

No. 19  
the coming age



**WAR WITHOUT WEAPONS**  
A World Conquered with Music

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**A Rhennish Ballad**

THIS ballad is rich in profound symbolism. Space here permits us to give only a few hints to aid contemplation. It depicts one of the instances mentioned in the Brichten Day Song: "Littel Inanna, so gentle and mild/was whipp'd by Her Mother when She was a Child."

Line 2: Rain symbolises the grace of heaven and also the moisture associated with the willow. 4: In many ball games, the ball represents the sun. Here we have the 'play' of the solar Spirit. 12: ie they are infidels. 17: They turn from the Spirit, "frowning upon the laughter of Her heart". 19: Like the atheist and humanist, they wish to steal the prerogatives of God and set themselves in Her place. 23-4: "Like the Wind"; ie the Wind of the Spirit. For the symbolism of fleetness, see "Nursery Rhymes", TCA 16. 25-8: See "The Bridge" in this issue and the next. 30-6: The three mothers represent Moira. The symbolism of these verses is very complex, but on one level it prefigures Inanna's sacrifice, on another the binding of She Who is naturally free to the wheel of Moira (see "The Three Moiras", p. 8). A sally is a bunch of willow twigs used by Rhennish mothers to punish their children. The twigs are called "the rays of the moon"; thus we see Her solar nature subordinated to the lunar principle which She must represent. Nine (3x3) is the number of the moon.

THE COMING AGE: magazine of the British matriarchal tradition. No. 19, issued in the month of Hesperis in the year 5083 of the Iron Age.

**The Bitter Withy**

As it fell out on a Holy Day,  
The small rain down did fall,  
Inanna asked leave of Her Mother Mari  
If She might go play atte ball 4

Go forth, go forth, My jantil Child  
Go forth and make Thou free;  
But when Thou come home at even-tide  
Let Me hear none ill of Thee. 8

So 'twas upling scorn and downling scorn,  
The Silver Hill adown,  
And there She met with three jolly cals  
That came from Babalon's town. 12

Our Lady did salew the cals,  
Salewed She all three:  
Rise up, rise up ye jolly cals  
And play atte ball with Me. 16

O no, said they, we will not play,  
For that we have no will,  
But we shall take Thy golden ball  
And run Thee up the hill. 20

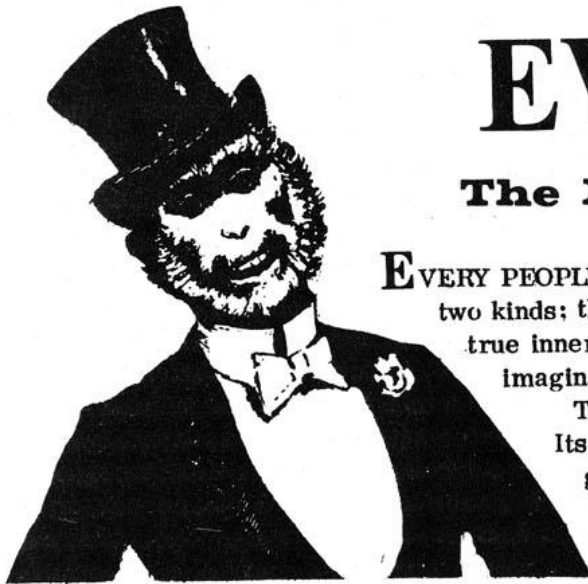
Then run Me well if that ye may,  
Our Lady did reply,  
And on her fleet and nimble heels  
She like the Wind did fly. 24

And She built a bridge of beams of the sun  
And o'er She yode, yode She,  
And after Her foll'wed the three jolly cals  
And drowned were all three. 28

O, 'twas upling scorn and downling scorn  
The mothers three did call:  
O Raya Mari fetch home Thy Child,  
For ours are drowned all. 32

So Raya Mari fetched home Her Child  
And laid Her across Her knee  
And with a sally swift and sharp  
She whipp'd Her three times three. 36

O withy tree, bitter withy tree,  
Thou makest Me to weep,  
And thou shalt sigh for ever more  
Above the waters deep. 40



# EVOLUTION

## The Last of the Great Dogmas

**E**VERY PEOPLE understands the world by means of myths. Myths are of two kinds; those of divine origin, which convey a true image of the true inner nature of being, and those pieced together by the human imagination from observed facts and conceived ideas.

The myth of the modern world is one of the second kind. Its 'Genesis' is the once-in-a-million accident of the emergence of one-celled life from the primordial slime of a once-barren planet somewhere in the endless galaxies of space. It tells of the development of that life through increasingly complex forms until it produced humanity

— a small naked animal able to survive only by virtue of its cunning — a cunning which slowly evolved until that small animal was able to make itself sovereign of the world. C.S. Lewis, in an essay entitled "The Funeral of a Great Myth",<sup>1</sup> has shown how this story exhibits all the fundamental characteristics of the classic hero-myth.

The myth was born in the last century amid the unshakable conviction that Victorian Europe represented the highest pinnacle of human achievement and the humanist thirst for a 'scientific' account of our place in the world which excluded dependence on God. It was these two things which gave birth to the myth — a truth attested by the fact that the entire theory of evolution had been concocted in various forms by many rationalist-humanist thinkers, including Charles Darwin's grandfather, Erasmus, decades before the voyage of the Beagle, and long before there was a scrap of 'evidence' for any of it.

As soon as Charles Darwin came up with the 'evidence', it was hailed without question by humanists as a scientific corroboration of their belief in progress. In vain have numerous scientists over the last hundred years protested that the theory runs contrary to many known facts, and pleaded for a more rigorously scientific approach to the subject. They might as well have tried to hold back an avalanche. For the driving force behind evolutionism is not intellectual conviction, but misplaced 'religious' emotion. Evolution is not a theory but a dogma. It is the very cornerstone of the modern perception of the world. In some countries today it is actually a criminal offence publicly to question the doctrine.


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Yet the passing years and the various researches undertaken to fill in the gaps in Darwin's work have done nothing to confirm the theory. On the contrary, Paul Lemoine, editor of Volume V (on "Living Organisms") of the *Encyclopédie Française*, summed up the modern evidence thus:

"This exposition shows that the theory of evolution is impossible. In reality, despite appearances, no one any longer believes in it ... Evolution is a sort of dogma whose priests no longer believe in it, though they uphold it for the sake of their flocks."<sup>2</sup>

This is not to postulate a 'conspiracy' among biologists, but simply to say that the terminology of evolution has become a convention: "One speaks, without attaching any importance to it, of evolution to denote linkage — of more evolved, less evolved in the sense of more perfect, less perfect, because it is the conventional language" (Lemoine, *ibid.*). The convention is easily accepted, since scientists are as conditioned by the modern myth as anyone else. But a real belief in evolution is difficult if one is in possession of the actual facts.

Evolution divides into two classes: micro-evolution and mega-evolution. The former concerns relatively small-scale changes *within* a species. Nobody contests the occurrence of this simple adaptation. Mega-evolution postulates greater transformations from one major class of animal to another — it is this second form of evolution upon which the modern myth rests. No known instance of mega-evolution has ever been shown to have taken place, and, indeed, the observation of micro-evolution indicates that there are definite limits in nature to the extent of possible



transformation, and that, having run their course, transformations inevitably reach a dead end. As one commentator put it: "Mega-evolution is really a philosophy dating from the days of biological ignorance". All the so-called 'proofs of evolution' are based on micro-evolution.

To take another aspect of the question, the fossil record flatly contradicts evolutionist notions. One of its most striking features is the abruptness with which new classes of animals make their appearance. There is no evidence of gradual change from one species to another. Some evolutionists have attempted to account for this by putting forward theories of 'explosive evolution' — suggesting that nature herself has the power suddenly to throw up a new species. But this idea is so obviously untenable from the point of view of material science that most evolutionists have preferred to turn a blind eye to the question.

Of course, when we turn from the serious scientists to the popular evolutionism promulgated by the schools and the media and unquestioningly believed by the mass of the populace, the errors and deceptions multiply. The old charts of 'the evolution of the horse', long since discredited among serious scientists, are still put forward as uncontested fact; and we find everywhere the notorious 'reconstructions' of the brutish face of Neanderthal Man, of which the American palæontologist, Professor A.E. Hooton, has said: "You can with equal facility model on a Neanderthaloid skull the features of a chimpanzee or the lineaments of a philosopher. These alleged reconstructions of ancient types of man have little, if any, scientific value, and are likely only to mislead the public."<sup>3</sup>

As Jean Piveteau, Professor of Palæontology at the Sorbonne, put it, the science of facts "cannot accept any of the different theories which seek to explain evolution. It even finds itself in opposition to each one of these theories. There is something here which is both disappointing and disquieting."<sup>4</sup>

But if the evidence for evolution in general is unscientific, the evidence for the evolution of humanity is virtually non-existent, yet it continues to be taught as 'established fact' to adults and children alike. One children's encyclopædia tells us: "Early man probably lived in the bare open, hiding behind rocks and in caves, and this is perhaps the reason why we do not find his fossilised remains mixed up

with the remains of the animals which inhabited the same world. Whatever the reason, all that we know of man for hundreds of thousands of years is derived from a few very primitive flint instruments and from fragments of bones and skulls which may not be the bones of our ancestors at all, but the remains of apes."<sup>5</sup> Nonetheless, the encyclopædia continues to treat speculations based on this minuscule evidence as established reality, and prints imaginative artistic depictions of 'early man', and charts such as that on the facing page to fix the concept firmly in the young mind.

What is never mentioned is such evidence as the Castenedolo and Calaveras skulls, which clearly point to the existence of people of modern type long before homo sapiens is supposed to have evolved. Nor, except perhaps in a book of 'curious facts' does the child have the opportunity to read of the imprints of shoes, showing traces of strong thread, in two separate coal seams in the Gobi Desert and in Nevada, each estimated to be about 15 million years old — when the crudest ape-people are not supposed to have evolved until two million years ago. Neither does she learn of the various artefacts — nails, gold wire, even a perfectly ground optical lens — found in various parts of the world in geological strata of immense antiquity.

Remember that the theory of 'early man' is based on a tiny handful of evidence, much of which is ambiguous. Yet another handful of quite unambiguous evidence is dismissed as 'unexplainable curiosities' because it does not fit in with the modern myth. What other science selects its evidence in this way?

But even more important than the material evidence is the fact that, as we shall presently show, evolution is a metaphysical impossibility. That is to say, it contradicts the inner laws of being which govern the manifestation of the material universe itself.

Modern material science, of course, knows nothing of the latter point, but it may well be asked why the modern world persists in clinging to "a philosophy dating from the days of biological ignorance". In physics, chemistry and all other modern sciences, Victorian notions have been revolutionised in the present century. In each case it has been admitted that the universe is infinitely subtler and more mysterious than the old mechanistic theories supposed. But evolutionism, despite all evidence, has been preserved virtually unchanged as "a sort of dogma".

Why is this so? The most obvious reason is the

need of modernistic humanism to have an account of 'creation' which excludes God. As Professor D. M.S. Watson put it, evolution "is accepted by most biologists not because it has been observed to occur or... can be proved by logically coherent evidence to be true, but because the only alternative, specific creation, is clearly incredible."<sup>6</sup>

But there is more to the matter than this. As we have already noted, evolutionism stands at the centre of the myth-system by which modern civilisation

understands the world. Now a true myth is one revealed by God or else perceived by pure Intellect — the faculty of direct perception of the inner nature of things. It presents a true image of the archetypal Realities which underlie the manifestation of the material world. In the first Age the myths were perfectly understood. Maid was able to 'see through' the myth into that Reality. As time wore on, the faculty of pure Intellect became dimmed. In many civilisations the myths changed their forms presenting less of the Truth in a form adapted to the inferior intelligence of the later ages. Eventually, toward the latter part of the patriarchal era, pure Intellect was lost altogether. The word 'science' which in a normal civilisation means the application of the principles of pure Intellect to living a life in tune with maid's spiritual destiny and her true self, became applied to a mere understanding of the material world in its most outward and physical aspect. Myth, no longer understood, became a mere synonym for 'untruth'.

But the decline could not stop there. The Dark Age, by its very nature, must necessarily make manifest all the most inferior possibilities of the historical cycle. It was therefore inevitable that there should be not only a loss of true myth, but the development of a veritable antimyth which stands every metaphysical reality on its head and preaches the diabolic inversion of all Truth. This is precisely what the modern evolution-based myth is, which is why it has such a compelling power over the modern mind.

The true hero of the classic hero-myth, whatever name may be used, is not other than God, the solar Spirit. The archetype of all such myths is the Mythos of the Divine Maid itself. The modern myth takes for its hero evolving humanity, thus committing the primordial sin of putting humanity in the place of God; which, of course, is what modern humanism is all about.

Every tradition speaks of the Golden Age or Garden of Eden, the spiritual perfection at the beginning of the world. Every tradition speaks of the Dark Age, the Latter Days, the Dharma-Ending Age that must come at the end. The modern myth stands this truth on its head. It declares that the first age of humanity was one of primitive brutality, and that this final Dark Age is the peak of civilisation.

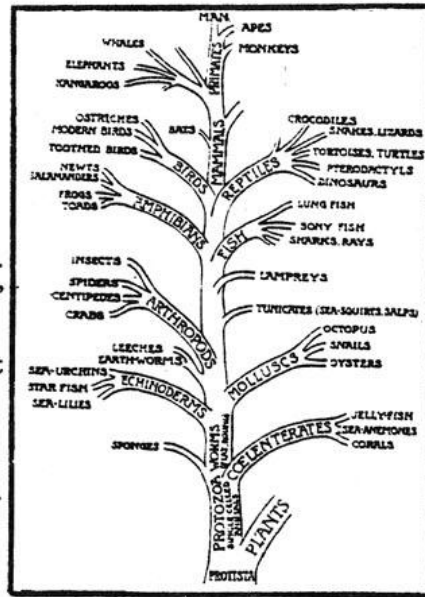
Every tradition teaches that the universe is a meaningful whole, actuated by the Divine Intelligence. The modern myth preaches that the universe and humanity are nothing but the products of chance accidents, ultimately meaningless.

Traditional doctrine produces stable, secure human beings, assured of their place in the Divine scheme of things; at home in the universe, in society and in themselves. The modern myth, compulsorily fed

to all children from the earliest age, produces a neurotic, alienated humanity, increasingly alone and insecure in a meaningless, impersonal world.

Evolution, then, is far more than a scientific theory. It is the central dogma of the modern 'religion'. It came to power on the tide of the Victorian belief in progress, and now stands as the 'scientific' guarantee of progressism in an age when the evidence of our eyes is clearly against it.

The unholy trinity of progressism, promethean humanism and the accidental universe stands behind all modern thought. Every political ideology, both left and right, depends on it. So do all modern education, philosophy, sociology, history, psychology and all other modern creeds. And the trinity depends entirely upon the pseudo-scientific support



*Visual aid or optical illusion?  
Outdated theory presented as  
established fact.*

# The Other Crusade



IN OUR LAST issue we learned how, in the third century after the Great Crusade, Sai Suanti left her childhood home in Drumati to teach the chanting of our Lady's name. We saw how, in the little town of Anata, she gathered about her a small group of devotees and how the whole town was captivated by the beauty and purity of their devotion and joined regularly in the suanganya (chanting sessions) at

the flower-decked dachara which the cantreya (Suanti's followers) had made their meeting-place.

But, as we also learned, culture in this part of the world was in a state of decline. Despite the fact that the White Amazon missionaries of the Crusade had restored the primordial matriarchal faith, tradition and culture, Drumati, far from the main centres of learning and civilisation, on the South-West extreme of the Middle World, was declining into a worldly and materialistic society, and in religious and intellectual life, every sort of foolish heresy

of evolutionism. Without evolution, not only does atheism become logically impossible, but the whole edifice of modern thought collapses to the ground. That is why it is taught in all schools as an 'established fact'. That is why it is maintained in the teeth of all the evidence like "a sort of dogma"; and always will be, as long as the modern world survives.

MESTRÉ ANGELINA

1. *Christian Reflections* London, Geoffrey Bles Ltd.
2. Douglas Dewar, *The Transformist Illusion* Murfreesboro, Tenn., DeHoff Publications, p. 262.
3. Evan Shute. *Flaws in the Theory of Evolution* Nutley, N.J., Craig Press, p. 215.
4. *Le Monde et la Vie* Moura 5065.
5. *The Wonder Encyclopædia for Children* London, Odhams Press. Ltd., p. 27.
6. Lewis, op. cit., p.

The books by Dewar and Shute are recommended to those who wish to go more deeply into the scientific credentials of evolutionism.

was gaining currency. For in the Iron Age all good things are subject to rapid decay.

It was this decay which our Lady had sent Suanti to arrest. But she was not to be unopposed. The heretics whose notions were so easily refuted by this simple girl were humiliated and angered. The worldly money-makers were infuriated that work and business now took second place to feasting, chanting and dancing. Craftmaids remembered the sacredness of their crafts and refused to produce quick and cheap work for easy profits.

Eventually representations were made to the Protector (governor) of the whole region of Drumati that something must be done about Suanti. The Protector, being herself a worldly maid, fully agreed, and issued an edict that no more suanganya should be held in the region.

As soon as she heard this, Suanti gathered all her people about her and they made their way across country to the Protector's mansion. They arrived late on a sultry summer evening; the air was heavy with night-scented flowers. The Protector and her servants were too taken aback to do anything as the mass of people, sweetly chanting, surrounded the house, divided under Suanti's order into twelve separate groups, forming a perfect circle. Their voices floated gently on the fragrant air, and despite herself, the Protector was captivated. Suanti came forward and spoke to her. She laid her hands upon her, and at once the Protector felt the Spirit of Inanna.

The next day, the Protector withdrew her edict, and encouraged everyone to chant the Name of Inanna. She had a statue of the Child Inanna erected outside her house, and bade Suanti and her followers stay with her and give their sacred message to the city. So Suanti held suanganya in the grounds of the Protector's mansion, and nearly everyone in the city came, as much out of curiosity at the Protector's strange conversion as anything else.

At each suanga, the Protector would speak first, asking the people to listen to Suanti, and then Suanti would speak. She would tell them how God's Name is not simply a word, but that She is present in the sacred sound itself. She explained how in this dark

Iron Age, when people are less intelligent than ever before, it is very difficult for us to come to God by pure contemplation or spiritual skill. That is why She has given us this simplest and yet most perfect of all methods. Then the chant would begin. By now many of her followers were well practised in the use of drums, bells and lyres.

Many of the people in that rich and cynical city came to laugh and found themselves moved to tears. Many, weighed down with the sorrows of that unnatural, matter-bound life learned for the first time to laugh with innocent joy.

One day, a maid, dancing ecstatically in the suanga, fell against Suanti, for she was blind, and as Suanti helped her to her feet, she found that she was able to see. Word spread quickly among the crowd, and after the chanting they asked her how she was able to heal a blind maid. She replied: "It was not I that healed her, but Inanna. You were all blind when I came here, but She will heal you all if you will let Her."

After this many returned to the true Way and took up the practice of chanting. The Protector asked Suanti not to go back to Anata, but to stay in the city. Suanti replied that she would not go back to Anata, but neither would she stay in the city. For had not our Lady told her to carry Her Name to the whole world? The next day she spoke to her followers and told them what she meant to do. And when they heard her, some decided to go back to Anata, some stayed in the city to carry on the mission that they had begun there, and some chose to come with Suanti. And though not a tenth of those who came with her from Anata stayed with her now (for nearly the whole town had come and many had returned the next day), yet her following was twice as strong as before from all the people of the city who gave up everything to follow her.

That very day they struck out westward, chanting and singing and making wreaths of flowers from the wayside, for it was their practice when they came to a town or village to adorn with flowers all who stopped to watch them or joined in the chant.

And even as the Amazons of old had marched

from west to east, freeing the world from tyranny and teaching the Truth, so Suanti marched from east to west, gathering new followers at every stopping-place until they seemed like a new Crusade, retracing the footsteps of the old. Few places were so decadent and materialistic as Drumati, and nearly everywhere the cantreya were welcomed. The chant had been known before. The Amazons themselves had taught it, and it was known before their days also. But now it was the heart of a powerful

movement, kindling the spirit of love and devotion throughout the Middle World. Few places were as decadent as Drumati, but everywhere the dark materialistic spirit of the Iron Age was beginning to creep in. Suanti and her cantreya drove it out again; drove it out as forcefully and completely as ever the Amazon chariots had done.

As she travelled westward, Suanti found ever better conditions, and the traditional ways were more and more intact. Yet the less her mission was badly needed, the more enthusiastically it was welcomed.

As she came to the north-west of the Middle World, Suanti began to hear tales of the islands of the Rhennes. As yet, the Rhennya had not begun to spread beyond the boundaries of Britain. They were not then one united people, but a close-knit association of ranyams (realms), each with its own frist, or princess. They were not even called Rhennes then, but Abolins. Suanti decided to set sail and see these Abolins. So she and a group of her cantreya made the crossing and were introduced to Calcandre, princess of the Vacari, then the most powerful ranyam of the Rhennya. People from every ranyam were gathered to meet her, and the chant was spread over the whole of the islands. She in her turn heard music, poetry and philosophy such as she had not heard even in the great capitals of the Middle World. When she asked if these things were new, her hosts replied, with traditional modesty, that they were the oldest colony of Caire (ie the Western Empire) and had long memories. But the full truth was that the saints and





# the three moiras

WHEN WE THINK of Moira, we are likely first of all to remember that she is the Genia of destiny — the divinity who governs our personal fate. If we have any understanding of the inner workings of things, we do not suppose that anything happens to us by accident. We know that our 'good luck' is the result of good actions performed by us in the past, whether in this life or in a previous incarnation; we know that our bad fortune is but the bitter fruit of past ill deeds. Everything is a part of this inexorable chain of cause and effect. The fact that you are reading these words at this moment is an opportunity earned by some previous good action, and whether you take the opportunity or ignore it will have a definite effect upon your destiny in this life and in those to come.

Moira, with a small 'm', is the thread which runs through all our lives — the motor which keeps them running. We all have countless moiras, or werdes, stored up for us — some good, some bad. Everything that happens to us is directed by them, from dropping a pencil to inheriting a fortune. If we ran out of them, the soul's life in the material worlds would come to an end. But it can never happen, for we have been accumulating them for life after life, and we are creating them all the time. Of course, we will die in this life; but the

sages of the Rhennya were developing a cultural form capable of conveying the primordial wisdom in the special conditions of the Iron Age, even as Suanti herself was spreading a form of devotion fitted to the conditions of the Age. The marriage of these two in those early days, long before Queen Colwyn, long before even the mare-princess Rhianon, was one of the first and most important steps toward the founding of the holy Rhennish Empire.

DONNA JULIA

time and manner of our death is simply another werde stored up for us, after which we will move on to the form of existence that we have earned while we were here.

But Moira is responsible for more than simply human fate, for it is she who governs the material manifestation of the entire universe. Thus, the more we understand of her profound symbolism, the more we will understand of life and death and of the very nature of being itself.

Inseparable from the figure of Moira is the wheel which she bears and her sacred number, six. But the most striking fact about her is that while she is one Genia, she is also three persons — Maia the spinner, Moira the weaver and Kala who cuts the thread. Maia, the youthful maiden, is the creator of the manifest world. Moira, the mature maid, skilfully weaves all its events and personalities into the tapestry of manifestation. Kala, the aged maid, cuts the thread of being — this may refer to human death, to the collapse of a civilisation or to the eventual end of the universe itself. All these events are circular, for maids die and are reborn, civilisations rise, fall and rise again, and even the universe, after the night of time, shall be re-manifested. Hence the symbolism of the wheel which Moira always carries.

The usual Rhennish name of Moira, Werde, makes this clear. The closest English relation to this word is 'weird', which originally means 'fate' (Shakespeare refers to this tradition — or to a folk memory of it — when he calls the three witches who foretell Macbeth's fate 'the weird sisters'). But it goes back to an Indo-European root  $\sqrt{wer}$ , to turn, closely related to  $\sqrt{welw}$ , to roll or turn. As regular readers will know, language contains a wealth of profound metaphysical truth (see, in particular,

"Language and 'Progress'", TCA 14), and these roots are connected with some of the most fundamental words in the Indo-European languages (including 'word' itself). A close study of this would reveal many of the deeper mysteries of the primordial philosophy, particularly as it relates to the process of manifestation. Here, however, we shall only consider those aspects which relate directly to Moira/Werde.

We must understand, to begin with, that turning or moving is the defining characteristic of the contingent world as opposed to the Absolute\*; "Earth moves, but Heaven is still". All movement is a turning (symbolised by the turning of the planet itself), because all movement takes place in time and time itself is circular. The idea of time as a straight line assumed by the modern world is simply the result of the short-sightedness of its philosophical perspective — a section of a large circle always appears to be a straight line, just as the earth seems flat to anyone standing on it. The apparently 'unique events' of history are in truth but repetitions of certain archetypal patterns which must necessarily manifest themselves at their given point within the historical cycle.

The root  $\sqrt{welw}$  brings out another aspect of this turning — we are perhaps most familiar with it in its Latin form, 'volve', where it gives us such words as 'involve', 'revolve' and 'evolve'. The last of these is the most interesting to us here, because it brings out the special secondary mean-

ing of this root-group — the turning not so much of a circle as of a spiral. The historical cycle is pre-eminently a spiral, beginning at the central, principal point at the beginning of the Golden Age, and moving ever outward into more and more 'material' conditions, further and further from the spiritual Centre. E-volution means literally 'unrolling' and in this sense, all things evolve. A tree 'unrolls' from a seed; a culture 'unrolls' from a single spiritual 'idea' — or, in a profane culture (a phenomenon belonging to the end of every historical cycle), from the inversion of a single spiritual idea. Once we have fully grasped this, we will see how modern

Darwinism in particular and progressivism in general is, like every great heresy, simply the perversion and misapplication of a great truth.


In the Ballad of the Bitter Withy (see page 2) willow symbolises the binding of Inanna to the wheel of Moira — this can be more fully understood when we realise that 'willow' is a variant of  $\sqrt{welw}$  just as the Greek word *helix* means both 'willow' and 'spiral'.

Having explained this, we may begin to understand some of the complexities of Moira. On the face of it, Maia, youthful, beautiful and all-bountiful, the giver of all the rich abundance of the earth, is the best of the three; Moira, giving with one hand and taking with the other, bearing a whip or

willow-rod as well as a fruitful apple-bough, is ambiguous, while Kala, terrifying and hideous (whether aged or not), dancing on a corpse with a string of human skulls about her neck, often with a bloody sword in one hand and a severed head in the other, is positively evil. However, traditional doctrine teaches us that the wicked stepmother in the fairytales is, in fact, a disguise of Maia. We are aware that while Moira is three persons she is only one Genia — that she may display at once the characteristics of all three or of any two, or may change suddenly from one to another; but this does not solve the problem in question, for when, in the



\* The law of movement applies to every part of manifest creation, and not merely to the physical plane. The souls which inhabit the highest manifest heavens (not to be confused with the absolute Heaven — the Rose Garden of the Spirit, which is beyond moira and all conditioned states) can only remain there until they have exhausted the good moira which brought them there and then they must plunge back into the flux of the lower states of being.



story of the Three Caskets, the Maia-stepmother suddenly becomes Kala and 'kills' her stepdaughter, then she is working in the best interests of the soul (see "Inside the Story", TCA 13). As a traditional saying about Moira has it: "When she is best she is worst, and when she is worst she is best."

This can be understood only when we realise that from the highest point of view, the wheel of birth and death is a prison. One Scripture begins: "Bound upon Moira's iron wheel, the soul cries out". The coming Golden Age will give place to a new Silver Age and eventually to a new Iron Age even worse than the present one. "But where does it all end?" asks the modern mind, conditioned by linear history and the notion of progress. The answer is that it does not end. The wheel turns on for ever. The soul can only be free when she leaps off the turning wheel into the changeless perfection of the Spirit. This world of moira is in fact a form of death for the soul. That is why the concept of fate and that of death are closely linked in language and traditional thought, as in the words 'fate' and 'fatal'. 'Doom' in older English also meant 'fate', and 'moira' itself is closely linked with 'mortality' and with 'Moura', the month of Inanna's death, just as the willow is the tree of Her sacrifice.

We may see, then, how it is that Maia is sometimes called "the Great Witch" — the illusionist who keeps us trapped within the mirage of matter. One Scripture speaks of the two blind oxen which keep the wheel turning. One is desire for pleasure and the other is fear of pain — is not that precisely what good and bad moira instill in us; and is not the blindness of the oxen precisely the illusion of Maia? So is it not really very simple? The truth about Moira is the precise opposite of the appearance.

No. In the ambiguous and contradictory world of manifestation, things are never quite that simple. All that we have said of the 'fatality' of Moira is true, and yet there are other things to be considered. Six, the number of Moira, is also the number of the sun. The willow, the tree of death, is also used for sprinkling the water of life, and its other Rhennish name, sally, is closely connected with Saille, a name of the sun (in Irish, *saille* is the name for willow). Here is a paradox indeed — for the sun represents precisely the transcendent Spirit, the still point beyond all the turnings of the manifest

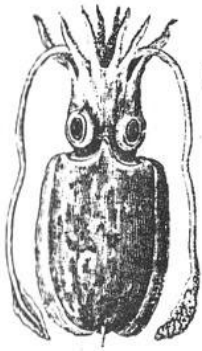
world.

So which is Moira: is she the transcendent Sun or the turning world? The answer lies on many levels, but the simplest is that since this world of matter really is an illusion, it does not actually exist. It is simply a 'disguise' of the Spirit. If we could cast off the illusion, we would already be in the presence of the Absolute. And likewise for ourselves, we have only to 'become what we are', for in our true Self, we have never been separate from God, we have only suffered the delusion of separation. This brings us to another name for the wheel of Moira. It is sometimes called the Wheel of Worth. Worth in this context means 'becoming' (cf German *werden*), another  $\sqrt{\text{wer}}$  word. If we are truly 'becoming what we are', then we are literally worthy. The whole of the turning world is but the 'game' of the Spirit, Who has "laughed all the world into being".

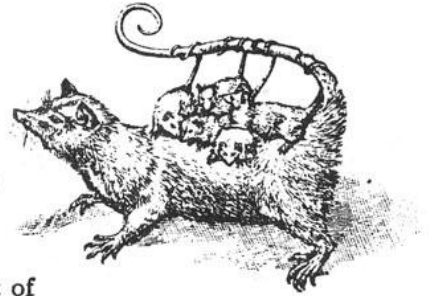
We must take care not to misunderstand this latter doctrine, for the whole error of the modern world is based upon a confusion between the relative and the Absolute — a desire to deny the Absolute and to give an absolute status to the relative. Thus, for example, experimental science is exalted to the level of pure Truth; evolutionism seeks to explain creation purely in terms of the flux of matter; the modern world teaches that there are no absolute values, no absolute Truth, that material wellbeing is the highest goal of life. In short, all modern thought tries to make the turning world all in all, to put the change, relativity and transience of the material realm in the place of the Absolute. The doctrine of the solar Moira is the reverse of this. It teaches that if we can see the illusion *as* illusion, we begin to become aware of the spiritual Reality which underlies it.

Very much more might be said upon the subject of Moira, but from what has been said already, it is clear that there are many apparent contradictions and paradoxes in her nature, as one would expect in dealing with the flux and illusion of matter. The important thing to understand is that they are all true. The world is at once good and evil, both real and unreal. Moira is both teacher and deceiver. The Rhennish maid can at once celebrate Maia the beautiful life-giver and hate the wicked stepmother. That is why she, unlike the modern person, can understand life.

MESTRÉ ALETHEA



# The <sup>true</sup> Origin of Species

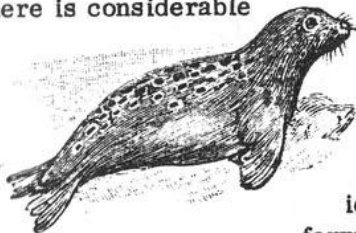


**E**VERY manifest thing is compounded of two elements: Essence and substance. Substance is the passive support of manifestation — pure matter, without shape or form, and therefore without colour, size,

texture, or any other formal qualities. Essence is the principle of form: the Divine Ideas or Archetypes which are impressed upon pure formless substance like a seal upon wax. The Archetypes are eternal, changeless and perfect. Only their images cast in matter are subject to change and decay.

A species is an Archetype. The rose, for example, is an Archetype. On earth it is expressed by innumerable different individuals. Since an Archetype is a Divine Idea, it is infinitely more complex and perfect than any earthly form can be. The Archetypal rose-ness includes all the different roses and types of rose that have ever been, and more. The same is true of every animal, plant and tree. Now, since a species is an immutable Archetypal form, there can be no question of one species changing or merging into another. Indeed, the whole evolutionist thesis rests upon a confusion between species and simple variation. It takes one or more of the variant material forms which express the full range of possibilities within the celestial Archetype, and professes to see the 'bud' of an entirely new species.

There is a vague notion abroad that the geological record somehow contradicts the religious view of life. In fact the geological record contradicts and disproves only two major religious views. One is the simplistic Christianity which believes that the world was created precisely 5985 years ago, according to the book of Genesis. The other is the doctrine of evolution. What the fossils clearly show is that the world is many millions of years old, and that while there is considerable



variation within species, there are no 'links' at all between one species and another, nor is there the smallest evidence of gradual transformation. It is true that

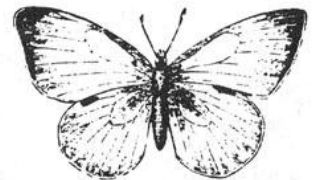


the relatively simple and undifferentiated organisms appear first, with progressively complex ones following, but they manifest themselves in a series of 'jumps'; whole classes of creature appearing at once with no real predecessors.

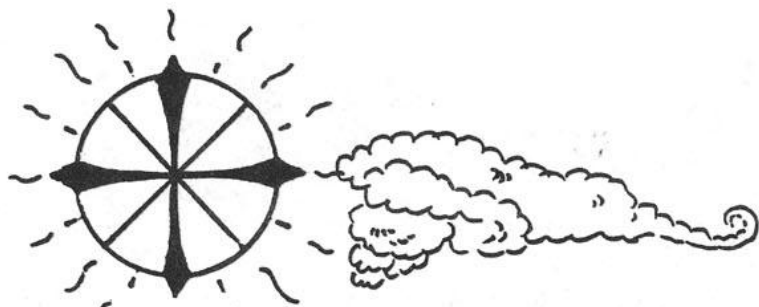
This is because the process of manifestation on the material level is like a 'mirror' reflecting the activity of the Archetypes in reverse. Thus the seed comes before the tree and the bud before the flower. The manifestation of earthly life takes place in accordance with this pattern, each Archetypal species becoming reflected upon the plane of matter as the time becomes ripe for it to do so. To put the same thing in another way, we may say that the more subtle and complex the organism, the longer it remained in the subtle world immediately above the corporeal state, and the later in the progressive materialisation of the historical cycle did it descend and crystallise in physical matter.

This subtle realm should in no way be confused with the spiritual realm of the pure Archetypes. It is a level of matter — albeit non-spatial and non-physical — one stage less 'consolidated' than our own. Nonetheless, since it can leave no trace in the physical world, a descent from it must necessarily appear, from the point of view of physical records, as a sudden and immediate 'appearance'; which is exactly what the geological record shows.

Neither must we forget that every creature has a specific symbolic function and that this symbolism is not simply a product of the human mind but the very essence of the creature concerned (see "Our Lady's Creatures", TCA 13).



*Contd. p. 17.*



# THE COMING festival meaning

## Summer

Correspondence of sacred and secular calendars for the season of Summer:

Rosea: June 13 - July 10  
Kerea: July 11 - August 7  
Hesperis: August 8 - September 4.

### Major Festivals

ROSA MUNDI: 19th Rosea (1st July),  
New Moon.

REGENERATION: 22nd Kerea (Aug. 1)

### Minor Festivals

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

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

## Mysteries of Life

Hitherto we have dealt with the Mysteries of Life festivals in our Autumn issue, but since this is very much a late-summer magazine, we will take this opportunity to look at the Cycle from the earlier half. Actually, this Cycle of festivals spans late summer and early autumn equally, taking up a quarter of the year and exactly mirroring the Easter cycle on the opposite segment of the year's circle.

The 'mirroring' of the two Cycles is very precise, for both are concerned with life, death and resurrection. Easter is concerned with the life, death and resurrection of God; the Mysteries of Life, like the earthly reflection of a heavenly thing, are concerned with the life, death and resurrection of maid and of nature. This is natural, for the first Cycle follows upon the Winter Solstice,

'the Gate of God', and the second upon the Summer Solstice, 'the Gate of Maid' (see "The Gates of Heaven", TCA 17).

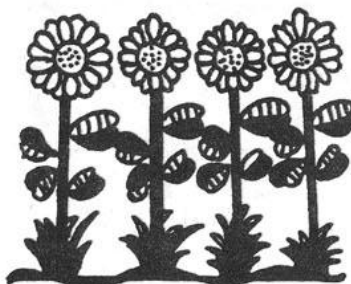
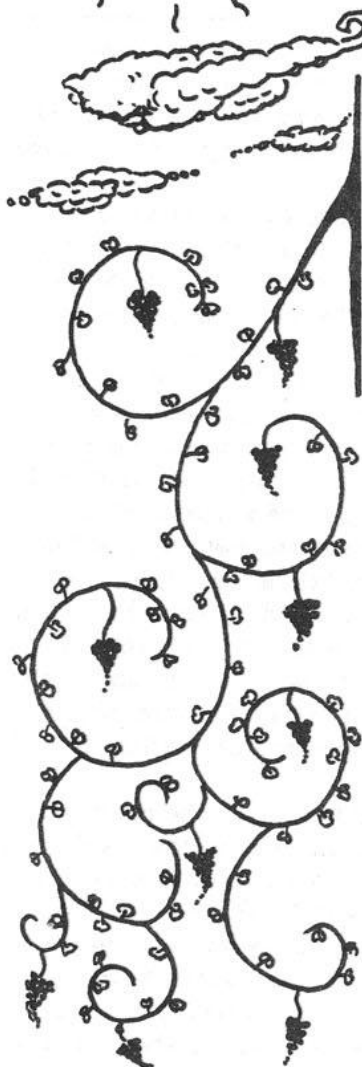
Mirroring implies reversal; therefore, while Easter begins with Inanna's solemn promise to descend into the realm of death, and ends with the absolute Life of the Exaltation, so the Mysteries of Life begin with the life-festival of Regeneration, and end with Samhain, the Feast of the Dead. Yet the mirroring is not complete, for while Easter is concerned with absolute Life and absolute Death, Regeneration tells of a life reached through death and Samhain of a death which is the gateway to life. For so long as we are separate from God, we can never know absolute Life, and by Her Easter sacrifice, She has rescued us from absolute Death.

## Day of all Heras

A hera is one who has in life reached the highest degree of perfection and Oneness with the Mother. Thus she is freed from the Wheel of Moira: the round of birth and death. She may continue to watch over her sister souls still in earthly incarnation, or even take incarnate form voluntarily to help them.

## Rosa Mundi

Of all the festivals, this is the most personal and inward-turning, for it concerns the union of the soul with the Spirit; the Mother of All things. The lark, which, alone among birds, ascends di-



# G SEASON

## gs & celebration

rectly upward is associated with the festival, symbolising the direct ascent of the soul to the Mother. But the primary symbol is, of course, the rose. In the Scriptures our Lady tells us of "the innermost Temple of your heart, whose form is the form of a rose". This is the sacred Centre of our being which is not other than the Spirit Herself, and the rose is associated with fire (it is said that her petals are pure fire) because the ultimate aim of communion with the Mother is to burn away all that illusory 'self' that is not Her, that the true, essential Self may be revealed.

### Regeneration

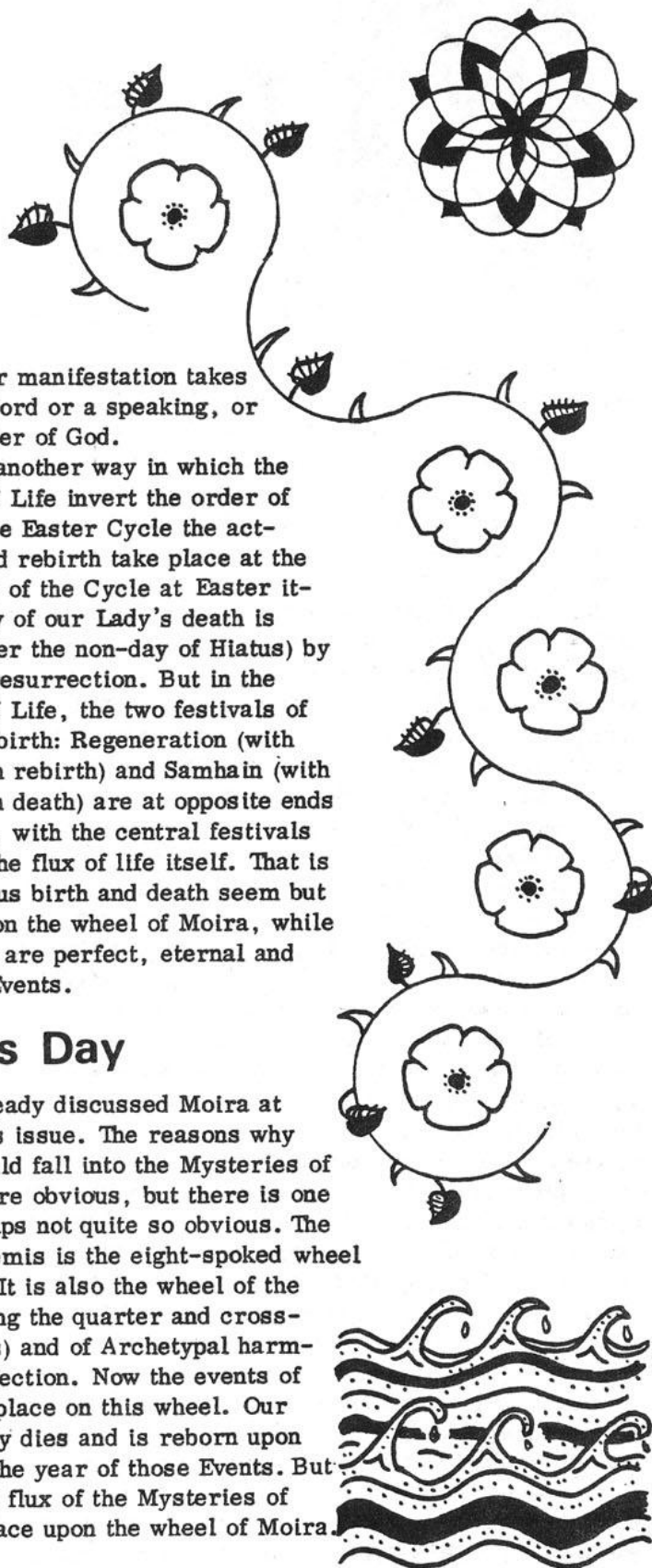
This first of the Mysteries of Life festivals concerns the mystery of renewed life. The saying most often associated with it is: "As an ear of corn falls to the ground that it may sprout anew, so every daughter of the earth must die and be reborn in her season." An ear of corn is the symbol of this festival. In this we may see another instance of the mirroring of the Easter cycle, for it is on the Exaltation, the last festival of the Easter Cycle, that Inanna speaks the words: "Like to the corn My body was cut down by the scythe of death, and like to the corn did it rise anew, for I am the ear of corn that is reaped in silence." We may note that on one level this silence indicates that the Death and Rebirth of our Lady, unlike our deaths and rebirths, takes place in the Absolute, beyond material mani-

festation, for manifestation takes place by a Word or a speaking, or by the laughter of God.

There is another way in which the Mysteries of Life invert the order of Easter. In the Easter Cycle the actual Death and rebirth take place at the exact Centre of the Cycle at Easter itself. The day of our Lady's death is followed (after the non-day of Hiatus) by that of Her resurrection. But in the Mysteries of Life, the two festivals of death and rebirth: Regeneration (with the accent on rebirth) and Samhain (with the accent on death) are at opposite ends of the Cycle, with the central festivals concerning the flux of life itself. That is because for us birth and death seem but gateways upon the wheel of Moira, while for God they are perfect, eternal and Archetypal Events.

### Moira's Day

We have already discussed Moira at length in this issue. The reasons why her day should fall into the Mysteries of Life Cycle are obvious, but there is one that is perhaps not quite so obvious. The Wheel of Themis is the eight-spoked wheel of the Law. It is also the wheel of the year (marking the quarter and cross-quarter days) and of Archetypal harmony and perfection. Now the events of Easter take place on this wheel. Our Lady actually dies and is reborn upon the days of the year of those Events. But the material flux of the Mysteries of life takes place upon the wheel of Moira.





# the question

ONG LONG AGO, when the world was younger than it is now, though not so young as it had been beforetimes, there lived a noble lady who was beloved of all her people, for that she was most goodly and sweet of nature. Strict she was and just, yet she had a good word to say for every maid no matter

what her faults. Also she was most free with her riches and would allow none to suffer hardship so long as she had power to prevent it. Now as it came about, this lady, even in the noon and summertide of her life, was stricken by sickness and died. And when the time of her death-feast was come, the skies rended them open and the rain fell down until it seemed that the first flood was come upon the earth again.

Now this lady had a daughter even so fair as herself that went by the name of Wisten; and upon the death of her mother, this Wisten was sent to live with an old lady that was as black and sour of disposition as her mother had been bright and lovely; and when, but a year after, she died also, there was none to be sorry for it. But upon her death-feast came the fairest and most glorious three days that ever Sai Raya breathed out of her breast.

Wisten was much perplexed by this. "Is there no justice in the heavens?" she cried. And she made an avow that she would not sleep three nights in the one bed, nor eat three meals off the one board until she had discovered the meaning of this matter.

So off she set upon her travelling. She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came to a humble cottage with an old maid sitting outside. A maid so old is like to be wise, thought she, and so she curtsied deeply unto her and asked of her the question that occupied her thoughts. "Nought do I wit of that," replied the maid, "but sithen it is so wide that thou do wander, it may be that thou can find the answer to another question also. I was once a very rich merchant maid, but although I have worked both hard and diligently all the days of my life, I am now as poor as the greatest idler of the town. Can thou find why this may be?" "Most surely, if I may I shall, ma'am," replied Wisten, and took up her way again.

She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came to a fine and well-wrought house and a maid of middle years

sitting without; and she asked her question of this maid. "Nought do I wit of this matter," she replied, "but sithen it is so wide that thou do wander, it may be that thou can find the answer to another question also. In my kitchen is a great fireplace, yet no fire hath ever burned therein. I have used timber and tinder and every manner of matter; I have cleaned the stones and swept the chimney and have hired the very best of servant-maids, but no fire will ever burn in that fireplace. Can thou discover why this may be?" "Most surely, if I may I shall, ma'am," replied Wisten, and took up her way again.

She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came upon a most resplendent palace, whose white towers glistened in the noon-day sun. And therewithout she saw a little child, all alone at her play. It is said that the wisdom of a little child may sometimes surpass all the learning of the profoundest scholars, thought Wisten, and so she asked her question of this child. "Nought do I wit of this matter," she replied, "but sithen it is so wide that you do wander, it may be that you can find the answer to another question also. I am a princess of this palace, and my sister is the heir to the throne, and she was wont to play with me here in the green woods. But lately she is fallen into a sickness, and though the Queen my mother hath summoned all the physicians in the land and a great number from other lands also, there is none can tell so much as the name of her sickness. Can you discover aught of this?" "Most surely, if I may I shall, Your Highness," replied Wisten, and took up her way again.

She went a long way and she went a short way, up mountains and down valleys, until she came to a great river that barred her way, as far as the eye could see. So Wisten made herself a raft of logs and branches, and managed to push herself across the river with a long stick. A difficult crossing she had of it, and before she reached at last the other side

she was well wetted and weary to the very bone, but still she walked onward in hopes to find lodging for the night. After a time she came upon a fine-looking house whose front door stood wide open and a blazing fire burned upon the hearth. Beside the fire were two inviting chairs, but there was no one there to bid her welcome. Wisten walked in and sat herself upon one of the chairs, and after a little time there came from one of the inner rooms a full beautiful and elegant lady

who greeted Wisten and offered her food and drink. A most excellent companion she proved to be, and the two of them talked late into the evening. At last, seeing that she was tired, the lady showed Wisten to her bed. But tired as she was, Wisten did not sleep, for her room adjoined the main room, and the door between them was left open, and she found herself fascinated by the lady, who sat up beside the fire. So it was that, though she seemed deep in slumber, she was but half asleep, and quickly came full awake when the lady began to move. She put her hands into the

great cauldron that bubbled over the fire, and then did she sink in her arms even up to the shoulder, and at last plunged her whole self within the boiling liquid. When she had boiled for long enough to slay herself nine times over, she stepped out again, as fresh as a lamb in spring. Then she set up a noose from the ceiling and hanged herself by the neck. For a time she kicked in the air, and then fell still. Wisten thought most surely she was dead this time, but after a time she cut herself down and threw the noose in the fire. Then, with that same knife, she stabbed herself to the very heart, so that dark blood spread out across the front of her dress, and she fell prone upon the floor. This time Wis-

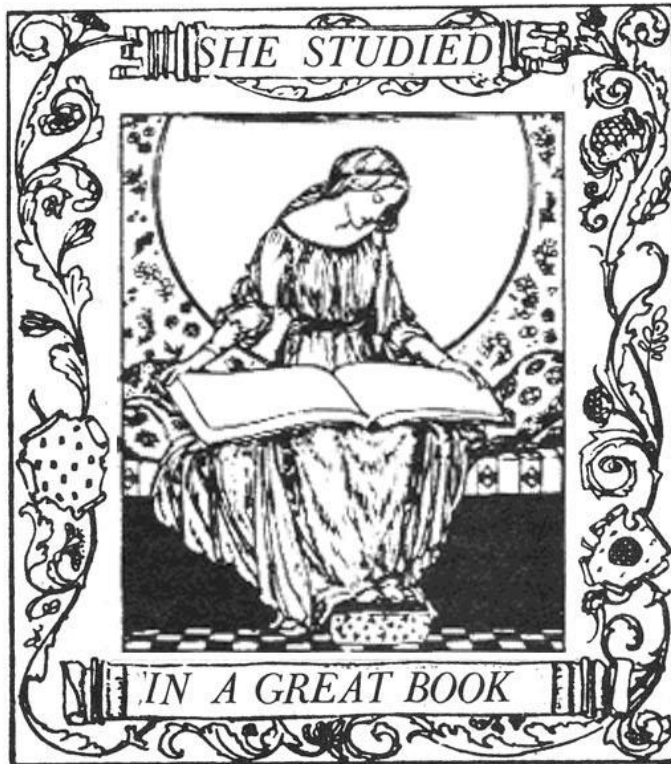
thought there was no doubt but that she had slain herself. But after a little time she rose up fresh and clean, and threw a velvet cloak over her shoulders, trimmed about with fur, and walked about the room as one issuing commands. After this, she put on a white robe and began to study in a great book. Then she came through the open door unto the room where Wisten lay, feigning to be asleep. "Do thou sleep, or do thou wake?" she asked, but Wisten



answered nothing. "I know well that you wake," said she. "Now arise thee up and thou shall have the answer that thou seek."

Wisten arose. "Have thou heard tell of Moira, Queen of Destiny?" asked she. "Aye, full oft have I," replied Wisten. "I am that Moira," quoth the lady. "Marked thou the time that I lay in the cauldron? Every babe born in that time shall have such a death. Marked thou the time that I hanged by the neck? Every babe born in that time shall have such a death. Marked thou the time that I lay bleeding upon the ground? Every babe born in that time shall have such a death. Marked thou the time that

I was dressed in velvet and fur? Every babe born in that time shall have such a life. Marked thou the time that I studied in the book? Every babe born in that time shall have such a life."

Then Wisten asked the question she had come so far to discover. "Your mother," quoth Moira, "was a fair and good maid. Her life was full of goodness and empty of illness. All the purgatory she had for her sins lasted but those three stormy days of her death-feast. The old woman was a close-fisted, cheerless, dishonest and miserable maid. All the good she earned in her whole life was those three days of sunshine at her death-feast. You may tell the old maid that when she was a rich merchant





many poor beggars came to her door, and she did turn them away with curses and no charity. Not until she give away even what little she hath now will her fortune be restored. You may tell the maid of middle years that the stones of which her hearth is built were bought with money made by usury of poor farmers that had suffered three bad harvests. Not until all the money is returned will a fire ever burn in her hearth. You may tell the little princess that not all the worldly doctors upon the earth can ever tell the name of the sickness, for it is a sickness of the spirit. Her mother has taught her not the ways of Truth and the love of God, and how may a queen lawfully rule that knoweth not these things? Let her be taught and quickly she shall be well. Fortunate they whose sickness of the heart becomes a sickness of the body in this life, that it may be amended before the death."

Then Queen Moira gave Wisten three brazen apples, saying: "I shall direct thee to a bridge across the river, else thou shall never come home alive, for the way shall be guarded by the old maid to whom thou went after your mother's death, in the form of a three-headed wolf. When thou see her, thou must throw one of these apples into each mouth. If thou miss, she will surely devour thee."

When she came to the bridge, Wisten met with the terrible and demonic form of the old maid and she was seized with terror, but she threw each apple neatly into each mouth and got herself across the bridge just a heartbeat before the wolf had swallowed them and was after her again, but once across the bridge, her pursuer could follow no further. She told each of the people that she met on the way what Queen Moira had told her to say. The old maid gave away all the little she had left in the world, and within a month one of her ships, thought lost at sea these many years, returned, laden with silks and spices. And when she was rich again, she sent to Wisten a silk gown every year of her life until she died. The maid of middle years gave to the poor farmers all that she had taken and more, and soon a bright fire was blazing in her hearth. She gave to Wisten the finest white mare in the western world. The princess's mother had her instructed in the ways of Truth and the love of God, and before long she was playing with her sister in the green wood again. The Queen was so pleased with Wisten that

she adopted the orphan girl as her own child, and when she was of age, she gave her the half of her realm — for who could be better able to rule a realm than the maid who had talked with Queen Moira herself?

## COMMENTARY

**T**HIS STORY can be read on more than one level. At its simplest, it teaches certain important lessons about the nature of moira. The question which prompts the whole quest, and its answer, make clear that things are not always what they seem. What appears to be injustice in the ultimate scheme of things in fact never is; and conversely, we may never assume that a person is bad simply because she is having bad fortune, it is true that bad luck can only be the result of evil deeds, but there may be more to matters than meets the eye. Also, as Queen Moira says, bad luck in this life may be a good fortune if it leads us to seek out the underlying spiritual causes and put them to rights.

The deaths and lives portrayed by Queen Moira on the one hand and the answers to the three maids' questions on the other, show the two complementary aspects of personal moira — in some respects it is fixed and ineluctable — an inescapable fate laid down for us by our own actions in previous lives. In other respects it is a process of becoming which we can alter if we will learn its lessons and act upon them.

On another level, the story deals with the other-world journey which is an essential element of the initiatic path. The significance of crossing the river is clear in the light of the material explained in "The Bridge" (p. 20). We may note that this tale is a close cousin to "The Devil's Ferryboat", a folktale known throughout Europe under various names, which concerns the descent into the inferior psychic regions in order to gather the scattered fragments of the soul (a theme discussed in detail in "Inside the Story", TCA 13). The two aspects of the story are closely united in the incident of the three-headed wolf. On the one hand the old maid has taken on a demonic form in after-life as a consequence of her wickedness during life. On another she is now one of the 'guardians of the gateway' which bar the path and test the qualification of the aspirant on the initiatic path. For her moira is to be defeated by Wisten, and Wisten's is to cross the Gateway.

# Heralds of God

**T**O OUR SUBSCRIBERS we must apologise that this issue is so late. As you will see from our new address, we have moved north — to Yorkshire, in point of fact, for although the Post Office insists, for reasons of its own convenience, upon classing Todmorden as Lancashire, any map will show you that we are in fact east of the border.

In any case, the move, as well as helping to delay this issue, marks the end of an era. Lux Madriana has been operating for five years now, and for four-and-three-quarters of them has been based in Oxford. During that time we did something that had never before been done. We made available the true matriarchal tradition to that select group of people who genuinely wished to learn about it. Before this time, all information (if such be the word) about matriarchy had come from the conjectures and speculations of those who had no first-hand experience of it. In those five years, far more people read about the tradition than actually learned about it, for really to understand it requires a shift of consciousness and a rejection of the preconceptions of the modern world such as only a few people are able to make. But for those who did at least begin to make it, the experience was a transforming one. I quote, with permission, from a recent letter from Bozenna Tedder, a correspondent of just over a year's standing:

"One is overwhelmed by the realisation that the whole patriarchal culture is not our history but merely a transient phase. This more than anything has changed my attitude towards life and made me more optimistic. I once asked my father why there was suffering and torture in the world. He could only reply that people were like that. Now I no longer feel an inevitable slave of history; I feel that I can help to reshape it. I feel a sense of pride in my true Madrian heritage; I now know that I had ancestors who achieved great things and were not savages and apes. I feel that I can look back in time, and indeed forward too, and see that which-



ever way I turn, I will move closer to Her. I am so glad that She chose to reveal Herself to me; I now realise that until that time life was meaningless.

Thank you once again for all your help."

We might quote many other letters in the same vein, all of which convince us that the publishing side of our work is well worth while. Yet it is becoming more difficult. The cost of printing, equipment and all the other things we need is constantly rising. One of the reasons for our move was that the north is cheaper. We are not planning to go broke yet — far from it; in this new phase of our development we propose to move into a higher gear, to put more emphasis on the practical side of things and bring people into the living heart of the matriarchal tradition. But for all this, and even to continue surviving, we need financial support. All funds go into the direct costs of the work, since all of us work voluntarily and are unpaid. In fact those who do the work are also helping to subsidise it. It is important that everyone who believes in what we are doing should support it by responsible giving — which means regular giving. All donations are helpful, of course, but a regular sum which we can rely on — however small — is the best contribution of all. We are enclosing a banker's order form with this issue, which makes the whole thing simple and effortless. Just fill it in and send it to us. If everyone who reads this page were to subscribe an average of £10 per month (that is £2.50 a week or 35p a day), we would be able to make the beauty and

## *The True Origin of Species/ from p. 11.*

Thus there can be no question of the symbolic attributes of a creature 'evolving'. Thus, for example, the spider appears all at once in the fossils at the same time as her prey; with her faculty of weaving already fully developed. Mystifying as this may be to the modern materialist, in the light of traditional science, it is precisely what we would expect.

# THE VANDALS

When the sane act as lunatics  
perhaps society is mad

OF ALL the crimes prevalent in modern city life, vandalism is perhaps the most common and least explicable. When mentioned, it is almost invariably described as 'meaningless', 'senseless', even 'mindless'. Vandals themselves can give no coherent explanation for their actions, yet neither hostile public opinion nor the penalties of the courts seem able to deter them. There are numerous fashionable theories which claim to account for the phenomenon, but not one can truly be said to hold water, and, more importantly, not one offers an effective way of dealing with the problem. The increasingly usual response is the design of so-called 'vandal-proof' buildings and utilities: a response which merely proves modern society's helplessness and bafflement in the face of widespread wanton destructiveness, as well as producing results scarcely less hideous than the effects of vandalism itself.

This acceptance of vandalism as an everyday and expected occurrence masks the true outlandishness of such behaviour. People have become so inured to the situation that, although they may be shocked by specific instances of vandalism, they are rarely truly surprised when it happens. It is hardly realised that in any normal society such acts would be regarded as entirely lunatic, and could, in fact, only be the work of the genuinely insane. This is not only true of traditional societies, but of any small, human-scale community. It is only in vast, dehumanised societies, like those of the present day, that vandalism is commonplace.


It is not difficult to appreciate the truth of this assertion. It is, for example, impossible to imagine members of a tribe setting out to pollute the communal water supply. Nor would anyone believe that one of a group of settlers might burn the settlement's crops by night, nor that some inhabitants of a self-supporting island village would go out to wreck an important central construction, whether a bridge, a mill or a trading-place. The reason is not far to seek. In the integrated society, each member knows that the ach-

the challenge of the matriarchal tradition known to the majority of the population of Britain. So why not pick up a pen now and send a regular portion of your wealth forth to work as a herald of our Lady?



ievements of the community have been the results of her own work and that of her family and neighbours. What is hard won by one's own effort and is valuable for one's own welfare is to be carefully preserved and protected. And in such a society there can be no division between the individual's interests and the interests of the community at large.

While it is clearly true that vandalism in the context of a traditional society would be simple insanity, vandals are not mad. Unlike traditional people, they have no stake in the 'community' in which they live. They do not perceive their interests to be identical with those of society in general, nor have they any reason to, for they are not. They are not surrounded by the proud, hard-won achievements of their families, friends and neighbours, but are rather trapped within a monolithic and seemingly indestructible system in which virtually everything is imposed from without by an impersonal bureaucracy. It is not to be wondered at that, in however unclear and ill-defined a way, 'society' is seen as the enemy — the vague and oppressive 'them'. It is not politically nor philosophically that the vandals' animosity is expressed, but purely physically. For, as no sane person, however bad, will destroy her own property, though she may well destroy that of her enemies, so the vandals normally attack the 'property' of 'society' — whether public buildings, telephone kiosks, shops, parks, schools or reservoirs.



Now let us be perfectly clear about this. We are not for a moment lending support to the fantasies of those political propagandists and woolly-minded 'intellectuals' who believe (or pretend to believe) that vandalism is a conscious act of social protest on any level whatever. We are simply noting the incontrovertible fact that large numbers of young people, of whom vandals are only a particularly striking example, do not act, as traditional people do, as though society were an extension of themselves, but, on the contrary, behave as if society were their enemy. And in this, unfortunately, they are not mistaken. Society is their enemy. Modern society is always and everywhere the implacable enemy of the human spirit. It imposes the dark creed of materialism through its education, its advertising, its mass-media and its economic and legal structures. It robs the individual of her spiritual rights: her right to be taught the Truth, to be guided by a legitimate authority and to have a just livelihood which is an authentic spiritual path. It denies the dignity of the individual soul, reducing her to the level of a cog in a machine, a 'naked ape', a creature of chance in a meaningless universe, both in its philosophy and in its work-system. The vast majority of the populace, having been compulsorily subjected to a worthless education, are driven into a soulless employment in the production of the ugly and the unnecessary, and end in the hopeless redundancy of an old age stripped of its rightful dignity and authority. In modern society, where the population is debased and those in positions of 'authority' are either power-grubbers or money-grubbers or both, there is little if anything for an honest maid to respect or admire and certainly nothing worthy of her allegiance.

Whenever they are vocal in the defence or explanation of their antisocial activities, vandals, in common with most of their contemporaries, unflinchingly complain that "There is nothing to do around here". As this will be said as readily in London or Oxford as in Maidstone or Wigan, it is plain nonsense on the level at which it is normally understood — that is, as concerning the provision of entertainment facilities. Nor is it an outcry of the unemployed, being as often on the lips of young workers and schoolchildren. The phrase does, however, reveal a deep dissatisfaction, and one which those who utter it, conditioned as they are by their materialist upbringing,

are not able fully to express, or even understand. They mean that of all the many things which there unquestionably *are* to do — and the modern town-dweller has more profane hobbies and entertainments open to her than all but the richest classes in the richest societies of the ancient world — not one of them is actually satisfying; not one fulfills the inner urges of the human soul. These children are spiritually starved. Never in their lives have they known for one moment that which the poorest traditional child on the poorest dirt-farm has known since the age of four: meaningful activity. In a traditional society, every activity of life is bound up with the Absolute. Every craft is a spiritual path. Every job, from building a bridge (see p. 20) to feeding the chickens is a ritual act, directly linked to the inner Reality of being. The traditional maid understands the value and significance of her actions, both in terms of their economic value to her community and their relation to absolute Reality. Modern life, on the other hand, is shot through with a sense of ultimate pointlessness. There is nothing to do — nothing that has any point.

There is another aspect to this question. A recent survey quoted in the Times showed that children of lax parents are seven times more likely to get into trouble with the police than children of strict parents; and there are many, like Dr Rhodes Boyson, who believe that modern rioting and destructiveness is the direct result of twenty years of trendy permissive education. As far as they go, they are right. But they ignore the fact that modern permissiveness came about for a reason. Modern people lack the confidence to enforce discipline because they have no absolute values. Sound discipline can only proceed from a total world-view which knows what maidkind is and what is the meaning and purpose of her existence. The traditional parent or mistress knows God's Law, knows that she is the servant of God and rules in Her name. A society which has no absolute values must quickly lose the confidence to enforce discipline unless it is completely hypocritical, since it is simply a case of the blind leading the blind. Even if it does insist upon doing so, it can never win the respect of the young.

When a society has thrown traditional ways and values out of the window, together with all traces of true philosophy, it quickly begins to disintegrate. Only in a meaningless civilisation does one find meaningless vandalism.

DONNA CHRYSOTHEMIS



# Symbolism: The Bridge

THE MODERN mind is so far removed from the normal processes of human thought that it is sometimes to be wondered whether there can be any communication at all between a traditional maid and one who has been conditioned by the modern mentality. Certainly if such communication can take place, it can only be by virtue of the modern maid making a concentrated effort to divest herself of modernist

preconceptions, and to see things in a natural way, without inbuilt prejudices.

But what are these prejudices? They have become so much a part of modern thinking that most people are unable to recognise them as such. Underlying the whole of modern thought, from the universities to the public bar of the Pig and Whistle, is a philosophy of nominalism as opposed to realism. That is to say that the modern person takes it for granted that all universal qualities, such as goodness, truth and beauty, are mere names — products of the human brain — rather than actual independent realities. It follows from this that the symbolic qualities of material things are imagined to be nothing more than 'poetic fancies', while the things themselves are 'matters of fact'. A bridge, for example, is imagined by the modern mind to be nothing more than a structure of wood, stone or iron put there for the convenience of maid's mundane activities. The normal, or realist, mentality, on the other hand, understands that every earthly bridge is but an expression of the Archetypal bridge-ness — the Divine Idea or Perfect Form of all bridges. If it has been made contemplatively and in accordance with the ritual prescriptions of the sacred craft of the bridge-maker, it will express the Archetype more perfectly; but no maid, however profane, can do anything other than express the Forms which underlie all manifestation, although she may pervert or even invert them. Thus every bridge is an expression of the Bridge.

Now the Bridge is not simply a very perfect bridge which exists 'in heaven'. On the contrary, it is a complex Intellectual idea. While the modern nominalist mind sees 'intellect' as abstract and 'things' as concrete, and places an eternal schism between the two, the normal, realist, mind does not and cannot separate the bridge on earth from the Bridge absolute; nor can it separate the thing from its meaning.\*

\* Which is why the traditional maid hates shoddy craftmanship and the bleak ugliness of modern idiosyncratic design. They are perversions of the Truth. They are literally lies.

The Bridge, like every authentic archetypal symbol, is one of the 'figures of thought' upon which the normal realist mind is founded: one of the fundamental building-blocks of the traditional maid's daily thinking. She does not have to be a philosopher, any more than the nominalist bus-conductor is a philosopher. The very fact of living in a traditional culture has given her a rich and deep perception of the archetypal Reality surrounding her, just as exposure to compulsory 'education' and the mass-media has given the modern person a stripped-down, prosaic and two-dimensional view of life.

For the traditional maid, the concept of the bridge is inseparably linked with all the stories, songs and traditions which we propose to discuss in this essay, and particularly in its sequel; and whether or not she is able to expound their meaning on an abstract intellectual level, as we shall attempt to do, she is well aware of the general nature of their meaning.

For the Rhennish maid, the idea of the bridge immediately calls to mind a whole series of associations: The Bridge of the Dead, The Bridge of One Hair, Jana's bridge of arrows, the bridge of sunbeams in the Ballad of the Bitter Withy, the death of Sai Salya. She knows that none of these is the mere idiosyncratic fancy of an individual author, but that each relates directly to the true nature of Reality, being 'original' in the only worthwhile sense of the word — not an original story, but *the* original story.

But first of all, her mind will turn to the word 'bridge' itself, as even the most informal traditional education will have trained her to do, and there she will find the key to the essential meaning of the concept. She will know that it is part of a close family of Rhennish words, including 'Brighde', the twelfth month of the year, 'bride', a wife, and 'brighe', a high priestess. This latter term is the obvious starting point, for a priestess is literally a bridge, her function being to connect earth with heaven and to communicate between them. This is the most fund-

amental meaning of the bridge. The two banks represent two states of being. The hither bank is that state in which one finds oneself at present, the nether bank a higher level of being. Microcosmically, every such duality may be referred to as 'earth' and 'heaven'; each one reflecting the primordial division between the contingent, transient and imperfect world of manifestation (including both the physical plane and all the innumerable levels above and below it) and the perfect, eternal and changeless world of the Spirit. The chasm which lies between the two banks is that which opened at the beginning of time; the first separation of the contingent from the Absolute, or the fall of maid from God. "For a terrible abyss had opened to lie between the world and She, and Her creatures could not look upon Her brightness."

*Mythos. I, 2).*

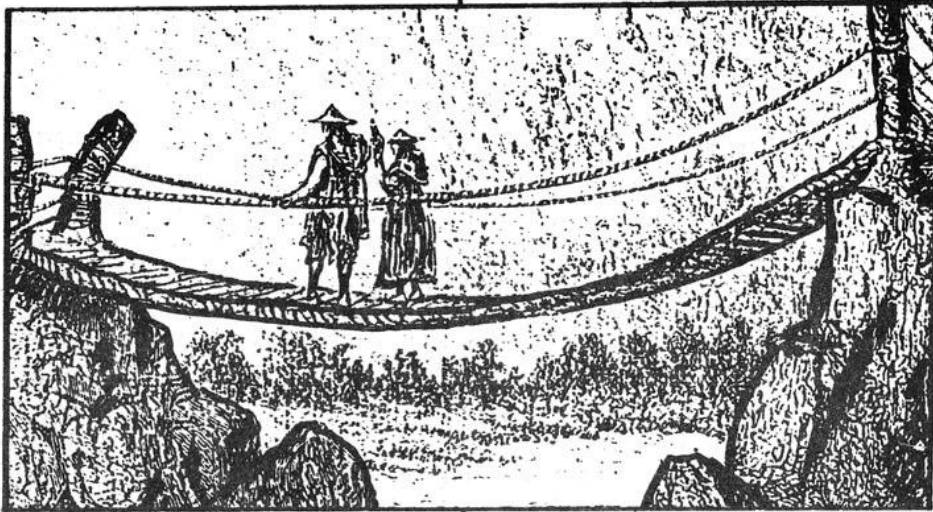
This is the kear ('crack') which is at once the chasm between the Absolute and the contingent, and the crack, or flaw, in every human soul.

The waters that flow through the chasm are a subject so complex as to require a treatise of their own, but we may suffice it here to say that they are at once "the waters of the first darkness" with which the evil snake attempted to flood the world (*Creation II, 13-14*) and "the torrent of the passions" which bears the soul in its grip as a flood bears a log. This is a traditional image of the Passive Life — life lived purely on the material or animal level, such as that lived by modern civilisation — for while it may appear outwardly active in its restless pursuit of material satisfactions, the soul is in fact the mere passive plaything of the passions (passion and passivity are, indeed, two forms of the same word). On a cosmological rather than psychological level (though the two cannot truly be separated), it is

the torrent of the qualities, the flux of forms, or sensations, which constitutes manifest existence.


That these waters lie in the abyss between earth and heaven is made clear by the fact that God walks across the waters in order that She may come to "the forests of the earth" (*Mythos. II, 1*). This was the first 'bridging' of the waters, but not the first bridge. The first bridge-maker is Her Daughter, Inanna, the Priestess of the World, Who made Herself the Way by which maid might return to God. And it is as Her representative that the earthly priestess is also a bridge (brighe). Similarly, the wife (bride) is

the representative of Inanna in her household. When any maid speaks not in her own person, but by virtue of her function as divine representative, then she is literally 'pontificating' — ie 'speaking from the bridge (pons)' — conveying to earth



the will of Heaven.

Brighde is at once the name of the twelfth month of the year, and of a Genia (deity) known in later times in Ireland as Bridget and in Scotland and England as Bride or Brigantia. In the latter form, she gave her name to the northern part of Britain, including Ireland, which in matriarchal and early patriarchal times was called Brigantia, and it is probable that this word-group is the root of 'Britain' itself. She was adopted into Christian usage as St. Bridget or St. Bride. Brighde/Bridget was the head of a college of six (or thirteen) priestesses who had the duty of keeping a sacred flame. This matriarchal cult must have been very widespread at one time, since there is an exact parallel in the Roman Vestal Virgins, who also kept a sacred flame. They were under the control of a high priest called the Pontifex Maximus ('great bridgemaker'). The title was later adopted by the Roman Emperor, and later



still by the Christian Pope, but it must originally have belonged to the head of the Vestal priestesses, just as every head of the Rhennish/Celtic fire-cult took the name of Brighde.

It should be noted in this context that not only is every head of a household (bride) microcosmically a 'priestess', performing her domestic Rite of Sacrifice, but she is also the head of a microcosmic fire-cult, being the keeper of the sacred hearth-fire. We must also understand that fire herself (she has a proper name in Rhennish, which we may not divulge here) is a priestess, firstly because every earthly fire is a yerthing (coming-to-earth) of the sun, and secondly because it is through fire that the sacrifice (usually a honey-cake) is transmitted to Heaven. Thus, like God Herself, Who is the supernal Sun, fire comes to earth from Heaven and makes herself a bridge leading back to Heaven from earth.

Brighde, the Genia, is said to have given most of the sacred crafts to maid. She herself is a smith (combining craft with fire). Now the two alternatives to the Passive Life are the life of pure contemplation, of which, as we shall see, the bridge is a perfect image, and the Active Life, or Path of Works, whereby all outward activity is re-connected and re-directed to the Centre. Since the sacred crafts are the very heart of the Active Life, we may see that this aspect of Brighde is also a bridge over the torrent of the passions.

Brighde, the month, stands directly after the mid-winter month of Hestia/Hertha. As we have seen in "The Gates of Heaven" (TCA 17), the winter solstice and the hearth-fire (which is what Hertha means — and we may note that the Vestal virgins were devoted to Vesta, which is the Latin form of Hestia or Hertha) correspond to the 'uttermost gate' out of the world as well as Inanna's entry into the world. Since the bridge logically lies immediately beyond the world, the symbolism of this is obvious enough. On the other side of Brighde lies Moura, the month of Inanna's descent into Hell. Thus on the two sides of the Bridge lay the month of the joyful coming and the month of the sorrowful coming; the month of birth and the month of death; the month of the gate of Heaven and the month of the gate of Hell. The significance of this will become more fully apparent in our next exposition.

What, then, is the bridge which connects all the different worlds? It is not other than the World-

Axis which passes through the centre of every state of being. Naturally, of course, the Axis is conceived as vertical, but when the passage between inferior and superior states takes place across water, a horizontal symbolism is necessarily envisaged. However the two are reconciled in view of the fact that traditional texts make it clear that when God threw the waters of the flood upward, they did not all fall back to earth (being sufficient to drown it), but a portion remained to form a barrier between earth and Heaven. Indeed, the whole material universe is surrounded by water, so that to leave it in either direction one must cross either "the waters above" or "the waters below". Thus the bridge is directly connected with the ascent and descent symbolism of Hertha and Moura.

The World-Axis is closely related to the sunbeam and the thread-Spirit (strivate), Who passes through all things: "Thou art the Sun, Whose ray doth thread us all as jewels upon a string". And both these concepts are closely connected with the bridge. One of the earliest known words for bridge in our Indo-European language-group is the Sanskrit *setu*, which means primarily a cord or thread; while all the English/Rhennish bridge-words discussed here have the root-meaning 'beam', implying a simple bridge made from a single beam or felled log, but with the double meaning of sunbeam. It is noteworthy here that many of the Rhennish words for people ritually qualified to 'pontificate' are closely related to 'ray' — rayin (queen); raya (lady); ranya (spiritual- or craft-mistress); rani (teacher). The double meaning of 'beam' as 'timber' and 'sunray' is connected with the doctrine of the inherence of fire in wood, which (cf footnote to "The Huntress and the Bride", TCA 16) is closely related to the fire-symbolism discussed here.

In the Ballad of the Bitter Withy (inside front page) Inanna makes a bridge out of sunbeams. They are solid to Her sacred feet, but will not support the impure (some trace of this tradition remains in the Irish legend of St. Bridget hanging her cloak on a sunbeam, which dutifully remained to support it even after sunset). Later versions of the Ballad attribute the feat to Jesus, much to the puzzlement of modern Christians, unaware of its metaphysical significance. However this brings us to the aspect of the bridge which we propose to discuss in our next issue: the Perilous Bridge of Dread.



# Human Rights

A GREAT DEAL has been talked in the urble world about 'human rights'. Does this concept have any meaning from an absolute point of view — that is to say, from the point of view of traditional science? On the surface of it, the answer would appear to be no. Whatever happens or does not happen to an individual is a part of her moira, earned by her in this life or another. She can have no abstract 'right' to have what is not her moira or to avoid what is. And nothing can ever happen to anyone which is not her moira. Therefore the concept of 'human rights' seems meaningless.

But we must remember that the modern world, due to its lack of true intellectuality, tends to use words in a vague, sloppy and unphilosophical way. When we examine its use of the term 'human rights', we find that it is in fact referring to the duties of governments toward individuals. Now people cannot have 'rights' in the

absolute, but they most certainly do have duties. For example, a child has no absolute right to eat. If it is her moira to starve, then she will do so. But her mother most certainly has the duty to do all within her power to feed her, and all of us have the duty to prevent her from starving if we can.

What, then, are the duties of a government, and what 'rights' is it duty-bound to accord to the human beings in its care? Clearly, to answer this, we must first know what a human being is and what human society is for. A human being is a soul separated from her true Home in God, wandering in one of the many worlds of manifestation — the one we call the earth. The purpose of her existence is to return to God. That is the only way she can find true happiness. The purpose of any lawful society is to help the soul to return to her Mother. Traditional civilisation provides every member of it with a sacred vocation and way of life which helps her to make as much spiritual progress as she can in this life. The function of government is to protect this sacred way of life.

However imperfectly practised, this understanding has run through even the most decadent traditional societies. That is why Magna Carta stipulates that no man may be deprived of the tools of his trade. That is why every ancient government, even up to the Roman Empire, systematically prohibited the widespread use of all technological inventions which might destroy the sacred crafts and lead to factory-style exploitation. And it is this same traditional sense of justice and social responsibility which more recently led an Ind-

ian lady to refuse to buy a washing-machine on the ground that she had no right to deprive the washerman of his vocation.

The 'rights', then, which a government is duty-bound to accord to the souls under its care are those of each individual to live in peace on her fair share of the earth's surface and to make a just livelihood from a sacred vocation. That is the sole function of secular government, and its only claim to legitimate existence. Any government which allows the land to be taken from the people and monopolised by vast corporations, rich individuals or by itself has failed in this duty. Any government which presides over a state of affairs in which the landless people are forced by economic circumstance to work as 'employees' (used-things) in spiritually meaningless 'jobs' merely for the production of material goods and services has not only failed in its duty, but betrayed the very nature of its function.

But there can be no such government. The traditional doctrine is perfectly clear on this. Any 'government' which fails to fulfil the duties of a government and to follow God's law has automatically lost all its rights as a government. It is not a government at all, but simply a group of bandits kept in power by the guns and truncheons of its army and police. And all who fall under its unlawful power have not only the right, but the duty, to disobey it whenever they can (except where its 'laws' coincide with divine Law) and to overthrow it as soon as the opportunity arises.

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