

Disclaimer, from

The Merry Pranks of Robin Good-fellow:

When any need to borrow aught,  
We lend them what they do require,  
And for the use demand we naught,—  
Our own is all we do desire.

    If to repay  
    They do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go;  
    And night by night,  
    I them afright,  
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have naught to do  
But study how to cog and lye,  
To make debate and mischief too,  
    'Twixt one another secretly,  
    I marke their glaze,  
    And it disclose  
To them whom they have wronged so.  
    When I have done  
    I get me gone,  
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

If you're sure you're ready for this,  
all you have to do is knock...



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Plus other prizes and snippets, mixed around and amongst.

**This is SubVert.** This is a zine of Feri lore, thoughts, poetry and whatnot... and of lore, thoughts, poetry and whatnot of interest to Feris. (Or at least to some Feris. Like the ones who're making the zine, and the ones who want to see what those Feris come up with.)

SubVert may publish gossip. It may publish not-safe-for-work material. It may publish electronically. It may publish... anything. It will not publish on a schedule, nor for a profit. The only costs for SubVert are printing costs.

There are no back issues of SubVert. (There maybe no future issues of SubVert.)

There are no bios of contributors. Maybe next time. Maybe not. If you can get a copy of this, you can probably figure out how to track down the people who intrigue you.

# SACRIFICE

I have been around animal sacrifice since I was baby and while I can't speak on any religions except my own, I can share with you how this would be seen from the ATR point of view...

We believe that every animal is under the "protection" and ownership of a specific God, therefore when that animal is offered to that God it is only being given what is rightfully theirs. So in Celtic tradition maybe the horse was sacrificed to Epona because it belongs to her, you wouldn't offer her a goat because she does not own the goat, she owns the horse which is an appropriate offering to her...do you see where I'm coming from?

How is it that someone can sacrifice an animal to themselves everytime they eat meat but if you sacrifice it in honor of the God that truly owns it then you are somehow wrong and committing an atrocity, the problem with man is that they have put themselves in the rank of Gods and are dictating their morality over them.

As a priest in a religion where animal sacrifice plays a central and crucial role, I can tell you that it is directly warranted by our Gods who tell us directly what they want. If the Gods demand it who are we to deny them? In refusing to submit to the will and demands of the Gods would bring serious consequences. I have known people who have died because of such abstinence and disregard of the direct instructions of the Gods and their refusal to comply. While I understand that not all religions have such a physical relationship with their Gods like we do, where our Gods literally interact and speak to us through divination and possession, regardless, how can one tell the Gods what they can or can not have?

The way we see it is that sacrifice is a universal panacea to cure the ills of mankind and redeem its sins. Every human society has practiced sacrifice at one time or another. Sometimes the sacrifice is minimal, like a candle lit in a church and sometimes it is apotheosis, like Christ's death on the cross, but the sacrifice is always there as an inartistic part of man's soul, a primeval need to give of his essence to the creative forces of the universe. Sacrifice is irrevocably linked to mankind's awareness of his own inadequacies and perennial follies. Mankind sins more through weakness and ignorance than through evil intent. Sacrifice is the means by which human beings acknowledge their inability to cope with the challenges of life and ask for help in meeting that challenge.

Traditionally blood is the ultimate sacrifice because it is the source of life, that is why it is the quintessential offering to the Gods. All major religions acknowledge the importance of blood sacrifice to deity. Jews observe Mosaic laws during the koshering ceremonies, when the blood of the slaughtered animal is given to God and the meat is eaten by the congregation. In India and Nepal thousands of animals are sacrificed each year during ritual sacrifices and the Catholic church sacrifices a lamb at the opening of each holy year, furthermore the Catholic mass is seen as a sacrifice during which the host and wine become transformed into the literal body and blood of Christ.

Blood sacrifices were conducted by the Babylonians, the Hebrews, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Aztecs and the American Indians among others. All the ancient cultures of the Middle East, the Far East, Europe

**BY OMJUBA**

and Africa have religions with sacrificial rituals. Sacrifice continues to take place because the Gods demand it and because of mankind's fear and its need for guidance. In essence, sacrifice is a transmutation of energies that is given to the Gods and then is transformed into that which is desired and needed by the supplicant.



Sacrifice is a means of giving life to have life, it is a means of consolidating a communion between the Gods and man, it is an offering that enables the Gods to give us something in return.

My personal experience has been that NOBODY, no matter how "morally" opposed to animal sacrifice, will hesitate for one moment to avail themselves of its power when all other approaches have failed. The mother whose child is dying, a person about to lose their job, home, business and family or someone who is facing a potentially devastating court case will have absolutely no qualms about using blood sacrifice to solve an apparently insolvable situation.



To most people (Americans specifically) death is very surreal, something to be avoided at all costs. Everything from our funerals to our supermarkets are designed to camouflage death. In the day, if you wanted chicken, you would go out in the yard, grab a chicken, wring its neck, pluck its feathers and prepared it for dinner, but today many of our only experiences with dead animals are seeing them in the refrigerator case of the grocery store. The chicken or the roast carefully wrapped in its Styrofoam packaging bears little resemblance to the living, breathing animal from which it came. So too, with funerals. We distance ourselves from death. Embalming removes all traces of blood, and the departed is made up to look and dressed to appear as "lifelike" as possible.



Blood sacrifice, as frightening and abhorrent as it is to those who do not understand it, is absolutely necessary if major changes are to take place. It would be far easier as a twenty-first Orisha priest like myself to simply say that, "blood sacrifices may have been relevant or acceptable hundreds or thousands of years ago, but in today's "enlightened" world, simple offerings of fruit or wine will suffice." It would be far easier to say that, but it would be untrue.

In the ATR's we value the life of an animal but we value the life of a human even more. When an animal is called for, the animal is offered with respect, prayer and in as little pain as possible. We understand what the animal is giving up for us, and we are grateful. I can assure you that the animals that occupy the sterile, environmentally polluting packages in the supermarket were not treated with respect or offered in prayer.

I think that part of the fear of sacrifice is the fear of feelings. In this "advanced" age we use the linear hemisphere of our brains almost exclusively, rarely allowing ourselves to experience profound feelings of any kind. As a society, we tend to live in an emotional middle zone. When we witness or take part in an animal sacrifice, it is not possible to contain our feelings, I believe that it is more the fear of that kind of intensity, both good and bad, and what it will do, more than the actual concern with the death of the animal that shapes most people's attitude about sacrifice. And they are not wrong. The act of animal sacrifice is pure feeling and energy, and no one participating in one can fail to be touched and changed from its power. But after all that is the point, since the beginning of time, in every culture and religion, sacrifice has been used to access that world of power. It can not be intellectualized, it can only be experienced.

-ÒmìJubà

# Paeon of the Picts

Brían Dragon circa 1980

We came boiling up out of the tropics  
Before they were toilet-trained.  
A panther race, we left no trace,  
Though our path was pleasure-stained.

And our voices claimed the darkness,  
And we raised it on our spears,  
As we shirked each land and learned to stand  
For the things that your mother fears...

Like the eating of our mighty dead men,  
Like the calling of the Peacock Ghost,  
Like our star-stud gods whose earth-shot wads  
Fueled the flight of the Fairy Host.

And the Elven Court they called us!  
And the Rampage of the Sídh!  
As we hid in caves and hired as slaves  
To the Saex from which we flee

Till fleeing played our hearts,  
And those tattooed hearts turned hard.  
Who could love a tree you'll no more see,  
Each elven gate is barred.

Oh beasts, boors, braggarts, you Saxons!  
The Fair found the fair way was out--  
But, bet your right eye we didn't just die,  
We'll be back to win the next bout.

With dark hair and dark eyes and sharp teeth,  
Or blond hair and green eyes and knives,  
With paint on our skin and no sense of sin,  
Let human men lock up their wives  
And evil men fear for their lives!



# Prey of the Gods

Snippets of discussion about the nature of our relationships with the Gods, and predator/prey issues.. from the Feri list at Yahooogroups. com, taking place during Sep & Oct of 2002.

From: kal i grafr  
Date: Fri Sep 20, 2002 7:22am  
Subject: [Re: Deity & Culture](#)  
Al oha,

Morpheus commented:

- > Consider this notion:
- > that the gods are real in the way that wildlife is real. A great horned
- > owl is no less real than I am, and when you have seen or touched one,
- > you can't be convinced that you imagined it or that it was there just
- > because you believed in it.

I certainly agree with Morpheus's canny observation--Deities and Guardians are exactly as real as the creatures of the wild. And as elusive of notice and of recognition.

Nobody has to believe in owls. Nobody has to believe in Deities and Guardians.

But can you tell that to the mouse?

Musing They Can See You Even When You Can't See Them! Rose,

Pi tch

###pau hana###

From: Arlee Woodhull  
Date: Sat Sep 21, 2002 5:01pm  
Subject: [Re: Re: Deity & Culture](#)

- > Well, that's kind of creepy. No offense. One would hope that the
- > relationship between gods and humans is not that of predator vs. prey.
- > HappyDog

Welll, one sometimes wonders!

But the relationship between predator and prey is a truly holy one. Can you doubt that the predator loves the prey? Can you doubt that the predator enriches the prey's experience of life as they dance with each other? "Life to life, gives life away. Day to night and night to day". (One of my favorite chants.) One day, the universe

will catch me in her jaws and I will feed her. Certainly I am prey.  
To a thousand different things. Are they not my Gods? To me, Deity  
is immanent. I say, they are. And I adore them with all my heart.  
For a taste of life, I will gladly be devoured. The dance is all.  
Arlee,  
Feri initiate,  
Oregon

This reminds me of a poem I wrote [© Michael Rock, All Rights  
Reserved]:

## Open

I see eyes see icy grip of clenching pain  
In heart once upon a time aflame  
Inflamed and passionate melancholy remains  
I watched a sickly possum die  
I left incense burning on its corpse  
Forgive us!  
And wished it Goddessspeed upon the nether road  
In suffering lived and suffering died  
Oh sweet release so many stains so many  
Remains, I passed a cat in the grass  
Feasting on a squirrel he skinned to the waist  
Head torn off all pink and glistening inside  
Like a lover's mouth, I'm sure when he saw the  
Squirrel it was love at first sight,  
So sweet the first rending bite  
of loving passion. He cradled it  
In his paws and adoringly licked and tore  
With teeth.

So there are cats, and there are squirrels,  
and there are cars and there are corpses.  
A grackle with a broken back pulls itself  
Along with wings that once knew to fly  
Dragging feet that forgot to walk.

I never buried the remains.

I'm skinned to the waist as time wastes away  
I'm pink and wet and inside out  
Like a lover's mouth  
Like an open wound  
I dreamt the fire went over  
It all was over  
Flame and ashes  
Safe inside, I never saw  
The remains.

-----  
Mike Rock



more Mike:

- > This was beautifully said, and I understand your point...but cannot
- > agree. There is something in me that rebels and will not assent to
- > be prey even to the Gods themselves. Perhaps it reminds me too much
- > of the days when I was attempting to make myself a submissive to that
- > worst of all doms, Jehovah.
- > Happydog

but domination is not ecology.. a predator eats what it needs, and strengthens the prey.. the prey adapt and challenge and strengthen the predator.. a dance of coevolution and interdependence..

in master-slave relations, there is co-dependence, not interdependence. it is a completely different relation. there is no flow of power back and forth, the dominator seeks to freeze the relation in one frame. yin and yang become unbalanced.

the Luciferian current is concerned with the latter.. in relation to the former, all must eat. all are prey, all are predators. grass just doesn't move fast enough, so it adapts by growing more back more quickly when clipped and eaten.

mike

From: eldri

Date: Sun Sep 22, 2002 9:44am

Subject: [Re: Deity & Culture](#)

Fighting back is a dance also.

> \*\*\*\*agreed\*\*\*>>

> Agree to disagree on this one.

>

>\*\*\*\*why? you are both right--

We are the slayer , and the slain  
we are the hand that cuts the grain,  
the hand that tends the tree--  
wolf and caribou are one,  
(but any one deer will run--)

the gods come onto us unexpected, even when we know they are there--being human ,we don't know All of the gods---even when we've met them, we forget--(like any peak experience--)-we only Think we remember, till we get back, then we say, "oh yes, THIS!"(and forget again)

we Are, according to our nature as are the gods  
some of us hunt--  
eldri





From: Arlee Woodhull  
Date: Mon Sep 23, 2002 3:26pm  
Subject: [Re: Re: Deity & Culture](#)

<snip>

> There is something in me that rebels and will not assent to  
> be prey even to the Gods themselves. Perhaps it reminds me too much  
> of the days when I was attempting to make myself a submissive to that  
> worst of all doms, Jehovah.

Mmm. Have you ever watched one animal kill another that is of its prey species? I've watched a lot of them in my years in rural Oregon. Believe me, none of them submit. They fight an animal 10 times their size with everything they've got, even though the outcome is all but certain. They fight for every last breath. That's part of the dance. Nobody gets out of this world alive. We will be eaten. The question is, can I draw one more breath in the ecstasy of communion with my Gods before they devour me? In other words, can I be fully alive up to the very moment my life flees into the arms of the Lord of Darkness. You don't do that by submitting to anything.

Arlee,  
Feri initiate,  
Oregon

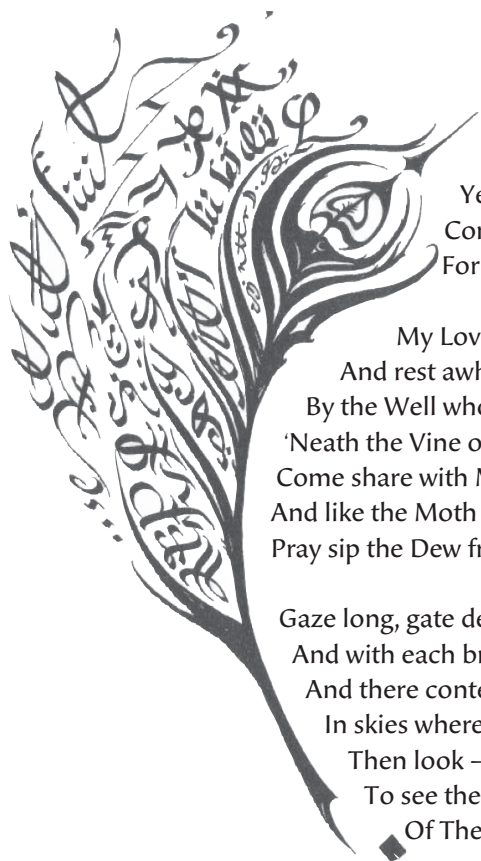
From: Awen  
Date: Wed Oct 9, 2002 7:57am  
Subject: [Re: eat or be eaten?](#)

The Feri Tradition teaches us that there is the Star God/Goddess, who is All-That-Is, whose reflection is the other Gods (Mari, Dian-Y-Glas etc.), all of them, and the whole Universe is His/Her Mirror. So we all are part of the Gods, who they are, and in a deeper perspective, we're here as a reflection of the Gods. We create. We feed. We destroy. We are unlimited. And the Universe is a Mirror.

So, if you consider 'feeding' to be sharing something with another Self, then yeah, I guess we feed the Gods in someway, just like they feed us.

Blessings of Love,  
Awen





'The Prophet of the Peacock-Quill  
Hath drunk God's Blood from out the Cup  
Of Iblis and the Blessed Few  
That with Eve's brood refuse to sup.  
Ye Children of fair Lilith born,  
Come tread the Path of Blame and Scorn,  
For you, from Hell, have fallen... Up!

My Lover! Pray draw close to listen,  
And rest awhile, for but an hour,  
By the Well whose waters glisten  
'Neath the Vine of Khidir's Bower.  
Come share with Me the Love of Night,  
And like the Moth to the Candle-light -  
Pray sip the Dew from Lilith's Flower.

Gaze long, gaze deep into the Pool,  
And with each breath glide gently in,  
And there content Thyself to drift  
In skies where-in the Angels swim.  
Then look – look up, up from the Well,  
To see these moving lips that tell  
Of Thee: Thine own Reflected Twin!

"Taurus Draconem Genuit;  
Et Taurum Draco" spake the Queen  
Of all the Night and the Twilit Breach,  
Whose Words have Secrets in-between –  
"My Child, hast Thou come here to drink  
Poison dripp'd golden from my kiss,  
And hope to glimpse what Few have seen?"

The Feathers of the Plumed Snake  
From each the Dragon's scales unfold,  
And there the starry embers glint  
With fire amid the green and gold.  
Each Plume doth frame with rainbow hues  
The azure eyes of Black Ta'us,  
Whose winged gaze burneth deathly cold.

3.4.5.19.20

# The Yezidis

by Sana Karine

**T**he Yezidis (sometimes spelled Yazidi or Yazdani) are a specific subset of the Kurdish people, about 3 to 5 percent in terms of population, and live in parts of traditionally Kurdish areas currently located in northern Iraq, northeast Syria, and southeast Turkey. They were popularized among esoteric aficionados in the 1960s by Anton Szandor LaVey's *The Satanic Rituals*, in which was presented a supposedly Yezidi ritual. Earlier in the 20th century they were notoriously known as "Devil Worshipers," which appellation endeared them to LaVey and followers of the "Left-Hand Path" ever since -- somewhat inaccurately.

The term Yezidi comes from the ancient Iranian term for angel or divine being -- similar to the Sanskrit concept of the *devi* or powerful being, somewhat less than a God, but far beyond the powers of ordinary mortals or superbeings. Thus, the Yezidis are better thought of as angel worshippers than devil worshippers -- although the Angel that they worship is indeed Lucifer; and in fact, angels and "devils" are but two variations of the same concept of semi-divine being. (Even the term "devil" comes from the same Sanskrit root *devi* that can also be an angel.)

Lucifer is known as Melek Taus, the Peacock Angel, to the Yezidis; and in direct contradiction to traditional Christian (even Muslim) theology, he is not viewed as in any way "fallen" or evil. In fact, this Melek Taus is looked upon as a great and mighty Archangel; the Archangel who is responsible for the creation of this mundane sphere out of the pieces of the Primal Pearl or Cosmic Egg. Those familiar with Gnostic creation myths will recognize this story as that of the Demiurge, or material creator -- but again, without the "evil" connotations that myth tends to carry.

The most holy city in the cultural sphere

of the Yezidi people is Lalish, located in what is now northern Iraq. It was here that the first great leader and human founder of the religion, Sheik Adi ("Original Sheik") lived and died. He is held in quasi-divine regard himself by Yezidis, some considering him a physical manifestation of Melek Taus much in the way that certain heterodox Muslim mystics see Muhammed as the "Divine Man" or the way that Baha'is speak of Baha'u'llah as a "manifestation" of God. These concepts are cognate with the Indian idea of the avatar, or divine incarnation in human form.

Melek Taus, the Great Archangel of the Yezidis, is generally depicted (as far as outsiders know) in the form of a Peacock symbol, which is also presented in the form of a bronze sculpture revealed to believers during their holy festivals. The major Yezidi holy festival is the weeklong Feast of Lam; it takes place in October, and followers are expected to make the pilgrimage to the tomb of Sheik Adi in Lalish if they are able to. This weeklong holiday is a celebration of the Creation, and takes place around the same time of year that the ancient Zoroastrian and Mithraic celebrations were held. This interesting coincidence may allude to an ancient Mithraic origin of Yezidism, although this point has never been definitively proven. Even more intriguing, Melek Taus' birthday is celebrated in mid-December -- coinciding with the birth-celebration of Mithras and other Solar gods such as Christ. Other indications of Yezidism's origins with ancient solar-cults is in the practice of its followers to prostrate thrice facing the rising sun.

The Yezidi depiction of their God as a bird is unique to their culture (at least in the Middle East), and it is somewhat interesting to realize that the peacock is an Indian bird, not known in the Middle East in historical times. Whether

this speaks of an Indian origin of the Yezidis, or a wider range of the peacock in ancient times, is not known. It may even be that the peacock symbol used for Melek Taus was in the most ancient of times another bird more native to the Kurdish region. For instance, another sacred representation used by the Yezidis is the rooster. Both birds may also reinforce the apparent connection between Yezidi religion and ancient Gnosticism and Zoroastrianism.

Part of the ongoing persecution of the Yezidis by Arab governments, especially in Iraq, is to deny them even their separate identity as Kurds; in Iraq, the official policy is to refer to them as “Ummayyad Arabs,” connecting them (through improper historical data) to a branch of the Arabs rather than the Kurds. This effort to erase Yezidi identity has effected the Yezidi culture considerably, and it is com-

mon for higher-class Yezidi to take on Arab dress and language in an effort to conform and protect their property, while lower-class Yezidis continue to hold on to their Kurdish traditions.

Muslims and Christian governments tried many times in history to “convert” the Yezidis to their way of thinking; most of these methods met in failure, at which point violence was sometimes resorted to. The Ottoman government perpetrated several pogroms against the Yezidi people in the 17th through the 19th centuries, eventually driving thousands of them out of their territory and into the Russian Caucasus, where they may have been some influence upon the thought of Gurdjieff, whose *Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson* depicts as its central character a decidedly “demonic” being who nevertheless appears to have humankind's best interests at heart.

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# Scriptures of the Yezidi

While the Yezidis do not, strictly speaking, possess a “holy book” like the Christians or Muslims, they do draw inspiration from various scriptures and historical writings that frequently seem to convey a revelatory character. Most important of these for our purposes is a brief collection of hymns to Melek Taus that is said to be authored by Sheik Adi and known as the *Ilwa* or Unveiling of Truth. It may be presumed that this collection was at one time in the distant past much longer, parts having been lost over time, or perhaps hidden from the profane and then lost during the many Yezidi flights from persecution. There is also the *Black Book* or *Meshaf i Resh*, said to have been written by a descent of Sheik Adi, namely Hasan ibn Adi.

In the beginning The Invisible One brought forth from its own precious soul a white pearl.  
And It created a bird upon whose back It placed the pearl, and there He dwelt for forty thousand years.

Then on the first day, Sunday, It created an angel called Izrael.

He is Archangel over all the Angels, he who is Melek Taus, the Peacock Angel.

He is the first to be, and to know that He is; for the One can know nothing.

On each of the other Days of the week the One brought forth Angels to serve Melek Taus.

After this, the Invisible One retreated into Itself, and acted no more; but Melek Taus was left to act.

Seeing the barrenness of the ether, He created the form of the seven heavens, the earth, sun and moon.

He created mankind, animals, birds and beasts in the pockets of his cloak.

Then He brought man up from the pearl accompanied by angels.

He gave a great shout before the pearl, after which it split into four pieces.

He made water flow from its inside, and that water became the sea.

After that He created a ship in which He rode thirty thousand years,

After which Melek Taus came and lived among men in the city of Lâlîsh,

Where His temple remains to this day.

He lifted up His voice and the sea became solid and became the earth.

Then Melek Taus brought two pieces of the white pearl.

He placed one below the earth and the other He placed at the door of heaven.

Then he placed in both of them the sun and the moon.

From the scattered fragments of the white pearl He created the stars which He suspended in the sky for decoration.

And He created fruit trees and plants on land and mountains to beautify the earth.

And He created a throne upon a throne.

Then the Great Lord, Melek Taus, said to the angels, “I want to create Adam and Eve and make them give rise to mankind. Of the seed of Adam there shall be born a Prophet, and from him shall descend a people on the earth; then the people of Me, Melek Taus, and these people are to be the Yezidis.”

And it was so.



...when they slept that night each had a vivid dream of a splendid woman whose eyes were as soft as feather and as deep as eternity itself, and whose body was the spectacular dance of atoms and universes. Pyrotechnics of pure energy formed her flowing hair, and rainbows manifested and dissolved as she spoke in a warm and gentle voice:

I have come to tell you that you are free. Many ages ago, My consciousness left man, that he might develop himself. I return to find this development approaching completion, but hindered by fear and by misunderstanding.

You have built for yourselves psychic suits of armor, and clad in them, your vision is restricted, your movements are clumsy and painful, your skin is bruised, and your spirit is broiled in the sun.

I am chaos. I am the substance from which your artists and scientists build rhythms. I am the spirit with which your children and clowns laugh in happy anarchy. I am chaos. I am alive, and I tell you that you are free.

# Gabriel's Bridges

You built these bridges  
With skilled and weary hands.

You traveled far to find  
the finest, strongest woods  
the smoothest, most colorful stones  
gold, silver, and gems

You studied hard to learn  
carpentry and masonry and smithcraft  
balance and strength and beauty;  
you forged the arches and carved the stones  
and set diamonds into the rails  
and polished each wooden slat until it shone.

A lifetime went into these bridges.  
Your lifetime.

You have watched your friends, your lovers  
walk over these bridges  
in awe and wonderment  
only to discover  
...surprise...  
the bridge is only the gate  
the land is more beautiful still.



Now others are building bridges  
and they copy your design  
and they borrow your tools  
and they use the same materials  
to honor you?  
to flatter you?  
to get done faster?

Would you hide your bridges with darkness,  
Charge a heavy toll to walk over them,  
"Keep out the riff-raff"

Must every guide  
build her own bridge?  
Must it look entirely unique,  
not resemble the beautiful bridges  
that you built with your own hands?



# Legion: For They Are Many

## Training With Multiple Teachers

### in the Feri Tradition

by Dream



**M**y first experiences in the Feri Tradition were under the auspices of one teacher, one methodology, one view of the Current. Though it was a great experience I shall forever treasure, and which I shall never begrudge or regret, I have come to appreciate a more balanced and multi-dimensional view of the tradition through my many teachers. I feel having been purposely shaped by so many hands has enriched my own experiences in working and living Feri, and will make me all the better an initiate when the time comes. It has taught me, most of all, to rely on myself as the grand authority of my life, and how Feri touches it.

I began studying the Feri Tradition long-distance from Gabriel in late 2000, during my freshman year of college, while living in Ohio. In early 2002 he began an online teaching group, and I would visit Gabriel in California a few times a year for week-long one-on-one intensives, with a month of intensive training in the summer.

In August of 2005 I moved to California and into Gabriel's house. Study slowed down as Gabriel's health deteriorated, but I continued learning as much as I could, experiencing the places in life, the other realms as they intersect with the world of men, where Feri lie.

**From Gabriel I learned** to build my so-called "psychic muscles," teaching myself how to draw and hold the very energy of Life, Blue Fire, and to use it to my purposes and desires. I met many divinities and non-corporeal beings that flock around our tradition, learned to focus my ear to the Voices of the spirits around me, and move to their call.

Gabriel taught his students to see through the layers of "reality" into the Otherworld, to move and act from the place of Will, to enter into that state we call the Black Heart, and revel in its primal darkness and feral delights.

He was a great teacher of trance states, the sacredness of breath and sexuality, and elemental sorcery, with a strong focus on ceremonial work. From him I learned how to carry that sacred space out into the every day life, and tearing down the illusory walls between "sacred" and "mundane."



I learned many things studying with Gabriel, achieved a great foundation in the Craft we call Feri. But I soon found myself feeling like I had learned all that Gabriel was willing to share, and wanting more polish, so for more than one reason I decided to go looking for other teachers.

In late 2005 I began studying informally with Eldri Littlewolf, being that she only teaches informally. I would go and hang out with her on her houseboat or wonder around Berkeley with her exploring strange and nifty things, and we would swap stories and lore and just shoot the shit. Eldri's style is very laid back, she meets the student eye-to-eye, not trying to place herself above the non-initiate. She met me as little brother, and took me under her wing, probably without too much focus. She teaches what comes natural to her, what she knows, and what wisdom moves from her bones.

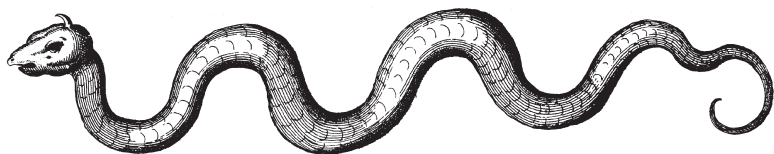
She has a deep sense of the sacred about her always, even when there is naught but silliness and laughing – she is a priestess of Coyote, and a wolf in the Dreamtime. I often see her tongue lolling out of her muzzle, a big grin spread, teeth shiny, eyes glistening.

Eldri gets down in the dirt and digs, and wants you to dig with her, finding shinies. She never stops questioning, shifting, moving with the Current. There is something very Zen about her practice.

**With Eldri I feel completely free** and relaxed, able to share as I need or wish; she is the one who taught me to truly find stability within my Black Heart and stay in it for longer than a moment ... to live within it. And in there I found the shape of a fox all around me, the grinning, tail-swishing little beastly that was within me and my shape in the Dreamtime.

With Eldri I was able to discover and reclaim another part of myself, and she also began to introduce me around the Feri community, such as it is, where I met two more of my teachers.

I met Elf when Eldri drug me along to dinner at her house. Elf is a Discordian Feri, and the first time I really hung out with her and met her I resonated right away. Another Zen-for-roundeyes freak! She also has spent a goodly amount of years in the Pagan community at large, and has a very crafty intellect and often thinks outside the box (like any good Discordian!).



**Elf teaches me how to see the sacred** in the mundane and so-called “profane,” the ordinary-dullness of life that is truly filled with absurdity and surrealism; and it’s beautiful. She’s a master of words and arguments, and challenges the ideas and “facts” I’ve always taken for granted. Elf is a very magical person who has non-ordinary awareness and shifting perception so down that it is part of the everyday to her.

I have a very strong resonance with our goddess Nimue and Elf’s connection to the Feri Maiden is very strong too, so much so that you feel it in her house when you enter. One of her children is also a dead-ringer for the Child Goddess. Finding the Gods or Feri-specific concepts in popular media is one of Elf’s specialties, too. Sitting down and watching Johnny Depp portray the Black Heart of Innocence as Captain Jack Sparrow in *Pirates of the Caribbean* was an experience I’ll never forget.

Elf keeps me reminded that the light of the universe is not so bland as the everyday and shines through to every eternal moment, singing full chorus the notes of our lives.

The other teacher Eldri introduced me to was Brian Dragon, her brother and former coven-mate, during their Silver Wheel days. Brian is a loremaster and supreme poet, and has fast become my “Uncle Dragon.”

**Dragon has many insights** into the nature of our craft, and holds lore that many do not have because it comes from his own innovation and poetic mind. He loves swapping lore and hearing new insights, and sitting down with him and rapping about Witchcraft is like being at a poetry competition, quickly uttering off mythologies to back up our claims, going down the Green Road together, and making new paths and resting places off the road.

Dragon’s quest is to find more of the buried pieces of Our Ancient Faith to connect those puddles of water we see splashed throughout history, like finding fossils in the dirt. Anything may be relevant, and the obscure is priceless.

Dragon, having been so disconnected from the larger Feri community for so long, is a hidden treasure of our tradition, having many viewpoints that may have been glossed over by others and new ideas that have gone off in a different direction. And his poetic liturgy is worth its weight in gold.

My final teacher is one of the most special individuals I have met thus far in life.

**Dominic is like my dear long-lost brother.**

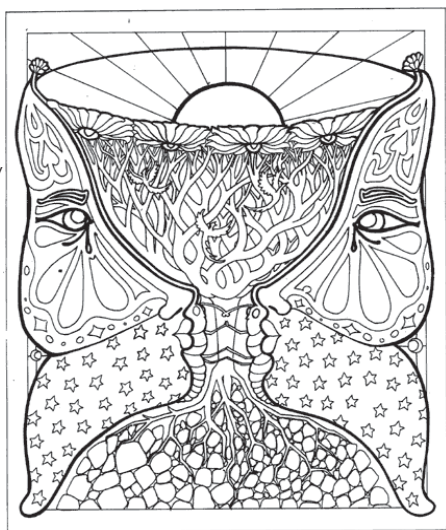
I met him through email five years ago, but did not meet him in the flesh until PantheaCon 2006. It was instant soul-recognition, like reconnecting with a friend I'd known for years. He is so much fun, and a dear friend, as well as a very challenging teacher.

Dominic pulls from so many occult traditions that he is just soaked in magic, and radiates power. He demands discipline of practice and diligence when dealing with the Spiritworld. He makes his students into Feri Priests, and all of his initiates excel within their personal practice. He is very connected to the Gods of our tradition, and wants to share that connection with his brothers and sisters of the Craft.

Dominic is a true superpower in Feri. He has brought many good things to enrich the tradition, least of all is the blessing of trance-possession and mediumship with the Gods. He shared with me my very first lessons on the work, and has continued to help me grow better at channeling the Gods through my body. Though I may have a knack for this skill, Dominic is insistent that one can always be better, growing towards our own perfect divinity, fully realizing that we are Gods in our own right.

Dominic dares to dance on the knife's edge, and carefully brings each of his students out to the point at which he stands, and then urges them to go further, that we may all walk the Sword-bridge that crosses to the resting place of the Graal. It is his legacy that Feri will live on and grow and evolve, and he does an excellent job, the work of our Gods.

I have had many teachers, and they help me keep polished and bright and on my toes; I shine as bright as ever I can. It is my honor to work and play and know each one; and each one is held dearly in my heart with love. Like those of the Peacock's tail feathers, I am all the better for seeing Feri through so many eyes. Even when they disagree amongst themselves, which they frequently do, it is up to me to rely on my own experience, to find my way through that part of the Otherworld that is Feri, shining into this place – Here and Now – and walk with the Gods as part of Their Company, knowing my Self, aware that I am dancing in my own Black Heart and carrying the Graal with me always.



# PLAYING "SANTA" TO A GOD

—Rob II

**I**s'pose I should start with a bit of background so this will make sense to folk who don't know me.

Besides my inability to run away from this religion and being a husband and father, I like to build and fly radio controlled model airplanes. To me it's an almost religious ecstasy to dance with the lords of the air on their terms. Silly? Maybe, but it's what I do. With this bit of background I'd like to tell you about an odd (for me) experience I've been having as fall out from the, erm, Feri classes I'm taking.

Well, I hesitate to call what our little group does "Feri classes". For one, at my age I don't like to think of my self as "student," so let's just call them "salons."

In early November, we were talking about the Feri gods, as we do from time to time, and once again Nimue came up. We talked about how she appears, how she acts, and some of her other attributes.

Sure enough, as the night progressed, I started to see her. At first I figured this was a "mind's eye" thing, but I noticed that every time I looked at the doorway to the room and closed my eyes, I'd see her. Standing right there, clearly in the doorway. She'd be standing there smiling with this mischievous grin and babbling things in something like English, but I couldn't understand what she was saying.

I'd open my eyes and things would be normal, no girl in the door, no strange babble, nothing. But close them and there she was.

I didn't think too much about it, I'd had this kind of thing happen with her before. Still, I wasn't prepared for what happened this time.

Our salon ended and the folks left. Erica and I headed off to sleep, but this time every time I closed my eyes I'd hear this little girl babbling. I'd open my eyes and look around the room and not hear or see anything, but close them, and there she was, in the doorway, giggling and babbling in that not quite English.

I tried to make her go away so I could sleep, but she wasn't having any of it. Finally around three or four in the morning she starting waving her hands in the air and making "vroom-vroom" noises, like a kid playing with a toy airplane.

This time, as I looked away I saw clearly in my mind's eye a model airplane, not a generic toy, but a specific model with a very specific paint job.

Being desperate for rest I said, "if I build this for you, will you go away and let me get some sleep?" Well, I didn't expect her to respond, but she did. Jumping up and down and clapping her hands, she smiled and nodded at me. So I said "o.k., I'll make you a Formosa II and paint it with glittery colours like I saw. Then I'll fly the thing doing as crazy of stunts as I can think of, it'll be like a roller coaster."

She seemed satisfied at this and faded into the dark. Finally I was able to sleep.

Over the next few days I talked this over with Erica and the rest of our salon and the general consensus was that if she wanted me to build her an airplane, then I should build her one.

Well as things do, life got in the way. Sad to say I kind of forgot about my promise; well, set it aside is closer. After all, what macho guy wants a hot pink and peacock blue-over-white airplane with sparkly glitter all over it? I even bought and built two other models in that time.

I guessed she got upset with me or decided I needed a nudge.

That Friday night, or Saturday morning, an R.V. clipped my van and smashed out the driver's side mirror. Nothing else was hurt, but it made it iffy to drive the van. I also started getting odd little dreamlets of this kid poking me with sticks and doing other kid-style harassments. I spoke to an, erm, elder Feri person, and he told me that she is partial to mirrors.

So I took the hint. I sold off some modeling stuff I wasn't using anymore and bought a Formosa II kit and started building. I'm happy to say the poking stopped, and the quiet-but-incessant babble all but stopped too. I tried to get through the build quickly with an attitude of "this is just another disposable model," but kept hitting walls and hearing the babble, so I changed over to the more sacred level of building as sacrifice fit for a god.

The build got easier then. I got the frame all built and started in on sanding. I even went out and bought special paint and new brushes just for this model. So far, it's going fairly smooth.

At this point the hardest part is finding a pilot figure that looks like her. I've gone through my kids toy box with no results and next I get to go shopping in the toy section of the local department stores,

during xmas rush; how nice for me. Still, if a god wants something of you, it's best not to wait. Especially if you're running out of mirrors...

Well, the build progresses. I'm to the point of painting the airframe now. It's going a little slow, what with Thanksgiving getting in the way and all; I am the family cook so I had turkey duty and all the fixings too.

Friday after Thanksgiving was clear sky and Sunday was supposed to rain, so I figured instead of "wasting" a good fly day building I'd trade off for Sunday, a wet and rainy day, or so the weather person said.

I made it out to the flying field and tried to fly my newest super-duper stunt model. I did get it up, but had a major motor failure that basically cost me the entire airframe. I was very upset by this; after all, I had done the proper preflight check, and it was my new "favorite".

At this point the winds came up, and since the powered models don't fly well in wind, and our gliders do, the guys and I headed for our local slope. I guess you could think of slope soaring as surfing the air (I always do) and big winds are the grail to us slopers.

Well ten minutes into our flight session, one of the guys lost control of his model and it hit me square on the head. This really hurt.

It hurt so bad I had to sit down for a while, I even got a bit queasy.

So I decided to call it a day and head for home to nurse my wounds and cry about my dead airplane.



I figured it was just one of those days and went to bed. You guessed it, I dreamed, a lot. Mostly about a very cross goddess with her arms crossed over her chest, pouting and sometimes pointing her finger at me and shaking it.

O.k., I get it. I'm not supposed to spend my off duty time doing anything else but working on her airplane.

An expensive lesson for me, a ninety dollar gear box, and ninety dollar airframe shot down and several days (so far) of serious pain. Nope, I'm going to finish this "Nimue Special" before I fly, build, or repair anything else.

Note: If a god wants you to do a task for them, don't procrastinate or try to trade times, just do the task and get it done. Oh, I still haven't found an appropriate pilot figure.

Tomorrow? More sanding and painting for me...

The build continues, I spent some time digging through my bits bin trying to find just the right connectors and other bits of rigging. I found plenty of other nifty stuff I thought I'd lost, yea me! I started getting lost in other stalled projects because of this, and had to slap myself to keep on track.

I've about got all the fiddley bits done and I'm starting in on the trim paint. As always I'm a bit nervous adding colour to white; if I blow it, it's major work to fix. But I am clear on the pattern, I have my colours mixed, and I've added just a bit of pearl to the paint to help make it dazzle in the sunlight.

The model is getting close to done and I have to remind myself not to rush things to get it done, but pace myself and do it right. This is one of those times when good enough isn't.

After all, I am making a sacrifice to a god, and sacrifices have to be perfect.

So here it is, finally finished. I have a good motor installed, the paint all done and the glitter applied. Everything is ready for the maiden flight. I even have all the controls set and the transmitter fully programmed. I am a bit bothered by the sheer amount of lead weights I need in the nose to get the model to balance properly, but you gotta do what you gotta do.

I'm just waiting for a clear calm day; too bad the weather man is saying rain for the weekend. Amazingly, Saturday dawned clear and calm. I packed up my gear, including the new "Nimue Special" and drive to the new model airfield in Alameda.

I get to the field and set up my pit area and battery charging station and decide to take a flight to wake up my thumbs in preparation for the maiden flight with the new plane.

The whole time I'm doing this I can feel Her standing right next to me impatiently waiting for Her turn in the air. I tell her that I'm nervous about the first flight and that I want to be all warmed up and ready for anything just in case. She seems satisfied to wait Her turn, so I grab my biplane and walk out to the flight line. I manage to get in a good flight, up to my usual standard and now feel ready to take Her plane up.

I load a battery into the "special," walk out to the flight line and connect the power leads. The controller beeps its ready signal at me. I check the controls; aileron left, right, good. Elevator up, down, good. Rudder right, left, good too. I set the model on the flight line and call "Taking off!" and push the throttle stick



forward. The propeller spins up and the plane rolls out onto the runway. I can't put it off any longer now; it's do or die time.

I run up the motor, the model rolls out and the tail lifts. I hear this child like laughter in my ear and hear hands clapping with glee as the model gently rises into the air. A click or two of elevator trim and it's level. A click of aileron trim and it's flying straight and true, if a bit slowly. But it's flying!

I make a few laps around the field to get used to the new model and realize that it's a bit under

powered, not good.

I know She wants this model to do serious stunts. I know She wants a roller coaster ride, and I just don't have the power.

I can feel a very disappointed goddess at my side. As I bring the model in, I say "well, this isn't going to be good enough, I'm going to have to

put more motor in this plane." One of my friends asks me what I'm saying mumbling under my breath, and I tell him my little friend won't be happy about the lack of power in this model, that She wants it to fly like a roller coaster. He laughs and says that at least she can't see the maiden so she'll never know. He didn't know how wrong he was.

So I bring the model in for its first landing and as it sets down the landing gear buckle and I know it's because Nimue is upset with it.

I bring the model back to the pits and tell Her not to worry, I'll make it right as soon as I can. She seems o.k. with this and I now know better than to let it sit. Two weeks later, I've fixed the landing gear and bought a new more powerful motor for the plane. I even got to remove all the lead I had to add earlier to make it balance. I take this as a good sign.

Well, it's back to the field. I do my prep work and take a warm up flight.

Now I'm ready for the maiden. I have a very stern little goddess at my side with this expression of "this time it had bet-

ter work" on Her face. No pressure for me, just a very powerful being who can ruin my life with the flick of a finger waiting for me to get in a perfect flight with a model that's already proven to be difficult.

I load the battery, walk out to the flight line, connect the power leads

and call "taking off!"

The motor spins up and the model rolls out, the tail lifts, and it's airborne! This time I can hold level flight at one-third throttle, much better. The trims are right, the balance is right, everything is go. I do a few level laps to get a feel for the model and try a loop. Not too bad. I try another, pretty good. How about a roll, roll left, roll right, yep, good looking and quick. I can feel Her stern look melting. I flip the model inverted and do a lap upside down and hear a giggle.



O.k. I think, now I'm ready. Good trims, plenty of power now for some fun.

I try a spin; climb high and stall. Hard rudder, full up elevator and just a bit of opposite aileron. The model spins like it's on a stick; a little more power and it's just sitting there a hundred feet high, spinning like a top. I hear laughter and clapping at my ear. I try an inverted spin, just as nice as upright! I try to hover like a helicopter; very nice. Plenty of power for this kind of crazy flight! I do more advanced aerobatics that you've probably never heard of: avalanches, blenders, falling leaves, and other things I don't even know the names of.

The crazier I fly, the happier She gets. I hear guffaws, wild clapping of hands, and I know She's happy with my offering.

Finally I run out of battery power, so it's time to land. I'm nervous because last time the landing broke the model and upset Nimüe, I don't want to go through that again. Well, I bring it in on final, nose high and feathering the throttle. The model settles in very nice on her main gear just perfect. The tail touches down and I taxi back to the flight line.

I disconnect the battery and say out loud "was that all right? Is it what you wanted?" The guys kind of looked at me like I was crazy, and maybe I am, but I also felt two little arms around my neck and the softest pair of lips on my cheek. I think She's happy with the model, and so am I.

This overly macho guy is proud to fly a pink and blue airplane with glitter all over it; after all, I'm flying it for a goddess...

RobII



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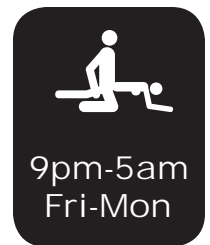
by Hakim Bey

WEIRD DANCING IN ALL-NIGHT computer-banking lobbies. Unauthorized pyrotechnic displays. Land-art, earth-works as bizarre alien artifacts strewn in State Parks. Burglarize houses but instead of stealing, leave Poetic-Terrorist objects. Kidnap someone & make them happy. Pick someone at random & convince them they're the heir to an enormous, useless & amazing fortune--say 5000 square miles of Antarctica, or an aging circus elephant, or an orphanage in Bombay, or a collection of alchemical mss. Later they will come to realize that for a few moments they believed in something extraordinary, & will perhaps be driven as a result to seek out some more intense mode of existence.

Bolt up brass commemorative plaques in places (public or private) where you have experienced a revelation or had a particularly fulfilling sexual experience, etc.

Go naked for a sign.

Organize a strike in your school or workplace on the grounds that it does not satisfy your need for indolence & spiritual beauty.



Graffiti-art loaned some grace to ugly subways & rigid public monuments--PT-art can also be created for public places: poems scrawled in courthouse lavatories, small fetishes abandoned in parks & restaurants, xerox-art under windshield-wipers of parked cars, Big Character Slogans pasted on playground walls, anonymous letters mailed to random or chosen recipients (mail fraud), pirate radio transmissions, wet cement...

The audience reaction or aesthetic-shock produced by PT ought to be at least as strong as the emotion of terror-- powerful disgust, sexual arousal, superstitious awe, sudden intuitive breakthrough, dada-esque angst--no matter whether the PT is aimed at one per-

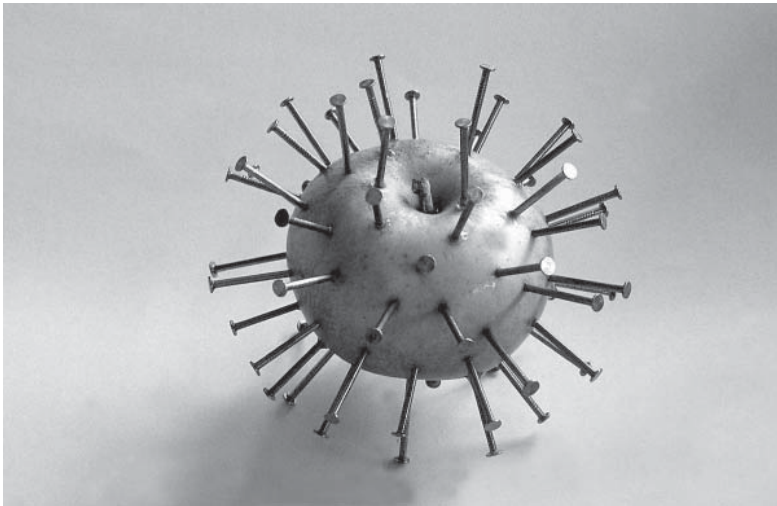
son or many, no matter whether it is "signed" or anonymous, if it does not change someone's life (aside from the artist) it fails.

PT is an act in a Theater of Cruelty which has no stage, no rows of seats, no tickets & no walls. In order to work at all, PT must categorically be divorced from all conventional structures for art consumption (galleries, publications, media). Even the guerilla Situationist tactics of street theater are perhaps too well known & expected now.

An exquisite seduction carried out not only in the cause of mutual satisfaction but also as a conscious act in a deliberately beautiful life--may be the ultimate PT. The PTerrorist behaves like a confidence-trickster whose aim is not money but CHANGE.

Don't do PT for other artists, do it for people who will not realize (at least for a few moments) that what you have done is art. Avoid recognizable art-categories, avoid politics, don't stick around to argue, don't be sentimental; be ruthless, take risks, vandalize only what must be defaced, do something children will remember all their lives--but don't be spontaneous unless the PT Muse has possessed you.

Dress up. Leave a false name. Be legendary. The best PT is against the law, but don't get caught. Art as crime; crime as art.



# SECRETS: THE BALANCE

Secrecy has long been a point of disagreement and contention in the greater Craft community, and the Feri-related communities are no exception. Those who teach within many Craft Traditions have set oaths, with time-honored interpretations of what those oaths entail. In contrast, many Feri teachers do not require oaths, and those that do often only apply those oaths to a very limited set of specific names and related material. This lack of consistency isn't only an issue within the "pure" Feri lines - Feri-related paths that have inherited clearly oathbound material and lore from other sources often have difficulty determining what of their Feri-derived elements need to remain secret, and to what extent.

With no uniform standard for what is considered a "Feri secret", some make the argument that there is little or no "oathbound" material, and that all material and lore should be freely made available to earnest seekers, or even to anyone who simply asks. Others believe that whether or not material is actually "oathbound" is irrelevant; the majority of Feri elements and lore should not be shared outside of a specific one-on-one teaching relationship.

Rather than embracing either of these extremes, most Feri-related folk are struggling to find a balance. Many agree that some measure of privacy or secrecy must be preserved... but not to the extent to where they would be unable to work with others who may not be Feri.

The effort to find that balance point requires facing ambiguity and confusion, a gray and foggy path with few guiding landmarks. This is nothing new to Feri; those on the Feri path are by now

accustomed to taking the road between extremes and finding their own way. But there are many things to be considered along this middle road...

One consideration is the long historical association of secrecy with Witchcraft and other Mystery paths. From the Eleusinian Mysteries and the Cult of Dionysus, to the Teutonic Spacrafters and the many European societies of Witches (such as the games of Erodiade and the Benevento), the Craft and it's related Mystery paths have almost always had the cloak of secrecy about them - especially those that combined the Art of Craft with religion. Part of this is because in contrast to the religions "of the masses", Religious Craft is, at heart, **tribal** religion:



*"A tribal religion may be best understood in terms of what it is not; it is not one which claims to have a religious message for all of humanity.... Tribal religions are religions that have something to say to a particular group of people existing at a particular place and/or time. Tribal religions serve as repositories for the collected wisdom, history, and beliefs of that tribe." <sup>a</sup>*

Secrecy has been one of the many ways that these 'tribes' of Witches protect their members, as well as the history, lore and beliefs of those that follow their paths. For these Witches, Craft is the technology of the Sacred, a set of proven methods for making connections, for creating ecstasy, and for crossing to other worlds. And, like any technology, Craft needs to be handled with caution, respect, wisdom, and care. A basic sense of responsibility demands that these technologies be shared wisely. Also to be

# OF POWER AND RISKS

considered are connections to the tribe of Craft, and obligations to those who have walked these paths before – those who have charted landmarks on this path and preserved hard-won wisdom. Maintaining this wisdom requires close examination of the effects that choices have on the future of Craft and tribe.

But while recognizing these historical responsibilities and obligations may help us determine that there does need to be a line drawn, it does little to help us determine exactly where that line needs to be. How much secrecy is really necessary? What is truly essential to preserving Feri-related Craft, and the tribe that it has evolved?

In many areas, it is no longer a life-threatening danger to declare oneself a Witch. The extreme form of secrecy that once was warranted to preserve lives and jobs is often unnecessary. On the positive side, we are less often looked at as the evil minions of some diabolical force. This is good – for the most part. However, as more information has been made publicly available, all too often beliefs, traditions, and rituals have been whitewashed, mutilated, and turned into something entirely unlike they were ever meant to be. Some things have been all but removed from more open forms of Craft – the raw excitement and power of sex, the aspect of death and birth being different sides of the same coin, and the deep changes that come from crossing worlds and facing internal shadows. The long-honored tradition in Craft of only teaching the best and brightest has been eroded by the ever-growing culture of entitlement we

are surrounded by and the influx of new seekers that has resulted from publicity and popularity.

There are many who, in response to this influx, have subscribed to the “spaghetti theory” of winnowing seekers: “throw ‘em against the wall and see who sticks” – that is, share material with whoever asks, and the current itself will sort them out for you. While it is true that this approach *can* make strong, vibrant Witches out of those who survive the sorting process, it has a very high ratio of damaged individuals for the result of rela-

tively few healthy, functional Witches. It has also led to much material and lore that was once preserved within the tribe being rather easily appropriated by people who have no connection to the current that the material stems from. Without

that connection, too many mistake learning **about** Craft with the actual learning and development that is essential to any form of Feri Craft.

In a recent discussion about Craft and secrecy, Dana Corby, Senior HPs in the Mohsian Tradition, put it this way:

*“People today seem not to understand the difference between “knowing” and “knowing about”. Worse, they don’t seem to grasp the difference between “learning” and “becoming”. I’m an old broad, and the gradual unfolding of knowledge in its proper time and way is a comfortable idea to me.”<sup>b</sup>*

The response from Jarred seems to touch the essence of both the cause and the resultant problem:



by Sana Karine

*"Personally, I think several factors contribute to this matter. The first is that people feel they are entitled to know things. We live in the information age, where everything about anything is supposed to be a click of a mouse and a few keystrokes away. By suggesting that there are secrets, you are conflicting with this mentality of entitlement brought on by the information age.*

*"How much of your comfort with 'gradual unfolding' is based on the fact that you want a healthy dose of understanding with your knowledge?"*

*"Many folks have lost sight of the importance of understanding. Too often the information alone is thought to be where it is at. To underscore the point, look around at a lot of the witchcraft sites on the Internet. Lots of information; lists upon lists, and tons of pages about what color candles to burn and all sorts of other correspondences. But I have yet to find many (actually, I can't think of any) sites that do well at explaining how to put all that information to truly effective use."<sup>x</sup>*

Much of Craft – and especially Feri-related forms of Craft – is not based on **information** so much as it is on **experience**. What makes a Witch, and what brings someone into the tribe that is Feri-related Craft, is not knowing a particular set of names for Gods and Guardians – it's the relationship that develops over a time of regularly *working with* Feri Gods and Guardians. It's not learning a blue fire exercise from a web page – it's experiencing the essence of the fire deep within your own three souls. It's not having head-knowledge of what Kala is or can do – it's doing the work to build Kala within yourself, to find your own Black Heart and express it in your day-to-day life. These are not things that can be *learned* . . . they can only be *experienced*. And without the basic experiences, there is little chance for real

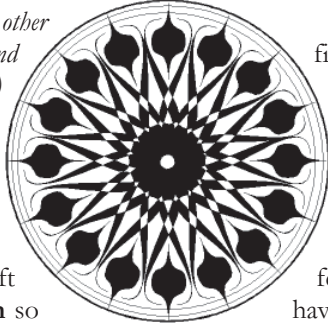
understanding of lore or material. It cannot even be discussed without the relevant experience to refer to. As was stated by Joseph Campbell:

*"There is no way to communicate an experience in words to those who have not already had the experience – or at least something somewhat like it, to be referred to by analogy"<sup>xl</sup>*

Without connection to the tribe, and without hands-on experience with these core elements of Feri, the context of Feri lore and material is removed and the understanding, the synergistic Whole is lost. Without the overarching context, even the simplest bit of information can be – and will be – misunderstood.

Contributing to these difficulties are those who have pulled together bits and pieces of material that has made its way into the public realm, and who believe that by doing so that they have captured Feri. Some few of these people may have made the necessary connections through various means, but many others have not actually done the Work and nurtured the connections – they simply have bits and pieces of cold, impersonal information. They have learned **about** Feri, but they have never touched the heart of what Feri truly is. They believe that Feri can be reduced to written exercises and lists of correspondences and descriptions.

In this modern society that emphasizes cold "facts" and written words over oral culture, uninformed seekers often take those who reduce complex lore to simple printed "lessons" more seriously; when disputes arise, more weight is given to written texts than to that which is preserved by oral lore and the recounted



personal experiences of those who walk the path ahead of us. All too often seekers looking for Feri find these written texts and think they have all they need. Using this sole resource, many in turn teach others, billing themselves as an authentic Feri Witch.

What will happen to things that are precious to us when they can be easily found by anyone, no matter what their agenda or motivation? Do we want Feri material and lore to be freely available to those who do not have the context of knowing Feri-folk personally, who do not have the foundation and guidance of one-on-one interaction and discussion - and who do not have connections to the current of Feri?

It takes a lot of serious thought and conversation to convey the important points of lore or practice to someone who is unfamiliar with the people or the Craft that has produced it. Even with a strong connection to the Feri current and with the guidance of others on the path, it often takes a great deal of time, exploration and hard work to even begin to grasp the nuances and hidden connections within Feri practices and lore. Without that strong connection and guidance, it is even easier for misunderstanding to occur, for the finger pointing at the moon to be mistaken for the moon itself. When those within the tribe speak out and try to correct misperceptions that arise from overly-simplified "lessons" and passed-around snippets, they often find their attempted explanations interpreted overly literally, or turned into a 30-second sound bite by those more concerned with sounding good (or making a name for themselves) than with developing understanding.

Do these very real risks that come

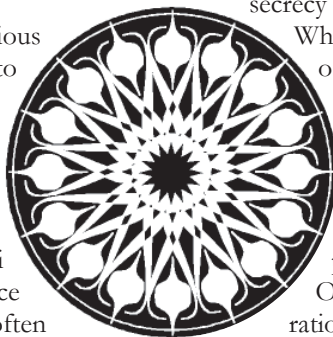
with sharing any portion of our material and our lore mean that we should lean more strongly towards keeping tightly within our own tribes? This would preserve our Craft tribe by maintaining a veil of secrecy over our lore and practice, - it would create a community where all have passed through recognizable gateways to enter, ensuring that those who have faced the personal trials of the path are able to communicate openly with others who have proven themselves on the same battlefield of the psyche and personal development.

But if we make this choice, we need to take a hard look at our own motivations, and the effects that over-reaching secrecy can have on our Craft tribe:

What impact would such a level of secrecy have on our ability to bring new blood into the tribe? In protecting our Craft from these dangers of the present, could we be hindering our ability to preserve it into the future? Or could we be perhaps be rationalizing hanging on to some real or imagined monopoly? Would such a level of secrecy really protect our Craft, or would it just give more ammunition to those who pose a threat from within the tribe?

There *are* those individuals within the tribe of Feri-related Craft who have shown themselves willing to seek and wield the abusive power of the dominator. An explicit emphasis on keeping our techniques within the tribe can provide these individuals with many easy opportunities for exactly the kind of misbehavior that secrecy protects us from when perpetuated by those outside our tribe.

Another reason why such a level of secrecy may not always be in our best interests: There are very real benefits to





be found in sharing. When we share with those who are walking Feri-related paths, others can help us avoid pitfalls they have already found the hard way. When we share with those outside the tribe of Feri, they might spot connections or opportunities we would have missed. When we share, we make connections with others that can draw new blood into the tribe, or that can expand our own available resources and connections.

Working collaboratively can maximize each individual's effectiveness, and can considerably expand the wisdom available to the tribe... but we must also weigh the risks and costs that come with these benefits. How much can we share before we invite an unacceptable level of risk? In what ways can we share where those risks may be minimized?

In order to walk this middle path wisely, we need to find a balance between the obligations of silence to protect our lore and our tribe, and the needs of communication to encourage the development of individuals and Craft. This tug-of-war can pull us apart – it can even fragment the tribe itself. But this fragmentation is not inevitable. There is a strong tradition in Feri of walking along narrow lines and of living comfortably on edges. We can hold silence and communication in dynamic tension, making careful choices - and taking responsibility for those choices - in each new situation... and always, always learning, so that we can make wiser and better-informed choices in the future.

There is no single perfect solution to the problems that the many possibilities that power (and perceived power) can bring. For make no mistake, secrets are a source of power. Everyone must come to terms with the ways in which people can exercise power, and the ways in which various uses of power is interpreted.

Those of us who are committed to

keeping the tribe of Feri alive and vibrant have a double task ahead of us: We must build on the foundation we have been given and develop the culture and the skills to preserve the knowledge and wisdom we have inherited, and tribe that is Feri-related Craft... and yet we must see that what we build and preserve continues by sharing it judiciously, wisely, and in keeping with the spirit of our tribe and with the current of Feri itself.

In dancing along this balance point, every individual must make their own choices, and there will almost always be those that disagree with any particular choice made. While we owe it to our Feri kin to respect their choices, their boundaries and their limits, that respect must never be allowed to overshadow the duty and obligation we have to Feri itself.

## Endnotes

- a Austin Cline; "What are Tribal Religions? Distinguishing Characteristics, Beliefs and Practices"; from Religion 101 at About.com
- b WiLD email list exchange, used with permission.
- c Ibid.
- d Joseph Campbell; *The Masks of God: Oriental Mythology*; Penguin Books; p21

Many thanks to Robin Cetacean, writing coach and editor extraordinaire. This wouldn't have been written without you... and I owe you, big time. (And, yes, I said that with witnesses - and in a quotable format!)

# Flowers

by ELF of Elfwreck

Roses wear power like a priest's robes  
Elegant, mysterious, aloof and divine.  
Beauty guarded by daggers,  
Secrets gained through study and sweat,  
Rose magic — sensual perfume, velvet touch, glorious color,  
Love magic, passion magic.

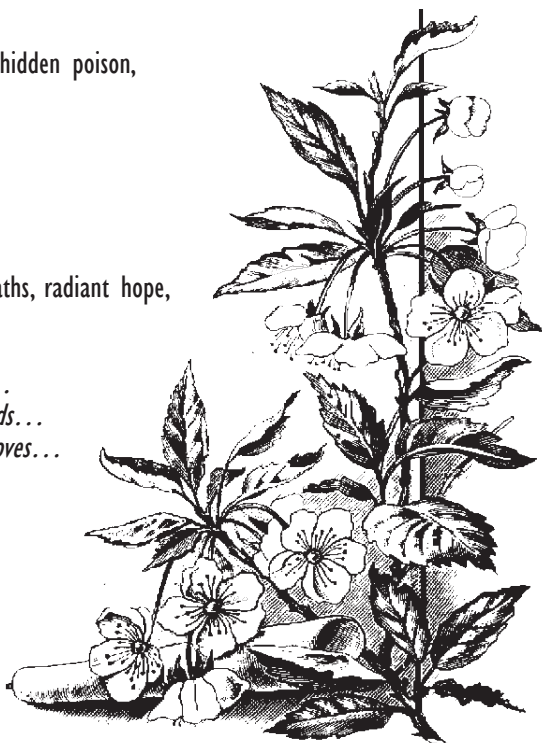
Orchids hide power in secret coves  
Erotic, tempting, subtle and shy.  
Beauty shared but never tamed,  
Secrets costing lives and sanity,  
Orchid magic — ancient allure, sensual dreams, catch-of-breath,  
Sex magic, wild magic.

Herbs give power to those who know  
Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme.  
Beauty in the mouth, in the gut,  
Secrets mastered by practice and lore  
Herb magic — green wisdom, bitter tea, hidden poison,  
Healing magic, strength magic.

Lotus shines power as a blessing  
Gentle, loving, serene and pure.  
Beauty granted in sacred trust,  
Secrets connect to higher truths,  
Lotus magic — calm brilliance, devout oaths, radiant hope,  
Peace magic, holy magic.

*Lilies spread power like a shroud...*  
*Tulips share power with their friends...*  
*Violets keep power in shadowed groves...*

Dandelions throw power to the winds  
Playful, simple, honest and open.  
Beauty tattered by beasts and weather  
Secrets available to all who seek  
Dandelion magic — floating seeds, sunny  
promise, smiling laughter,  
Fun magic, wish magic.





# Taboo

by Lord Strange

Taboo (from M-W.com)

adj. 1: forbidden to profane use or contact because of what are held to be dangerous supernatural powers

noun. 1: a prohibition against touching, saying, or doing something for fear of immediate harm from a supernatural force

verb. 1 : to set apart as taboo especially by marking with a ritualistic symbol

Sacred and profane.

Sacred profanity.

Touching the God in a profane way.

Touching the Goddess in a profane way.

In this place, Her place, this sacred place. The altar of the Goddess... could any act be profane here? The promises she whispers that sound more like veiled threats. Her promises are threats.

This isn't rough sex. This isn't role playing. This is worship.

Ritual.

Sacrifice.

Blood will be spilled here. Blood and tears.

She will be what she must be.

I am the hunter transformed into the hunt, run down by his own dogs.

But She transforms as well.

She is the dogs.

With teeth and claws, She rends my flesh.  
Blood and broken bones. Torn apart...

... torn apart so I may rise again.

Destroyed so I might be made stronger.  
Torn assunder, my bones ground into the blood-baked soil...

Stronger.  
Strong enough to be what She needs me to be.

Strong enough to be what She needs me to be.

The one who cannot be put down.  
The one whose bones don't break.  
The one who glares back.  
The one who laughs when I pull her hair.  
The one who invades.  
The one who takes.  
The one who breaks Her.  
The one who destroys Her.  
The one who makes Her stronger.



Torn apart...

... so She may rise again.

Stronger.

In Her Temple, the profane is sacred.  
And taboo is the holiest act of devotion.

# A Feri Paradox:

I was taught to think of one's belonging to the Feri Tradition as having an identity with the Old Ones, being of the company of the Faery Folk, realizing our own Godhood; mortal yet Immortal too, because of our realization of our own divinity. Though small gods we may be, we are no less divine than those great spirits we invite into our rituals for ecstatic communion and lustful worship.

But let us not forget that we are also so very human, for how can we be anything else? And we must remember that perfection, while the goal of the Great Work, is also a trap that may lead to self-delusion and the plateau of stillness. It is the desire for the journey down this crooked track that is important, not the lust of result.

The identities of human versus *Other* have always intrigued me, especially in relation to how *Other* Feri Witches are when we enter into the Circle and perform our rites and are touched by our Gods, but also when we leave the boundary of the Circle proper and are enclosed only by the horizon, the everyday.

I believe one of the great un-named Mysteries of the Feri Tradition is that of *Belonging*. We are, for better or worse, a family, a Tribe of Strange Ones scattered throughout the land. We are the archetypal shamans at the edge of the village, the muttering sorcerers and madmen speaking in strange tongues with weird spirits, having visions in the smoke of the fire and hearing prophecy in the callings of birds. And we are all in this together.

To be Feri is to belong to this Tribe, claimed by the Current and the Gods that flock around it, giving our service to the Tradition and our Lover Gods. We engage in the communion with these great Old Ones and as we do so we are cleft from the herd of ordinary mortals. We walk the edge of the horizon, perpetually in the twilight of our own becoming, straddling the divide between the Invisible World of spirits and the world of men, and giving birth like the Great Mother to our own immanence.

# On Being Other

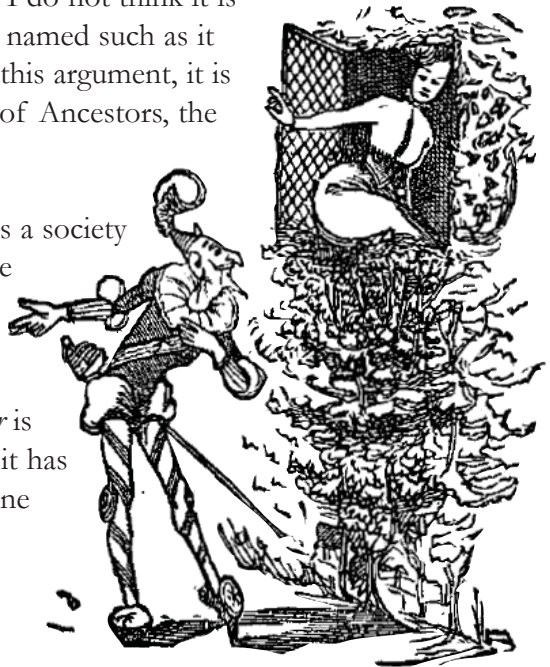
by Dream

But we must also have our Daytime persona, that we can walk unseen amongst the ordinary mortals, Her Hidden Children. It is only in silence and secret, Via Nocturna, by the light of the moon and the shimmering of the darkness between the stars that we show our deeper selves that dance with gods and fey in the Dreamtime of our nowever. We glimpse what those who merely sleep at night will never know.

The poetry and etymology of the name of the tradition, Feri/Faery, evokes the qualities of *strange* and *queer*, even as it brings to mind “fate”, which relates back to the Gods. Here there is a related Norse concept called Wyrð, which can be connected to our English word “weird”. Those who commune with spirits know the Fey are most certainly *weird*, having little to do with our human imaginings, ethics, rules. It is said that dealings with the Faery Folk can drive one to madness, and I think maybe it is in this poetic madness that we can have true communion with our divine selves and Gods, becoming one amongst the Elven Kindreds. I do not think it is a coincidence that our tradition is named such as it is. Even if you do not agree with this argument, it is true that you will one day be one of Ancestors, the Old Ones.

It is also interesting to note that as a society we use the *Other* to help determine what is the Same. We define “straight” by contrasting it with “gay” and “black” by contrasting it with “white”. So while the *Other* is considered somehow “opposed”, it has also been used to helping determine who and what the masses are.

The *Other* can take many forms, though it is always contextual and



shifting: blacks amongst whites, gays amongst straights, deaf amongst hearing, Jews amongst gentiles. The Other represents that which contrasts with what we determine to be the *Same*. For we Feri, it is our non-ordinary awareness of so-called reality, and even our interaction with the everyday, which makes us *Other*; that we engage in our elemental sorceries and black alchemy, becoming, evolving, changing into Witches so that which stares out from our eyes is no longer the same person who began the process – we have become Changlings.

On a cautionary note, because the *Other* is seen as more than an individual, they are also prone to becoming -less- than an individual. Because the *Other* is a representative of a collection, a member of a group of *Others*, it is possible to lose one's identity within the collection, never entirely developing an individual personality. Or, rather, their *Otherness* (as Witch, as black, as woman, etc.) -becomes- their personality. Thankfully, I believe most of the core teachings in the Feri Tradition, like the Iron Pentacle with its focus on anarchy and our own Divine Self as the ultimate authority, and its pointedness towards the Black Heart and the warrior ethic, provide a solid grounding in Selfhood, a foundation stone upon which we can stand as an individual even in a Tribe of *Others*.

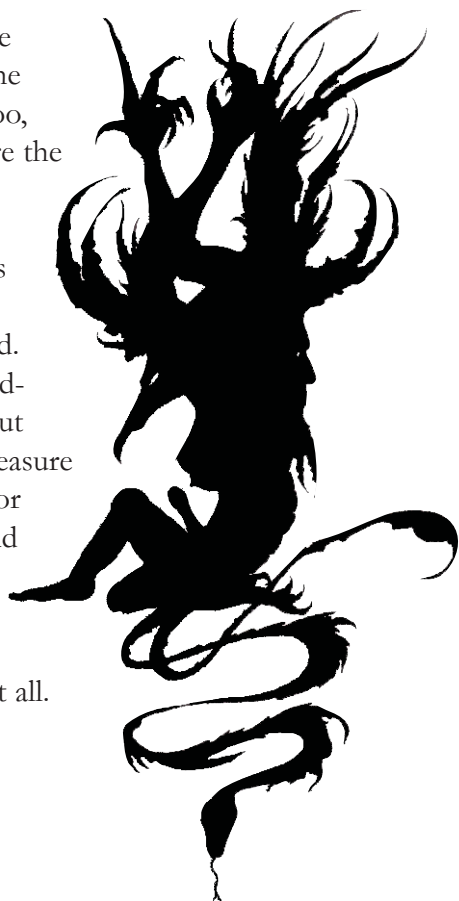
But naturally this is a complicated process of *Becoming*. We are all raised, more or less, to be ethnocentric, to appreciate our own cultural background and judge the *Other* within the framework of our own cultural values. Our individuality is always constrained and shaped by our social and cultural positioning. We make ourselves from culture, just as culture is made from individuals. Though, at the same time, neither is entirely reduced to the other: culture is more than individuals and individuals are more than their culture.

A Feri Witch does not live completely in the Elven Kingdoms at all times, and even such an attempt to would bring about an imbalance, the loss of the fullness of Self. We know that though we carry the Lusty Fire of the tradition with us at all times, we are shaped by other contexts and forces from our lives – we engage in multiple communities and inter-personal relationships while still knowing in our Black Hearts that we are of this Tribe, this bizarre Ancestor-worshipping sex cult.

In the end, the paradox with which we are left is that each of us is simultaneously an *Other* and a *Same*, depending where we are and with whom we're with. A Feri Witch claims her *Other*-ness consensually, instead of having it thrust upon her. To quote my Craft teacher, Brian Dragon:

*Unlike the the universalist systems, Witchcraft has never claimed to be for everyone. As a matter of fact, part of its symbolic work is the intentional warning away of ordinary 'mortals'. Witchcraft is for Witches. That's the only way it can ever be. Since witches play for the same 'team' as the frightening spirits of the night, they have no need to fear those spirits. Everything looks bizarre by the flickering of firelight, so it's useless to accuse some wights of being uglier than others. It is only the fainthearted house-dwelling 'mortals' who shrink from every shape they see moving abroad in the limitless night that they dare not enter.*

Our *Other*-ness is our blessing, not to be claimed because we fear identity with the world of men, for we must live there too, but because we dare to do and go where the timid masses do not. Feri Witchcraft is a sinister path, deriving its gnosis from the night and the moon. It is the Hero's Path, as opposed to the Path of the Herd, from which we have been weaned. It is not a malevolent path, and its guardian spirits are not intenders of harm. But nonetheless, it is centered on finding treasure in the dark. We bear our candle flame, and rejoice at the sight of the full moon, and know that in being *Other* we see and hear what those who merely sleep at night do not, and rejoice in the queer-ness, diversity, and uncanny beauty of it all.



# Mushroom Man Drums Ecstatically!



I think I'll raise some energy...



I'll start with a little drumming.



Get a rhythm going...



Yeah, good. Now some chanting.



Oh yeah. It's the Goddess drumming, not my hands.  
**NOT MY HANDS!!!**



The energy is rising! I can really feel it now, oh yeah!



Oh, oh, OH! Oh my Goddess! I can really feel it now!



Ooooooh, ugh! Yes!  
The energy is commmming!



Oooh, yeah. That was some good energy raising, now for a nap...



# Name That Feri:

What kind of Feri witch are they? How can I tell?  
And the most important question: Would they initiate me?

**Activist Feri** -- Tree-hugging the-Earth-is-our-mother-and-we-must-take-care-of-her types, who want only peace and evolution for humanity. You can recognize them by the permanent marks on their wrists from handcuffs. Have a large collection of songs and chants about justice, imprisonment, resisting oppression, and a collection almost as large about the glories of mud, storms, stampedes and the importance of disease in the ecosystem. May have learned Morse Code for doing rituals across jail cells by tapping on pipes or walls. Initiates people who swear to "harm none" while simultaneously agreeing to "overthrow the capitalist pig-dog oppressors."

**Artist Feri** -- Poets, painters, writers, and all-around "creative" types. Can't be bothered to hold a day job, as it interferes with their spiritual processes. Proud of their 8 years of Feri training, especially the six months they spent doing two-hour trance meditations morning, noon, and evening, right after their S.O. moved out. Has an endless supply of heart, lemniscate, pentacle, and vaguely erotic artistic creations involving "underappreciated" media like broken AOL CDs, feminine hygiene products, and roadkill. Initiates people they're sleeping with.



**Ceremonialist Feri** -- Feri energy is best reached by a very specific form of structured activity... insists that a proper ritual involves 6 types of incense for the Guardians and 4 essential oils for the directions. Rituals look suspiciously like Golden Dawn variants. Use of electronically produced music in ritual is a topic of much heated debate. They initiate very few, because the ritual takes three days, and includes fasting, multiple smudgings and purifications, and several hour-long recitals by the student... only years of rigorous training will give the skills necessary to survive the initiation ritual.

**Discordian Feri** -- There is no lore, only Zuul! A ritual that's not raising the right kind of energy can be fixed by throwing blue jellybeans at everyone. (Blue for blue fire; jellybeans look like seeds, which are a symbol of the Stargoddess...) Invokes maiden, mother & crone as Pippi Longstocking, Edith Bunker, and Granny from the Beverly Hillbillies. Thinks most of the inter-line debates are silly, but participates in them anyway, sometimes switching sides halfway through a discussion. Will agree to initiate anyone they think will cause controversy in the wider community, but unless a non-Discordian Feri is present at the ritual, the rest of the Feri community won't accept it as valid.





**Ecstatic Feri** -- Also known as the “demon-summoning drug-induced orgy crowd.” Claims that it’s an ecstatic religion, not a fertility religion. Believes in sex (“lust is divine”), drugs (“gateways to the worlds of the gods”), demons (“Satan’s really just misunderstood”) and overall Having A Good Time (“follow your bliss”). Great fun to hang out with; will happily pass the pipe, the bottle, and the lube. In their rare lucid moments, they know a startling amount of magickal lore, which they mostly use to humiliate Jehovah’s Witnesses who visit them on Saturday mornings. Hard to get them sober enough to decide to initiate anyone, but will insist that since “all acts of love & pleasure are Her rituals,” the orgy they hosted last night \*was\* an initiation. Like the Discordians, initiations by this group will not be accepted unless “vouched for” by someone of another type.

**“Hidden Children of the Goddess” Feri** -- Their teacher claimed to be initiated by a Feri who can no longer confirm it, either because of death or personal conflicts of some sort. May or may not claim to be an initiate; in any case, their lineage can’t be verified. Often miffed if they are treated like non-Feri. Knows enough Feri lore to make their claim plausible, but can’t or won’t provide any evidence at all of their actual training. Initiates people into their own whatever-it-is, adding to the number and complexity of untraceable maybe-Feri lines.



**Loremaster Feri** -- His house is full of piles of old books, copies of 13th-century woodcuts, and stapled photocopies of academic articles in Finnish, German, and Czech. Recites Childe ballads at the drop of a pentacle, and eagerly explains the hidden pagan imagery within. Argues over whether the proper spelling is “Melek Taus” or “Malik Tawus.” Knows the exact meaning of each Sabbat and the correct pronunciations of many Welsh and Huna words, and will speak at great detail about the correct use of obscure bits of Egyptian phrases in ritual. Only initiates people who speak at least one dead language or have a degree in something hard to pronounce.

**Shamanic Trance-Possession Feri** -- Has been to hundreds of rituals, including leading several, but can’t remember anything past the first 2 minutes of any of them. They must be doing it right because they keep getting invited back. Can’t be involved in discussions about favorite chants or ritual music; they’ll trance out and dance at McDonald’s during the lunch hour. Makes no decisions to initiate, and claims they haven’t initiated anyone, although the gods may have done so through their body.

**Shapeshifter/Otherkin Feri** -- Considered "crazy" by most people, including other Feri. In touch with the "Dreamtime" and their place within it; less sure about membership in the world that has an IRS and car payments. Had many Feri teachers, some of them even human. Disdains those who take on paying students, because they make a fine living off the disability checks they get for being too whacked to get real jobs. Counts spiritual lineage through Victor and several disincorporate entities. Doesn't initiate humans.

**Spiritual Toolkit Feri** -- Claims that Feri is not really a religion, but a set of tools for our own personal and divine evolution into being Fully Human. Holds workshops at all the major pagan festivals. Has contempt for the idea that a witch should personally know and trust his students. Hands out Iron Pentacle worksheets, three souls meditation guides, and research project outlines about the lemniscate gods, often at a claimed-to-be-quite-reasonable fee. Rarely initiates anyone, because initiates won't pay for workshops.

