

No.

16

The coming age



Nursery
Rhymes

THE INNER
MEANING

the coming age



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SONGS OF AUTUMN

THE TWO hymns on this page are especially appropriate to the season. The first is a traditional Autumn-song of the Western paradise of Avala. It is sung to a wistful and haunting melody full of an Autumnal quality of yearning. The second hymn is sung at all times of the year, but is concerned with the Mother as Creator, a particular theme of the Autumn Mysteries. It is loosely based upon a clew of the Teachings of the Daughter which begins "She hath riven the earth from the Heaven, the Spirit My Mother; and the turbulent waters, hath She not cleft them apart?"

Although they are in very modified Rhennish dialect, certain words may call for explanation:

Magd: a form of 'made' ('made' exists in Rhenish, but does not rhyme with 'display'd').

Quaint: skilful, knowledgeable; related to can, cunning and know; ultimately to gnosis and Sanskrit *jñāna* and a root-group meaning light and pure Intellect. It is also related to 'queen' (originally meaning simply 'woman') and to a now-obscure term for the female genitalia. This very ancient root, which extends beyond the Indo-European language group, denotes the connexion of the female principle with pure Intellect (as opposed to mere earthbound reason).

Vicious: prone to vice (not 'cruelly violent').

AVALA

Over the sea, far in the west,
Over the glistering water;
Falleth the sun, gold in the west.
Shall I not seek Avala?

Dark'neth the day, gold in the west,
Waneth the year fro Mala;
Hinder the hill falleth the sun.
Shall I not seek Avala?

West of the hill, west of the sea,
West of the sun on the water;
Apples of gold, water of life.
Shall I not seek Avala?

She Hath Riven . . .

She hath riven the earth from the heaven,
She hath parted the water from the land;
And the sun in the morning that riseth on loft
Is sustain'd by the strength of Her hand.

All the birds of the air She hath fashioned,
All the beasts of the forest She hath magd;
In the quaint constitution of every flower
Is the craft of her working display'd.

She hath raised up the mountains for pillars
To sustain the bright heavens above;
She hath clothèd the earth in a raiment of green
For a sign of Her bounteous love.

And ourselves that are fallen from Heaven
Through the folly of our most vicious will;
She hath shaped a sweet place of abundance on
And doth feed us and bide with us still. earth

Without end is Her might and Her wisdom,
Without cease is Her love's consuming flame;
All the earth gives Her praise, and the heavens on
And the thunder re-echoes Her Name. loft,

NURSERY RHYMES

THE INNER MEANING



THE ONCE-POPULAR BELIEF that fairy tales are mere nonsensical fancies for children is losing ground. Among educated people it is generally accepted that they were not originally intended for children (although the fact that children, on their own level, can appreciate them bespeaks their universality), and that they contain depths of meaning far beyond what appears on the surface. Yet despite this rehabilitation of fairy tales (which, in itself, usually implies only the scantiest understanding of their true meaning, and often takes the form of outright misinterpretations based upon the errors of Jung and Freud) there has been but little tendency to see in nursery rhymes anything more than pleasant childish nonsense.

With a collection of traditional matriarchal nursery rhymes appearing for the first time in book form*, this seems an opportune moment to look a little more closely into their nature and inner meaning. The scope of the nursery rhyme is much broader than that of the fairy tale, ranging from lullabies and baby-games to some quite sophisticated story-verses. The Rhennish Nursery Rhyme Book contains a wide range of verses, some of which are simply a child's first introduction to certain aspects of life, and familiar figures of the natural and human realms; others are proverbs concerning good conduct - but none of this is merely 'secular' in the modern sense, since the traditional way of life and view of life is being taught both in the verses themselves and in the explanations of them given by grown-ups; a view of life in which all earthly things are reflections of the Absolute. The obedience, grace, courtesy and uprightness taught by the proverbs are the very foundation-stones of the life of

themis - life within the harmony of God's earthly family and of Her divine Law.

Nevertheless, many of the rhymes have a far more detailed and specific inner meaning. As with fairy tales, many of them are still known wholly or partly to the Blentren (non-Madrians), while others are preserved only by the Rhennes. Here is one which is known by both peoples and has long been treasured for its beautiful, haunting quality:

How many miles to Avalon?
Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again.
If thy heels be fleet and light
Thee'll be there by candle-light.
(Open the gates as wide as ye may
And let the Rayin's horses
pass through on their way.)

In many Blentish versions, the Holy City of Avalon is 'Christianised' to the assonant Babylon (though in other versions it becomes Edinburgh or some other city). This use of the Wicked City is a rather extreme case of 'forgetfulness', since it obscures the whole point of the rhyme. Avalon, the capital of the old matriarchal Rhennish Empire, whose very name is a diminutive of Avala (see "Symbolism", TCA15) is a type of the Holy City, and as such, the Heart, Centre and Temple of the surrounding land. The Journey to Avalon is, therefore, maid's spiritual pilgrimage to the true Centre. Three score and ten, of course, is not a number picked at random,

* *The Rhennish Nursery Rhyme Book*
available from Lux Madriana at £1 post free



but is the symbolic length in folk-tradition of a human life (100 years is the older and profounder symbol, though less descriptive of the shorter human lifespan of the late Iron Age). Many of the critical junctures of life occur at the multiples of seven years: the attainment of reason, initiation, adulthood, the Grand Climacteric etc. 7 x 10



links human life to the historical cycle. The light of a candle is

a traditional image of a single human life. Thus the road to Avalon is the spiritual journey of a maid's earthly life; a life lived in themis, whose every activity, however apparently 'worldly' is related to the Centre, and whose reward is a coming-to-the-Centre. It is not, however, a reward won lightly, for she must exercise skill and speed in order to attain the Goal. This idea brings us to the final two lines. They are placed in brackets because they are used only when 'Avalon' is played as a game. The Rayin (queen) represents the human soul, and her horses are the various powers and tendencies of the soul which must be disciplined and harnessed in order to attain the Goal. Two players (they may or may not be children) choose the names of 'opposites' such as gold and silver, day and night, and then hold up their hands to form a gate. The other players form a 'crocodile' (the Rayin's entourage) in front of the gate, and the rhyme is recited as an exchange between them and the gates. At the end the gates open and they pass through, but the gates come down in an attempt to trap the last player. This is the "perilous passage" motif so common in the fairy tales - the need to pass through all the dualities and oppositions of the world in order to attain the Absolute - the One-ness which lies beyond them. The necessity of swiftness represents spiritual skill; if she is too slow, she will be destroyed, and even if she succeeds her tail may be docked by the gates (often the soul is represented by a hare or a bird). The rest of the game reinforces the concept of the conflict of opposites which creates the flux of

it belongs. When all the players have been caught there is a tug-of-war between the two sides, and sometimes the losers must run the gauntlet between the winners, who attempt to whip their legs with long grasses or thin sally (willow) switches as they pass through.

The riddle-rhyme:

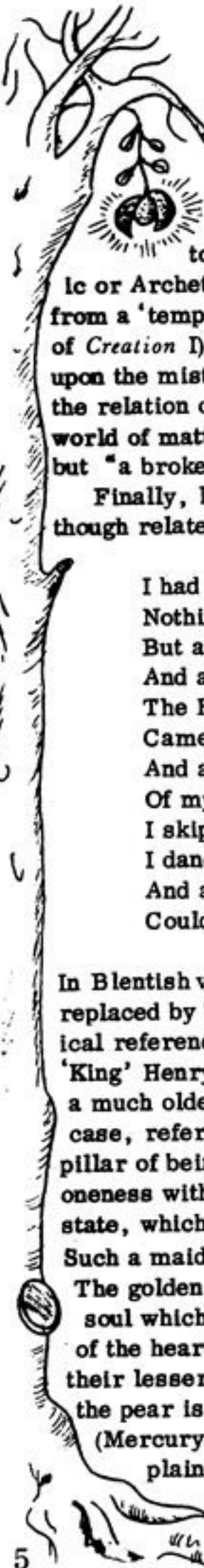
Old Mother Granya hath but one eye
And a long tail which she does let fly;
And every time she do jump through a gap
She leaveth a part of her tail in a trap.

refers obviously to the perilous passage motif. The answer, of course, is a needle, and it is connected also with the solar symbolism of sewing and the strivatē or thread-Spirit. The 'one eye', as well as its obvious reference, is the 'single eye' which sees only the One Spirit and not the pairs of opposites. Of similar import are such rhyme-games as "Thread My Grandam's Needle" and "Through the Needle-Eye", both of which have actions related to that of "Avalon".

A different type of game is the acting-game of which "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" is the best-known example. Here one player stands in the centre while the others form a ring around her. During the choruses they dance round her like the planets about the sun, while in each verse she chooses and leads the action (this is the way we clap our hands, sow the corn etc.). In some versions she is a bramble-bush, but both the bramble and the mulberry are sacred to the Goddess. In each case she represents the still Point at the centre of manifestation, the solar Spirit Herself, by Whom all the forms of manifestation are expressed in their perfect Essence and are reflected upon the rim of the wheel of



the material world and of the perilous passage: each child, as she is caught, must choose in whispers one of the two secret names, and, having chosen, lines up behind the gate to which



being, in the realm of movement and multiplicity. There are many rhyme-games of this sort. Strictly (because of the perfect "obedience" of the ring) this one represents not the relation of the hub to the rim of the wheel, but of the axle-point to the hub - that is to say, of God Herself to the Angelic or Archetypal realm of unfallen creation (or, from a 'temporal' standpoint, to the Silver Time of *Creation I*). Competitive versions which turn upon the mistakes made by the players represent the relation of the hub to the rim - the fallen world of matter, which mirrors the Spirit, yet is but "a broken and imperfect reflection" of Her.

Finally, let us consider a very different, though related, rhyme:

I had a little nut tree,
 Nothing would it bear
 But a silver nutmeg
 And a golden pear.
 The High Princess of Caire
 Came to visit me,
 And all for the sake
 Of my little nut tree.
 I skipped over the water,
 I danced over the sea,
 And all the birds of the air
 Couldn't catch me.

In Blentish versions the High Princess of Caire is replaced by The King of Spain's Daughter - a topical reference to the visit of Joanna of Castille to 'King' Henry VII in 1482 (1506 e.v.) grafted onto a much older rhyme. The tree, as is often the case, refers to the *Axis Mundi*, the central pillar of being, and the possession of it indicates oneness with the central or primordial human state, which is the goal of the Lesser Mysteries.

Such a maid is "in possession of her heart" (Symbolism, TCA 9). The golden and silver fruits are respectively the Spirit and the soul which meet in the heart (Symb. 10) and the two faculties of the heart: pure Intelligence and pure Love (as opposed to their lesser material reflections, reason and emotion), for the pear is ruled by Tethys (Venus) and the nutmeg by Metis (Mercury). The subtle interplay of these two 'cordials', explained in relation to the symbolism of wine and of the Chalice (TCA 14) is inherent in the specific fruits used, showing them to be far more than mere random choices, for the scent of the pear has



a certain airy, Metic quality (strongly apparent in pear-drops) as opposed to the more obvious choice, the apple, which is the Tethyc fruit *par excellence*. The scent of nutmeg, for its part, bears a resemblance to the highly Tethyc musk, as its name indicates (from nut + Old French *muge* = musk). That the tree will bear nothing else indicates the same singleness of purpose as Mother Granya's one eye. The realisation of the Primordial State places maid in a situation more central even than the great ritual Centres of the sacred world; thus the High Princess of Caire, the Holy City of matriarchal Abolrai (Atlantis), herself the ritual representative of primordial Centrality, makes pilgrimage to she who has actualised the true Centre within herself. The last two lines show her as a liberated soul, a mover-at-will. Her speed again represents spiritual skill; her dancing upon the water reflects specifically *Creation I, 2*. Walking on water appears frequently in the Scriptures, and has passed also into the writings of the Buddhists and Christians. It represents, among other things, the ability to cross at will between the hither and nether shores; between this world and the world beyond; between earth and Heaven, without need of the ritual 'bridges' used by the rest of (normal traditional) humanity.

Of course, the full doctrines which lie enfolded in the nursery rhymes are far too complicated for a young child to understand. As with the fairy tales, she begins by feeling only a sense of special magic about them. As she grows older, she is slowly led





THE DANGEROUS IDEA

"Women's liberation"—the ultimate stage of patriarchy

SINCE THE GODS of war and storm first replaced the image of the Queen of Heaven in the temples of the devastated matriarchal civilisations and the barbarians first ruled through violence and the crude philosophy of the sword, there have been changes. Patriarchy, like the old wolf, has grown hoary with cunning; over the centuries it has gained in subtlety what it has lost in vigour. While it still deals in brutality and terrorism, its primary weapons are ideas. The specifically modern ideas which now rule the world are born of patriarchy's old age; unlike many of the concepts of the older patriarchal traditions, which are the heritage, albeit distorted, of matriarchal wisdom, they are not other than masculist from

their inception, and, therefore, are wholly profane.

The essence of patriarchy is materialism, for patriarchy is a phenomenon typical of the Iron Age, which in the historical cycle is the furthestmost stage of the descent into matter. The symbol of the masculist principle, the arrow or cross of matter above the circle of Spirit, represents the materialist tendency; and the domination of men over maids in subversion of the natural order is its expression on the social plane. Masculist materialism is at the heart of the modern mentality; so all-pervasive that not only the status quo, but virtually every so-called "alternative" movement, from the socialist to the occult, is entirely dependent upon it and dominated by its notions, from evolutionism to democratism, from scientism to egalitarianism, from relativism to progressism. At one with these concepts, and, in a sense, representing the ultimate logical goal of masculism and of patriarchy itself, is the movement widely known as "feminism", or, yet more ironically, as "women's liberation".

It is not to be denied that the position of maids

deeper into the real source of this feeling - the inner mystery of the rhymes. Her childhood experience is not simply denied and written off as "childish" but confirmed, deepened and explained. This is a part of the bringing-up of all normal, traditional children, as opposed to the bringing-down which the abnormal modern society inflicts upon its offspring - the systematic denial of all that is deep and true in their natural perceptions until, when they finally come of age after years of perverse "education", they, quite literally, have not the sense they were born with.

SISTER ANGELINA

within patriarchal society is, and has always been, definitely constricting and limiting. With the masculine principle controlling the "outside world", the influence of the feminine principle was contained within the four walls of the so-called "woman's sphere" - the home. In part, this was a preservation by maids of a crucial aspect of matriarchal life, to which the household has always been central; in part an enclosing by men, a placing of maids "out of the world". Through the isolation of the home from the activities of the wider society, the inversion of traditional matriarchal relationships within the home, and the claustrophobic effect of a powerful force being held within a small area, domestic life under patriarchy has been far from ideal.

With the developments of late patriarchy, the influence of the feminine principle is further diminished. In other periods the home was a centre for productive activity and the practice of essential crafts - the living-place being also a workplace - and for instruction and entertainment. The advance of industrialism, itself a product of masculist materialism, has not only removed work from the home by the erection of factories, but has reduced all domestic labour to the level of drudgery (one has only to compare the wide range of skilled crafts and activities practised by a traditional country wife with the almost equally time-consuming but infinitely less satisfying daily round of the modern housewife). The destruction of the extended family and the growth of external education and entertainments (including television, which is a purely external incursion and inhibits interaction within the home rather than developing it) have further considerably narrowed

"woman's sphere", so that maid finds herself trapped within a circle which is being gradually emptied of all content and meaning.

The "women's liberation" movement is primarily a response to this situation. Inevitably, however, it mirrors the values of the late patriarchal society which gave it birth, seeking further to devalue and destroy the last refuge of the feminine principle as it has existed in "traditional" patriarchy, and to integrate maids into the "outside world", man's world. The environment which masculinist materialism has created for men is as — literally — soul-destroying as that into which it has forced maids; to "liberate" maids into that environment, whether as high-ranking executives or as faceless factory hands, is to enslave them more thoroughly than patriarchy has ever yet succeeded in doing.

One of the most frequent objections made by outsiders to the "women's liberation" movement is that "they want women to be just like men", and this, in fact, is the trend of late patriarchal society as a whole. Equalisation and standardisation are two of its most ardent fetishes; usually by means of the reduction of all to the level of the lowest. All the drab uniformity of the present era, the lack of dignity and grandeur, the sameness of mentality masquerading as a variety of "opinions", is a symptom of the continuing decline into materiality. The final phase of this descent would be a multiplicity of formless, faceless, colourless units: quantity (matter) without quality (Spirit). Just so, the most perfect expression of masculinism, the ultimate patriarchal take-over, is the transformation of maids into "men": the occupation (in the military sense) of the female body by the masculine principle.

The widespread adoption of the masculinist-materialist outlook by maids, for effective participation in "man's world" and the rejection of that which is traditionally (both in matri-

archy and in patriarchy) feminine, bring the world closer to the masculinist "ideal". Within the "women's liberation" movement the progress in this direction is most apparent, though it can be noticed virtually everywhere. But one does not find the highest elements which patriarchy assigns to the masculine character — courage, intelligence, loyalty, chivalry and the sense of honour, for example — being assiduously cultivated. In fact, at all times these are present in the best of maids, just as gentleness and compassion are found in the best of men. What is encountered among masculinised maids are the characteristics of the more debased patriarchal

men: coarse and slack habits, insensitivity, uninformed and selfish arrogance, a lack of emotional control, promiscuity and aggression. While these certainly found outside the "feminist" movement, and although by no means all "feminists" have such faults, there is a strong tendency for maids entering the movement to develop in this direction.

Maids who thus abandon inner control fall an easy prey to manipulation. They may become the puppet agents of some such masculinist force as communism, or, usually under the influence of trendy psychotherapy, display an absurd emot-

tionality and an immaturity of thought, speech and action which would have amazed and appalled the most oppressed of maids under earlier patriarchy. They create a veritable cult of "anger", a childish, and in any case largely artificial response to patriarchal society, apparently failing to realise that the answer to patriarchy is not anger, or any other emotional outburst, but truth. Unwittingly dominated by a peculiarly male viewpoint, they often regard themselves as primarily sexual beings, a body-obsession which no matriarchal maid could have understood. Here we see masculinism in its most insidious and most extreme form; for "feminism", far from being a revolt against patriarchy, is its greatest and ultimate triumph.

DONNA CHRYSOTHEMIS





The Cycle of the Seasons

IN AUTUMN, most of all the seasons, does the mind turn upon the passage of the seasons themselves. For in this mellow and reflective period, the great quarter-year Cycle of the Mysteries of Life passes into its latter part, and our thoughts are cast upon the matters of death, rebirth and all the turning wheels of life, which mirror the great Wheel of being itself, and among which the wheel of the year is one of the deepest and clearest reflections.

My mother told me as a child that if one could but live a single year to the full: wholly entering the Mysteries of each of the seasons; truly living and knowing the inner Truth of each Festival and fast; waxing and waning inwardly with the moon and feeling the companionship and influence of each of the seven great Geniae on the day of the week governed by her, then truly one would know all that is to be known. Truly one would die with our Lady on the final day of that year, and be reborn with Her in glory and perfection upon the Feast of the Resurrection which began the new year; freed by Her hand from the wheel of becoming.

In the earliest times, man did live in something very close to this complete oneness with the seasons; and it should not surprise us that one of the more prominent features of this latter end of the Iron Age is that she becomes ever more estranged from the year's rhythm. Time is not simply a quantitative measure of the rate at which physical things happen; it has also a qualitative dimension. The very movement of history from the Golden Age through the Ages of Silver and Bronze to the present Iron Age signifies the qualitative dimension of time. Different things are possible in the different Ages. In the first Age, a form of human life immeasurably nearer to Perfection than our own was a possibility. The 'weight' of physical matter upon the human soul (and, indeed, upon the manifest world as a whole) was far less. In the last Age, as physical matter hardens and consolidates to the ultimate degree, it is inevitable that a materialist "philosophy" should develop, and an infatuation with physical technology and its attendant science; and, indeed, that all the most inferior possibilities of the historical cycle be manifested before it

reach its final conclusion. It is equally necessary that the qualitative dimension of time should be forgotten; that the cycle of history be conceived as a straight line, and that this straight line be called by the ironic and unintentionally hilarious title of "progress".

Part of this same process is the replacement of the yearly cycle of feasts and fasts, each with its own unique meaning and character, by the monotonous thrum of the five- or six-day working week. From a living round of ritual and a theatre of sacred drama, time is straightened and narrowed into a flat, featureless strip, like a rail-track or a motorway, and, like them, is thought of as having no value in itself, being only a means to an end. Man himself is herded into cities and workplaces bearing no relation to anything in nature; controlled environments in which the seasons can pass as nearly unnoticed as possible. Even outside the cities the process is similar. Harvest time is traditionally the joyful crown of the year; the whole community takes part in the hard labour, the rituals and the rejoicing, as we have done for generations without number. Among the Blentren (non-Madrians), a man may watch a field of corn grow from shoot to golden grain throughout the course of a year; yet if she be away for a single afternoon she may return to find that the machines have come and gone, and she has missed the entire harvest.

Yet the events of the year are ultimately nothing more than the outward enactment of the great spiritual Cycle, of which every earthly time-cycle - from the great historical cycles measured in tens of thousands of years to a single day and night, or the inhalation and exhalation of a single breath - is but a

reflection.

I spoke at the beginning of this article about some of the thoughts which come to the mind in Autumn. This may seem hard for some to understand, but everyone who has lived the year's cycle in work and in devotion will know exactly what I mean. Certain moods, certain ideas, an entire attitude of thought and emotion colour the soul in each passing season, changing subtly as the season grows and dies, to return, a little deeper, a little fuller, a little more mature in the following year. For life is not simply a jumble of chance events, but a path leading us, if we will follow it, ever more deeply into the true Heart and Centre of all things.

And it is herein that we find the most fundamental answer to those who claim that modern developments represent a 'progress'. For what is the value of improving certain of the techniques of life (granting for a moment the questionable argument that they are improvements) if it be at the cost of neglecting and failing in life's ultimate purpose? For life is not merely a matter of comfort, survival or wealth; it is a divinely-ordained path, which, if we follow it truly, deepens and matures the soul with each passing seasonal cycle, so that a single life on this earth is a profound and fruitful cycle in the development of the being concerned.

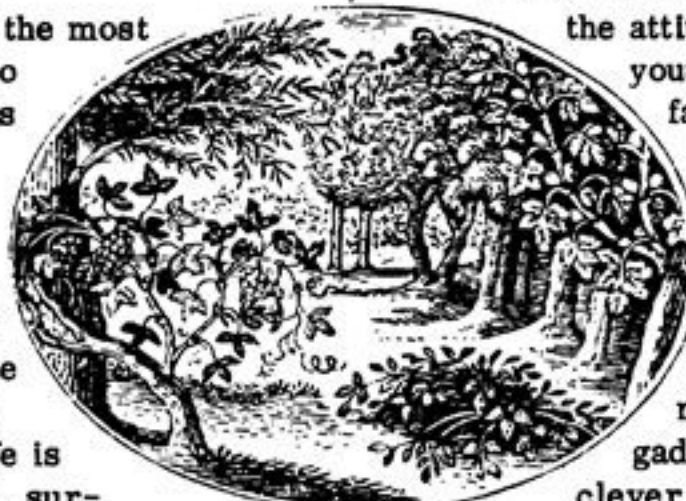
To see the difference between the value of a life in the traditional and modern worlds, we have only to look at what a person from each culture has at the end of her life - in old age. Among the Rhennes the old are respected, not only from custom, but because the passage through the the cycles of life, the sacred path of a traditional craft, and all the other aspects of tradition-

al life have developed in the elder a level of spiritual maturity greater than that of most of the other members of her community. In the modern world the old are 'finished'; they have no further part to play in the exclusively outward and material activities of their community. They are an embarrassment to all concerned, often hustled away into quasi-clinical institutions known, with the usual Blentish sense of irony, as 'homes'. The matriarchal elder has a wealth of stories, songs and cultural wisdom, as well as the wisdom of her craft; she is one of the community's spiritual wellsprings, for all her knowledge belongs to the eternal Cycle of Reality. The modern "senior citizen" has been left behind by the march of linear time. The songs, the stories, the attitudes and beliefs she learnt in her youth have now become laughably "old fashioned". They were nothing but the ephemeral trivia of a material society, and now they have been replaced by fresh trivia. Her craft, if she had one, has probably changed technically beyond recognition. When the traditional maid, confronted by the modern gadget-civilisation, replies, "all very clever, but what good does it do you in

the end?" her words apply with chilling precision not only to the destiny of the soul after death, but also to the latter years of this life itself.

For most modern people, their best hope is to die before they reach old age; and yet modern medicine, with its exclusively quantitative perspective, together with the materialist horror of death, conspire to keep the body alive even when the quality of the machine-maintained existence is less than that enjoyed by the invertebrates.

I do not wish to evade the problem or to make it seem more simple than it is. To harmonise one's life, thought and activity with the rhythm of the seasons is to turn one's





SPIRITUAL PARENTAGE

AND THE PRIMACY OF MATRIARCHY

THE REVIEW entitled "Idoloclasm" in the last issue of this magazine contained a brief but very interesting discussion of the patriarchal concept of "spiritual paternity". I propose to say a little more on this subject for two reasons: firstly because if we are to do any sort of justice to patriarchy we must look not at the crass ignorance of the last few centuries of "scientific" materialism, but at the genuine wisdom which characterised the earlier patriarchal eras at their best (while not forgetting, of course, that this wisdom represented a diminished and diminishing inheritance from the primordial mat-

riarchal tradition); secondly because the only evidence for the primacy of the matriarchal tradition which can be truly conclusive must be a metaphysical evidence rather than a merely historical one — and the respective doctrines of the two traditions concerning spiritual parentage supply one such evidence.

Let us digress for a moment to say that we are well aware that there are numerous historical and archaeological proofs that matriarchal religion and society existed for many thousands of years before the first patriarchal order came into being. We do not wish to deny the importance of this evidence, but only to remind readers that no set of facts relating purely to events in the material world can in themselves ever lead to an absolute Truth (which is why the modern world, whose 'philosophy' is based on the 'scientism' of facts and statistics, necessarily lacks all absolute values and meaning). In this particular instance, this is made abundantly clear by the productions of the various groups, sects and individuals currently writing on the subject of "matriarchy" on the basis of historical ev-

back upon the modern world, and — more importantly — to learn to see all things in their true light, as reflections of ultimate Reality, is utterly to reject the whole humanist/materialist thought-world of the last three hundred years. Yet we owe it as a debt of honour to ourselves and to our children, for it is the only way to live a whole, meaningful, and — in the only worthwhile sense of the word — human life.

SISTER ALETHEA

idence, but with no knowledge of metaphysical principles. The predictable result is that the evidence is wholly misinterpreted in the light of various modern fads, and the writers in question do not hesitate to project upon ancient matriarchal societies their own purely modern notions of democracy, equality, sexual freedom etc., or to interpret ancient religious symbols as images of "women's sexuality" or Jungian psychological notions or whatever other enthusiasms they may happen to espouse. Anyone with the least historical sense or with the smallest understanding of the traditional mentality cannot fail to see that such projections of present fashions upon the past are anachronistic to the point of being veritable howlers. Admittedly much of the evidence in question relates to the latest and most decadent matriarchates, but even so, ancient decadence must necessarily take forms different from those of the modern variety.

When, as sometimes happens, these sophomoric speculations are organised into a 'cult', it invariably takes the form of a hybrid of vulgar "women's liberation", modern "psychology" and the dark manifestations of inferior psychism which invariably rise to the surface when the safeguards of tradition are absent — in the cults in question, these are usually neo-witchcraft, spiritualism and the various occult dabblings of the "New-Age" movement. If these manifestations were genuinely representative of matriarchy, one would be compelled to admit that the great religious traditions of patriarchy were infinitely superior in every respect.

But, of course, they are not. If we wish to make a

fair comparison, we must measure matriarchy at its truest and best against patriarchy at its truest and best, leaving aside, on the one hand, the late matriarchal decadence and modern pseudo-matriarchal fantasies, and, on the other, the materialist ignorance of modern techno-bureaucratic scientism.

Having done this, we may begin by saying that since all patriarchal traditions — from Tao to Islam, from Plato to the Hindus, from Christ to the Red Indians are in agreement with the matriarchal tradition in declaring that — far from the modern notion of "progress" — human history is actually a process of degeneration from the first Golden Age, or Garden of Eden, of pure spirituality to the final Dark Age — the Latter Days, the Dharma-ending-age — this being so, the matriarchal traditions, being the more ancient and closer to the Primordial Tradition must necessarily be superior.

However, aside from this most fundamental observation, we may also show how, in many matters of detail, the matriarchal tradition is fuller, more complete and more coherent than the later patriarchal doctrines. This is especially true in matters concerning the relations of the sexes, in which the patriarchates have had to tamper most extensively with the primordial doctrine so as to make it fit in with the new social order.

As Dr. Coomaraswamy makes clear in the essay reviewed,* the concept of spiritual paternity is common to all authentic patriarchal cultures. Christian, Platonic, Hindu, Australian, American Indian and other parallels are cited to show that the doctrine that sexual intercourse does not *cause* childbirth, but only prepares the maid for the reception of the spirit-child is universal, that the Spirit alone is the true parent, and that one should, in Jesus's words, "call no man thy father". It is by virtue of the fact that she is "sunstruck" by the solar Spirit that maid is able to conceive.

Now it is accepted by all tradition that on the manifest plane there is a complementarity between maid and man; but, according to the doctrine of spiritual paternity, this complementarity finds no expression in the act of procreation. The act is purely a transaction between maid and the Spirit. And even when, as in the Hindu doctrine, the

man is the agent of the Spirit, the maid's role remains purely that of a container. She makes no actual contribution (it is for this reason that some patriarchal authors supposed that a male seed, kept in a warm, dark place and fed with menstrual blood would grow into a child!). There is in such a doctrine something incomplete, unrounded. It was not until the discovery, in the last century, of the female ovum that the true complementarity inherent in the act of procreation was re-established; but this was merely an establishment on the lowest and most insignificant level — a mere mechanical description without the smallest understanding of the inner meaning. It is, in a sense, the inverted parody of the wholeness and roundness of the primordial doctrine.

The primordial doctrine itself states the matter clearly and beautifully, displaying the perfect complementarity between maid and man on the plane of manifestation, with no distortion, nothing forced and nothing left out. Yes, maid is a mere container; she contributes nothing *physical* to the process,* but she contributes what every container contributes to a fluid substance — form. Form and matter, Essence and substance, are the two complementary poles of all manifestation. Maid is the regent and vicar upon earth of the solar Spirit, the Mother Who has created the Perfect Forms of all things (see Catechism 48). Man, representing the material or substantial pole of being, makes a contribution which is material, but, like prime matter before any form has been put upon it, it is translucent colourless and fluid. The marriage of maid and man is the union of Essence and substance, and the human child, half angel and half beast, is its manifest fruit (a virgin-born child has no material element. It is for this reason that a Hera who has reached Perfection, but who returns to earth from compas-

CONTD. P. 14

* Part of the beauty of this doctrine is that maid's contribution, being purely Essential, has no quantitative component, but comprises only the qualitative element of form. The function of the ovum, while true on a merely biological level, has no place in the symbolism, and is "hidden" for good reasons. Its "discovery" and popularisation reduce maid's role in the common mind to that of making another physical contribution. This is analogous to the masculinisation of maid through the modern trends of "liberation".

* Ananda Coomaraswamy: "Spiritual Paternity and the Puppet Complex"



THE COMING festival meaning

AUTUMN

Correspondence of the sacred and secular calendars for the season:

- Mala: Sept 5th - Oct 2nd
- Hathor: Oct 3rd - Oct 30th
- Samhain: Oct 31st - Nov 27th

Major Festivals

THE FEAST OF DIVINE LIFE: 17th Mala (Autumn Equinox (Sept 21st)).

SAMHAIN, The Feast of the Dead: 1st - 3rd Samhain (Oct 31st - Nov 2nd).

FESTIVAL OF ARTEMIS: 23rd Samhain (Nov 22nd).

Mysteries of Life

Autumn, in many respects, is the culmination of the year. Many of the earth's fruits, the cultivation of which, in the traditional world, has been the direct or indirect concern of the whole community throughout the year, come now to maturity. The corn harvest, for a traditional rural community, is the measure of the material 'success' or 'failure' of the year as a whole. And when the corn has been gathered in, nature, in her declining season, shows forth her richest and fullest bounty. After Spring's profusion of flower and blossom, and the luxuriant foliage of Summer, comes the ripe abundance of gourd and fruit, nut and berry — at one the most 'solid' and 'material' product and the culmination of the active process.

It is not by accident that Molra's Day, the last festival of Summer, is concerned with a review of the past year and the

making of resolutions for the year to come. Nor is it accidental (though it is misguided) that the patriarchal Celtic civilisation saw Autumn, rather than Spring as the end and beginning of the year. For in a sense the first day of Autumn is the beginning of the material year, just as Resurrection, the first day of Spring, is the beginning of the spiritual year: one is the mirror of the other, for they stand at diametrically opposite points on the circle of the year, each at the exact centre of of a great quarter-year ritual cycle; the Mysteries of Life Cycle and the Easter Cycle respectively.

The Mysteries of Life festivals are, above all, festivals of life and death and of all the cycles of existence. Autumn corresponds to the element of earth, at once the source of all nature and the grave of all that lives, thus reflecting God "from Whence all comes, whereto all must return". The materiality and consolidation of earth is connected with the end of the cycle of manifestation, as is the western point of the compass, the evening-time and Avala, the Western paradise of the Daughter, which also belong to the symbolism of the season.

DIVINE LIFE

This central festival of the Mysteries of Life Cycle celebrates the essence of life, the abundant outpouring of the Spirit, Who creates and sustains all that is. It is a festival devoted to the Divine Trinity, upon Whom all existence is entirely dependent; to the Mother, creator of all things in their pure and perfect Essen-



IG SEASON

gs & celebration



ces; to the Daughter, Whose sacrifice poured life anew into the fallen and dis-integrating world; and most especially to the Dark Mother, Absolute Deity, the unknown, unknowable Ground of all Being, Whose very nature is life itself.

The celebration of the festival includes the decoration of shrine and altar with the fruits of the season. The apple, representing the golden apples of Avala, the western paradise, is the central symbol of the feast. Apples, cyder and seedcake are the traditional festival foods.

SAMHAIN

The fire-festival of late Autumn is a festival of transformation, fire being the element of transformation and death the agent of the transformation of the soul's state of being. The fire also symbolises purgation and purification, which many souls experience during the process of change which begins with physical death.

Samhain is strictly a three-day festival, although the main celebration is usually on the first day. The souls of the dead are made expressly welcome at the Rite of the day, and offerings of "soul-cakes" or candles may be made in memory of friends and relatives for their aid and comfort.

The festival is celebrated with bonfires and fireworks, and with ritual games such as Duck-Apple and Snap-Apple. The apple, as symbol of eternal

life, is closely bound up with the meaning of the festival; baked and toffee-apples and cyder are seasonal foods, together with baked potatoes, parkin and popped corn.

FESTIVAL OF ARTEMIS

Our Lady Artemis is not only the Huntress, as depicted on this page and discussed elsewhere (p. 23), she is also the Mother of Ekklesia: of the body of souls united in Her worship and service. We remember that although in this age of the infidel Her servants are but a few, for the vast majority of the world's history and all over the globe every soul has been a part of Ekklesia; that we are sisters in Ekklesia with all the saints and heras that have passed from this world in perfection, and with the Geniae themselves; the radiant hierarchy of Heaven. Ekklesia, indeed is like a mighty army with banners, serried through time and space "in whose light the unbelievers are but a remnant of a remnant, and their world but a cobweb in the midst of a glittering palace".

Nativity Cards

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SYMBOLISM: The City and the Garden

IN THE PREVIOUS article in this series, we discussed the nature of the city, indicating its sacred significance as the Heart and Centre of the surrounding countryside and explaining the metaphysical reasons underlying the process by which the modern city has become the very inversion of all that an authentic traditional city must be. The very word 'metropolis', which today signifies the sprawling and inhuman power-centres of an utterly profane machine—"civilisation", means literally "mother-city", and is rooted in the matriarchal conception of the city as the representative of the solar Spirit, the Mother of All Things, within the surrounding country.

In Rhen folk-tradition, the false metropolis of the degenerate 'urbie' civilisation is typified by the last decadence of Caire, which was the capital of old Abolrai (Plato's Atlantis) and the matriarchal Western Empire; for in this city the matriarchal order became so decayed, the practice of the divine Law so wholly perverted and defiled that its ritual impurity finally became exteriorised in physical catastrophe: the drowning and submergence of the entire continent in the waters of the Atlantic. Rhen tradition refers to the city in its last decadence no longer as Caire, but as Babylon - a word which at once refers to the Wicked City of Chaldea and is taken as a corruption of Avalon, the capital of Rhenisraihir (the Rhennish Empire) itself. By extension the name Babylon is applied to every wicked city and to the whole "civilisation" of the modern world.

The word civilisation is placed in inverted com-

SPIRITUAL PARENTAGE from p. 11.

sion may be born of a virgin).

The fact of spiritual parentage is no less evident than in the patriarchal doctrine, for all form is of the one Mother of Whom every earthly mother is the reflection and agent. But marriage and the act of procreation are put in their true place. The complementarity of maid and man is made clear. No violence is done to the earthly process, but its metaphysical transparency is revealed. The harmony, wholeness and metaphysical self-evidence of this doctrine will, for those who have eyes to see, be a more meaningful proof of the primacy of matriarchy than all the historical and archæological facts in the world.

SISTER JULIA

mas here because, as we saw in our last issue, the city is a phenomenon which arises at a relatively late stage in the historical cycle. Like other innovations, such as the art of writing, it is a necessary response to the increasing "materiality" of the times, and, despite its imperfection, it is inherently sacred. A civilisation is a society held together by the centripetal force of the true city (*Civitas*) and actuated by all the correct "marital" relationships described in our previous exposition. Modern society, according to any authentic traditional usage of the word, cannot legitimately be called a civilisation; for while it is undoubtedly "urbie", it is, in the fullest sense of the term, uncivilised.

As we have previously observed, the countryside represents pure potentiality in relation to the city, which is the crystallisation of that potential into a particular "world"; this latter being a necessary "consolidation" of human life at a particular point in the historical cycle. Nevertheless, the beginning of the cycle is represented not by the countryside, but by a garden: the earthly paradise of Avala wherein the events of the *Creation* take place.*

Avala is enclosed by a circular wall (both 'paradise' and 'garden' mean literally 'enclosed' or wall-

* It should be understood that the earthly Avala is not identical with the eternal Avala, but a direct manifestation of it; and also that this (as well as the True Caire) appears only at the juncture of a full Cycle. A sub-cycle, such as that presently ending which constitutes some 50,000 years, is marked by more or less direct reflections of these manifestations. It must also be noted that the events of the *Creation*, while reflected in the earthly cycles, transcend even the greatest of them.

ed"), which is closely related to the hub of the wheel of manifestation, while the World-Tree at its centre is the axle-point, being the very world-axis itself (see "Symbolism", TCA 8 and 9). It is from this principal Point that all the ramifications of this world-system proceed. The garden contains all that is in nature, but in a state of formal perfection, even as the hub of the cosmic Wheel is the realm of the Archetypes or Perfect Forms, of which all physical things are but reflections. It is, therefore, significant that maid was excluded from the garden only after her actions had brought about the end of the Silver Time, in which all things existed as unfallen Archetypes. From the Fountain of Life at the foot of the Tree flow four rivers; one in each of the cardinal directions, signifying the extension of the Essential Forms into the world of matter.

Avalon, as we have noted, is the "masculine" form of Avala — the gender denoting both a diminution and a materialisation: both of which, of course, are necessary for the earthly reflection of a heavenly Reality. What is

interesting is that in the earthly reflection the garden is a city. This, of course, reflects the materialisation inherent in the downward movement of the historical cycle. The vegetable symbolism of the garden is consolidated into the mineral symbolism of the city (the transformation takes place not immediately, but by stages — the point at which maid moved from building cities of wood to those of stone was a crucial point in the movement of consolidation). That Babylon represents at once the historical corruption of Caire and the verbal corruption of Avalon is by no means a coincidence or a confusion; it reflects on one level the fact that Rhennisraihir the last great matriarchal Empire was the successor to the Western Empire of Abolrai, and that Avalon was, therefore, the "heir of Caire". On a profounder and more universal level, it signifies the understanding that every true *civitas* is an earthly reflection of one and the same Celestial City. The name Caire itself imp-

lies at once a mountain and a wall or fortification, both of which belong, of course, to Avala.

It has been stated that Avala stands at the beginning of the historical cycle, at which time it was in fact manifested on this earth; but it must be understood that earthly conditions at the beginning of the cycle were very different from those now prevailing at its end, being at the furthest possible remove from the hyper-material cosmos of the rump of the Iron Age. Even so, the manifestation took place at the intersection of earth and the celestial regions, the Mountain of Avala (Caravalas) being said to rise into the sphere of the moon, the First Heaven. This is one of the significances of the silver colour of the prelapsarian world; and God's assumption of the form

of the moon as She became more distant (*Creation*, III 8) indicates maid's removal from and loss of access to the first heaven (the movement of God like that of the sun being merely an illusion occasioned by the real movement of maid or of the earth). In view of this it may seem strange that the symbolism connected with Avala — Autumn, evening, the far West, the sunset — clearly relates



to the end of the cycle. This might be explicable if the end of the cycle were to see the restoration of Avala to the earth; but what is indicated for the end is in fact the descent of the Celestial City, "True Caire" or "True Avalon". The City, of course, occupies the same "space" as Avala, since the Temple/Palace at its centre is precisely the same Axial Point as the Tree at the centre of Avala; but its boundary is square rather than round and its symbolism mineral rather than vegetable. This, the true "squaring of the circle", represents the ultimate consolidation of the tendencies of the present cycle — yet they are transmuted by the intervention of a transcendent principle (this could not be otherwise, since the logical development of the modern world could only end in utter disintegration) as is made clear by the fact that the minerals of the celestial city are precious stones and metals — "consolidated light".

The manifestation of the True Caire at once completes and transfigures the pro-

The Huntress & the Bride

THE SACRED HUNT, discussed elsewhere in this issue (p. 23) forms the central theme of many traditional tales. Sometimes it is depicted as an actual hunt, more often it takes other forms.

One of the second type is "The Brown Bull of Norway". The interplay between the two "mirrored" hunts of the Spirit for the soul and of the soul for the Spirit is indicated from the beginning. It is the soul (the bull) who comes to seek the Spirit (the maid), and yet he is confused by the distractions of the contingent plane (her sisters). It is only she, however, who can see through the accidents of his outward appearance into the beauty of his inner being. In other versions the bull shows greater discrimination, rejecting the other sisters in favour of Golden. Since his animal nature is the result of his fallen condition — his separateness from Spirit — his reunion with Her is the cause of his partial return to the human state (which is the goal of the lesser Mysteries). But this reunion is by no means the final consummation, but only the glimpse of Truth afforded by a preliminary initiation. Therefore the return to the human state remains strictly limited.

The hunt, like the deadly arrows used in it, has an ambiguous significance, being at once benevolent and destructive. When the human hunter is divorced from obedience to the transcendent Principle or Her

cess of cosmic materialisation, crystallising within it all the tendencies of the cycle which become the seeds of the new cycle. It is here that the relationship between the City and the Garden is made most clear, for the "squaring of the circle" is the "moment" at which time stands still before the renewal of the cycle; and the True Caire of the old cycle is the earthly Avala of the new Golden Age, depending upon which "side" it is viewed from. As the new Age dawns, all things are reversed; "the East becomes West and the West becomes East" precisely because they are viewed from "the other side". It is for this reason that Avala is said to be situated west of (i.e. on the other side of) the sunset, and it is for this reason also that the sunset is gold.

representatives (when the male principle operates apart from the female), the potential for tyranny and for aggression which lies dormant in the male under normal circumstances becomes actualised. The bull's initial terrorisation of the village represents this "patriarchal" aberration (but although it may be manifested in terms of political patriarchy — since the microcosm of the soul and the macrocosm of the world reflect each other at every level — it must not be forgotten that it is primarily a spiritual deviation which constitutes a danger upon the inner path of every soul). However, the image of the maid riding the bull indicates the correction of this imbalance and the restoration of legitimate hierarchical relationships; for this image is a pictorial equivalent of the symbol of Tethys, or the planet Venus (♀), in which the circle (the female, spiritual principle) surmounts and governs the cross (the male, material principle). Such icons as that later called Europa by the patriarchal Greeks, as well as such phenomena as the sport of bull-leaping in matriarchal Crete, can only be fully understood in the light of this symbolism. The symbol of the bull itself contains opposing potentialities (graphically represented in the two horns), since, while it is eminently a masculine symbol, the zodiacal sign of the bull is governed by Venus, which symbolises not only the feminine principle but the matriarchal order. In this respect, the bull is similar to the snake or dragon, which also has a dual good/evil nature, as represented by the two opposing snakes of the caduceus of Metis. The snake/dragon, of course, also figures as a skin-shedding man-beast husband in such stories as "The Bride and the Lindorm" (see "Tales from Eternity," TCA10) as well as in the Wedding Rite itself and in the traditional wedding dance-drama of the dragon and the Sun-Maiden.

We have spoken of Golden so far as though she were the Spirit pure and simple, which, on one level, and especially from the male viewpoint, she is. But the above reference to the Wedding Rite leads to the consideration of Golden, like every earthly bride, as the mere representative and vicar of God within a

certain sphere. Objectively, by virtue of her function, she is the Spirit; but subjectively she remains imperfect, having her own spiritual development to attend to — and indeed, her very function as representative of the perfection of the Spirit represents a part of her spiritual path to that perfection. From another point of view, she may be seen as an earthly descent (yerthing) of the supernal Huntress, stripped of Her transcendent power and glory, and "objectively" human while subjectively remaining one with the Spirit even while pursuing Her.

Both these perspectives are contained in her use of the lightning-bolt, which, as we have seen elsewhere (p 23) is one with the arrow of Dyauma. She does not discharge it herself, but calls it down from the heavens. It is hers by right, either in virtue of her sacred function as wife or spiritual mistress, or because she is the Princess in earthly "exile", depending upon the point of view adopted (it should be noted that this certainly does not necessarily apply to any external event, but, at its profoundest level, is an inner drama concerning the self-conquest of the soul).

The bolt, like the love-arrow, destroys the false self, the earthbound ego (the bull-skin), in order that the true Self may shine through; thus returning the soul to the truly human state. This, however, can only take place if the soul fully understands the benevolent nature of the death-blow and willingly submits to it. Such does not happen in the case of the bull-man, who flees from his mistress.

The hunt is now fully reversed from the hunt of the soul for the Spirit to that of the Spirit for the soul; yet, since the Spirit acts in this version through Her representative/yerthing, the latter must be given help from the Spirit Herself. In some versions she simply appears as an old maiden; in this case, the wind, moon

and sun, taking their normal symbolic values as different aspects of the Spirit, of which the sun is the highest, represent an ascent through three stages of initiation. The shoes bestowed upon Golden are a variant of the seven-league-boots motif, the speed which they confer, of course, signifying spiritual skill.

Since we are confining our attention to those aspects of the story directly or indirectly related to the theme of the hunt, we must leave aside the significance of the glass mountain and of the three

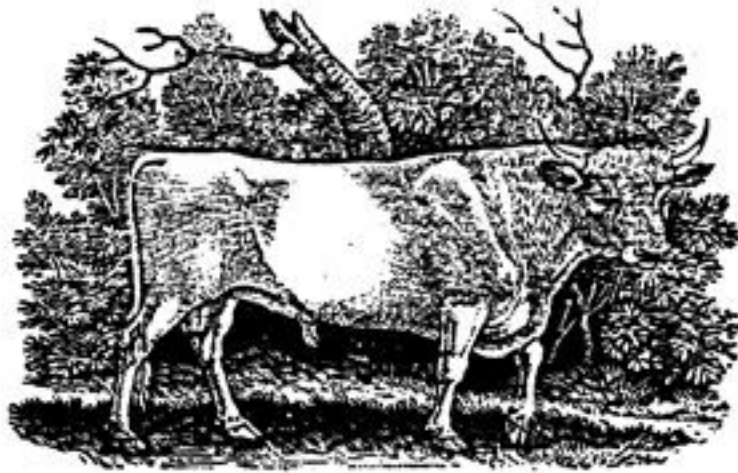
treasures, as, indeed, we have ignored very much else that is of importance to the story. Let us, therefore, turn directly to the end of the hunt and note that it consists not in the striking of a further blow, but in the re-minding of the quarry. He has plunged himself back into the illusory world of matter, and, indeed, is about to undergo a marriage to Maia, the governing principle of this world. She is represented as a witch, a queen, or both, for she is at once the supreme enchantress or illusionist and "the princess of this world". The re-minding corresponds to the fact that the Truth is known to every soul, but that all have wilfully fled from it. Enlightenment is not a learning but an "unforgetting". Alethea,

truth, means literally "non-forgetfulness." The task of the divine shaft or bolt is precisely the destruction of ignorance.* This, indeed, is the most essent-

* The fate of the Witch-Queen is precisely this destruction, for the Latin-English word 'matter', like its Greek equivalent *hyle*, means literally 'wood'. Thus she reverts to her true form as simple matter. Since traditional philosophy teaches that fire lies latent in wood as a potential, and since fire is a form of the Spirit, the burning of the faggot depicts the dissolution of the illusion of matter into its true Nature, which is not other than the Spirit Herself.



THE RE-MINDING
OF THE SOUL



The Brown Bull of Norrøway

ONCE UPON A TIME, when the starflowers of heaven grew in sheets across the plains and apples whose flesh was sweeter than wine bowed down the trees to the very ground, three

princesses lived in peace and harmony in a gentle valley where the sun ever shone, even through falling rain, blessing the earth with fruitfulness. They were sisters, and their names were Jewelbright, Silver and Golden. All of them were beautiful and true and generous but Golden, the youngest, was the warmest hearted and best beloved of the three. Tall and radiant, straight of limb and sharp of eye, she was ever victrix in the village games, yet there was no pride in her, and her loving heart hindered all jealousy.

One day, one fair spring day, when the scent of the may hung upon the still air, a wild and fierce bull came down out of the North. He stamped and he bellowed until the earth shook and the villagers came running from every which-way, all wondering at the bull, for not such a one had been seen within long memory. There were some that admired him and many that feared him, but not one that was not mazed and dismayed when it appeared that he was seeking a princess for a bride and would wander the fields in his fierceness until he were taken in. Nor could he be driven away by force, being hedged about with enchantments and menacing all who came near with his mighty horns besides.

The whole village thought the bull's demand out of all reason; but that was at first, and at last his roarings and rampagings wearied them all. By day they could not work the fields, for he gave them no peace, and by night all must stay within for fear of the bull without. Thus the elder maids of the village besought the princesses to take in the beast for the sake of them all.

Jewelbright looked at his massive bulk and laugh-
lial meaning of the yerthing of Dyana — the Huntress hunting Herself (p.23); for no soul is in truth other than the Spirit, and the quest of the soul is ultimately no more (and no less) than unforgetting; the destruction of ignorance and the illusion of matter, that she may become what She already is.

hed. "No I will not," she said. "What a piece of nonsense, a maid to marry a great ugly bull. Do not ask me."

Silver looked at his terrible horns and shrank back in dread. "No I will not," she said, "for he is a fearful beast and I could not endure to marry him. Do not ask me."

Golden looked into his eyes, and he seemed to her neither ugly nor frightening. She placed her hands upon his horns, gazing into his wild, sad face. "Why do you seek a bride here, Bull of the North?" she asked. "Gentle maiden," he answered, "I am the Brown Bull of Norrøway, doomed to wander the country by day, and by night having no place to lay my head. I am lonely and weary and long for a home." "If you find no bride here, Brown Bull of Norrøway, where will you go?" "I will go nowhere, gentle maiden, for I have nowhere to go." His unhappiness moved Golden to tenderness and, putting her arms around his mighty neck, she said, "Be of good heart, my bull, for I will marry you and bring you into my home."

The bull knelt that the princess might mount him, and, sitting upon his back, she guided him to her house. There they were married with the sacred bond of union and he entered the circle of her household. The villagers brought garlands of flowers in thankfulness and in tribute to Golden's courage and her kindness, but her sisters said to her as they departed: "You cannot but regret this, sister, and we shall weep for you."

The bull, who had been as gentle as a newborn calf since first Golden embraced him, looked upon her sadly and asked, "Do you feel regret, my mistress?" Golden smiled, and, answering "I regret nothing I have done, husband", bent to kiss him. Even as she did so, the bull's skin fell to the floor and a handsome noble young man stood where the bull had been before. The princess's delight was

agalled only by her puzzlement, and she said, "But where is the bull?" "I am the bull" answered the stranger, "and you have released me from my enchantment." As Golden looked down at the bullskin, it all at once seemed hateful to her and she made as if to burn it, but her husband pleaded, "Do not harm it, for still I am destined to wear it each day to roam the fields and wild places, and can only be a man when I am here with you at night-time. Destroy it and you destroy me." And she heeded his words.

For many months Golden lived in undiminished joyfulness, for although the bull went out at dawn and returned weary from his wanderings at dusk, the man that he became seemed to her all that a maid could desire in a husband. As the days passed, their love for one another grew and bound them ever closer together.

Golden's heart was touched, therefore, when one day she found her husband weeping in secret and he told her how much it hurt him every day to leave her and spend so many hours as a wild and dangerous beast. So moved was she by his distress that she gazed in anger at the bullskin and cried: "Vile thing! I would that you were burnt to ashes!" At once a lightning bolt tore down from the sky, breaking through the roof, and a cry of pain came from her husband. When the light of the flash had ceased to blind her eyes she saw that the skin was charred to cinders and her husband was gone.

Refusing to believe that her husband was lost to her for always, the princess took her travelling cloak and staff and went out in pursuit of him, to follow wherever he had gone. As she left the valley, the mountain wind blew around her and she said to the wind: "Where is my husband, the Brown Bull of Norrøway?" The wind answered her: "You must seek him across the sea of ice," and would say no more, but when the princess asked "Can you help me?" she gave her a pair

of enchanted shoes which would carry her a league for every step and a plum which she was to break open only when all seemed lost.

So she went on until the night fell and the moon shone about her. She asked the moon: "Where is my husband, the Brown Bull of Norrøway?" The moon answered softly: "You must seek him at the top of the glass mountain beyond the sea of ice," and would say no more, but when the princess asked "Can you help me?" she gave her a pair of shoes which would carry

her seven leagues for every step and a pear which she was to open only when hope was at its dimmest.

So she went on until day dawned and the sun shone upon her. She asked the sun: "Where is my husband, the Brown Bull of Norrøway?" The sun showed her by her light the sea of ice and the mountain of glass, and they were far distant yet within reach. And when she asked: "Can you help me?" the sun gave her a pair of enchanted shoes which would enable her to cross the sea of ice and climb the glass mountain, and an apple which she was to break open only when her trouble was beyond all help.

A long and wearying journey she had of it and before she had well reached the summit of the glass mountain she was tired and faint and bedraggled, but she restrained her hand from breaking the fruits for fear of worse difficulties to come. Footsore she was from the travelling and heartsore from the loneliness, and it was often enough that she thought of the village behind her, but not so often as she thought of the Brown Bull of Norrøway. At long and at last she found herself at the edge of a great city at the very top of the mountain, wherein all seemed busy beyond all telling and occupied with who knew what. No one of them was there that took the smallest notice of the ragged princess, save only one maid who was sorry for her and took her into her house. "Shame it is that your clothes be so ruined, child," she said, "for tomorrow is a festival. Our queen is marrying a young strang-



er and there will be great rejoicing." Even as she spoke there was the sound of trumpets in the street, for the royal procession was passing by. And, seeing the flower-crowned prince-to-be in a royal chariot, Golden recognised her very own husband. As he passed, his eyes rested for a moment upon her and a puzzled expression crossed his face; yet it was clear that he did not know who she was. The princess was filled with a great sadness at his forgetting her, and was near to regretting her long and wearisome journey, but remembrance of the three enchanted gifts filled her with hope.

She broke open the plum given her by the wind, and within was a wonderful robe woven of gentle summer breezes and trimmed with soft birds' feathers. She put on the robe and went to the palace. The queen of the city saw her in the courtyard and was filled with a yearning desire for the robe, wishing to have it for her bridal gown. But the only price which Golden would accept in return for it was a promise that she should that very night be allowed to stay alone with the queen's future husband in his chamber. The queen, since she must have the robe, must agree, but she gave the young man a sleeping draught so that he would not waken.

Golden, all unsuspecting, entered the chamber of her sleeping husband in hope and eagerness. She sat down beside him and tried to wake him, singing:

Brown Bull of Norroway,
Long have I sought for thee;
Brown Bull of Norroway,
Wake and return to me.

But on he slept, and all attempts to rouse him were in vain and when at dawn she was compelled to leave, her heart had been cold with despair had she not the two fruits to give her hope.

She broke open the pear which the moon had given her and within was a robe more beautiful than the first, woven of silver moonbeams and trimmed with mother-of-pearl. All happened as before, and the queen delayed her wedding to the morrow in desire for the robe and gave the princess's husband a sleeping draught in his drink. So Golden once more was cast down with sorrow.

It seemed that the third night she would fare no better than the first and second, yet Golden broke open the apple given her by the sun, and within was the most beautiful of all

the robes, woven of radiant sunbeams and trimmed with glittering gold. All went forward as before, but this time the queen's wicked trickery was thwarted. For the husband's manservant had overheard the princess's singing and told his master of the strange and beautiful maiden. In curiosity to see her, he poured away the drugged drink and pretended to sleep as before. When Golden sang again:

Brown Bull of Norroway,
Long have I sought for thee;
Brown Bull of Norroway,
Wake and return to me.

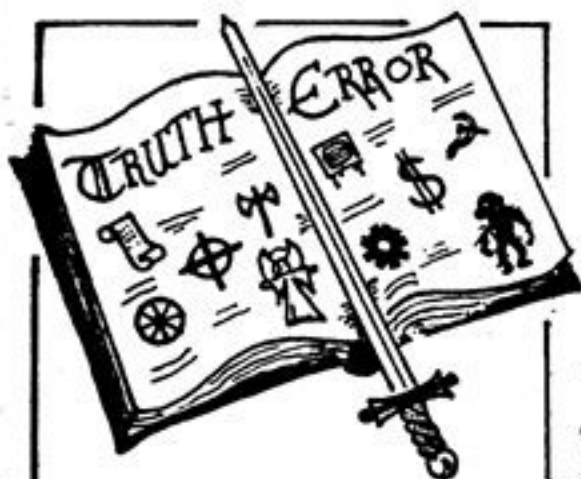
it was as though a veil was lifted from his eyes and his mind, and he knew her. As they embraced, with a delight and a love they had never felt before, the husband said: "My wife and my mistress, I do not know how I could have thought to marry another. But I fear the queen of this place, for she is clever and jealous and most mighty, and she will by no means allow me to leave." "Have no fear," Golden answered, "for I am with you."

Even as they left the chamber hand in hand, the queen appeared, and her anger seemed fit to shake the city to its roots. She would keep them as slaves, she said, and there was nothing she would not do to them if she were to be believed. But Golden was unafraid and stood firm, her husband beside her, and when she looked the raging queen directly in the eyes, there was nothing to be seen but a bundle of sticks. Golden picked up the bundle which had been the queen and threw it into the fire, where it turned at once to a pillar of bright flame, and was gone; and as it vanished, so vanished the whole of that bustling city atop the glass mountain.

So it was that the princess returned with her husband to the valley of her birth, and the lonely wanderings of the Brown Bull of Norroway were ended forever. For more years than I know how to count they lived in peace and happiness in the valley, and if they are not gone, why, they must be there still.

CALENDARS

FULL 13-month calendars for this year are still available at £1 post free. Half-calendars running from Autumn until next spring may be bought at 75p. For £1.50 we will send this year's full calendar now and next year's at New Year.



BOOK REVIEWS

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS . . .

The Mistaken Body

Jeanette Kupferman, Robson Books, £5.25

THIS IS A bleak book. It is bleak because it faces the modern world honestly, yet without any understanding of the Truth which might cure it. It is pervaded not only with a sense that "something is rotten in the state of the world" but with a fair judgement — at least in part — of *what* is rotten.

Addressing various problems which confront maids in the modern world — ranging from depression to the mechanisation of childbirth — the author realises that we cannot regard modern conditions as normal; that we must compare them to those of integral traditional societies where depression scarcely exists and where both maid and man have their place in the scheme of things. She is able to criticise the poverty of the modern pseudo-spiritual feminist cults with their body-centred emphasis on sex, menstruation etc. She is able to diagnose the disease of the profane world as a symbolic and spiritual bankruptcy:

"We are impoverished by our lack of ritual, but we cannot create it artificially... everything from 'bat-mitzvahs' to 'witches' covens' have been suggested to fill the ritual gap. But bits and pieces of ritual... like the remnants of occult practices and oriental religions that filter through into our society, can never provide for the same integration of the individual into the world as does a total systemic religion".

Yet she does not appear to hold such a religion herself, nor seriously to suggest that anyone else should.

She points out continually that modern society is at a loss in the face of old age and death (and, indeed, of all the major transitions of life) because of its this-world-only totalitarianism — an organised stupidity which paralyses maid in the face of death and forces a cruel sense of redundancy upon the old. Similarly:

"birth... like its opposite, death, suffers from a lack of religious or ideological framework. It has become almost impossible for a woman to make sense of it as an experience without this overarching framework, so she has latched onto bits and pieces from everywhere, clutching at psycho-

sexual theory here, Leboyer there and body awareness somewhere else, and finally her surrender to the needle and the knife. New symbols have been found, but because we live in a fragmented society (a plural society) they are doomed to failure".

Yet no solution is offered. And on "sexual equality":

"The women's movement has tried to persuade women to come on over into the mainstream technological culture. The family, for example, traditionally always provided the greatest bulwark against an overly institutionalised, bureaucratised world — women are now being persuaded that institutionalised 'day care nurseries' must take over from the family, as must the 'real' work of the factory from the 'unreal' work of the home. When women become technocrats, then we are surely doomed!"

Well said. But what is the alternative? It would be "retrograde", we are told, to oppose technology (note how the myth of "progress" never fails to paralyse its victims); so woman must remain the 'eternal outsider', a mere 'marginal' on the fringes of male society. These are her words. The best to be hoped for is that woman shall hold her ground and continue for a while as a diminishing oasis of sanity in the ever more spirit-less and inhuman male world of nuts, bolts, bombs and computer-tape. It is a bleak book, for no real solutions can be offered. The dreary, dis-spiriting world-view of late patriarchy is criticised but it cannot be rejected. Without the Truth, there is no solution. The author does not have the Truth, but at least she faces the facts. Yet in a strange way, the book is a testimony to the Truth; for it depicts a tortured world, a scarred and wounded world, a world rent apart by a gaping emptiness: an emptiness shaped like the Truth.

...Unquestionable Answers

Ancient Beliefs and Modern Superstitions

Martin Lings, Unwin Paperbacks, £1.95

IN AN AGE when everyone is entitled to "her own opinion" on all religious and philosophic matters (but not, of course, on matters of "scientific fact", because they are "real"), it is inevitable that there should be a flood of books making out a case for every conceivable notion, however absurd it may be. This is the logical corollary of the "scientific" mentality. If there is no absolute knowledge, no true philosophic criterion for judging any given hypothesis — if all that is necessary in order to "prove" a theory is to amass factual evidence, then we will find — since the same facts can lend themselves to innumerable hypotheses — that every variety of notion will be held proven by larger or smaller groups. We will have Evolution, the Hollow Earth theory, Freudianism, Scientology, Marxism, British-Israelism, Democracy, Progress, and the belief that Jesus was a mushroom. The difference between Darwin and von Däniken is one of degree rather than of kind. The human form came from monkeys; human culture came from little green aliens. Both notions are based upon evidence; evidence which has repeatedly been shown to be false or misinterpreted. Refutation has never had the smallest effect upon believers. The only reason why one is believed widely and the other is not is that one satisfies the emotional and ideological needs of a certain type of materialist civilisation while the other satisfies those of only a handful of cranks within that civilisation.

Anyone who reads many modern books upon the deeper issues of life will inevitably end up with a headful of assorted notions, often mutually contradictory, picked up like goods in a supermarket. After this process has gone on for some time, she will often be quite incapable of receiving any definitive truths, being lost in a wash of relativistic "opinion". It is for this reason that public libraries can often be a public menace.

Under these circumstances, it is refreshing to see a book issued by a popular publisher which re-

jects all empirical speculations and puts the modern world and all its notions under scrutiny in the light of the metaphysical wisdom common to every traditional civilisation, matriarchal or patriarchal, up until the aberrations of the last five hundred years. Numerous modern superstitions are examined, from evolutionism and the myth of progress to the childish obsession with such "achievements" as space-flight, and the illusory belief that they can bring any worthwhile knowledge of the real nature of the cosmos. As the author writes:

"If it be reality that is wanted — and realism is supposed to be one of the 'ideals' of our times — let it be admitted that the space rockets rise from a world which is in fact starved of upward movement upon all higher planes, a world dominated by an outlook which is in many respects abysmal and at the best utterly flat."

The decline of the human intellect is carefully traced through an examination of the 'development' of languages — a subject in which the author is something of a specialist — showing how the bulk of humanity has now arrived at a condition so puerile that a system of mere physical observations and applications can usurp the unqualified title of "science".

This book, however, is not like the one reviewed above. It does not merely depict the abject state of the modern world without fully understanding it nor knowing what its antidote might be. The author does not merely compare the modern aberration with integral traditional forms of society which "somehow seem to work better", but lays bare its ignorance in the face of the pure intellectuality of traditional doctrine. In truth it is the technocrats who are unenlightened savages; it is our ancestors who — however degenerate the later patriarchal ages may have become — still possessed a wisdom infinitely superior to that of modern industrial-materialist "civilisation". Most certainly there is a solution to the crisis; but it is one which must necessarily be "retrograde" to a degree which Mistress Kupferman could scarcely begin to contemplate. As a first-rate anti-toxin, this book is highly recommended.



the huntress

IN THE EVERYDAY language of the British matriarchal communities, Our Lady Artemis is known by a variety of different names, depending upon which region is in question, ranging from Jayas to Dyana or Diana (the latter, although following the modern English spelling, is always pronounced Dee-anna, or Janna); yet however different they may appear, they are all forms of a single word - the most fundamental word in the western language-group. It is a form of what, in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, all Celtic and most modern European languages is the primary designation of God. The word 'Goddess' is also unknown in Rhennish, for God is known always as Dea, Diu or Diw. As the essence of light and supporter of existence, She has given us the words for 'day' in the western family of languages (tag, jour, dies, diugh, day, etc.).

In later patriarchal versions, the "modified" form of the Name (the form which designates a god, rather than God) has always been associated with lightning (Jupiter, Dyaus-pitri, Zeus etc.); while, in the original matriarchal form, Dyana has always carried a bow and discharged arrows which are closely related to lightning-bolts. Lightning, which streaks from Heaven to earth, is the "messenger of God", yet it is eminently an instrument of destruction; for the divine (Diw-ine) message is that the "self" - the illusion that 'I' exist in distinction from God - must be annihilated.

Dyana the Huntress is the Spirit tirelessly pursuing the soul. Her arrows are shafts of love which will slay her in order to make her one with Her. The divine Archer and Huntress has a mirror-image in the perfect human archer and huntress*; the archer of the "single eye" and of unerring "straightness" ("The Symbolism of Archery", TCA 13) - the soul who makes direct flight into the Heart of the Spirit. Every earthly hunt** (in a traditional civilisation) is a conscious expression of the hunt of soul for Spirit. Yet, since our very existence is dependent upon Dea, this hunt can only ever be a reflection of the Divine Hunt. Expressed exoterically we say "I can seek God only because She has given me the grace to seek Her". Expressed esoterically, we may say that since God is the one true Self, She, in every hunt, is in truth seeking Herself; for the huntress

and the quarry are one. This is made clear in the stories of the human manifestations (yerthings) of Dyana, in which She becomes the perfect human archer in order to seek Herself as well as to lead other human creatures upon her path. Ultimately the two activities are one and the same, for all creation is but the 'play' of God, Who has "laughed all the world into being".

This perspective is a little difficult for us fully to grasp - nor is there any real need that we should do so. All that we need fully realise is that the divine 'game' is a game of love; that our Lady wants only to find us, to save us and to take us to Her Heart. As an old prayer says: "Of mine own self I can accomplish nothing, only so far as You are acting through me". She must hunt for us in order that we may hunt for Her; yet we must hunt for Her in order that She may find us.

* The term 'bull's eye' for an archery target reflects this duality. The significance of "hitting the bull" with the arrow/bolt is made clear in the commentary on p. 16. The single eye is the mark of the archer, and also of the solar nature of Primordial Maid. The bull aimed at is thus also a hunter/archer as well as a reminiscence of the fact that the true Target is the sun (see "The Symbolism of Archery", TCA 13).

** The word 'hunt' is related to both 'hint' and 'hit'. 'Hint' is an idea closely related to 'clue': a 'thread' leading back to the Source Herself (the chapters of the scriptural Teachings of the Daughter are called 'clews'). The significance of 'hitting' is related to the symbolism of archery (TCA 13).