been used in all ages, but toward the latter part of the Bronze Age, its use became more marked, and in the Rhennisraihir this trend received its most extensive development. It was seen in Temples and displayed above them, it was seen in public architecture, upon the banners of legions and the flags of most localities. The multitude of civil uses of the fora on everything from royal standards to the insignia of craft guilds indicates the assertion that every area of life operates legitimately only insofar as it proceeds from its celestial Archetype. The rayin rules only as the regent of God. The craftmaid creates only after the Pattern laid down in the Real world of perfect Forms. The householder, the scholar, the farmer and every other maid perform a sacred function which can be rightly understood only in the light of its perfect and eternal Prototype in the Real world.

The constant reiteration of the fora had a profound ritual effect of centring and re-minding. It was one of the most powerful ritual influences for warding off the disintegration (de-centring) movement of the age for the longest possible time, and after the fall of Rhennisraihir and the invasion of the Rhenneland itself, it has played an import-



# THE COMING SEASON 2

## Maia's Day

On this first day of the central month of Spring, we celebrate she for whom the month is named. Maia may be called the soul of Spring. She is the spinner, the first person of the Moira trinity, the life-giver of the vale of illusion. In her negative aspect, she spins the illusions which snare the soul. In her positive aspect, she is the provider of all earthly benefits and all earthly beauty. The maypole dance and other ribbon dances are traditional to this day and to the month.

## Rosary Day

The Rosary is the perfect devotion, engaging body, mind and soul in prayer and meditation upon the cycle of the cosmic mysteries. A single rose is placed before statues and shrines in token of the rose-garden which the Rosary represents.

## Anthea's Day

Anthea is Our Lady of the Flowers, and all flowers, blossoms and fruit are hers. Wild flowers and blossoms are gathered and offered in her honour. Homes and porches are decked with flowers.

### COMMENTARY from p. 16

six directions (north, south, east, west, up and down) about the Centre. In each case, Brithe takes the position of the Spirit, the supernal Sun or unmanifest Point, which, on the microcosmic level, she reflects, while the six helpers all represent symbolic aspects of the Spirit (in some cases one of them has powerful breath), although in some patriarchal versions, various fanciful and irrelevant powers are introduced. 3. The winning of the Ranyam. The feats of Vittle and Quaff, and especially Strong signify a control over and 'containment' of all material elements. The four princes correspond to the four elements of matter with Brithe taking the role of the Quintessence — polyandrous marriages in which a maid may take up to four husbands are traditional in many patriarchal cultures. For more on the symbolism of marriage see "The Huntress and the Bride", TCA 16.

### THE FORA

ant role, both exoterically and in certain secret ritual uses, in holding the Rhennes to their tradition and protecting them from infidel incursion. Now, as the first seeds of the new Golden Age are beginning to be sown, the fora takes on a new significance as a device of re-centring, of re-minding, of re-forming. Slow it will be; at first almost imperceptible. But as surely as spring must follow winter and day must follow night, the sacred Empire shall rule once more upon the earth, and this dark, troubled world shall behold the light of Truth.

### THAMÉ from p. 11

Trojan horse was discussed at length in our last issue. A television in the home is a shrine to Irkalla.

But there are many subtler forms of influence which, even if unperceived, are of great effect. Athamé materials such as plastic and nylon should be avoided where possible and replaced by natural ones. At least for some time one should see by the light of a pure flame rather than by artificial electric lighting. Maids, at least (it is easier for them), should learn to wear more traditional clothing and reject the masculinised or trivial styles pushed upon them by the modern world. Every form with which we surround ourselves reflects either the centreless, inharmonious influence of the profane world, or some degree of thamé — and each of these things affects us in subtle and profound ways, whether we are aware of it or not. Slowly but surely we must reduce the athamé influences about us and replace them with objects that are in harmony with Truth.

Exactly what is thamé and what athamé in every case can be learned only by experience and by contact with those who live closer to the true Way. And this brings us to the most vital point. Externals are important. But thamé is a whole way of life and thought. One may begin by reducing the level of one's compromise with the late-patriarchal world, but the eventual aim must be to leave it. One must be moving toward life in a traditional patriarchal community ruled by the harmony of thamé. Every blow struck against the influences of discord which surround you is an effective step in the right direction: but in the end, thamé is a total way of life — and it is to that life that all the steps must lead.



# The Philosophy of Fun

**A** PROTESTANT minister once asked a little girl if she knew who Jesus was. "Yes," replied the girl, "he is someone who goes about looking for anyone having fun and making them stop." All too often in the Protestant world, religion is associated with dreary joylessness. Yet anyone who has any experience of a traditional matriarchal

community, where the whole of life is governed by the religious principle, will agree that an overwhelming sense of fun is one of its most prominent characteristics.

The exuberant maypole dance is, among traditional peoples, a religious observance, and its symbolism serves to make clear the authentic traditional attitude to the world, the flesh and fun. The pole itself is the central pillar of being — the world-axis, while the many coloured ribbons raying out from it are all the events and phenomena of manifestation. The dance, in which all manifest things weave and intertwine, making elaborate patterns, is the dance of existence itself. The maypole belongs to Maia, the creator of all manifestation, and it is she, in her own month, that we celebrate.

But, it will be asked, is not Maia the illusion of material existence? Should we not be transcending her rather than celebrating her? Well, certainly the world of appearances must be transcended, and those dedicated to the Contemplative Life practise austerities, withdrawing themselves from all sensual attachment to the world. But the majority of traditional folk follow the gentler and slower way of the Active Life, pursuing the sacred paths of the traditional life in this world.

It is a full life: full of hard work and exuberant play. The entire attitude to life is based upon our Lady's words: "Love the world, but love it for that it is an echo of Eternity." Everything we do is done in the light of that knowledge. Every meal we eat is offered to Her, and every meal is a feast. Even if we have only a little pulté and potling, it is nicely spiced and attractively presented, accompanied with good home-brewed ale and surrounded with a festive atmosphere — for every meal is a sacred occasion: not a Protestant sabbath, but a traditional holiday (holy day).

All the world is but the play of She Who has "laughed all the world into being". The things of this world are but reflections of the Archetypes of the

Real world. We are not tempted to "take life seriously", precisely because we know the serious meaning which lies behind the outward activity of this world, and do not confuse one with the other.

The Protestant world, on the contrary, takes life very seriously. Under a cloud of drabness and self-denial, it built the factories, banks and bureaucracies which dominate the modern world. Now self-denial is out of fashion and we have a life based upon "the pursuit of happiness" — but this is only the Protestant mentality inverted. Clinical depression has reached epidemic proportions. One need only take the phrase "the real world" to see the difference between the modern and traditional attitudes to life. To the traditional maid it means the world of perfect Archetypes upon which all the beauty of this world is based. To the modern person it does not even mean "this material world", but always refers to the most dreary and squalid aspects of it — as if only suffering and ugliness were 'real' and beauty was some sort of illusion. In a world without meaning, perhaps it is.

Modern folk 'pursue happiness' by working in dreary factories in order to earn money to buy the vulgar and superficial products of other factories. In their greed for personal gratification, they adopt the morality of alley cats, which they call 'permissiveness'. They are incapable of the simple, childlike sense of fun which throws itself fully into games and tales. This offends their notion of 'the real world', which is just the old Protestant puritanism distorted and stripped of all integrity. The modern world has no values except the pursuit of happiness — the betterment of life in this world. Well, just go to any commuter station and watch the long faces pursuing happiness and try to guess how much they have found.

On the other hand, of all the traditional matriarchal folk I have known (and that is a great many), I have seldom met one who was not genuinely happy and full of good old fashioned fun.