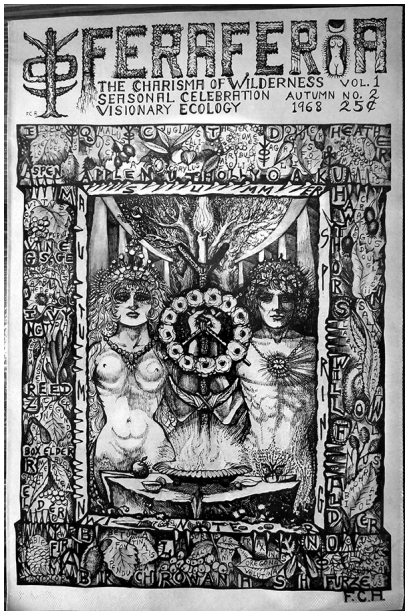
FERAFERIA
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The Wild Resplendent Queen of Legendary California,

Being The Ancient and Sacred Tree Alphabet Calendar presented in THE WHITE GODDESS, by Robert Graves, freely adapted by Frederick Adams, for HUMANE NATURAL BEINGS TO LOVE AND SERVE THE WILDERNESS FAERIELANDS IN THE FAR WEST OF THE GREAT TURTLE ISLAND.

EVOE KORE!!!!

VOWEL SEASON I: A AILM (Pr. "Ahlev" in Old Irish).
SACRED TREE: SILVER or WHITE FIR, and PALM. In The Realm of CALIFIA: ABIES concolor and WASHINGTONIA filifera.
SEASONAL STATION: Winter Solstice.
FERAFERIA 8: YULE - KRONOS DAY (Coniferous Forests, and the Planet presently called Jupiter in FERAFERIA'S Ecological Week of PLANETS and BIOMES), RUIS 28 (Dec. 22); and the Extra Intercalary Day, AVELINIA (Dec. 23).
MEANING: SHELTERED AND SECRET BEGINNINGS.
SHRINE IN THE MICROCOSMIC LANDSCAPE OF THE HAND: The Mount of VENUS, under The Thumb.

CONSONANT MONTH I: B BETH.
SACRED TREE: BIRCH. Realm of CALIFA: BETULA fontinalis, and B. pendula (Harmonious European Import).
PERIOD IN THE CALENDAR OF MAMMON: Dec. 24 – Jan. 20.
MEANING: INCEPTION. EARTH RECEIVES THE PRIMAL COSMIC IMPULSE.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Tip of The Thumb.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: The white, supple branches of three Birch Trees twist back and forth in a flurry of snow. But after each ice-laden gust, the pendulous arms return unbroken to serene composure. On the Northern Heights of CALIFIA'S Realm, and even into The Arctic Circle, BIRCH TRIBES revel in the White Winter. Deep, rock-walled gorges reveal the precarious perches of these Pioneer River Trees. Their roots reach persistently into nooks and crannies of huge, looming boulders. The flexible branches whip about in continual spray from snow-cold cataracts.

The Fays delight in hearth-warmed days throughout The Great Halls of KORYTHALIA. Each pursues his Art and Craft with the gracious flexibility and conscientious patience of the Birches. Some develop new ceremonial Mimes, Dances and Songs for different stanzas in the Sacred Rondolet of They Year. Others devote themselves to Deep Trance, and perfect the powers of Nature Force Communion. Inwardly they trace the Course of The Great Goddess toward Spring.

In lonely towers overlooking Ocean's hectic, spinning gulfs, abstruse lucubrations are pursued, under inspiration from NIMUE and MERLIN, the MUTUALLY ENSORCELLED Dieties of Winter's blurr, of misty mergings and cloudy enchantments.

Delicious hours pass in wormy wriggling and wrangling through enormous moutains of pillows, under kaleidoscopic domes of stained glass quivering with rain. Many join The Seeds in almost continual Winter sleep, strewn about in affectionate heaps through cushion-lined grottoes, where trickles of Water and Flame mingle their soothing whispers.

Every KRONOS DAY, The Fays race and roll shouting through snow drifts. Some commune quietly with the fragile perfection of Virgin Snow. Completely naked, the Hosts of Faerie fly into the dark, furious rampage of gyrating storms.
In convoluted Saunas, Celebrants lightly switch each other with thrilling scourges of Birch; then they run silently over gleaming Moonstone Snow, the Maiden Skin of Nympheé NIMUE.

Behind the swerving boles of the Sacred Birches, blue waters of moutain freshets and lakes grow grey and then freeze over among mist gathering Sierra towers.

A Venusian triangle of Birches atop a Faerie Mound points down a long natal passage to the place of the Vernal Equinox. Within the darkling triangle stands a great Stag. His Tines terminating in brilliant candle flames. Astride His strong back is seated The Snow Queen. Her head also shines with The Lucia-Crown of nine tapers. The Crown is wreathed with black Elder berries, white Mistletoe berries, Yew berries,

features of The Land-Sky-Love-Body with solidifying Moonlight of snow.
The Stag strides slowly away from the Three Birches. He bears The Beautiful Lady back into the Dolmen Close. Within these Winter chambers, a great fire crackles merrily upon the hearth stone. Beyond the solicitous fringes of Birch, snows pile upon the Dolmen, and cover the distant Beaver mounds, snugging them all into a dreamy comfort of Seed Time.

THE CHARM FOR THE MONTH FROM THE ANCIENT SONG OF THE PROTEAN YEAR GOD (See R. Graves, The White Goddess, Chapt. XII, "The Song of Amorgin", Irish Bard of 1268, B. C. The present version is freely adapted and modified.):
I AM A STAG OF FLAMING TINES.

CONSONANT MONTH 2: L. LUIS.
SACRED TREE: ROWAN or QUICKEN. Realm of CALIFIA: SORBUS californica.
PERIOD: Jan. 21 – Feb. 17.FERAFERIA 9: OIMELC. DIONE DAY, LUIS 17 (Feb. 6).
MEANING: QUICKENING. FIRST EMERGENCE.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Tip of The Forefinger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: It is the mighty stone-toothed highlands that harbor the cold Northern Spirit of Winter. In the lofty womb of weather, against a dark curtain of Conifers, shines a small, dainty Rowan. The frozen rocks from whose basin a mountain Spring bubbles up, feel the delicate might of the Tree's roots groping toward their waters. This exquisitely pure Source still runs free when most bodies of fresh water are frozen. Elsewhere, Rowans shelter plantations of Oak and other big Summer trees. In time, these grow up to overshadow their Hamadryad Foster Mothers.

The Rowan by the Spring leans expectantly into the chill winds to hear,from lands dropping down below, the first water whispers of melting snow and ice. In low frozen marshes, strange Gnome-hooded Cabbages thrust their early tips to the thinning surfaces of ice. The explosive reports of cracking ice sheets shiver the brook-girdling boulders under the Rowan. The noises of Life desparately thrusting grow louder.

Then an avalanche of snow, dingy and splintering, slides from a tall cliff-side. Two huge doors of granite swing apart to reveal a cavern within the prominance. Carrying two very long torches, The Queen of Serpents and Subterranian Slumber emerges from the gloom, laughing fiercely. Her belly distends luminously, like the pulsing rear segment of a Wasp.

Processions of naked men and women light their brands from Her torches. Chanting, the procession leads The Queen forth. They descend the now audibly trilling stream that issues from the Sacred Rowan Spring. With the new Star Waters, they go down into hills and dales lying fallow below.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A WIDE FLOOD ON A PLAIN.

CONSONANT MONTH 3: N. NION.
SACRED THREE: ASH. Realm of CALIFIA: FRAXINUS oregona and F. Velutina.
PERIOD: Feb. 18 – March 17.
MEANING: URGING.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Tip of the Middle Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: The Queen of Winds softly fingers black, velvet-scaled Ash Buds. The Bud endings of the twigs resemble the trident top of the Ash-rod STANG when a candle shines there. Under Her own darkly swelling stomach, The Sacred Queen traces out the White Crescent visible under the budding ends of Ash Twigs. Winds drop from the swarthy skies and whip up Ash branches and foam from ocean breakers behind the Trees. The River swells to the very edges of its flood margins, where stand the wind loving Ash Trees. Sweet and salt waters swirl together in the muddy delta. Wildly The Queen stirs the winds with a black-bud-tipped Wand. She glides out into the thundering tidal margin of the twisting river. From the blazing Crescent of Her loins the amniotic liquor bursts out. The Winds recklessly snatch it up into mist and carry it off to dry the Land. Whirling madly, The Winds tear dead branches from the groves, brandish them in air, and dash them into the mud.

Ash whips in hand, The Queen of Winds and Her entourage retreat to a little enclosed meadow the wind has cleared of water. The Faeries Beat The Bounds of this clearing with Their Ash whips, while The Queen and Her attendants prepare the Center with gorgeous quilts and pillows for the Orgy of Birth. All The Fays lightly thrash each other and The Great Queen to hasten parturition from Her comforting limbs. The litter of leaves and branches tossed down by the contest of Wind and Water is raked into little piles all about the Meadow of Delivery. Then these are set afire. The smoke twists up like the heaving body of The Queen –

VOWEL SEASON 2:O ONN
SACRED TREE: GOLDEN FURZE. Realm of CALIFIA: "SCOTCH BROOM" – CYTISUS scoparius (Tentative).
SEASONAL STATION: Vernal Equinox.
FERAFERIA I: OSTARA. HERMES DAY, FEARN 4 (March 21).
MEANING: YOUTH.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: The Third joint of The Forefinger – at the base of this Dactyl.

CONSONANT MONTH 4: F FEARN (Pr. "Ve-arn").
SACRED TREE: ALDER. Realm of CALIFIA: ALNUS rhombifolia.
PERIOD: March 18 – April 14.
MEANING: BIRTH, RESURRECTION.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Tip of the Ring, or Heart Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: Faeries beat the thickets about the clearing as the green grass thickens in the Birth Meadow of The Bud Queen. Stout Alders screen the subsiding River of Love behind The Queen. Their roots have held the banks well through the fury of Ash-driven overflow.

The First Dawn of Spring breaks through the Alder thickets, all twinkling with myriad fat, dewy catkins. Like a black rain of early insects, the scales fall from thousands of tightly curled buds throughout the sodden woods.

Bearing their Y-staves of Ash, The Fays dance through these arcades of Vernal Emergence. They leap and spring into the air, to encourage the upthrust of Life through the muck of Winter's retreat. But at the same time, the Celebrants bid dear Winter goodbye; and to Her Spirit of rest and consolidation, they tender thanks.
The Sun of the New Year, rising through the haze, is as red as the Alder-dyed scarves the Fays wave before Him from the tips of their Alder Wands.

As the Vernal Sun breaks away from the Sacred Equinoctial Cleft in the Eastern Palisades, the Infant God of The Year slides from between the writhing thighs of The Great Queen of All Life. The Faeries of Spring jubilantly sever the umbilicus with a Cresent of White Quartz tied with bright sprigs of Alder catkins. They lift the squealing Godling over their heads so he blackens the Sun, now rising over the Mighty Menhir of OSTARA. The Maiden Mother of All Wild both laughs and weeps for the splendid triumph of Nature's Aeons in the Thunder Clap of The Moment. EVOE!!

Thereupon some of The Celebrants inaugurate The Hunt for The Red GLAIN Egg, The Involved Ball. Through the vibrant Alder thickets the ritual search spreads out, while others pull The Eternal Virgin Mother and The perennial God up The Sacred River in a splendidly ornamented Barge, constructed of water-worthy Alder wood.

Around Vearn 17, DIONE DAY, the OSTARA Egg is found somewhere on the Eastern bank of The River. There The Great Goddess disembarks and Bears the Sacred Girl Child – The KORE – of Eternal Daintiness. The Delicate One comes forth midst the clamour of returning migrant Birds, who straightaway begin their festive, comic mimes of Pairing.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A SHINING TEAR OF THE SUN.

CONSONANT MONTH 5: S SAILLE (and Z. ZTRAIF).
SACRED TREE: WILLOW. Realm of CALIFIA: SALIX laevigata and S. Lasiandra.
PERIOD: April 15 – May 12. FERAFERIA 2: BELTANE, or MAY DAY; DION DAY, SAILIE 23 (May 7).
MEANING: ENCHANTMENT. THE EMERGENCE OF POLARITY.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Tip of The Little, or Oracle Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: Soon after The Birth of The Girl Goddess, The Great Lady re-enters The Alder Barque, and drifts off alone, back down The River, towards The Sea.

The glad Flower Faeries of Spring bear The Holy Pair, exchanging the dainties of Childhood, farther upstream, toward mysterious stands of Williow. They mark their progress by inserting Wands of Willow in the moist Soil to grow new river-binding Trees. Also, wandering off from either side of the sinuous River, The Fays implant Willow Wands in Earth's wounds of rampant erosion. In these places, healing Willow will reknit the rich integuments of Wildness. From moist niches of Vernal lushness, The Divine Children gather fat, luminous Mushrooms.

When the Procession enters the swaying Willow Groves of PERSEPHONE, like early grasses the langorously trailing boles fill out with yellow-green leafage. The faeries weave great baskets of Osiers so they may gently rock the slumbering Children, and thus fashion Their formative dreams to the Love Tempo of The Queendom

They had supplely about the Circle of the Moon, moving their boughs up and down. Their breathing is maintained in unison while humming The Arcane Seasonal Vowel Name of The Great Goddess. In trance, their movements become those of the wind-whispering Willow boughs that trails their verdant fingers in the mellifluent eddies of "THE ROUND RIVER".

Hypnotically, DIONE and DION brush each other all over with Willow fronds. DIONE wields a Female branch, DION a bright yellow Male one. A full May Moon rises through the lithe, sweeping ranks of bodies and branches. Beads of dew glisten in soft, nocturnal rim lights. As the children somnolently brush each other, their bodies grow and change. The Girl's hips fill out, the Boys shoulders broaden. In unfolding corollas of warm, luminous mist, the heavenly breasts sprout, and the stem of the phallus matures. Throughout the trembling woods, buds loosen their whorls in the ardent darkness. When the Sun rises, they burst into bloom, the tender Stamens and Pistils taut and quivering.

The Sun clears the Plateau of BELTANE, and stands proudly separate in the red sky. Then DIONE and DION shake Their heads as if to awaken from a dream. They drop Their Lunar brushes and step back from each other in amazed adoration. In the sudden petioled blaze of MAIA, Their dew-gilded bodies flash distinct firmaments of Male and Female. The Enchanters break The Ring of Faerie between Worlds, and converge upon the Shining Goddess and God. The Nymphs pull DIONE away, and the Panisci drag DION in the opposite direction.

Their nakedness rustling with new leaves and studded with flowers, Nymphs parade a May Ring streaming with long colored ribbons; the Satyrs bear a long May Pole. The Ring and The Pole are carried separately to a grassy enclosure not far from The River. Within a Hedge Maze of Faerie Thorn are two rounded knolls. On the North Tumulus, the Satyrs raise the Pole; on the one in the South, the Nymphs place the Ring on a square stone at the center. They Ray out the Thirteen ribbons, each with the color of a Sacred Month, all around the base of the Hill. Then DIONE and The Nymphs run off squealing through the Maze, and out into The West. DION and the chiding Fauns follow them, but strike out into the Eastern hills.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A FLEDGLING IN A NEST.

CONSONANT MONTH 6: H HUATH.
SACRED TREE: WHITE THORN. Realm of CALIFIA: CRATAEGUS douglasii.
PERIOD: May 13 – June 9.
MEANING: CATHARSIS. INDEPENDENCE. PERFECTION OF POLAR OPPOSITES.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: First Joint of The Thumb.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: The Faerie Thorns stretching up the hillsides from The River of love display masses of white flowers vying with emergent leaves to fill out the tangled arteries of thorny wood. (The early, frost-daunting petals of Black Thorn loosen now). Within the Ring-Pass-Not of the knobby tangle of sharp-needled twigs, a miniature Faerieland for song Birds and small Mammals is secure against restless predators.

In separate bands, adolescent girls and boys, with DIONE and DION, roam the warming foothills and canyons.They make certain all The Wildlings are pollinating. Some rare and lovely Plant Tribes, restricted to a single location, require special attention. But this attention must never exceed the guidelines of the Biomic Eco-organism. And these guidelines can only inform the Faerie Intelligence from its natural Center, The Muse Goddess.

While insuring pollination, the young Fays learn the vast Lore of Wildness and Forestry, the whole Mystique of how Soul and Soil may mix. Their young bodies grow strong and trim. They feed exclusively on wild Plant foods that they themselves must recognize.

The longing of the Grand Microcosmic Polar Opposites, Man and Woman, for each other creates the gorgeous Surrealistic interiors of Dream. At night, on distant ridges, the boys and girls spy each others' ripening bodies in the flickering campfires. Older Celebrants who wish to undergo further, subtler pubescence, join the youngsters for the vigils of HUATH. HU is the Mighty God of panting exhalations and exertions.

The burgeoning Fays call to each other across the great divides, like Wild Birds or Coyotes. When they approach each other in the dark, they display themselves with taunting enticement. Then the girls bound off screaming. The supreme Mystery of sexual polariration deepens in isolation. Thus the gap that will jump the gap at Midsummer gathers a tremendous charge. During this phase of the Sacred Year, the PANEROTIC Power of The Humane Natural Being is expanded into a passionate compassion for ALL Wilderness.

Holly dotted fields and High Holy Maze-Groves of Summer. When from East and West the lads and maids meet across the Thorns, they sometimes don the big wings of metamorphic Plant Servitors: Butterflies and Moths. They perform Mimes of pollination emphasizing local topography in their gestures as expressions of human erotic embrace. The lads come awhirling bull-roarers. Total synesthetic Land – Sky Language emerges from the Whitethorn Mimes. An Atmospheric Body develops from the thickening desire these performances engender. And in that Atmospheric Body of the Polar Mysteries, the many Sacred Land-Sky Profiles of the Region take on Sacramental relief.

The hedges themselves seem to sigh out a deep lovely mauve of melancholy longing. Pledged lovers may touch each other dreamily Through the Hedges, or from either side of a great Oak trunk,until discovered. Others prick each other with the Hawthorns, place their wounds together for a furtive moment and then run off.

Some of the Initiates gaze at each others' reflections in pools, or in special Anima-Animus mirrors cunningly blended in sylvan screens of stock and stone. But they never look at each other directly, unless from a considerable distance. Sometimes they approach each other with masks or veils over their heads, so naked torsos and limbs may learn fully to express the developing uniqueness.

The Flowering Ones undergo Soul-revealing nocturnal vigils. They purge themselves in various ways: steam bathes, mud immersions, laxatives, colonics, until their taut is perfectly relaxed.

Towards Midsummer Day, all those who are engaged give themselves over utterly to lonely wanderings in the Wilds, and complete fasting. Their Star Bodies learn to zoom together over the billowing hills and down the shadowy canyons of Night. They are becoming Faerie Spirits; their communal Marriage to each other will also marry them to the Elements and to All Nature.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM FAIR AMONG FLOWERS.

VOWEL SEASON 3: U URA.
SACRED TREE: HEATHER. Realm of CALIFIA: COMAROSTAPHYLIS diversifolia.
SEASONAL STATION: Summer Solstice.
FERAFERIA 3: MIDSUMMER.
APHRODITE DAY, DUIR 12 – ARES DAY, DUIR 13 (June 21 – 22).
MEANING: HIEROSGAMOS, or SACRED MARRIAGE OF THE YEAR. MATURITY, CONSUMATION.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: The Third Joint of the Middle Finger.

CONSONANT MONTH 7: D DUIR.(Also PHI).
SACRED TREE: OAK. Realm of CALIFIA: QUERCUS agrifolia.
PERIOD: June 10 – July 7.
MEANING: TRIUMPH. POLAR CONTACT. FERTILIZATION.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: First joint of The Forefinger.
MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: A Great Live Oak, King of CALIFIA'S Trees, spreads His jagged lightening shocks of evergreen, like a Summer storm, over dry expanses of yellow grass. The increasing heat makes Oakren shade a God in very truth, for those who undertake High Summer's Initiations of Blazing Savannas. In Autumn, acorn meal will typify the Summer wealth of myriad seeds riding Equinoctial winds. These winds will carry Life far and wide through Sun Realms, and back to Earth.

On The Eve of The Longest Day of The Sacred Year, the now fully bloomed Goddess and God, TITANIA and OBERON, are led by Nymphs and Panisci, Nature-hushed and Desire-primed, to The White Wedding Stone before the gigantic Live Oak. The Oak and Altar of The Four Rivers stand within a Henge Setting of Twelve Great Menhirs, or Monoliths. Their Field of Gold is edged with the Twenty-Two Vowel and Consonant Trees of The Sacred Nature-Charm Calendar. The Trees and Stones are subtly shaped, angled and aligned to every climactic Wilderness Community and Annual Celestial Event of the surrounding Region. They are carved with Hieroglyphs of Magically Corresponding Plants, Stars and Landform Postures. On their edges, the Seasonal-Arboreal Ogham Rock Writing is incised. When The Fays whirl through the Henge, The Holy Pictures and Tree Strokes speak sparkling colors of Wilderness moods and Hieratic Horizons. And, to begin the Grand Defloration and Love Climax of The Year, the Stones and Trees are now extravagantly decorated.

In free, mary spirals, the thickets of Faerie Thorn lead up from two converging stream beds, that form a Y of APHRODITE. From this rounded Combe, the Sacred Oak Woodland, in which Humane Natural Beings perennially remarry CALIFIA LAND, spreads out to the distant Sierra threshold of The North Star. On The VENUS MOUND of Midsummer Marriage, is the Kindling Quick of Faerieland, the Acme

The far prominences about HOD Hill, where unite APHRODITE of Decidious Forests & ARES of Open Grasslands, are all aligned, through The White Wedding Stone, with Sacred Land and Star Tracks branching out into the whole world. Many of the prominences are crested with High Holy Groves. And on the edges of these, as far as the eye can see from The Marriage Meadow, twin bon-fires light up. One after another the fires leap over a succession of Hills and Headlands leading closer to The Wedding Place.

As the closet Fires flare to ring in the Meadow with light, The Great Lady appears from behind the Old Oak. Her black hair flies on the still air; its constellated coils spread the edgeless curtains of Her dark swimming Flesh in all directions. The changing volumes of this stupifying figure, all at once skin, veils, tresses and ageless song, glimmer with stars and fireflies. All stand back from HER!!! Toward Holy Maid and Man, to KORE and KOUROS, slowly weaving Her steps in the Topocosmic Dance, and issuing strange clicks from the abysms of Her throat, She advances a tall STANG–PHYTALA, and places It between the trembling Goddess and God. A black candle of Sumac wax burns between the Phytala's Horns of Ash. Its wreath of Solstitial Wild Flowers spells out, in Flower Ogham, the Cosmic ELAN of Her Holy Vowel Name, which animates The Flesh of The Holy Consonants. "A" White Quartz Crescent Moon glows beneath the Wreath.
Through the channels at the Four Corners of The Wedding Stone, ministrant Fays pour out the juices of The Four Rivers of PARADISE. After the Litanies of The Season are intoned, the Charms of completed Pollination and Green Leaves are gratefully revealed. The Queen and The King of The Wilds exchange Rings and join Their right hands – those mighty Servants of Nature – through the floral wreath. With Their left hands, They grasp the two Horns of the Foundational Moon–Ark beneath.

As The Black Goddess of The Holy Spirit expands into night, petals of Mexican Elderberry, Laurel Sumac, Jacaranda and Privit rain down from the shadowy boughs of Oak, over The Holy Pair. The Miracle Infant of The Green Fruit is suddenly uncovered from a heap of petals on The White Altar in a blaze of torchlight.
Then the startling shrill cry of Mating Challenge breaks from the quaking bosom of The Queen. Her splendid robes fall away, and She darts off into the Southern fringes of a dense Oak thicket. After a choked moment, The King dashes after Her. His flight gives the signal for many bonfires to be dumped down cliff-sides that have been especially fire-proofed for the occasion.

From ribald ranks of Celebrants a tremendous shout goes up. Big rings and columns of straw appear above their heads at opposite ends of the field. The women gether about the rings, which are tissued in; the men rally about the long straw columns. Through the smokey, Oaken firelight, the men push the columns into swelling waves of women, who, squealing with delight, try to remove the rings from the on-plunging phalli of grass. When the last Ithyphallos of plaited CALIFIA-Grass is pushed through an Hymeneal Ring, huge gongs and hollow tree-trunk drums resound throughout the hills. The Goddess and The God reveal themselves on a distant ridge in the South. Nakedly They hold aloft Kteis and Phallos of grass fitted together. Then, midst tumult of fire falls, exploding fire works, enormous bombs of flower petals and small green fruits shot from great Stang catapults, THE TWO depart on Their Summer Honeymoon. EVOE !!!!!
THE MIDSUMMER MARRIAGE PERENNIALLY RE-UNITES THE GOD OF HUMAN COMMUNITY TO THE GODDESS OF ALL-CONTAINING WILDERNESS, THE ONLY TRUE COMMONWEALTH.

The May Pole and Ring of the preceeding Season are removed from their separate mounds in the Black and White Thorn enclosure, and fitted together in the Oak Parkland. The Fays dance about it, interweaving ribbons and kisses.

Many Marriages are completed this Night. And each wedded couple is wedded to other couples according to the mystic bonding of the Paradisal Quaternio. Then again, each Mandalic Family of Syzigies is linked to several others, and a sacred Eco-Totemic name is assumed by the Clan, Whose coherence is visionary. The ramifications of magical and ceremonial crossings of ANIMAE and ANIMI finally includes the whole regional Human Population, which is wed, in tern, to the Land-Sky-Love-Body. Each Wedding is also wed to a Natural Feature. Thus Men are joined in the Family of Nature.

Also on Midsummer Night, many Fays assume new Magical Names in dedication, under the Muse, to new tasks of Wilderness Care, or, very sparingly, to the Paradisal Maturation of a few amenable Eco-Systems. "The PRINCIPLES of Evolution must ALSO evolve."

A Happy Lunacy of PUCK-led WILDERMAZE-

The Sun lights up His Great Oak behind The White Wedding Stone of The Moon. His rays stampede down wrinkled arroyos to The Ocean.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A GOD WHO SETS THE HEAD AFIRE WITH SMOKE.

CONSONANT MONTH 8: T TINNE.
SACRED TREE: HOLLY. Realm of CALIFIA: HETEROMELES arbutifolia.
PERIOD: July 8 – Aug. 4
MEANING: INCREASE. CONCRESCENCE.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: First Joint of The Middle Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: Out in the drying pastures of the sturdy Oaks, away from the now swarming insects of the streambeds, grows a bushy evergreen of great nobility. He listens to the merry, dry-twig crackle of Cicadas by day, and Crickets by night. Similarly, the lissome Rowan had listened to the crack of ice sheets through LUIS and NION Months on the opposite arc of The Mandala of Seasonal Nature Mysteries. The Rowan held Her many ears open for sounds that might announce the end of Frost Rule. Now Toyon strains for the heralds that will draw the scorching reign of Sun to a close. Then He may trade His flowers, which in some places He wears even through July, for those reddening berries He shares with His Sister, The Rowan, within the charmed circle of Rose and Apple Tribes. The Toyon Holly Berries, green for Tinne Month, will turn crimson to celebrate the Evening of The Year, when The White Crescent dances, Dainty-toed, over the red and golden stairway of The Setting Sun.

As the heat of The Sun increases, the Fays, men and women together now, climb the Mountains to catch fantastic glimpses of the meandering Goddess and God.Their course composes incandescent paths of Pilgrimage through the Sybilline Landforms. To follow them is to see this Elm move to the left across that hill; and this great rock move to the right across that stand of Cottenwoods. The messages so versified are glossed at night by communal inlays of Dream. They record the Code of The Land from Stars dancing across Domes of Sleep.

During their Holly Wanderings, The Fays clear tinder from under Trees which are threatened by Wildfire. Other areas they close off, and there burn the dead brush, a little at a time, under tight controls. Thus they commune beneficially with the Spirits of Fire, and encourage the development of adventitious buds and seeds in Chaparral Biomes. Dry grasses are hoed up with Stangs and pressed into fuel bricks for the following Winter. But for the time being, these are stored under the Sacred Toyon Hollies.

The Fays clear and repair the curving, Nature-Blended sluices that lead from rain-water sumps and from Springs, high in the Mountains, down into the Sacred Groves. As always, while they serve, they also perform Songs, Mimes and Dances celebrating the current processes of Season, Region and Urge. Holly Boys of Hot Fields lead Shady Ivy Girls in meandering dances about Toyon Hollies and Laurel Sumacs. KOKOPILLI and KOKOPILLIMANA, The Divine Flutists, reveal the Magic Quail Paths.

In spacious apartments formed by the Growth Guidance of Holly and Sumac bushes, The Fays rest from the work of preparing Winter faggots of Summer Grass. In these aromatic caves of Chlorophyl, they wile away the mid–Noon hours, enjoying the splendous of dalliance. It is here that most of the young teach each other the first precious thrills and endearments of Love. Whole days may pass in rapture of Touching. The Fays caress, rub and pummel each other, and every Nature Being in their vacinity. Everyone comes to know each Biome thoroughly by Braille, bringing, in turn, every part of his anatomy into contact with every part of the Biome's anatomy. These vituosi of Touch learn to trace out the voluptuous contours of the greater Landforms diefied by Distance, over each other's moving bodies. Simultaneously, with deep, inner concentration, they may inhale the fragance of a particular Flora growing on the Landform which they exchange with each other through the Magic of cultivated Caress. This Art of ARTEMIS and APHRODITE combined ultimately makes one's Faerie Flesh of Autochthonous Touch fill out the Whole Land-Sky-Love-Body.

The Bush Worlds ring with laughter. Bush answers trilling bush across the baking fields, while trees shed leaves to conserve their water supply.

Many devise cunning Landmark Communion Charms, and establish them in poetically strategic places here and there throughout the Landscape. The Pictographic Land–Love Language of these charms indicates how to view and feel the thrusts and postures of the region; at what hours and Seasons these stress patterns are most prominent due to angles and directions of light and shadow. Blending in

Through the long Summer Nights, The F
somnambulistically travel great distances. Th
compose new tracks of Land-Sky Revelati
The twists and turns of GAIA'S conto
incise themselves deeply in nerve, muscle a
viscera, through primeval Stick and Sto
Magic, against the Aeonic Measure of T
North Star.

In The Moonlight, The Faeries silently wa
thirsty Saplings, and play the hushed game
rock and tree spinning.
The Daemons of TINNE gambol through
Groves carrying bundles of tall Stangs. Th
click them together as they whirl to invisi
flutes, making Cicada and Cricket noi
Nymphs, flitting in the shadowy draws, cro
throbbingly in chorus, like frogs. The Star
are placed under boughs bending with
increasing freight of fruit. Or they are used
hoe spiral garden alleys, and to clear irrigati
basins about Trees, all agleam in the vol
tuous moonlight.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A SPIR
WINDING STAFF OF DANCES.

CONSONANT MONTH 9: C COLL.
SACRED TREE: NUT (HAZEL in Europe
Realm of CALIFIA: JUGLANS californic
And, in the North, imported CORYLU
Avellana, or FILBERT.
CONSONANT DOUBLE: Q QUIRT
SACRED TREE: APPLE. Realm of CALIFI
MALUS fusca, a Wild Apple, or PRUNU
ilicifolia in the South.
PERIOD: Aug. 5 – Sept. 1. FERAFERIA
LUGNASAD, APHRODITE DAY, COLL
(Aug. 9).
MEANING: CONCENTRATED WISDO
VIABLE SYNTHESIS.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: COLL: First Joint
The Ring Finger, QUIRT: First Joint of T
Little Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: After th
sweet blossoms of the Wild Apple fall, th
Green Sorbs begin to scent the ambience of the
Groves with an arousing tartness.

The happy Sorb takes The Fays out of the ope
fields of Midsummer, and back along "Th
Round River" of The Sacred Year. In the Nort
the Wild Apples follow rivers almost to the
mouths. Neriads sport in white billows of bein

The Orchard Faeries ceremonially cut th
ribbons that close off the cultivated Hardies
Pomes and Nuts. The Melon patches are opene
also. After the berry patches are picked, th
Mysteries of Fruit Preservation for Winter a
commenced. Fruits are heaped on the boun
aries of the Garden Groves for Wild Animals
all kinds to feast upon. Even predators develo
a taste for these prizes, coming in from th
parched backlands.

Into the opened Groves, APHRODITE a
ARES return from Their long perigrinatio
through the fields. With long Stangs, ARE
props up the luscious weight of leaf-shaded nu
and fruits bending down the boughs; APHRO
DITE matches these curves with the deepeni
rondure of Her own Body. Miraculously, H
skin distils and diffuses every fragrance
Summer's wealth.

That the fruits are filling there can be no doul
– and their color rises. But so it is wi
APHRODITE! Against a fluttering line of da
sels it becomes quite apparent that Her brea
have grown and the aurioles are darker. S
may be pregnant with The God and continui
plenty of next Year.

One lovely Apple, in the verisimilitude of H
golden breast, The Goddess of the Swelli
Groves plucks from the bough The G
adoringly lowers to Her Life-Giving Han
Adoringly, She passes the Sacred Fruit to Hi
The Fays give ovation to the miracle of S
Who Bestows The Fruit of Love: Gre
APHRODITE.

Thereupon the sluices are opened into t
Groves. Great mountains of earlier fruits a
melons are piled on the sandy margins of T
River, and on the strands of Lake and S
There is an incredible eruption of fruit juices
hundred of naked grovers dive into the baths
pulp, splattering each other, and sinking ne
deep into the delicious syrupy squash. It
LUGNASAD (pr. "Loo-nah-sah"), a Feast
the Marriage satisfactions of The Moon Godd
and The Sun God, LU.

The Rivers cloud with sweet Tree-meats fr
the bodies of splashing Celebrants. They foll
the colored waters into TEMENOS H
PERIDES. Here a wondrous Faerieland P
ground dazzles the gaze. In this Season,
ponds of Wilderness thicken and scum o
with Algae, or
TEMENOS, waters still riot over smo
gleaming rapids calculated to the spill of ten
Human curvatures. The flesh of fruits and F
scramble in delerious spin of waterways
lead through tunnels, out into midspace

High arboreal architectures lead imperceptibly into subterranian chambers; these turn, shell-like, to the Earth Surface, or into apical Watch Towers that glisten with interwoven DAIMONES of Nature Forces wrought in mosaics of tile and tesserae. The sense of tidily segregated levels and quarters of world-insertion are swept away by these bewilderingly self-concealing transitions. Chinampa-Islands of verdure float in the little lakes. From above, The Fays see the insular clumps of Trees moving back and forth through the Land Groves, which everywhere throw up fountains of cometary spray from sculptured basins.

TEMENOS HESPERIDES graduates quite indiscernibly into wilderness, via stands of CALIFIA'S Native Trees, forbes and Herbs, concentrated for contemplation, study, healing and forage. If one were to approach this late Summer TEMENOS from the dry upland or lowland sides, he would never suspect what a strange unfoldment awaited him. The first signs of anything irregular on most tracks in are occasional Natural Formations that startingly suggest "FEERIE DES BOIS": an whitbeered Tree Stump that looks like a dragon munching succulent Fungi, or stratification in a cliff that, a trifle too clearly, hallucinate into a Dancing MAENAD. Perhaps the clumps of Wild flowers are a bit too abundant, or their figurations suggest whimsical monstrosities. But then the roar of multitudes of fountains and falls give alarm of delight, of an inspired blending of Purposefully Wrought Artifacture with spontaneously Unwrought Wilderness. And this is Faerie land! When the Fay finds a seam of lovely polished minerals inlaid in a Canyon wall, leading by cryptic scrollery toward a Portal blazing with reliefs of the Soul's allegiance to Wilderness, then He or She is COMING IN! So it is for the loyal Pilgrim to Wildness when the breast gives its last breath to The Trees.

The danced-out God Tendance (THERAPEIA, or Therapy) of the ripening fruits fills the Nights of Coll with pound and pulse of fecundity. The Fays watch The Black Walnuts grow toward later Harvest. In still, Hazel shaded pools, playful Fish are blessed with peaceful offerings of the gathering Harvest.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A TROUT IN THE POOL.

VOWEL SEASON 4: E EADHA. This E is short "Eh". After the still of the first frost, when Golden Leaves are thinning away from branches, it quickly changes into the high, New Moon, Continental I ("EEEEEE") of Celestial Ingress.
SACRED TREE: ASPEN or POPLAR. Realm of CALIFIA: POPULUS tremuloides of P. trichocarpa.
SEASONAL STATION: Autumanl Equinox.
FERAFERIA 5: HARVEST HOME
OURANIA DAY, MUIN 22 (Sept. 23).
MEANING: AGE AND GARNERED WISDOM. SECOND. OR MILLENIAL CHILDHOOD.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: The Third Joint of the "Ring Finger".

CONSONANT MONTH IO: M MUIN.
SACRED TREE: VINE. Realm of CALIFIA. VITUS californica.
PERIOD: Sept. 2 – Sept. 29.
MEANING: JOY, EXHILERATION. FIRST MANIFESTATION OF THE FUSED THIRD.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Second joint of the Thumb, at the base.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: Now the stream beds of most Southern ravines are entirely dry. In some of the damper spots, perhaps where The Fays have welled up the watershed, the Wild Grapes of CALIFIA climb over strange trellises of dead Oaks, assembled there for the ascent. To stray into these Oases of tiny balls of sweetness, out of parched thickets in sage-soaked canyons, presents intimations of Wildness beyond assessment.

Short Summer storms roll flashing about the sky. The First rains – ineffable beatitude! – resurrects the most delectable concentrations of stored aromas from the powdery dust. In prancing gratitude, the bare feet of The Fays kick up wet, scented dust to clairvoyant nostrils. Unseen in the brakes, herds of Deer, Wild Horses and Sacred Quail startle off in all directions.

ARTEMIS and DIONYSOS climb the Hill of Autumnal Ecstacies to begin the vintage of cultured Grapes. In rhythm with the wooden beat of big hollow logs, The Faeries of The Vine pluck the lascivious black and golden clusters, and load them into baskets. With these, they continue the ascent of the West Equinoctial Hill. Other rise through yellow Draws of redolent Laurel, to gather the Pungent leaves. At the Summit of The Evening Pilgrimage, the Grapes are heaped in mammoth vats. The Virgin Crescent of the Equinoctial Sunset sees an ORGIA of the clear Nectar of Grapes. Out of the granite vats, juices pour into alabaster basins from under rapturously churning feet and limbs, stained dark as dappling shades of Autumn Twilight.

preside over the Opening and Cleansing of The House of The Double Axe, wherein The Great Lady prepares to Descend into The Underworld for Winter. With a glittering Silver Crescent, The Goddess demonstrates that Her Belly is now protrudent like Her Summery Breasts. Surely, She is pregnant with The God of the coming Year, and the assurance of continuing Plenty.

She holds aloft yellow leaves of Maple, Aspen, Poplar and Laurel as the Signs of ANNUNCIATION!

In a grand and ineffable gesture, Queen ARTEMIS crowns grave little CALLISTO BRAURONIA with the weirdly effulgent Crescent which has vouchsafed the measure of opulence in Royal Hips and Belly. With happy weariness, the Assembly of The Fall Mysteries drop into an enchanted slumber.

The next day, The Fays open The Great Halls of The Double Axe to the Sceptre of King DIONYSOS. CALLISTO, The Lunar Coronet sublimely surmounting Her brow, enters the gloom and lights the first torch since the foregoing Winter. The God carries The Goddess over the Threshold. Thus He solemnizes the Rites of HARVEST HOME.

DIONYSOS breaks the arcane Seals on the doors to The "Apple Holes", or Fruit Storage Cellars. Chanting, The Faeries begin to haul the Harvest into The AVAL Basements of the Palace.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A HILL OF POETRY.

CONSONANT MONTH II: G Gort.
SACRED TREE: IVY. Realm of CALIFIA: ECHINOCYSTIS horridus. HEDERA helix (English Ivy) readily escapes cultivation in some of CALIFIA'S Realms, and seems to blend harmoniously.
SAGE. Realm of CALIFIA: ARTEMISIA californica, and A. tridentata.
PERIOD: Sept. 30 – Oct. 27.
MEANING: WILDNESS, ECSTACY.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Second Joint of The Forefinger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: As the picking and grading of cultivated Apples proceeds in the Highlands, The Fays also prepare for the Sacred Riots of Leaf-Fall and Feather-Seed Scattering. These are Sacraments, PAR EXCELLANCE, of WILDNESS, of Land-Maze-Play, and of Nature's giddiest, most wholesome inebriation. All kinds of dry Wildling Seeds are gathered into capacious gunny sacks, gaily stitched with the Magic Pictures of The Season.

For the Lunitidal Ebb of The Year, The MAENADS, Male and Female, fashion THYRSOS Wands in honour of Queen ARTEMIS, or ESTASANATLEHI, Changing Woman. The THYRSOS is usually constructed in the following manner. Atop a stout staff of Ash, Alder or Laurel, is mounted a cone of Pine or Fir. Then the Staff is rubbed with Sage and spiraled with Wild Cucumber (Echinocystis) or Ivy. Sometimes the THRYSOS is embellished with red Toyon berries, or Wild Grapes, and ribbons in the Regional Color Code of The Season. On their right arms, above the elbow, The MAENADS imprint with vegetable dye the sign of swift-hooved Doe or Buck, depending on the Sex of the Celebrant. Into lush patches of shade and moisture-loving ground covers, such as Wild Cucumber and Ivy, the BACCHAE swarm to romp and tickle each other into confluence with Earth, as the last bees of the Year visit late blossoms. Or they simply lie about and watch leaves of surrounding Poplars and Maples turn gold under a rising Moon, thus saturating themselves with the Spiritual Essence of Fall, a necessary phase in their Life-long Psychic Individuation via Nature Signs of Season, Region and Urge. Crawling and climbing Ivy Vines, in the shade of bigger Trees, are the Evergreen exponents of Earth. And it is toward Earth's deep, generous bosom the forces of plant Life – leaf, seed and sap – now drop in the Eventide of The Year.

Early in Ivy Month, The Girl Goddess and Boy God of The Innocent Chase assemble leafy BACCHAE under Autumn Thrones in the newly opened Halls of The Faerie Mounds. They rub each other's bodies with blooming brushes of Coastal and Trident Sage, sacred in their aromatic evocative potency to ARTEMIS, The Great Lady of Wild Things. Some rub in an oil infusion of The Mystic Sage.

With THYRSOS Wands and bell-jingling bags of Wild Flower Seeds, the laughing hordes begin their Races of the Wind late in the afternoons of these exhilerating days. With Stangs transformed into rakes others prepare barren hillsides for the seeds that will sprout CALIFIA'S carpets of color the following Spring. Also, the Seeds must be raked into the soil a little after scattering, so the new rains will not wash them away.

The gleeful MAENADS race for miles over the

Down from glowing Peaks, The Maenads return, in tired little bands, to The Great Halls of KORYTHALIA. Though scratched, bruised and aching, their breasts are easy with content. For into The Winds that carry the Seeds they have broadcast, they have also committed their Soul-Breath. And so, sparkling in their loins, they bear the warrent of Life to gallop the Star Ways from World to World.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM A GOLDEN LEAF ON THE WIND.

CONSONANT MONTH 12: NG NGETAL (Pr. as deep, soft gutteral, as in "-ing").
SACRED TREE: REED. Realm of CALIFIA: EQUISETUM arvense; TYPHA latifolia.
PERIOD: Oct. 28 - Nov. 24. FERAFERIA 6: SAMHAIN, or All Souls.
HERMES-THOTH-COYOTE DAY, NGETAL 4. Oct.31-Nov. 3. Or nearest Waning Moon.
MEANING: COMPLETION. ESTABLISHED DOMINION OF THE SACRED YEAR.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Second joint of the Middle Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: Multitudes of migrant Water Birds depart the Marshes of HECATE and HERMES, to begin the long procession Southward, with the Waning Sun of The Temperate Zone. They stop over in High-Grass Waterlands on their way. And like the diastolic Sun, The Golden Monarch Butterflies swarm Southward along CALIFIA'S Enchanted Coastline. As fallen leaves miraculously returned, these Faerie Hordes fill Trees with their volumes of fluttering flame.

The Fays drop everything whenever the mysterious Cunieform of Geese and Cranes fills the sky. They run, dancing, gesturing and chanting, under the fast-fading Visionary Script of the Hypnogogic Season.

In regular Eco-Psychic Seance, during these nights of magnificent stellar engulfment, The Fays loosen their Souls, like decidious leaves, to roam through other continents and climes with the departing Winged Ones. And they wander out in The Faerie Flesh of Trance to other Worlds in Deep Heaven. These worlds slowly evolve toward each other in some Grand Stitchery of Paradise, which unites All Beings in Compassionate Galactic Concupiscence.

Primordial Water Fowl darken cooling Skies over the rushes. The Fays enchant the wing-beaten Air with complex Crane Dances among the Humming Reeds. Like ebbing Sap, the Life of the Temperate Year returns to the Marsh. It is the Swamp where Life immemorially stages out of Ocean, and thence parades along the Riparian Circuits of Paradisal Alchemy. Then The Eternal Stream leads into blaring Solar fields and Summer groves, suspending globes of riverine distillations that taste of the Mysteries of secret, sinuous, Lunar-liquid Returns.

The calls of the departing birds mix mournfully with the cold Wind Song of Bull Rushes, Cat and Horse Tails. And this peculiar Sonic Shading of the Season awakens, by fastidious operations of Hermetic Attunement, the Dream-merged Ancestors. But only some Souls respond to the coiling stress of The Crane Dance. Those come again who have remained in the misty vales of PERSEPHONE, which they themselves extend through the Etheric Outskirts of Earth's Great Body. The crepuscular, sensuously sepulchral sounds of NGETAL, circulating in deep, uvular Arroyos of the Dark, Bounteous Bride Body of Wilderness, settle that Titaness of catabolic luxuriance heavily, heavily into sleep. In the immense density of the Mountain Mind, a single Swan slowly slides into the black billows of a Cypress-shielded Lake, as dry, brown leaves crack under the hooves of retreating deer. But these sounds arouse those Dead who remain in troth to The Bride of Wildness. They return hungrily to Prophetic Conventions with The Living who honour them. For, while awaiting Reincarnation on "The Night Side of Nature", they work in the Faerie Flesh to refine their beloved Nature Systems.

The venerable Children of The Earth-Sky-Love-Lock alternate glossy Earth Rind and pellucid Faerie integuments with Magical dispatch. When the Ethereal Flower of a Faerie, or Astral Incarnation drops into The Ground of OURANIA, then a good, hardy Earth-Fruit Incarnation begins with lustrous, huggable solidity. When this Body drops to the Orchard Floor of Stars, Its unique and eternal Soul Tree, Whose roots interweave with all other Soul Trees throughout the whole twinkling and caroling Firmament, puts out another flower of Faerie-fleshed Incarnation. Thus each Presence proceeds, as Earth grows, according to the Whispering Winds, Springs and Leaves of Autumn Vision.

During this Phase of The Year, The Fays mulch and plant many Trees. They rake up great, glittering mountains of leaves, in which they tangle and play while working. With huge sacks of leaves, they knock each other about. One may lie in wait for another, and suddenly bury

Blades of Tule and other water plants are heaped in the corners of the lanterned halls and chambers of KORYTHALIA, to freshen their atmosphere, and to attract the wraiths to the Feast of Ancestral Dedication and Merry Monstrosities. The Ancestors must bless the new seeds.

Reeds are plaited to clothe compost heaps and tender plants in need of Winter cuddling. Simultaneously, The Elves weave gigantic wicker-work dragons, chimeras, griffins and other fabulous "Calendrical Beasts", to be set afire in the night, and hysterically pitched against one another.

Most of the ashes of those who have Changed Flesh during the Year have been scattered through their favorite Fire, Air, Earth and Water Ways. But some of these remains have been saved for the Conflagrations of SAMHAIN, so The Ancestors may trace and help those who have recently passed into The Night Side of Nature, through The Tinctures of The Crow.

Strange costumes and outlandish masks loom up in the epileptic lurch of orange light and umber gloom. Shrieks of rough-barked laughter streak from mouths wide open in abandon to the forces of dissolution.

The masked fiends roar and howl to each other from across dark distances of rag-tattered mesas and ravines. For miles, sucurrying Elves and Gnomes ambush each other with horrible surprises "and" exact tokens for the Dead. For this is the Masque of The Dead, and ghostly Hide-and-Seek is the game of the hour. The Dead return and swarm cackling over the countryside. Grotesquely twisted strands of Soul – half lived, half stifled freaks of the Psychic miasmas – are pulled writhing from their dark liars.
The Scorpion Guardians of The Western Twilight, mighty escarpments cataclysmically hinging on red ANTARES and His star brothers, loosen the macabre throng. The Scorpion Men perform a lugubrious zodiacal Ballet around the yawning Earth Vulva Pits, fringed with brush and dry ragged leaves.

The Dead and the continually dying must be remembered and queried. That which has died honorably is let go, relinquished. That which is unfairly abjured or ignored, and remains half alive, must be embraced again, regardless of disgust, and somehow re-assimilated for future development.

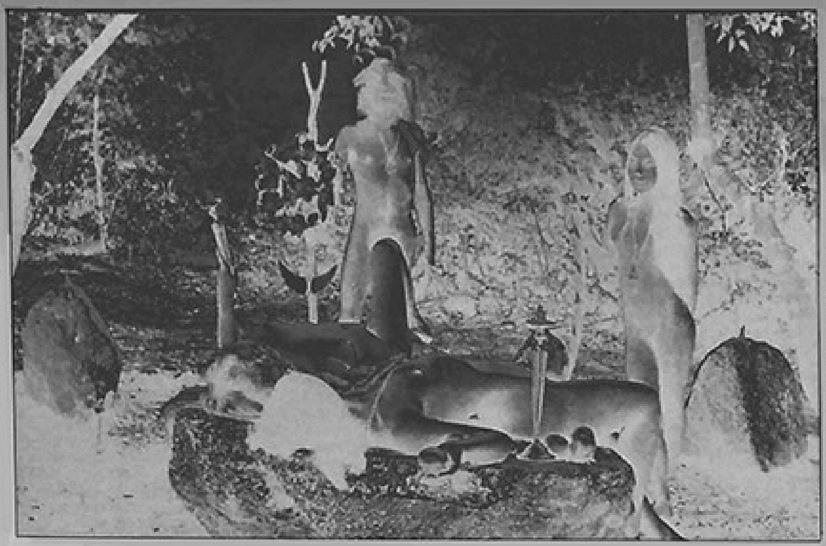
The truly evolved Ancestral Spirits, in their "Interim Existence", hail those in the Earth Flesh through Mediums. Hidden in a brush-lined Thermophoric Earth-Mind Pit, the Seeress sobs to the sounds of Bull-Roarers, waving Rush Wands, fluting Reeds. Certain Ancestors explain the present growth needs of their most beloved Eco-Systems, of which they are the Tutelary Numena in the evolving Regional Land-Sky-Body. They sing the need, desire and will of a cliff in the West, of a mountain in the South East, of a Lake in the North and so forth. The Spirits suggest new Sacred Names for the Nature Shrines – Names of greater Evocative potency. For proper poetic naming of Land Forms is a Sacramental Art of the greatest importance. Ridiculous Names are anathema to Nature Presences.

Then The Oracle may give Bird Tongue to a particular Tree, or a grove. Even a very diversified Nature Personality, like "Grey Hump Rock-East Bending Sycamore-Moon Arc of Hidden Smile Stream", may vent Her innermost dream of communal perfection in Love.

Finally The Great Goddess of ALL IN ALL hums and trills a message about the slow but certain growing together of numberless Worlds along the branches of the vast Faerie Vine of Celestial Lights.

On the following night, midst din and clatter of uproarious Charivari, the throngs of the "Living" and the "Dead" assemble before the open Portals of the mysterious Avaline Underground. Into these, the fruits, nuts, vegetables and preserves are stored for Winter. The moisture and temperature of the Valhallas, or Apple Halls, are naturally regulated by their Megalithic architecture. During the day, the Lord and Pregnant Lady of The Underworld had inspected all the preparations of plants and dwellings for the gathering Front of Winter. Now, down the rows of softly singing Fays, swinging lamps and censers of Farewell, The Goddess and The God approach the Eternal Doors between Worlds. With spondaic step, The Holy Pair pass through the Quartz Gates of Horn, and with Their oracular Serpents, disappear among the shinning fruits of the storage caverns. The two great doors, the Left Hand Moon Door of Ash, cross-ribbed with Willow & the Sun Door of Oak ribbed with Holly, swing shut behind The Divine Lovers. The Gold and Silver Keches are sealed with the Sigils of ARES and HERMES.

In the fecund gloom of The Underground, The Lovers enfold all Dreams within the Circlet of



SEASONAL VOWEL 5: I IDHO and Y.
SACRED TREE: YEW and MISTLETOE Realm of CALIFIA: TAXUS brevifolia (Native), and T. baccata (Harmonious import from England).
PHORADENDRON flavescens (Native Mistletoe).
SEASONAL STATION: From FERAFERIA 7: REPOSE, OURANIA DAY, RUIS/ZTRAIF I, through Winter Solstice EVE. IDHO as ENDING overlaps AILM as BEGINNING on The Faerie Ring of Calendrical Trees.
MEANING: DEATH. COSMIC INGRESS AND ABSORPTION. TRANSFIGURATION.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: Third joint of The Little Finger.

CONSONANT MONTH 13: R RUIS.
SACRED TREE: ELDER. Realm of CALIFIA: SAMBUCUS caerulea.
CONSONANT DOUBLE: Z ZTRAIF (Originally Z doubles with S SAILLE: The "ZZZZZZZ" of Bees in Flower Time. In NGETAL-RUIS Period, Z gives "Zing" of cold Reed lances of Wind and Rain).
SACRED TREE: BOX ELDER, or MAPLE. Realm of CALIFIA: ACER negundo, and A. macrophyllum.
PERIOD: Nov. 25 – Dec. 22. FERAFERIA 7: REPOSE AND THANKSGIVING. OURANIA DAY, RUIS I (Nov. 25).
MEANING: DEATH. FLOWING AWAY. FIELD PERFECTION.
SHRINE IN THE HAND: ZTRAIF: Third Joint of The Ring Finger. RUIS: Third Joint of The Little Finger.

MYSTERIES OF THE MONTH: The graceful Elder droops over the quickening waters of The Round River. In Elder shade, the muddy eddys of the ending Year pile ochre Samaras and broken branches of profusely shedding Box Elders. These heaps of encapsulated greenery mold themselves in scum to the contours of boulders that greyly glower like the grand steppes of rain cloud high above.

The flowers of CALIFIA'S Elders are white or golden (S. mexicana) at Midsummer. They readily lead back and forth between the Faerie River Ways of the annual Round, and the dry open fields of Summerland. Many of Elder's blue-black berries She may hold into the Thirteenth Month. Growing on the high banks with light Summer Flowers, but starting from low riversides, where Her berries of Winter Jet are so inkeeping, the therapeutic Elder is a prime revelation of The Great Goddess of Eternity in Time.

Elderberry wine, and Sambuca, a liqueur distilled from Her succulent nocturnal clusters, provide Winter tonics, both bracing and delicious. Various decoctions and teas of Her berries, flowers, leaf-buds and roots yield purifying purges. The Thirteenth and final Month of The Sacred Tree Alphabet Calendar begins the annual phase of Purgation and Evacuation.

The Fays celebrate the Feast of REPOSE and THANKSGIVING, dedicated to All Stars, All Worlds, and Reduction to The Raw Elements. Under The Stars, The Fays show mimetically how the Seed Husk decomposes in the rooted loam, and the invisible Germ-Star of Life-To-Come receives the convergent Rays of All Stars through the Occult Lens of The Moon. For The Moon rises full at Her Station Farthest North around YULE, or Winter Solstice. Conversely, The Sun rises at His lowest declination South at this time.

On a dark, wood-ringed mead, where the nocturnal susurus of the stream can be heard

these latitudes. From these Regional Stars, the Dance reflects The Gediac of Star and Local Landmark correspondances. The entire Lay of the land is unrolled by The Masked Mummers of the black, horizon-hipped Empyrean.

A somnolent, muffled pulse of distant hollow Tree drums frames the sensuous suggestions of Sistra, jingling from afar, then very near. They create a subdued though potent Wave to which all The Fays in the volcanic Ground Star adjust their respiration in unison. They inhale from The seething Core of Earth, where sleep The Holy Lovers. They exhale what they visualize as a stream of Faerie Sparks into the mystic knots of their linked fingers and toes. After awhile, the hands and feet of the Earth Core Celebrants begin to tingle strangely. The tingling intensifies and slowly seeps up their arms and legs until finally their whole bodies are streaming with a great current of almost painful pleasure.

Some Fays begin to stiffen into contortions and The BRAURONIA must subtly alter the rhythm of the drums and Sistra. This Great Breath has to ascend smoothly through flexible limbs in order to reach its final heights and depths of World Irradiation.

As the hours pass, the Stars of the Heavens seem visibly to change position and pirouette about. The Terrestrial Stars of the childrens' lamps merge with those over the outstretched Fays. In their fused breath, the Celebrants fuse into one shuddering, penumbral form: Mother Earth. She, in turn, merges in the teeming Ground of Deep Heaven. The limitless Soil of All Stars lies yearningly fallow, titanic Nebula Limbs akimbo in sweet, innocent longing. Then shimmers The Moment without image, the Absolute Wedding of The Living Dark, wherein every Remote Immanence is Wild Virgin Bride Forever for the First Time pressing into every other remote Immanence.
JINGLE!!!

"Great Fays of the East, South, West and North; of the Nadir, the Zenith and The White Wedding Stone, join us here and now in the Faerie Ring between Worlds. Through the Portal twixt Moon and Sun we open with Spells of Soil, Water, Air and Fire, re-enter Your Earth Abodes from the Far Faerieland of Stars!!!"
EVOE KORE !!!!!

Grey-eyed Ocean, unlike Earth, becomes more active in Winter. At first, the Elementals of Brine commune quietly with the violent uproar of Her white haired breakers. Then, in the wet, dismal ebb, over cold, bubbling sand flats, the Oceanides dance out the magnificent, obsidian-edged fury of the Cyclonic Harridan. The Presence of The Storm God enters the Ecstatic Dancers for the cataclysmic finale, for the Alchemical PRIMA MASSA CONFUSA of the Retreating Year. Exhausted at last, the departing Fays toss black Elderberries into the blanching surf.

Dilated with catabolic joy, The Fays wend their way up narrow defiles in high barren cliffs, and then descend into "The Cave of The Arch Divinitrix'. Here in obscurity, The Fays review hoary sticks and stones, and other Sacred Things of Ancestral Memory.

Deep in the bowels of the Cavern, Cauldrons of Kymric KERIDWEN, Navajo ESTSANATLEHI, and African NYAME fume and bubble. About the walls strange Athanor furnaces roar, and Alembics pass fitful vapours through tangled shadows of Armillary Globes with which scented torches queerly stripe the walls.

The domed ceiling is a mosaic of the night sky.

The Cave shows how The God's Spirit, as Seminal Shooting Star, streaks from Polaris to Midheaven, and thence down into the foetus weighted Womb of Earth, shortly before the Dawning of YULE.

The The PHYRYLLT, or Faerie Alchemists and Artificers of Molten Mysteries, paraphrase the visionary words of the Hermetist Daustenious:

'So now this is our solution, that you marry the Gabricum with the Beja, which when He lies with the Beja, dies immediately and is changed into Her Nature. The Beja is a Woman, and She improves the Gabricum because He is come out of Her.'

Thus Man to Nature, just as this Alchemical Text may reflect the SYNGAMY of Protozoans in the vanished EDEN of The Archeozoic Era (?).

On YULE EVE, when The Nadir Gopher prepares once more to disgorge The Sun, The Fays festively deck their Halls with Youth Boughs of The Season. They parade through the Conifers, singing and frolicking, in search of dead and fallen YULE logs. When these are located, The Fays decorate and merrily drag them back to the many hearths of KORYTHALIA. The YULE Logs are lit only after Sunset of Winter Solstice-after The Fays have returned from dressing Pines, Yews, Spruce and Firs in the higher Life Zones.

The Sacred Fir Groves are swathed in glittering garlands, colored balls, and hung with candles in colored glass safety lamps. On this EVE of YULE, all through the lamp-lit Forests, as around the hearths of home, The Fays stack gifts for each other. Actually, They exchange gifts at all Nine of the major Festivals. But these gifts must be hand made with Love, usually by the Giver himself, and must express something meaningful between Giver and Recipient. For the most part, the gifts are handcrafted with painstaking care through the long Winter months. Each one is ear-marked for a certain person at a certain Festival, the Esoteric Meaning of which, on The Mandala of The Year, is pertinent to the Psychic development of the Receiver. Or one may fashion gifts and offerings for special extra-Human friends anywhere in Wilderness.

After finding gifts and dancing under the YULE Trees, the Fir Candles are extinguished, and the Winter Companies return home to light the YULE Logs.

At Dawn of Winter Solstice, the critical Alignment in the Henge Setting that proves The Sun has started North once more, elicits excited rejoicing. The Sun ascends the First Step of The Year, even as Earth grows colder, toward the inevitable Summer Summit of golden Passion.

In His first pale, pink rays, Ladies perform Mime expressing The Sun Babe's lusty kickin against the Uterus of His Divine Mother. A pray She will thus be awakened to the Presenc of a New Cosmic Dispensation for the Comin Year.

CHARM OF THE MONTH: I AM AN EBBIN WAVE OF THE SEA.

PERIOD 14: CONSONANT OF THE INTER CALARY DAY: P PEITH.
AVELINIA DAY. (Dec. 23). In Leap Yea there are TWO Intercalaries, AVELINIA I an 2. It would be fitting to place AVELINIA right after Summer Solstice Day, on the op posite mark of The Seasonal Mandala, for th Consonant of The Faerie Quick of Wildnes "PHI". However, this would throw the Sacre Tree Calendar out of synchronization with th secular Calendar now in force. So, for the tim being, AVELINIA 2 must coincide with Fe ruary 29.

MEANING: TIME OUTSIDE TIME. FIRS AWAKENING FROM COSMIC DURATIO
SHRINE IN THE HAND: PI: Directly ABOV THE CENTER OF THE PALM-BETWEE THE LINE OF HEART AND HEAD. PH in the center of the palm a little to one side the Line of destiny.

MYSTERIES OF THE DAY: Just before Daw of The Day Outside Time, within the drow Halls of Faerie, a great commotion awake everyone. From The Underground, sounds drums and creaking timbers shake the floo And from the roof, come the piercing calls long Fanfare Trumpets. The Seals burst off set of doors that connect The Northern Halls The Palace with The AVAL Cellars beneat These heavy doors are pulled open by excite children. Up the stone stairs steps The Gre Lady in stately measure. The Northward lur of The Infant Sun has not failed to awaken He Golden tresses feather out the full length of H gracious form. On Her head shines The Sacr Silver LUCIA CROWN of the most exalt Throne and Hegemony of Earth: LA LUNA

She bears arboreal dainties of the precedi Year into Her Royal Kitchens from the Cel Depths. After arranging the preserves, S ceremonially decks Her crown with leaves a berries of The Midnight Season. With a lo taper, The Divine Queen contemplatively lig the Nine Sumac Candles in The Tiara, each o suffused with the Herb of its Festival. Yawni voluptously with a wan, delicate smile, S tosses the taper into the huge fireplace of t Audience Hall.

Her Crown radiant as Her sleep-rosy cheek The Great Queen and Her Faerie Handmaide fetch the dainties and big decanters full of thick warm beverage, all sweet and spicy. Th repast She and Her maidens distribute everyone in The House of The Youth Bough.

The Magical Candle Glow glides down da passages. The Fays, young and old, wait breat lessly for it to illuminate their sleeping quarte and reveal The Beloved Majesty where th recline cozily intertwined midst hills and da of countless pillows. They receive The Agap the most delicious little meal of The Year.

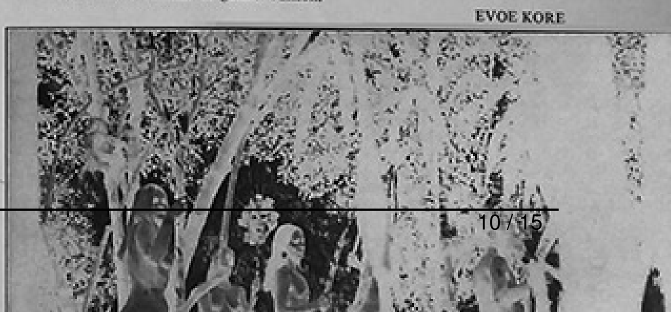
When the Sun, struggling toward Rebirt breaks away from the South-Eastern Peaks, T Divine Queen repairs to Her gorgeous confin ment apartments in a warm, semi-sunken qu ter of The Labyrinth. When She enters, the f on the hearth flames up with renewed cheer.

Once again She drops off to sleep - the sle known only to those who harbor New Life. S dreams of Her Divine Paramour's return.

The risen Household busies itself re-explori the Apple Cellers beneath the sumptuous Sleeping Queen of ALL WILD.

CHARM OF THE DAY: WHO BUT I KNOW THE SECRETS OF THE UNHEWN DOLME Or, a modification of one of The Utterances TALIESIN: I KNOW EVERY REED AN TWIG IN THE CAVE OF THE ARCH DIVIN TRIX.

EVOE KORE



WHAT IS FERAFERIA?

FERAFERIA is a Non-Profit, State AND Federal Tax-Exempt Religious Foundation for the ultimate Triumph of WILDERNESS LOVE everywhere, and for the Genesis of FAERIELAND as the creative adaptation of Man to Nature, in certain appropriate regions. THE ONLY TRUE CULTURE IS THAT WHICH MAKES US PERENNIAL PILGRIMS TO WILDNESS.

FERAFERIA means NATURE CELEBRATION. An authentically Humane Way of Life will arise when Celebration determines Subsistence, and not vice-versa, in strict response to the Choreography of Eco-Systems. Working concepts such as "Forest Management", Ecological Statistics, even "Land Ethic" and "Nature Appreciation" are insufficient.

FERAFERIA belives that Nature's present Evolutional demand on wayward Mankind is the development of a New, Universal RELIGION AND POETICS OF WILD NATURE, adequate to the Dawning of an ECO-PSYCHIC ERA.

FERAFERIA agrees with Robert Graves that the only Divinity, or "Archetype", for the successful combination of CULT, CULTURE AND CULTIVATION, in Service to ALL Life and Nature, is the Most Ancient and Sacred MUSE GODDESS OF WILDNESS.
As Imaginals for the fusion of Instinct and Eco-System, Smokey The Bear and Johnny Horizon are just about as effective as Batman is for promoting attitudes of social cohesion.

FERAFERIA teaches that if people poison air and water, chop down forests; butcher Nature's Hills (The Profiles of Gods), butcher Lambs, Calves and other helpless Animal Kinsmen; dam Rivers, dam Holy Eros in themselves and their offspring; and then pat themselves on the back as Progressive Wrecklamationists, they will inevitably incinerate men, women, children and fertile Rain forests in Viet Nam, regardless of the ideals they carry around in the tops of their heads.

If you are fed up with the Power Politics Biology of Robert Ardrey, then rediscover your Humane Primate Heritage and Promise! Read Henry Bailey Stevens' The Recovery of Culture, Harper, 1953, Foreward by Gerald Heard. This book is tremendously important to the Paradisal Future of Mankind. It is one of those rare combinations of Love, Vision AND Practicality. Perhaps that is why it is so hard to get. But persist with your Bookseller, for it is still available, distributed by Wellington.

Worthy companions of the Stevens Work are Robert Eisler, Man Into Wolf, Routledge, 1951; Roy Walker, The Golden Feast, Macmillan, 1952; and J. S. Collis, The Triumph of The Tree, Viking Paperback.

The Myths of Paradise, which Feraferia will realize, provide the key which can change man from grotesquely alienated HOMUNCULUS into charismatic MERCURIUS, the Alchemical Transformer.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT:
HERMETICS

FERAFERIA intends to rejoin The Dance of Life in the FAERIE RINGS of the Secret Commonwealth, and celebrate The

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THE PATH OF PLANTS IS THE WAY TO FAERIELAND

According to the Magic of Moon Phase, for every one of the Nine Festivals of The Sacred Year, plant or help a Native Tree of your own Wilderness Region.

Become the Faerie Guardians of these Nurslings of Paradise all Year round. Make friends with Trees as unique individuals like yourselves.

For necessary Information and Instruction, check with your local Botanical Gardens. Significantly enough, Botanists are usually very Humane Beings.

Inquire at your local Forestry Department in what parts of Federal, State or County Wild-Lands you may contribute appropriate Saplings, Forbes and Herbs. Find out which ones are most urgently needed.

Plant Wildlings about your home. Your Health depends on a liberal Land-Breath of Leaves.

Transform Tree-Planting and Care into Sacrament and Evocation of Nature Spirits. Make love through and to The Trees.

Dress beautifully and Seasonally. Conduct your Love-Play-Tree-Care as Solemn Rite, and as Gay, Passionate Celebration.

In the Holy Name of Great Nature, never let this Work become grim toil. The MAGNUM OPUS is ART and DISPLAY, or it is NOTHING.

Grace the Trees with POETIC NAMES, accor
ing to their appearance, their Seasonal Revel
tions, the Spirit of Place. Imagine what Poet
could be written and LIVED if all the Elemen
of Nature had Poetic, Magical Names, rath
than silly historical or taxinomical nomencl
ture.

Remember, Nature Religon is a matter
Regional and Seasonal Feelings, the Gran
Soul-Moods of The Earth-Being.

ALLIED TRANSFORMATIVE NATURE RELIGIONS

For information about the British Witch Religion, send a dollar to:
1) The Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick; 111 Timberline Dr. Brentwood, Long Island, New York 11717.
2) Pentagram, 68 Grove End Gardens, London N.W. 8, England
A new Religious Fellowship for The Goddess and Her Nature Mysteries is:
The Regency, c/o Ronald White, 58 Trinde Rd., London N. 19, England.

OH HOLY MAIDEN OF THE KINDLING QUICK
OF MERGING MIST AND MAZING
ECHO: THE INNOCENT
BOUNTY OF THE TREES BARES
YOUR FAERIE FLESH
OF WILDNESS
WONDER
MAGIC
MIRTH AND
LOVE...
YOUR BEAUTY
SEALS OUR
BRIDAL
WITH ALL
LIFE...
THE DANCE
OF YOUR
GREEN
PULSE
UNFOLDS
ALL BODIES
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