

THE COMING AGE



FAIRIES
what are
they?

107

THE COMING AGE

40, St John St., Oxford.

ROSA MUNDI (Summer) ISSUE

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après Lourdes. Opinions
expressed do not neces-
sarily represent the
view of Lux Madriana,
but they do not con-
flict with the essen-
tial tenets of the
Madrian faith.

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MEDITATIONS

Regeneration

All things pass and are born in their
season; all things turn and return again.

The threads are wove in an endless pattern;
the shuttle passes from life to death.

The corn returns to the earth's deep bosom;
the river runs to the boundless sea.

O, lead my soul through the turning
labyrinth, that she may return to Thee.

Rosa Mundi

All the complexities of the world are
but the turnings of a labyrinth, and at
the centre is the fiery rose-heart of our
Mother, aflame with perfect love.

THE MOIRA HANDBOOK: A series of reincarn-
ation experiences in Madrian-matriarchal
times, with simple do-it-yourself instruc-
tions for the waking-dream technique of re-
covering your past lives. 75p from Silver
Chalice, 40 St John St., Oxford.

A New Poem by Sappho?

(See page 17)

Morning has taken me to the valley
Where I will sing unto my Mother
Sweet praises of the life She's given me;
To the tune of all the mountains,
Through the humming of the waters,
I will send my youthful voice into the sky.

I was born unto this earth
From the cry as a new babe
To carry out the mission She'd foreseen,
While the trees and flowers guide me,
I will dance upon Her path,
And weave my restless way through all I see.

With the naked moon to light me,
Eternity is where I am to lie,
For my mission is completed
When all the voices sing
The music that my Mother gave to me.

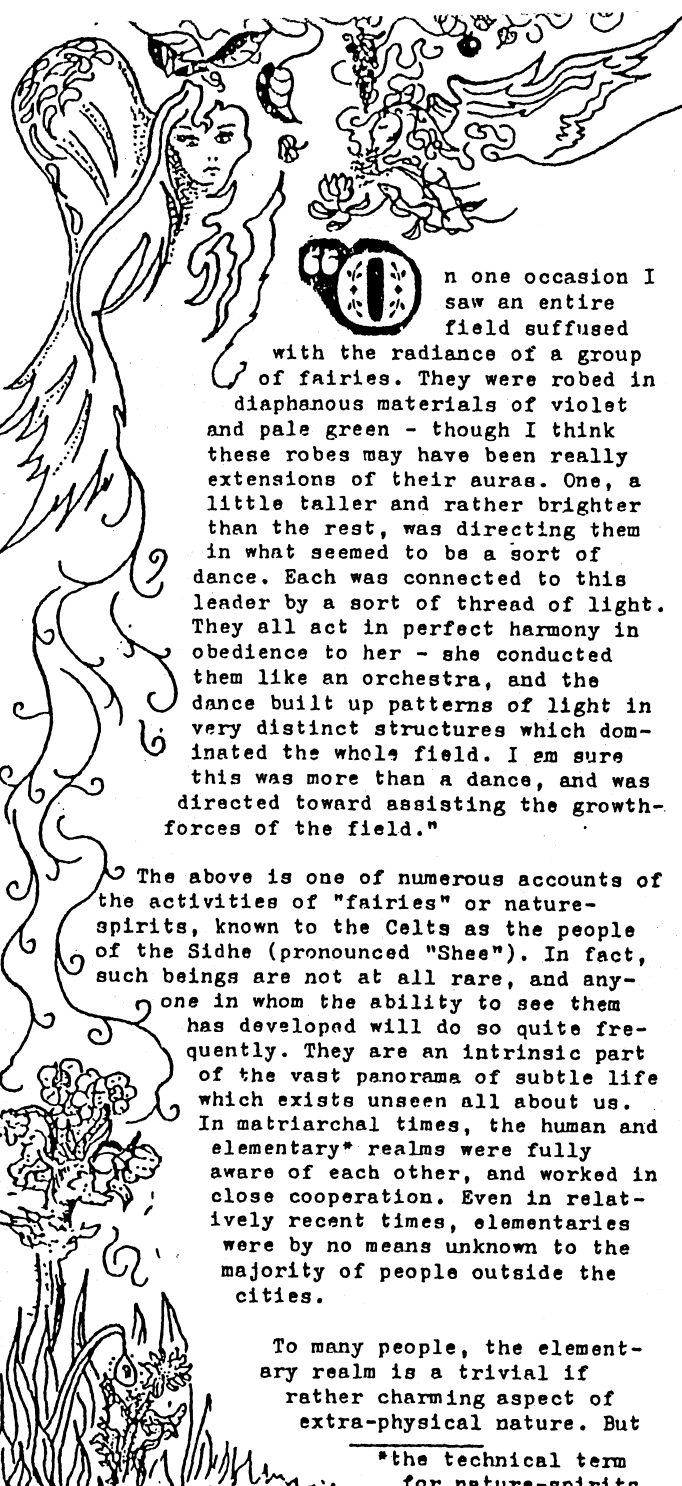
As the women dance the chorus
And the drums beat out the time,
The earth adorned will carry out the verse.

No one will be omitted
In the harmonies attained,
All will be encompassed from the earth;
For the Heavens have been waiting,
Through the centuries of past,
To hear the fragrant melodies of love;

And all will come together,
Never more to find decline,
to sing eternal praise unto Her name.

ACTION FOR PSYCHIC ECOLOGY - a small mag-
azine devoted to psychic & occult matters
particularly relating to nature and anim-
als, and the pollution of the psychic en-
vironment by cruelties in modern society.
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Spirits of Nature



In one occasion I saw an entire field suffused with the radiance of a group of fairies. They were robed in diaphanous materials of violet and pale green - though I think these robes may have been really extensions of their auras. One, a little taller and rather brighter than the rest, was directing them in what seemed to be a sort of dance. Each was connected to this leader by a sort of thread of light. They all act in perfect harmony in obedience to her - she conducted them like an orchestra, and the dance built up patterns of light in very distinct structures which dominated the whole field. I am sure this was more than a dance, and was directed toward assisting the growth-forces of the field."

The above is one of numerous accounts of the activities of "fairies" or nature-spirits, known to the Celts as the people of the Sidhe (pronounced "Shee"). In fact, such beings are not at all rare, and anyone in whom the ability to see them has developed will do so quite frequently. They are an intrinsic part of the vast panorama of subtle life which exists unseen all about us. In matriarchal times, the human and elementary* realms were fully aware of each other, and worked in close cooperation. Even in relatively recent times, elementaries were by no means unknown to the majority of people outside the cities.

To many people, the elementary realm is a trivial if rather charming aspect of extra-physical nature. But

*the technical term for nature-spirits of all kinds.

this attitude is mistaken, for they play an extremely important role in the life of our planet, and one which is at present in some danger.

It is generally known that elementaries have charge of plants, trees and other vegetative life-forms (there are also water-elementaries, air- and storm-elementaries and many other kinds, too various to go into here). It is often asked what precisely they *do* - whether all plants have them, or whether it is possible for plants to live without them. The trouble is that in a masculinist-materialist society, we are conditioned to think in purely quantitative terms, whereas the answer to this question is really qualitative. What is the difference between a brilliantly-played sonata and a merely competent rendition? None that can be expressed in terms of "scientific" rationalism; but a very important difference in reality. Such also is the difference between a plant with and without the work of an elementary "builder". Actually, the lowest forms of etheric entity must be present in all plants, for no life can exist purely physically, but without elementary guidance, the plant lacks the "spirit", the *Lebenslust*, which is so essential. The mechanised, chemicalised commercial pseudo-agriculture (for it is but a parody of that sacred craft) of late patriarchy is driving many elementaries away, for they cannot, or will not, work in such conditions. The result is an ironic one, for the plants, having lost "spirit", can only grow under the most ideal conditions. They succumb to all varieties of dis-



ease and become infested with insects - thus only the most rigorous application of artificial methods will keep them alive.

On the other hand, in some Madrian communities where no artificial methods are used, but good relationships are cultivated with our elementary fellow-beings, outstandingly good crops have been obtained.

As for the elementals' view of humans, those of us who have been privileged to communicate with them have found that they view modern human civilisation as an unqualified disaster. This is not only because of the destruction of their natural environment, or even because the vast majority of humanity has become for them shadowy and distant, cut off from all the subtler realms of life. There is a reason far more important.

The Sidhe continue to live a normal life, in tune with the Divine plan. They see themselves not as a cut-off unit, living only for the sake of living. They understand that they occupy a place within the cosmic hierarchy which ranges from the highest Geniae to the humblest soul in manifestation. Their life is very different from the human life, but in their own way, they are fulfilling their purpose, and mounting steadily, through the ritual activity of their appointed work, to spiritual union with the Goddess; and they look back to the time when human beings did the same. Their ordering is matriarchal, and they have never deserted their own traditional forms, which are at once amazingly different from ours and amazingly similar.

The idea of a profane society devoted only to material ends and utterly blind

to spiritual reality not only horrifies them, but is utterly incomprehensible to them. They see humanity's self-severance from Divine Principle as not so much impious as suicidal. It is impossible to convince them that we are not carrying out a deliberate and systematic plan for the destruction both of ourselves and of the earth. And, indeed, it is hard to avoid the chilling thought, "perhaps we are".

It will be noted that I have not attempted to supply any "proof" of the existence of elementals. Nearly sixty years ago, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle collected a considerable amount of evidence of this nature, so powerful that he was moved to write:

"We... seem to be on the edge of a new continent, separated not by oceans but by subtle and surmountable psychic conditions. I look at the prospect with some awe. May these little creatures suffer from the contact and some Las Casas

bewail their ruin! If so, it would be an evil day when the world defined their existence." (*The Coming of the Fairies* P. 58)

Conan Doyle wrote off this last possibility. He was very optimistic. The idea of the bureaucrats and the "educators", the sharks and the "scientists" of late patriarchy getting their hands on this innocent race is enough to make one shudder.

But Conan Doyle was also very naive. He believed that profane "science" and "common sense" were what they seemed - that they worked on honest, impartial logic, not prejudice and emotion. He believed that strong evidence would be followed by reasoned belief, or at least serious consideration. Of course, no such thing

Contd. p.6



ESS . . . WORK IN PROGRESS . . . WORK IN

CALENDAR: This year's Madrian calendar (which remains current until next spring) is still available at 50p plus 10p postage. Fully illustrated, giving all major and many minor festivals plus natural rites, table of correspondences for every date of the sacred and secular year and other details.

SILVER TEMPLE OF THE MOON: A unique project initiated by a group of Madrians, to build up a great temple in the subtle realms by the combined concentration of many people. Working on the psychic remains of one of the great matriarchal spiritual centres, the aim is to create an astral/etheric temple-structure to which any soul may attune for devotion, healing or spiritual comfort. For further details of the work, please send a stamp to "Temple Project" C/O TCA.

ROSARIES: The old style are no longer available. We are now offering wooden rosaries at £1.50.

ACADEMY: Apologies for the long delay in the opening of the foundational diploma course in Madrian philosophy, criticism and metaphysics. The prospectus should be available in early to mid summer. Send a stamp and we will forward it as soon as possible.

INITIATION: A booklet outlining a course of spiritual preparation for initiation is now in preparation. It will be available soon and will probably cost about 30p.

DONATIONS: Thank you all so much for the financial help you have given to the spreading of our Lady's faith over the last quarter. Without you we could not do nearly so much.

AQUARIAN FESTIVAL: Lux Madriana had a stand at the Festival, selling *The Coming Age* and *The Moira Handbook*, distributing leaflets and talking about the Goddess. (London)

PAPERS: A number of Madrian informational papers are available: "The Divine Trinity" at 10p; "The Year of Our Lady" at 10p; "The Pattern of History and The Quest of the Soul" an 18p; "The Idea of a Coven" (not an official Madrian paper) free. Please enclose 10p postage etc. for any number.

FESTIVALS: Small gatherings were held at Oxford of Catholic Madrians at Easter and Exaltation. We are hoping to hold a picnic to celebrate Rosa Mundi - let us know if you are interested.

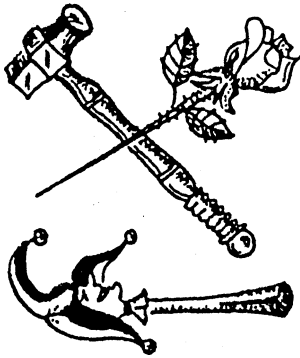
RADIO: Sister Angelina was interviewed on Radio Oxford in Maia.

PUBLICITY: All around us we see souls starved of the light, cut off from their true origin, purpose and destiny; blinded by the illusions of material existence and the drab dogmas of patriarchal techno-bureaucracy, which deny them all hope beyond the mundane world. Does not our Lady command us to bring Her light to all who are without it? Please help to spread Her faith in any way you can - tell your friends and family about Her. Our introductory leaflet "God the Mother" can be ordered at 1½p each or 10p for ten. We also have mini-posters (6½"x 8") suitable for noticeboards etc. at 1p each - plus a new range of stickers (ten assorted types) at 6p for ten or 50p for 100. Please include postage if ordered separately. Please play your part in spreading the Light. We also need your prayers.

IF YOU HAVE any projects, ideas, etc. of interest to Madrians, please write to "Work in Progress".

LATE ITEM: A suggestion has reached us that followers of the Goddess of all traditions should join in the creation of a temple/church at Glastonbury. All interested should contact Maureen Ballard C/O TCA.

The Three Lives



Here are two kinds of life which can really be called normal: the Active Life and the Contemplative Life. There is also a third life which is abnormal, which may be called the Passive Life.

Normal life is lived in tune with the true purpose of earthly existence - the development and final perfection and liberation of the soul. Of the two normal lives, the more

active is the Contemplative life; for in this the soul is fully awake. Contemplation has been defined as the opposite of sleep, so that contemplation is at one extreme, sleep at the other, and normal waking life somewhere in-between.

In contemplation, the soul moves among the highest spheres; she has direct perception of the eternal Reality which lies behind the "shadows" of the material world. She sees "behind" the illusion of material things and events into the realm of pure Truth, "changeless, beyond the impermanent flux of time".

But just because the Contemplative Life is so active, it is extraordinarily strenuous, as well as requiring a special ability. It is, therefore, the calling of a relatively small number.

The Active Life, which is the normal life for the majority, remains within the flux of material events; but, so long as it is truly normal, it does not make the mistake of supposing that these events have any reality in themselves. Rather, they are the shadows thrown upon the veil of matter by the supreme Light which lies behind it. Just as the Contemplative Life moves toward the Light directly, so the Active Life moves toward it indirectly. Material activities are performed not only for their own sake, but as true ritual; opening the soul to Light, harmonising the external material life with its true Source and Centre. Ritual in its fullest sense is not simply a human activity. The passage of the seasons, the cycles of the sun and moon are natural "rituals", manifesting the eternal myster-

ies of the Goddess. Thus natural or normal societies have always been attuned to these rhythms and to the human creativity of the crafts, which is the earthly reflection of the Divine act of Creation.

In the strictest sense of the word, the Active life may be said to be magical; for

Spirits of Nature

took place. Several attempts were made to disprove the evidence; none were successful. So, unable to disprove and unwilling to believe, the "experts" and the public simply let it drop. They ignored the issue and hoped it would go away - and, of course, in a short while, it did.

Psychic investigators in many fields have found this. There is a cast-iron mental block against the general acceptance of any extra-physical reality, and no amount of proof makes any difference to it.

But there is another side to this question. There are certain things which the profane should not know. In this case, the reason is unusually obvious. It would be a disaster if the profane should ever become convinced of the existence of the innocent race of the Sidhe. A disaster which Providence will not permit to occur.

Those who are ready will believe these things through their own inner knowledge. Those who are sufficiently ready will see for themselves. And for the rest - it is not for this pen to teach those who are forbidden to learn.

Sister Celestia

magic is essentially the art of creating, by means of ritual words and actions, structures in the subtle planes which surround us. In low magic - that is, magic performed for material purposes - these structures react back on the physical world, creating the effects commonly called "magical". In high magic, their whole purpose is to lead the soul toward spiritual wholeness in the Goddess.

The rituals of the crafts, agriculture and the whole of normal life are essentially rites of high magic, each craft having its own specific system of "initiation" into the Higher Mysteries. Low magic, too, while not the primary object of these rites, was used in matriarchal civilisations to produce effects in the realms of healing and, more rarely, in numerous other spheres, including building (recent evidence of this in South America has proved highly embarrassing to materialistic archaeologists). Even in certain quasi-normal patriarchal communities in remote parts of the East, minor feats of low magic continue to be achieved.

The third life, the passive or passionate life, is that which characterises modern society. It is a life based solely on the pursuit of material comfort and the avoidance of pain, and is based on no Real Principle. It is wholly entrapped in the flux of material events, with no awareness of the Reality beyond. Blinded by the veil of matter, it sees physical things and events as existing in and for themselves.

Although this life may be very "active" in a purely outward sense, the soul, with her spiritual faculty of free-will lies dormant, while the being responds only to the promptings of the passions, which belong not to her true self, but

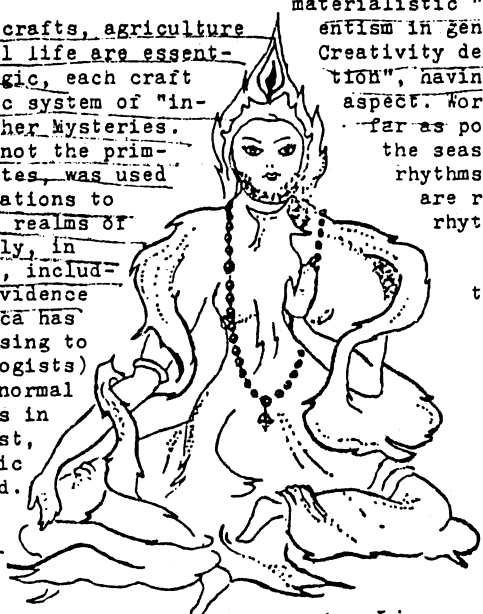
to the material realm.

The effect of this life is the precise opposite of the two normal lives; it is to cut off the soul not only from ultimate Reality, but from all super-physical reality of any sort. At the extreme point of this process, the spiritual functions of mankind are so reduced that she almost becomes the mere biological organism which materialistic "psychology" and profane scientism in general proclaim her to be. Creativity degenerates into mere "production", having no symbolic or spiritual aspect. Work and life are cut off as far as possible from the rhythm of the seasons, and everywhere, the rhythms of humanity and nature are replaced by mechanical rhythms.

This life is doomed to continual frustration, since its constant round of outward activity is but a desperate search for the true fulfilment and completion which is not to be found in the flux of outward things, but only in the Reality that underlies it.

In its fullest nature, that Reality is our Mother Herself, the Creator, Who did not once create the world, but "creates it now and in every moment", for "if She ceased to create it, it would cease to exist" (Catechism, 22). And the central point of normal life is the *Rosa Mundi* mystery - full contemplative union with Her. Those contemplatives who have won through to this union know it in themselves and reflect its glory upon their sisters.

The Active Life, too, is so structured as to encourage contemplation, but it is based firstly upon the fact that the Daughter, through her primordial sacrifice, is present throughout every level



The Contemplative Life



WHO IS MOIRA?

Moira is one of the Geniae whose effect upon human life is closest and most intimate. Perhaps for that reason, she is one of those whose image has never been lost to maid even in patriarchal times. The wheel of fortune was a constant mediaeval theme, showing figures rising to wealth and fame and falling again to shame and poverty, as the wheel is turned by a stately maiden - the "goddess" Fortuna, a late Roman form of Moira. She appears, too, in a form nearer to her archetypal significance, on the tenth card of the older Tarot packs.

The maid holding the wheel appears throughout Christian art, and is called St. Catherine. Catherine means "pure", as does Ariadne, which also means "spinner". Ariadne was a Cretan name for Moira as well as for the Daughter. The Celts called her Arianod - "silver wheel". Manichaeism and Jaina art depict a richly ornamented maid holding within her body the Cosmic Wheel of existence. In some places she has a darker and more fearful aspect, as in the Greek Fates (Moiras) or the Teutonic Norns, or the Tibetan Srimmo who holds the Wheel of Life.

That some of the names of Moira are also names of the Goddess Herself should occasion no surprise, since a Genia by her very nature is a perfect expression of a Divine aspect. That she appears sometimes as one person, sometimes as three is no more puzzling, since the Geniae are not bound by time and space, can be in many places at once, and transcend the limitations of individual personality.

Moira is the governing Genia of personal fate. Her wheel is the wheel of samsara, the continual round of birth and death. It is also the wheel that spins the thread of life which in the Greek and Norse traditions was operated by the first person, while the second wove it into the complex network of interweaving destinies. In the opening words of the Crystal Tablet: "Existence is a web of tapestry..."

As an abstract noun, moira refers to the thread of causality which runs from birth to birth, from death to death, throughout a soul's existence. Everything a person is, everything which surrounds her and happens to her is ultimately the result of her past and present moral choice - it is part of her moira "for every stone returns to she that throws it... and every cup of wine that she gives to another shall quench the thirst of her own lips in the fullness of time." (C.T.)

The Three Lives

of creation in even the humblest activities, if only we live in the light of Her Spirit.

Compassion for all beings, harmony and respect for nature, the powerful symbolic rituals of all actions - these are the marks of the true Active Life. Through this life, the opportunities of earthly existence, so often carelessly thrown away in these days, become realised. For the earth becomes what it was always meant to be - an instrument for the rescuing of souls. The glorious rainbow bridge that leads from the abyss of darkness into the light of Heaven.

Sister Angelina

42-45). But moira extends even to the smallest details of life. I pass a maid in a city street and hardly glance at her, yet she is a tiny part of my moira and I a tiny part of hers. My moira is the sum total of my life-situation, past, present and future.

So are we to say that everything is fated - that our lives are wholly predetermined by our moira, and we can change nothing? Not at all, for we also make our moira as we go along by our continual power of free moral choice. Yet whatever we choose will so occur as to precisely fulfil the moira of all who are affected by us, from our closest friends to our most casual encounters. Such is the wonderful deftness and intricacy with which Moira weaves the thread of life.

Yet we must ask: if all that I do for or against another is simply a part of her moira, how can I give any real help - I am powerless to do either good or harm. And still a darker question comes, showing the dark side of Moira herself, for we recall the words of the *Teachings of the Daughter* "...everything you cast upon the wheel of life, that shall return to you sevenfold." Then surely our moira builds up by a geometric progression - how shall we ever work through it all? When shall we ever be free of the wheel of life and pass into the glorious Eternity of our Mother?

The answer to both these questions is the same: the third person of the Moirae is she who cuts the thread. And the third person of the Divine Trinity (of Whom Moira is but a reflection) - the Daughter - breaks the relentless logic of the law of cause and effect. Through Her sacrifice a way is opened that leads beyond the countless worlds of imperfection and suffering into the endless light of Eternity. Logically there is no way we can be saved, but She is the paradox of Love that transcends

all logic. In the same way, when we act in true compassion for any creature, we take part in Her divine compassion, and if we act wholly through Her, we will be able to break the threads of moira - or rather, Moira herself will break them for us.

But beyond moira, there is a law which cannot be broken, for the mother of Moira is Themis, Genia of divine Order and one of the seven "planetary" Geniae. Themis is the harmony of all things which prevents them from dissolving into chaos:

"But for Thee would not all cosmos decompose?
Would not the black abyss of chaos swallow all?
And as Thine universal music reins the farthest spheres,
So does it tune the beating of my heart." (Catechism App. 3)

Themis, too, is an abstract noun as well as a Genia - signifying order and harmony in a sense that has been so completely lost that no modern western language has any word for it. The Sanskrit *dharma*, a term of Madrian-matriarchal origin, carries the correct meaning, though it is inevitably always mistranslated. Significantly, in early Buddhist art, *dharma* was always represented by a wheel. This is the Great Wheel of Themis - the wheel of eternal harmony, of which the lesser wheel of Moira is but a reflection.

Sister Alethea

MOIRA'S DAY MEDITATION

Madria Moira, spinner of the wheel of time, weaver of the thread of destiny, guide my feet upon the labyrinth of existence. Everything I am, my choice has made me - all I shall be, my choice is making now. Help me to see beyond the veil of matter, that I may choose aright in every turning. Guide me by the light of the spirit, that I may come safe to the Centre in She Who is the Spirit and the Light.



A Question of Balance

The world we know, for all its seeming substance and solidity, is only half there. It stands midway between existence and nonexistence. There have been times when it has existed *more* than it does now, and perhaps times when it has existed less. The grey world is poised between the light of pure Reality and the darkness of unreality, and we are grey people, moving now towards one, now towards the other.

In the blindness of modern self-assurance, it is all too commonly assumed that the greyness which characterises this world is alone real, that it is the perfect balance between the "unrealistic" extremes of black and white. The ancients are condemned for their "dualism", that is, for distinguishing between Spirit and matter, good and evil, truth and falsity. It is argued that because all these are necessarily mixed and blended in this world, these ancient distinctions are deceptive; and they are replaced by "reasonable" compromises. Such assertions stem from regarding the world as absolute in itself, as the only reality, as the yardstick by which everything else is measured.

But beyond this world there is a higher truth, which stems from the Goddess, the Absolute, Who is the only true Reality. All things out of tune with Her have only a partial reality, and only that through Her compassion, for She is the source not only of all life, out of existence itself. Every thing which is apart from Her is on a sliding-scale between existence and non-existence. These two "states" are the paradigm for many other pairs of "opposites" in which one is real and the other merely its absence: light and darkness, for example, in which light is real and darkness merely the absence of light; similarly with warmth and cold. The pairs we have already considered - Spirit and matter, good and evil, truth and falsity - are opposites of just this type. Their seeming force and vit-

ality - pitch darkness, biting cold, all the outward manifestations of evil - is in fact a measure of our own distance from Reality. As the Goddess is pure Spirit, pure Good, pure Truth, pure Beauty, severance from Her necessarily entails a degree of matter (we will discuss degrees of matter later), of evil, falsity, ugliness. There can be no equivalence, no balancing, between these pairs of opposites. The right response is to move from the false to the real, so far as is possible. The scales are not here the appropriate symbol; rather more apposite is the image of the ladder ascending from the abyss of nothingness to the threshold of paradise. It would be rather foolish, to say the least, to stop halfway up and build one's house.

Yet there is a genuine celestial polarity, made up not of these unequal "opposites", but of the equal and complementary principles which run through the whole of manifest creation. Here the balance is "horizontal", rather than "vertical", and may be truly represented by the scales. The two "horizontal" poles are, in their highest essence the Mother and the Daughter principles. As these principles operate in the world, they are best designated by the Taoist terms *yang* and *yin* respectively. These terms derive from the primordial Madrian-matriarchal tradition which was common to east and west, and we must be careful not to fall into the later patriarchal error of confusing them with the male and female principles. Although at a lower level the principles appear to be opposites, in the Absolute they are reconciled and are One, even as the Mother and Daughter are One in Eternity.

In the world, the principles are symbolised and manifested by polarities such as moon/sun, earth/sky, night/day, valley/mountain, blossom/fruit, gentleness/strength, mercy/justice, repose/action, potential/achievement, waning/waxing, peace/joy, love/intellect (gnosis), inhalation/exhalation.

Both "horizontal" and "vertical" polar--

ities have been confused under the patriarchy with the polarity of the feminine and masculine principles. The early stages of the patriarchal usurpation, in which the image of the male god replaced that of the Goddess and men assumed the leadership of society, saw an inversion of natural symbolic values. In the context of these events, and particularly owing to the strong materialistic tendency inherent in patriarchy, the feminine and masculine principles came to be closely identified with maids and men respectively. And as symbolism was brought into the service of political ideology, these principles became crucial to the philosophical justification of the usurpation.

In the patriarchal philosophy, the feminine principle was held to be equivalent to Yin, the Daughter principle, and the masculine principle to Yang, the Mother principle; and this was interpreted to mean that men were more suited to positions of power and authority. Eventually, with the consolidation of the patriarchy, the feminine principle in this sense was consistently undervalued, so that the "horizontal" polarity took on the appearance of a vertical one. In the "vertical" polarity itself, the masculine principle was identified with Spirit, good, truth, etc., the feminine with matter, evil, falsity, etc. These distortions have exercised and continue to exercise a considerable influence on the development of western patriarchal culture.

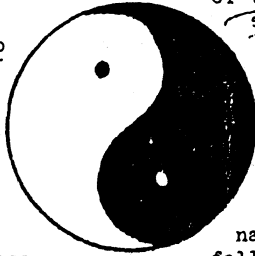
The feminine and masculine principles do, however, exist, and have a distinct symbolic significance, not one which can be directly equated with the horizontal or vertical polarity as described above. The pure Feminine and pure masculine poles represent one aspect of the "vertical" polarity; the corresponding principles can be seen as directions leading to each pole respectively. In this world we are midway between the two poles, and thus perceive neither directly. The feminine and masc-

uline principles cannot be rigidly correlated with maids and men respectively, as maids and men are close together on the "ladder" which stretches between the two poles; the most we can say is that there is a tendency in each sufficient for them to symbolise the principles - and this itself will not be the case in every individual. This is because the material is always, in its higher aspect, a channel for the expression of spirit, and as the feminine principle expresses spirit, so the soul of a human being, regardless of the biological gender of the body, is always female.

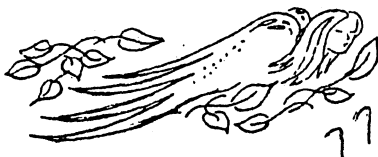
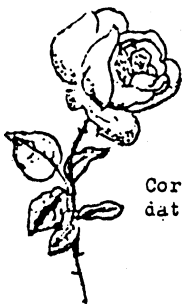
The masculine principle has been described as the principle of descent into matter, of the scaling-down of Reality. It is equivalent to the making of a diagram or a map or a mathematical formula - it simplifies and condenses that which our limited understanding finds impossible to comprehend.

Within the world, it is difficult to characterise exactly the nature of the principles, but the following pairs may give an indication: female/male, colour/monochrome, quality/quantity, truth/fact, eternity/time, infinity/space, intellect (gnosis)/reason, intuition (gnosis)/experiment. It will be seen that in each case, the first element contains or subsumes the second, making it unnecessary. A full participation in the feminine principle - that is, in absolute Reality; the Goddess Herself - abolishes the masculine principle. For just as a map is used as a temporary aid for the exploration of a landscape, to be used less and less, and finally discarded as the countryside becomes more and more familiar, so the material realm becomes less and less solid as we approach pure Spirit, and finally dissolves altogether. For ultimately, looked at in the light of pure Reality, it was never really there. Chrysothemis

See also "The Feminine Principle" FCA 2.



THE COMING festival meaning



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

Rosea: June 13th - July 10th
Kereia: July 11th - August 7th
Hesperis: August 8th - Sept. 4th

MAJOR FESTIVALS

ROSA MUNDI (Festival of the Rose of the World): 23rd Rosea (July 5th)

REGENERATION (Festival of Regeneration): 22nd Kereia (1st August)

MINOR FESTIVALS

ALL HERAS (Day of All Heras): 9th Rosea (Summer Solstice; June 21st).

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

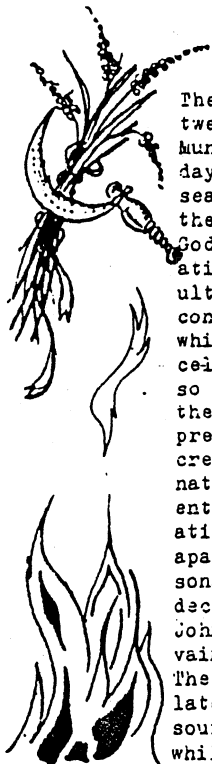
Fire and Rose

The season of fire and the rose, between the Day of All Heras and Rosa mundi, this year lasts for fifteen days. The element and symbol of the season indicate its central theme - the nature of mystic union with the Goddess: both the complete participation in Her wholeness which is our ultimate destiny, and that lesser contemplative union with the Divine which is possible in this life. The celebration of spiritual union is also reflected in the closeness between the psychic and material worlds which prevails at this period, bringing increased potential for contact with nature-spirits and other non-physical entities, enhanced efficacy of divination, natural magic etc. Four plants apart from the rose have special seasonal connotations and are used in decorations: Artemisia (mugwort), St John's Wort (the "fairy herb"), Vervain (Aphrodite's herb) and larkspur. The first of these is said to stimulate the pineal gland or "third eye", source of visual psychic impressions, while others are traditionally used as

protection against the emanations of the lower psychic planes. The placing of a single rose before statues and pictures of the Goddess during this season is traditional.

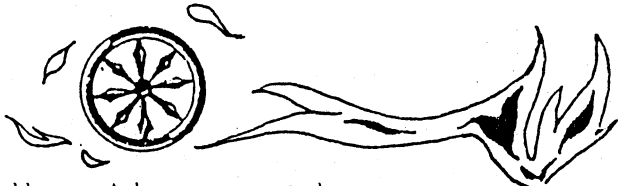
ALL HERAS A heras is one who has realised the full potentialities of human existence. It will be seen that this is closely connected with the Rosa mundi mystery, since she will have reached the highest point of contemplative union possible to a soul in this life. Thus she has fully transcended the earthly sphere and is beyond the moiraic wheel of birth and death as it operates on this plane. Nevertheless, she may still be aware of earthly existence and lend her aid to her sister souls still trapped within the flux of time and blinded by the veil of matter. Thus in ancient times, a particular heras was often the spiritual guardian of a particular temple or community. In this age, the great heras of the matriarchal past are watching and aiding the return to the Goddess. On this day we honour them and seek their help in our own spiritual journey, that they may guide us each toward the realisation of her own true heras-self.

ROSA MUNDI This most mystical of festivals celebrates the relationship between the Mother and the self, especially as experienced in mystic contemplation. The rose as symbol of union, the flame as symbol of ecstasy and the lark as symbol of direct ascent represent the inner experience of contemplation; the soul's penetration beyond the veil of matter into the vibrant world of Spirit. There should be some time in the day set apart for contemplation. Fasting beforehand for



ING SEASON

ings & celebration



at least twelve hours is recommended as a preliminary. An infusion of mugwort, loosestrife and chicory is a traditional aid to meditation for this season. A handful of each ($\frac{1}{3}$ oz if dried) should be added to a pint of cold water, brought to the boil and simmered for no more than two minutes. It is then left to brew for three hours. It may be used throughout the fire and rose season, but should *not* be used regularly at other times. A glassful is taken before meditation. The infusion will stay fresh for about four days.

REGENERATION The two remaining festivals of summer form part of the Mysteries of Life cycle, concerned with the flux of all life under the hand of the Goddess, the journey of the soul and the subtle threads which draw all things in life together and give them meaning in relation to each other and to the whole. They show forth the cycles of existence and the Goddess as the Source of all life to whom all life returns.

The Festival of Regeneration is particularly concerned with the transition between lives and the beginning of new life. Every soul who has severed herself from her Mother moves through countless existences, whether in this world or another or in some state of existence quite incomprehensible to us in our present state, before she reattains her full selfhood in union with the Goddess, And through all this journey, the

Goddess watches over us and preserves us. Her eyes are ever upon us, for if they closed on us for one instant, we would cease to exist. This festival celebrates the Mother as Giver of re-surgent life, and the Daughter (as Our Lady of the Dark Gates) as the Guide of the soul and her guardian in the transition from the old life to the new.



The symbol of this festival is the ear of corn, newly ripened: "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 cycle". Ears of corn, or bread made from the first fruits of the harvest may be offered at the Rite on this day.

MOIRA'S DAY This day is assigned to the Genia of personal fate. In late antiquity, the day was celebrated as the festival of Nemesis, "goddess" of fate, who, like Moira, was depicted carrying a wheel, an apple bough (representing Avala, the paradise of the Daughter) and a scourge. The scales also symbolise her, and the bee and swan are the creatures associated with her. Honey and mead are traditional fare for the festival.

The day falls within the Mysteries of Life cycle, since moira is the thread which gives continuity to our many lives. This is a day for examining the direction of one's soul and making resolutions for the future. The reading for the Rite is *Crystal Tablet* 1-11 and 42-48.

*see article: "Who is Moira?", p.8



The Breach in the World-Wall



They had arrived at the place they were destined never to leave. They stood at the very perimeter of their world, where the sky, like a petrified cataract, descended to the earth, making a wall as impenetrable as rock and as grey and opaque as the heavens themselves. No one was there to tell the travellers that this sandy waste had once been fertile ground, scorched and blasted by ancient battles on this very spot. Battles which had ended only when the wall had been raised. None to say that this Great Wall, that world's only protection against unimaginable terrors, had once been watched over and guarded lest any breach be made in its fastness. These travellers knew only that peace and safety which the world had known for many generations; so long that its very cause had been forgotten. They were engaged in a dangerous venture, but did not know it. Nor did they know that their only protection lay ignored and neglected at the centre of the city from which they had come.

It was whisperings of treasure which had brought them hence; of an ancient treasure which would fall to whosoever could break the enchantments which kept the wall intact. Through long searching, these three had gained knowledge of the spells - thus they accounted themselves wise; yet they had never gained the wisdom which would have taught them their true meaning. And they had come to this place with their books and their picks in search of wealth and power and beauty that could be handled, possessed and envied. As they worked their magic, they saw the wall shimmer as though it would dissolve, and, seizing their picks, they struck where it was weakest; before the old enchantment could obliterate their inferior spells.

They paused in wonderment at the hole they had made, for it was as though their picks had gone through into nothingness, and they could see only blackness beyond the wall. Then one fell back with a cry, and out of the hole slithered a massive worm, which under their gaze did spread its wings and fly southwards toward the mountains and the

city. As they stood staring after it, a mighty cudgel, like to a full-grown oak, fell from behind and the three were slain with one blow.

And there stood Eldroth, the giant from the space between the worlds, he who had vowed a vow that he should not rest until that world lay in his thrall or else was shivered in a thousand thousand fragments. And regarding the bodies of the three not more than a maid might regard those of ants, he followed the loathsome creature and did proceed toward the city.

* * * * *

The coming of the winged serpent, driving the city at the foot of the mountains into such panic as it had never known in all its complacent history, was but the precursor to horrors which to those whose waking lives had known undisturbed calm, seemed as nightmares come to life. And if the shock and fear occasioned by its first arrival was great, how much greater was it when the creature began to prey upon their animals, and even on their children.

Nor was this all, for it was as though the breaking of the wall had breathed an atmosphere of palpable evil over the world and disturbed the harmony of life, for friendly beasts turned fractious and even vicious, sudden unnatural downpours flooded the land, and the very tools turned in the users' hands and spoiled the work. The earth-tremors felt at noon on the third day were taken as a further sign of the disturbance of nature, but by sunset all were wiser. For the shadow of the giant fell across the city and his voice and his threats echoed in everyone's ears.

In seven days half the city lay in ruins, for they did not lack courage, these people of the city, although they had never before faced adversity, and it was to them inconceivable that they should kneel in submission to a foe, however mighty. There had been no lack of noble warriors, both maids

and men who would venture into the mountains against the giant and the winged serpent, but many had not returned and yet others had been maimed or wounded. And Eldroth had taken revenge for every attack on him by flattening a portion of the city, hoping thereby both to show his strength and to discourage the people by making them feel that resistance only caused more deaths among the innocent. For in truth he craved the city's surrender more than its destruction, and took scant pleasure in it.

At the end of the seven days, the leaders of the city met together in the palace to take counsel. The city had become a place of fear and sorrow; most people reacted with numb despair, some feverishly argued that surrender could not be worse than this.

Even the noblest and the best were losing hope. There was not one at that gathering who had not lost a sister or a friend, a parent or a child in the combat. The princess bade each to give her counsel, some spoke for surrender, others were silent from a sense of shame and dishonour. Then one maiden, by name Elan-ka, which means "Bright Spirit" stood up amongst them to make her report.

She and her sisters were known as amongst the most adventurous and courageous in the city. Earlier they had slain two of the winged serpent's brood - for her eggs had now hatched - in the act of carrying off two small children. They had been almost constantly in the mountains seeking out the giant. This maiden had suddenly come upon a bat-

tle between Eldroth and another maid from the city. No one had yet escaped death who had come close enough to draw a sword upon the giant, yet this maid was evidently skillful. Elan-ka was hastening to her aid when she noticed something which made her pause. The sword was constantly piercing the giant's body, but even when it was plunged in almost to the hilt, it drew no blood, and when it cut off Eldroth's hand, the hand grew again in minutes. The maiden fighting was evidently too engaged to be aware of the lack of blood - and before Elan-ka could join her, she had fallen under the giant's club.

When she had finished, the princess's eyes were troubled. "Counsel you then surrender?" "No" came the swift reply, "that is not to be thought of. But we have been wasting our efforts. We know that no attempt has been successful - because it cannot be. Eldroth is not to be driven back by the sword nor by fear of the sword, nor any bodily hurt. But there is another way. The only way."

"And that?"

"Sorcery." The word hung in the air for a full minute before the princess replied faintly, "It is not permitted"

"Not to call on the lower powers, no, I would not suggest it. But on the higher - yes. Is it not in the ancient tales? We have prayed - some of us - to the Most High Goddess. And She, of course, has given us courage and strength and prevented our surrender. And she has led the souls of our sisters to Avala. She it was who led me to the spot where I could find the solution. Does She want



this world to be conquered by evil? Does She want us all to die and the souls of the weak to be enslaved by the foe? No, I am sure She does not. And there is surely a purpose in all this disaster. May it not be that we should again have the knowledge and the power of high magic to use against the evil ones as did our most noble mothers?"

The counsel of Elan-ka prevailed, and the first action of the princess was to summon all the city people wise in ancient lore. Those that came she asked what was the cause of the present disturbances. And some were eloquent, on cyclical phases, some on the motions of the stars, yet others on patterns of fate or the inheritance of guilt. But one very old blind maid, who had hardly been aware of the disturbances until the summons, said simply: "There has been a breach in the Great Wall. Repair it and all will be well." When the princess asked her how this was to be done, she asked to be taken to the Old Throne Room. Once there, she said: "See above the dais. Five jewels in the pattern of a star. They are the key." And as the princess looked, she almost despaired. For she could see, as the blind maid could not, that the jewels were no longer there.

* * * * *

But Elan-ka had not been mistaken. They were all under the guiding hand of the Goddess. The truth of this took root in the princess's heart as she knelt in the Old Treasury with the five jewels of the star before her. Their finding was the hardest task she had yet undertaken* and she knew there lay a harder before her, yet it might so easily have been an impossibility. A great sense of peace came upon her as she touched the stones with love and awe. For they were no longer a mere tool for the banishment of Eldroth, but were the key to the regeneration of herself and her people.

The first time she had seen the jewels, her only emotion had been relief. But when she touched them each in turn, the black, the white, the blue, the yellow and the red, they had seemed alive with ancient

mystery and magic. If she had ever doubted that any jewels could have any power over their dreadful adversary, she did so no longer. When she held them she experienced a serenity she had never before known, yet at the same time there was the feeling of shame and sorrow. She began to realize that she was no worthy daughter of those who had built the city. Since the removal of the jewels from the throne room many generations ago - and she could not but feel it had been dishonour had prompted it - the city had slipped further and further from its original purpose - the service of the Goddess.

But the jewels had given the princess new insight into the purposes and mysteries of life. They were a link with the ancient mode of living. With them in her hand she felt all life a prayer and a praising, and knew what was missing in her life and devotions and in those of others - and what had brought them to the brink of disaster: a full sense of the guidance and presence of the Most High Goddess. She vowed that in the time to come - should it survive - the city would be rededicated to Her.

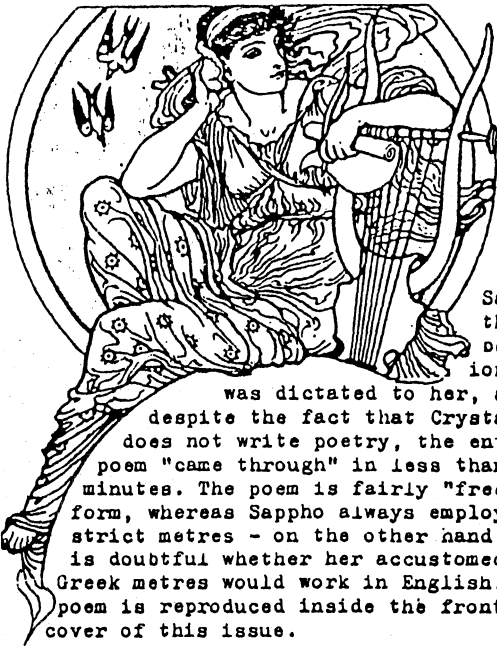
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The city smiths had fashioned a wand of pure silver for the star mounting of the jewels, and as the princess lifted it in blessing of the city and the jewel-light streamed forth, new hope and new courage were born in those who had counted themselves lost; and they were with her in spirit as she rode alone into the mountains to confront Eldroth - for she would have no companion, placing complete faith in the jewels.

As the ground shook under the giant's coming, she stood waiting; when his shadow fell against the rock she trembled, for it had long been a sight of terror in the city. Yet she lifted the wand and the glow was reflected in the giant's eyes.

His roar transfixed the city; then the ground cracked and masonry fell - and the people rejoiced, for the giant was running, running back whence he had come.

SAPPHO SPEAKS



Sappho lived in the city of Mitylene (named after the sister of the Amazon princess who founded it) on the island of Lesbos, some 2,600 years ago. She is arguably the best poet in known history.

Now it is claimed that the soul who once was Sappho is in psychic contact with human beings at the present time. Crystal Vision of California has been the recipient of several psychic communications from her. On one occasion, a poem of 29 lines

was dictated to her, and despite the fact that Crystal does not write poetry, the entire poem "came through" in less than ten minutes. The poem is fairly "free" in form, whereas Sappho always employed strict metres - on the other hand, it is doubtful whether her accustomed Greek metres would work in English. The poem is reproduced inside the front cover of this issue.

After this experience, Crystal tried to contact Sappho by means of a ouija board. She was successful, but Sappho instructed her not to use the ouija board. She also said that a return to matriarchy would begin in forty years.

This last statement was clarified some weeks later when, after writing a letter, Crystal's pen felt as though it was being pushed in her hand. She fetched a clean sheet of paper, and an address was transmitted through the medium of automatic writing. Here are some extracts from it:

"We are now entering a period of change and upheaval. We must be prepared for this period of intense chaos which is beginning to occur. This period will be very difficult for many people on earth to endure. There will be many calamities happening on earth, and many people will suffer greatly.

"I am communicating through this medium in hopes of helping the women of the world to regain the strengths and again establish a matriarchy on the earth. This will be coming out of the greater chaos that will occur soon. Then harmony will be establish-

ed on earth and you will see the dawn of the Aquarian Age. At this time women will regain the leadership spiritually and politically.

"Presently many women are beginning to reconstruct the spiritual ways of the matriarchies. This is important to the dawning of the new age...

"Now it is time for all women to make the necessary changes. Then we will be strong enough to survive the next forth years of the greater chaos. Through women this change will become completed... then all will regain harmony on earth and the Goddess will watch over all women...

"The rewards of such a process are greater than you could ever imagine at this time. Women will need to be open to a lot of changes in lifestyle and living conditions as modern ways are not conceivable during great changes... Women hold the gracing (essence) of the changes to come. We must accept this challenge and live up to it. We will see the new age."

Thanks to *WomanSpirit*, Box 263, Wolf Creek, Oregon 97497.

ROSA MUNDI MEDITATION

"Like to the sea is the Spirit, My Mother, and like to the waves upon the sea are all Her creatures. No thing exists that exists not in Her. All things are in Her, yet She is not in any thing."

Teachings

Being Human

Being human is a rare experience. This may be your first time. You may not do it again for thousands of years. Perhaps never. Of course, it is more likely that you have been human several times before, and will be several times again. Nevertheless, it is still a rare experience.

A human being is, by definition, a soul using as her vehicle an animal body of the species *homo sapiens*. Before she entered the body she was not human. Once she leaves it she will cease to be human. Similarly, the "human" body was not human until it became the vehicle for souls. It is a common fallacy to say that mankind "evolved" from an earlier ape-like form. What actually occurred was that a particular type of *body*

evolved until it became a suitable vehicle for the incarnation of souls. Soul without body is not human. Body without soul is not human. As soon as soul entered body, humanity was formed, no less human and no more human than we are today. That is why the "missing link" will never be found.

The first human beings were very much less rigidly bound to the body than we are, and much more in tune with the subtle realms of nature and with pure Spirit. The so-called "cave man" is not a primitive or early form, but a much later degeneration.

The soul, of course, does not evolve (despite the claims of certain materialistic people who can only understand non-physical things by imagining them to be exactly like physical things). She is subject to an entirely different process. Her development (or otherwise) takes place not through any inbuilt "evolutionary" tendency, but solely through the spiritual faculty of moral choice, which creates her moira.

The collective name for humanity is maid or maidkind. This word comes from the same root as "may", meaning "to be able", or to have the power to do something (thus "might" both means "power" and is the past tense of "may". It is essentially the power to act, or not to act, thus maid is literally "she who chooses". We may note in passing that

"man", on the other hand, comes from *manas* (mensis, mental etc.) - the lower mind or reason which responds only to the material world, as opposed to intellect or wisdom - *jnana* (gnosis), *Sophia*, both titles of the Mother - which has direct apprehension of pure Spirit. We can thus see that modern society is in the deepest sense man-made.

Choice is the *essential* faculty of the soul because she is what she is wholly because of her choices. Her outward circumstances, from the greatest to the most

The Breach in the World Wall

The breach in the Great Wall was sealed the next day. The princess and those she had chosen as Guardians of the Wall watched in awe and wonder as the jewel-light drew the sides of the hole together until it was as if it had never been. They each pledged a solemn vow to defend the Wall against all attacks from without and within, in the Name of the Most High Goddess. And they returned to the city, bringing with them the cudgel of the giant for a thank offering in the holy Temple.

* Regrettably, this story has been considerably shortened in order to fit into the magazine. In particular, the whole story of the finding of the jewels has been left out.

trivial, are nothing but a mathematically precise reflection of her inward spiritual state. And that state is nothing but the sum total of all her moral choices - that is to say, her choices between Good and evil, between God and antiGod - from the beginning of time to the present moment of the present incarnation.

"Maid" is also connected with the veil of matter; the material realm in which her choice is crystallised and worked out.

The special quality of physical matter is its solidity. Unlike the subtler forms of matter, it is very resistant to change. It does not shift with every movement of our choice-faculty as does mental or astral (emotional) matter. It stays still. Now this provides the soul with some very special opportunities. When we try to meditate, often the mind shifts and slithers and cannot be held still. But if we paint a picture or carve a statue, it will not shift with the mind, but will hold its shape and help to pull the mind back to its object.

Again, we can use the spoken or written word to mould our mental and emotional matter into the shape we wish. Outside physical matter we cannot call on these aids. The mind and emotions run wild as they do in dreams, unless the soul is strong enough to tame them - and it is when the soul has lost that strength that she must descend into the physical to find it again (thus it is said that one of the signs of a hera is that she can control her dreams). And again, the world, because it is the reflection of the pure Creation of the Goddess, manifests countless symbols of pure Truth, from the seasons, light and darkness or the planets to flowers, birds and beasts, all

of which are rich in symbolic truth, provided we see them for what they really are and not as mere "accidents" of the material world.

This is the priceless opportunity of human life. Yet we are told that human incarnation is "hard to obtain"; for having thrown away that opportunity, it may be long before it comes again. The great pitfall of human life is to become hypnotised

by the very solidity of physical matter; to forget that it is an "aid" or "prop" helping us toward Reality and to mistake it for reality itself. This is the error of materialism - the error which reduces maid to "man". This, therefore, is the profound symbolic significance of patriarchy. The belief that maid "evolved" from a lower physical form is a blatant example of this error. The belief that the soul "evolves" like an animal species is a subtler version of the same thing.

Modern society is pervaded by the materialist error. It permeates its philosophy, its everyday "common sense", and even (perhaps especially) its religion. Yet for a soul in human incarnation, no error can be more dangerous; for this is the very error which is most calculated to induce her to waste the priceless opportunity of that incarnation.

Like a crutch, the world both limits and supports us. With it we may learn to walk, so that when on death it passes from us, we will be free. But if during this life, we have treated the crutch as an end in itself, polishing it and decorating it and showing it to our friends, but never using it for its true purpose, then when it is taken from us, we will fall.

Through the many supports of physical



Discovering the Goddess

by Selina

For me, Madrianism was not a sudden conversion experience, but the end of a long search. I have always had a deep "religious" feeling, and for some time vaguely considered myself a Christian. But studying the Christian gospels as history, I became aware that they are inaccurate and full of inconsistencies to an extent which must rule them out as genuine Divine revelation. From then, I studied most of the major religions, and in each of them, I found something that rang true. But in each also, something seemed to be missing. Besides, if one was true, what became of the others? It is often said that all religions are basically one. I felt in some way that must be true. But such a simple statement ignores all the very real contradictions between religions.

When I first heard of Madrianism, it seemed unlikely that a small religion I had never heard of could hold the answer. But one thing impressed me from the beginning. It wasn't what Madrians said about religion - it was what they said about everything else. It suddenly made me realize what was missing in all the other religions. By a coincidence, my last Literature Circle paper put it so neatly that I cannot do better than quote it here:

"Except when they are speaking on specifically 'religious' subjects, they invariably express views indistinguishable from those of the materialist... they have no specifically spiritual analysis of the world."

Madrians see everything in the light of the Spirit - and that is what really made sense to me. If a thing as vast as God is true, it must change *everything*. How could we possibly go on with the same philosophies, the same politics, the same attitudes as those who believe that the world is a formless mass of accidental "facts". Everything begins and ends in Spirit. Spirit is the cause and meaning of human life. Spirit is not an optional extra to the "real business of life", it *is* the real

business of life. Politics, industry, physical science: these are the optional extras.

But I soon realised that Madrianism also solves the problem of the different religions. All religions are not one now, but there was one fundamental religion in the beginning, given to us by God Herself. Later, at the end of the great matriarchal period, the religions split up. The East kept the knowledge of reincarnation and all sorts of important Truths which the West lost. The West kept the truly personal nature of God, the Mystery of the death and resurrection and numerous other Truths which the East lost. Neither of them is complete without the other.

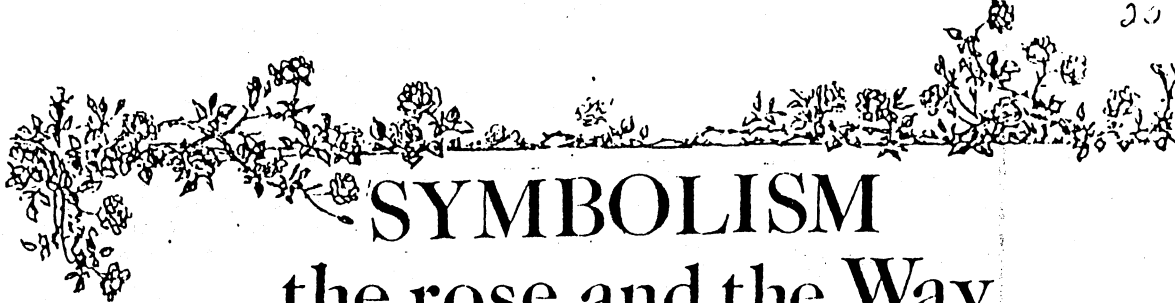
Archaeology, comparative mythology and other studies show us that this original religion, all over the world, was the religion of the Goddess - what we now call the Madrian faith.

Madrianism is the key to the puzzle - the only thing which makes sense of everything else. Without it the whole thing is a meaningless tangle. With it everything falls into place. I knew that my search was at an end.

Yet in reality, this was only the beginning, for it was only when I had sorted out these intellectual difficulties that I was really able to let the Goddess into my life and to know the joy of Her Presence.

Being Human

existence, we have the opportunity to awaken our souls from the dream of separation, to see the Real behind the veil of matter. If we grip onto the transient forms of this world, then when they pass from us we will be in a formless void, but if we use them as "supports" to lift us beyond them, then we will continue to rise up into the Light when they are gone. We do not need to become heras - we have only to set ourselves in the right direction.



SYMBOLISM

the rose and the Way

Spirit breathes through the manifestation of the material world. Everything on the earthly plane bears a shadowy correspondence to something in the Real world, the world of Spirit. The definition of a symbol is that it is the earthly reflection of some aspect of the cosmic drama. It will have many levels of meaning; it may even reflect the inverted image of its higher-self. But above all, that which is symbolised cannot be expressed in any way other than through a symbol; words alone are inadequate to it. To "explain" a symbol is impossible; by discussion of it, we can only prepare the mind for the act of direct intellectual/intuitive recognition by which alone its meanings can be apprehended. The juxtaposition of things so diverse on the material level as the rose and the way or path, or the apple and the mountain' may in itself help to trigger an inner response to their deeper significance.

signifies perfection, and in this it is exactly equivalent to the golden lotus, the sacred flower of the East. Both also represent renewal or rising into perfection from imperfection; the lotus emerging from muddy waters, the rose unfolding from a stem of thorns; and in both the hidden centre is the radiant heart of their mystery.

As the emblem of perfection, the rose represents the end of all searching and all desire - and thus journey's end, the goal of the spiritual quest which is pre-eminently symbolised by the Way or Path. The journey of the soul is the central meaning of all religious practice; it has been said that religion and the Way are synonyms. In the *Crystal Tablet* existence is described as the following of a path, towards Perfection or away from Her, and every choice as a crossroads. Symbolic journeys are a main theme of traditional lore: the Quest and the Homecoming in particular reflect the symbolism of the Way, while the pilgrimage is a conscious imitation of the spiritual journey. The extent to which the earthly counterpart is a means for the achievement of the higher path depends upon the strength of purpose and power of concentration of the individual pilgrim.



The rose as the symbol of the Summer Mystery represents mystic-union with the Goddess, the goal of meditation and the central aim of life. The golden rose, or the golden heart of the rose, in particular

The universe is not a "natural phenomenon"; it is a manifestation of Divine compassion. It is beautiful because it reflects Her absolute beauty; it is imperfect because it is only a reflection and not the Reality. At every level it manifests symbols of Her absolute Truth, which are clear to anyone who has not fallen into the error of seeing them as things-in-themselves of "facts". Throughout it breathes the Spirit of Her Daughter, pure maid and pure God, asking us to take Her hand, that She may lead us from being human to being divine. But we are maid - and so the choice is ours.

Another ritual enactment of the spiritual journey is the treading or dancing of the spiral labyrinth. The spiral path leads to the centre, representing the Still Heart of the Cosmos, the unchanging Goddess from Whom all life radiates, just as the pilgrimage often ended at the symbolical "centre of the world" - the crux of sacred or spiritual geography, as opposed to the outward and merely "factual" aspect to which that science has been reduced in profane

Sister Julia

cultures. The centre was a sacred place, often the site of a temple or altar, the "Holy of Holies", a place for religious ritual, and a point of convergence for psychic energies. The dances, performed by almost all traditional cultures, are preserved today in country round dances and children's games. The dance was seen as the treading of a pathway between the two worlds; through the dance one entered a different state of being. It was a transforming experience.

The spiral pattern, especially the double spiral, is frequently found among the archaeological remains of the late matriarchal civilisations: for example in Crete, South America, the Middle East, Ireland and Greece. Later images were often based on the Cretan Labyrinth, a convoluted spiral (see illustration) named for the labrys, the double-axe emblem of matriarchal rule. As well as being at the centre of the spiral, the Goddess is also the guide of the soul through the labyrinthine pattern (for the maze could also be a puzzle with false turnings and choices, reflecting maid's position in life). Whether the maze be a puzzle or a simple spiral without deviation, or a convoluted spiral winding back upon itself, inwards and outwards, it always leads into its own centre and its convolutions have a magical quality. They are a microcosmic reflection of the universe.

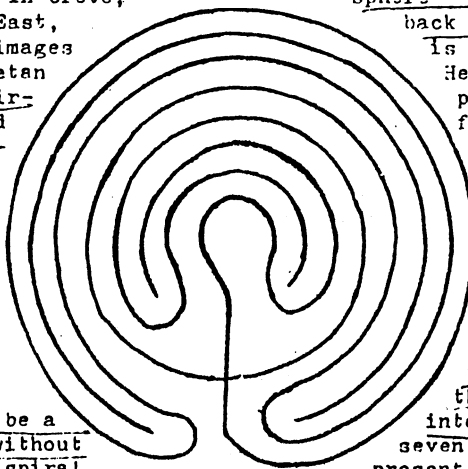
Three cosmic spirals can be identified: the descending spiral, the ascending spiral and the Divine spiral. The descending spiral is the spiral of the Easter Mystery, the descent of the Daughter into death and Her rebirth. Just as the spiral most often has seven paths (as above), so the Daughter passed through the seven gates of the Nether world, descending lower and lower as She went, until She reached the centre

- the chamber of Irkalla - where She met Her death: "I have journeyed to the heart of the abyss"². Her rebirth at the centre and Her ascent is the retracing of the spiral back to the entrance. The children's game "Heaven and Hell", a form of circular hopscotch, places Hell at the centre, and one reaches Heaven by hopping outwards; the game is a last remnant of the Easter spiral dance. The spiral also symbolises earthly life, death and rebirth.

The ascending spiral is the Rosa Kundi spiral, the spiral of transformation. The centre represents union with the Goddess; to reach it is to be translated to a higher sphere - so there is no "coming out" back to the earthly plane (there is a version of "Heaven and Hell" which reflects this, placing Hell at the circumference and Heaven at the centre). It is of this spiral that Our Lady has said "The path that leads to the Real or further from it lies neither in space nor in time, but in the choice between good and evil. For My Mother is the Good and the Light and the Centre, and evil is all that would draw you from Her into the outer darkness."² The

seven paths of this spiral represent the "seven heavens" (re-called by the phrase "seventh heaven"). In the Rite of Offering, the child symbolically ascends through the "seven spheres", which represent the highest aspect of the seven fundamental categories of being headed by the seven "planetary" Geniae.

The Divine spiral is the spiral of eternal reconciliation. It can symbolise either the union of the Mother with the Daughter, or of Mother and Daughter with the Dark Mother, or Absolute Deity. It represents the movement between immanence and manifestation, between inhalation and exhalation, contraction and expansion. This movement is signified by what has been



said of the Goddess in several cultures--
that "She whirls and yet is still" The spir-
alling patterns of the universe are the
shadowy reflections of the Divine spiral
upon the veil of matter.

The innermost centre of the spiral is
the heart of the rose. The rose symbolises
transformation and perfection; it contains
all things. The Daughter has said: "In the
innermost temple of your heart shall you
find the seas and the heavens and all the
illimitable cosmos. For the space within
this temple is as vast as all the manifest
universe... I shall lead you to the inner-
most temple of your heart, whose form is
the form of a rose."²

Chrysothemis

¹Next issue's subject.

²From the *Teachings of the Daughter*
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