





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 FAIRIELANDS IN THE FAR WEST OF THE GREAT TURTLE ISLAND.

EVOL KORE!!!!

VOWEL SEASON 1: 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. FERAFAERIA 3: YULE. KRONOS DAY (Coniferous Forests, and the Planet presently called Jupiter in FERAFAERIA'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 1: B BETH.

SACRED TREE: BIRCH. Realm of CALIFIA: BETULA fontinalis, and B. pendula (Harmoneus 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 heart-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, abstract 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 mountains of pillows, under kaleidoscopic domes of stained glass quivering with rain. Many join The Seeds in almost continual Winter sleep, strewn out 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 Nymphet NIMUE.

Behind the swerving boles of the Sacred Birches, blue waters of mountain 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 lines 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, snuggling 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. FERAFAERIA 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 mist 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 desperately 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 prominence. Carrying two very long torches, The Queen of Serpents and Subterranean 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 swirls 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 contorting 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. FERAFAERIA 1: 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-am").

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 wear 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 Crescent 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. EVOL!!!

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 Veain 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. ZTRAF). SACRED TREE: WILLOW. Realm of CALIFIA: SALIX laevigata and S. lasiandra.

PERIOD: April 15 - May 12. FERAFAERIA 2: BELTANE, or MAY DAY; DION DAY, SAILLE 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 Fan, exchanging the dainties of Childhood, farther upstream, toward mysterious stands of Willow. 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 Wilderness. 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 languorously trailing boles fill out with yellow-green leafage. The faeries weave great baskets of Ousiers so they may gently rock the slumbering Children, and thus fashion Their formative dreams to the Love Tempo of The Queenom

They had supple 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 trail their verdant fingers in the mellifluous eddies of "THE ROUND RIVER".

Hypocritically, DIONE and DION brush each other all over with Willow fronds. DIONE wields a Female branch, DION a bright yellow Male. A full May Moon rises through the lithe, sweeping ranks of bodies and branches. Breads of dew glisten in soft, nocturnal rim lights. As the children solemnly 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 phallic 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 Panics 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 Thorns 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-danting petals of Black Thorn loom now). Within the Ring-Pass-Not of the knobby tangle of sharp-needed 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 Biome 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 Wilderness 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 boy 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. They approach each other in the dark, the display themselves with taunting enticement. Then the girls bound off screaming. The supreme Mystery of sexual polarization deeper in isolation. Thus the bolt that will jump the gap at Midsummer gathers tremendous charge. During this phase of the Sacred Year, the PANEROTIC Power of The Humane Nature 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 swirling 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 toros 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 baths, 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: URA.
SACRED TREE: HEATHIER. 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 PH).
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 lightning shocks of evergreen, like a Summer storm, over dry expanses of yellow grass. The increasing heat makes Oak 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 Panics, Nature-hushed and Desire-prianted, to The White Wedding Stone before the gilded 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, many 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 re-marry 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 Deciduous 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 edgewise curtains of Her dark swimming Flesh in all directions. The changing volumes of this stupefying 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 Topocomic Dance, and issuing strange clicks from the abysses 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 Litany 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 Privet 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 gather about the rings, which are tissued in; the men rally about the long straw columns. Through the smoky, 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 Keils and Phallos of grass fitted together. Then, amidst 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 PERENNIAL 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 preceding 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 Paradisa Quaternio. Then again, each Mandalic Family of Syzygies 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 the whole regional Human Population, which is wed, in turn, 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 Paradisa Maturation of a few amenable Eco-Systems. "THE PRINCIPLES of Evolution must ALSO evolve."

A. HENRY LANCY OF BUCKLE-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, CONCURRENCE.
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 limsome 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 Rowan 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 Sybilic 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 verified 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 adventurous 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-Bleended 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 KOKOPILIMANA, The Divine Philatists, 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 Chlorophyll, they wile away the mid-Noon hours, enjoying the splendid 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 vicinity. 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 virtuosi of Touch learn to trace out the voluptuous contours of the greater Landforms defied by Distance, over each other's moving bodies. Simultaneously, with deep, inner concentration, they may inhale the fragrance of a particular Flora growing on the Landform which they exchange with each other through the Magic of cultivated Cares. 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 anthers 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, blinding in

Through the long Summer Nights, The Faesomambulitically travel great distances. They compose new tracks of Land-Sky Revelations. The twists and turns of GAIA'S contours incise themselves deeply in nerve, muscle and viscera, through primeval Stick and Stone Magic, against the Aeonic Measure of North Star.

In The Moonlight, The Faeries silently waftibly Saplings, and play the hushed game of rock and tree spinning. The Daemons of TINNE gambol through Groves carrying bundles of tall Stangs. They click them together as they whirl to inviolate flutes, making Cicada and Cricket noise. Nymphs, flitting in the shadowy draws, cretrobobbing in chorus, like frogs, The Stars are placed under boughs bending with increasing freight of fruit. Or they are used to hoe spiral garden alleys, and to clear irrigational basins about Trees, all agleam in the volutuous moonlight.

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

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

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

The happy Sorb takes The Fays out of the open fields of Midsummer, and back along "The Round River" of The Sacred Year. In the North the Wild Apples follow rivers almost to the mouth. Neradiis sport in white billows of brine.

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

Into the opened Groves, APHRODITE and ARES return from Their long perigrinations through the fields. With long Stangs, ARE props up the luscious weight of leaf-shaded nuts and fruits bending down the boughs; APHRODITE matches these curves with the deepening roundness of Her own Body. Miraculously, Her skin distills and diffuses every fragrance of Summer's wealth.

That the fruits are filling there can be no doubt - and their color rises. But so it is with APHRODITE! Against a fluttering line of daisies it becomes quite apparent that Her breasts have grown and the aureoles are darker. She may be pregnant with The God and continue plenty of next Year.

One lovely Apple, in the verisimilitude of Her golden breast, The Goddess of the Swelling Groves plucks from the bough The God adoringly lowers to Her Life-Giving Hand. Adoringly, She passes the Sacred Fruit to Him. The Fays give ovation to the miracle of She Who Bestows The Fruit of Love: GRE APHRODITE.

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

The Rivers cloud with sweet Tree-meats from the bodies of splashing Celebrants. They follow the colored waters into TEMENOS HIERIDES. Here a wondrous Faerieland playground dazzles the gaze. In this Season, ponds of Wilderness thicken and scum over with Algae, or 4/15 utterly. But in TEMENOS, waters still riot over unceasing rapids calculated to the spill of ten Human curvatures. The flesh of fruits and Fys scramble in delirious spin of waterways to lead through tunnels, out into midlands.



High arboreal architectures lead imperceptibly into subterranean 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 life and tesserae. The sense of tidily segregated levels and quarters of world-injection 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 indistinguishably 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 startlingly suggest "FERIE DES BOIS": an whitened Tree Stump that looks like a dragon munching succulent Fungus, or stratification in a cliff that, a trifle too clearly, hallicinate 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 Artifice 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 scroliery 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 Wilderness 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: Autumnal Equinox. FERAERIA 5: HARVEST HOME. OURANIA DAY, MUIN 22 (Sept. 23). MEANING: AGE AND GARNERED WISDOM. SECOND, OR MILLENNIAL CHILDHOOD. SHRINE IN THE HAND: The Third Joint of the "Ring Finger".

CONSONANT MONTH 10: M MUIN. SACRED TREE: VINE. Realm of CALIFIA: VITUS californica.

PERIOD: Sept. 2 - Sept. 29. MEANING: JOY, EXHILARATION. 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 Ecstasies to begin the vintage of cultured Grapes. In rhythm with the wooden beat of big hollow logs, The Faries 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 posture, 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 Faries begin to haul the Harvest into The AVAL Basements of the Palace.

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

CONSONANT MONTH 11: 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, ECSTASY. 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 Rites of Leaf-Fall and Feather-Seed Scattering. These are Sacraments, PAR EXCELLENCE, of WILDNESS, of Land-Maze-Play, and of Nature's piddiest, most wholesome inebriation. All kinds of dry Wilding Seeds are gathered into capacious punny 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 THYRSOS 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 exhilarating days. With Stangs transformed into rakes others prepare barren hill-sides 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 joints, 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 (P. as deep, soft guttural, as in "ing").

SACRED TREE: REED. Realm of CALIFIA: Equisetum arvense; TYPHIA latifolia.

PERIOD: Oct. 28 - Nov. 24. FERAERIA 6: SAMHAIN, or All Souls.

HERMES-THOTH-COYOTE DAY, NGETAL 4, Oct. 31-Nov. 3. Or nearest Waxing 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 Curfew of Geese and Cranes fills the sky. They run, dancing, posturing and chanting, under the fast-fading Visionary Script of the Hypnagogic Season.

In regular Eco-Psychic Seance, during these nights of magnificent stellar engulfment, The Fays loosen their Souls, like deciduous 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 Paradisaic Alchemy. Then The Eternal Stream leads into blazing Solar fields and Summer groves, suspending globes of riverine distillations that taste of the Mysteries of secret, simous, 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 of Body of Wilderness, settle that Titane 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 Etheric 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-flesh 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 much 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 him.

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 amber 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, murrouring 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 hanging 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 abused 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 sobbs to the sounds of Bull-Roarsers, waving Rush Wands, fluting Reeds. Certain Ancestors explain the present growth needs of their most beloved Eco-Systems, of which they are the tutelary Numina 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 Underworld. Into these, the fruits, nuts, vegetables and preserves are stored for Winter. The moisture and temperature of the Vallhallas, 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 spondaie 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 Doors are sealed with the Sigils of ARES and HERMES.

In the fecund gloom of The Underworld, The Lovers unfold all Dreams within the Circle 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 Mistle-
toe).

SEASONAL STATION: From FERAERIA 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 (Original-
ly Z doubles with S SAILLE: The "ZZZZZZZ"
of Bees in Flower Time. In NIGEL-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, FERAERIA 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 eddies
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 glow like the grand
steps 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 deli-
cious. Various decoctions and teas of Her
berries, flowers, leaf-buds and roots yield puri-
fying 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 susurris of the stream can be heard
through shadows, the

these latitudes. From these Regional Stars, the
Dance reflects The Zodiac of Star and Local
Landmark correspondences. The entire Lay of
the land is unrolled by The Masked Mimmers
of the black, horizon-hipped Emphyrean.

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 children's
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 Cyclopic Harriad.
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 Daustenus:

"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 KORY-
THALIA. 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 hand-
crafted 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 any-
where 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 Align-
ment 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 kicks
against the Uterus of His Divine Mother. A
pray She will thus be awakened to the Presen-
ce of a New Cosmic Dispensation for the Coming
Year.

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

PERIOD 14: CONSONANT OF THE INTER-
CALARY DAY: P PEITH.

AVELINIA DAY. (Dec. 23). In Leap Year
there are TWO Intercalaries, AVELINIA 1 and
2. It would be fitting to place AVELINIA
right after Summer Solstice Day, on the op-
posite mark of The Seasonal Mandala, for the
Consonant of The Faerie Quick of Wildness
"PHI". However, this would throw the Sacre-
Tree Calendar out of synchronization with the
secular Calendar now in force. So, for the time
being, AVELINIA 2 must coincide with Fe-
bruary 29.

MEANING: TIME OUTSIDE TIME. FIRM
AWAKENING FROM COSMIC DURATION
SHRINE IN THE HAND: PI: Directly ABOVE
THE CENTER OF THE PALM-BETWEEN
THE LINE OF HEART AND HEAD. PHI
in the center of the palm a little to one side
of the Line of destiny.

MYSTERIES OF THE DAY: Just before Dawn
of The Day Outside Time, within the drowsy
Halls of Faerie, a great commotion awakes
everyone. From The Underground, sounds
drums and creaking timbers shake the floor.
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 beneath.
These heavy doors are pulled open by exci-
tation. Up the stone stairs steps The Gre-
t Lady in stately measure. The Northward turn
of The Infant Sun has not failed to awaken Her
Golden tresses feather out the full length of Her
gracious form. On Her head shines The Sacre-
Silver LUCIA CROWN of the most exalted
Throne and Hegemony of Earth: LA LUNA

She bears arboreal dainties of the preceding
Year into Her Royal Kitchens from the Cell-
Depths. After arranging the preserves, She
ceremoniously decks Her crown with leaves and
berries of The Midnight Season. With a lo-
taper, The Divine Queen contemplatively lights
the Nine Sumac Candles in The Tiaza, each of
suffused with the Herb of Its Festival. Yawn-
voluptuously with a wan, delicate smile, She
tosses the taper into the huge fireplace of the
Audience Hall.

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

The Magical Candle Glow glides down dan-
gerous passages. The Fays, young and old, wait breath-
lessly for it to illuminate their sleeping quarters
and reveal The Beloved Majesty where the
recline coitally intertwined midst hills and dale
of countless pillows. They receive The Agape
the most delicious little meal of The Year.

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

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

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

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

EVOE KORE



WHAT IS FERAERIA?

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

FERAERIA means NATURE CELEBRATION. An authentically Humane Way of Life will arise when Celebration determines Substance, 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.

FERAERIA believes 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.

FERAERIA 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 WILDERNESS. 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.

FERAERIA 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 Kinmen; dam Rivers, dam Holy Eros in themselves and their offspring; and then pat themselves on the back as Progressive Wreckers, 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.

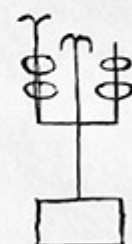
If you are fed up with the Power Politics Biology of Robert Ardrey, then rediscover your Humane Primate Heritage and Promise! Read Henry Bailey Stevens' *The Recovery of Culture*, Harper, 1953, Foreword by Gerald Heard. This book is tremendously important to the Paradisal Future of Mankind. It is one 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 Eiser, *Man Into Wolf*, Routledge, 1951; Roy Walker, *The Golden Fawn*, Macmillan, 1952; and J. S. Collis, *The Triumph of The Tree*, Viking Paperback.

The Myths of Paradise, which Feraeria will realize, provide the key which can change man from grotesquely alienated HOMUNCULUS into charismatic MER-CURIUS, the Alchemical Transformer.

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT: HERMETICS

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



STONEHENGE AND VISIONARY LANDSCAPING

Under Auspices of FERAERIA, Frederick Adams and a Fellowship of select experts will determine and instruct how any location, tract or property may be oriented, as LAND-SKY LOVE SHRINE, to its surrounding region.

Our intensive Programs for TOPOCOSMIC Orientation will integrate your Body and Soul with Earth and Universe to reveal, throughout your whole Lifetime, the fullest measure of Creativity.

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Consultation, Demonstration and Lectures may be arranged. Address inquiries to our mailing address below. Include your own address, telephone numbers, hours of availability, descriptions of needs, interests, Lands that may be amenable to Visionary Ecological Interpretation and Transformation. HELP YOURSELF AND THE WORLD TO GROW INTO PARADISE.

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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 Nurseries 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, according to their appearance, their Seasonal Revelations, the Spirit of Place. Imagine what Poets could be written and LIVED if all the Elements of Nature had Poetic, Magical Names, rather than silly historical or taxonomical nomenclature.

Remember, Nature Religion is a matter of Regional and Seasonal Feelings, the Grand 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 Magic; 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.





