Mother of this unfathomable world! Favor my solemn song,
For I have loved thee ever, and thee only;
I have watched thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depth of thy deep mysteries.
I have made my bed in charnels and on coffins,
Where black death keeps record of the trophies won from thee,
Hoping to still these obstinate questionings of thee and thine,
By forcing some lone ghost, thy messenger,
To render up the tale of what we are.

-Percy Shelley
PART ONE: JOWANET AND THE FAYERIE MAN

Jowanet was ten years old when the soldiers of the Marquis of Montrose attacked her home. They came in the cold of February, plundering for food, raping women, and killing men who resisted them. They took cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, stored grain and root vegetables - anything that wasn't hidden. They marched in foraging parties from the west, looting Meadowfield, Blackhills, Earlseat, Broomton, and Jowanet's village of Whitemire.

The people of Whitemire fled into the vast Darnaway Forest, taking whatever they could to hide from the soldiers. Huddling together with their animals in the frozen forest was a dangerous misery; Jowanet covered her head with a tattered piece of wool and buried her face into the shaggy side of a cow to stop her nose from freezing.

In the panic to flee Whitemire, Jowanet had seen old Willeam Colison, a friend of her father's, smile at her. The next time she saw him, he was lying dead on the road to Glenshiel, the top of his head cleaved off by a broadsword. He had joined the army of Sir John Hurry, to get vengeance
against the men of Montrose for plundering of his family’s farm. In her dreams, there was a look of peace in his eyes as he lay there. But when she had seen his corpse in waking life, crows had already taken his eyes.

Within a few days of returning home from the cold forest, Jowanet began to burn with fever. There was little food, and the illness soon left her unable to move or rouse herself to full waking. Her mother and her aunt stayed by her side as much as they could; her father had taken their only horse to drag sledges of peat to neighbors left destitute by the soldiers. There was no doubt in anyone’s mind that Jowanet would die. Still they gave her water, and sips of a broth made from nettles and boiled bones, when she could be roused enough.

For ten days Jowanet languished in this sorrowful state, and for all those days her family stood their watch, stoic from having seen the souls of many children wither and fade. The prayers of country-folk were said. There would be no minister to come; they had all fled from the army of Montrose. On the seventh day, when Jowanet’s breath was weakest, the healer came; she was the wife of a farmer in Craighead, knowledgeable in healing charms.

Jowanet saw none of them, and observed none of these morose rituals that played out around her. Each day, unseen by those around her, she rose and went outside of their dwelling, where she beheld the sun burning white in the sky. The cold and deeply-rutted mud of the roads was gone and only warm, smooth dirt was there. The animals were quiet; the sky and the earth were peaceful except for a faint and musical sound of wind. She would dart down the road, bare of foot, until the path began to curve on its way to Redstone.

Swerving off the road, she would sprint into the grasses and woods to the bank of the stream the farmers called the Denny, and she’d splash over it. Through more trees she would stride, and into a wide green meadow beyond. And he was always there: the little boy in the strange white gown. Like the brother she never had, they laughed and played and tumbled about. Birds did not fear the sandy-haired boy; he could call them into his hand, and they would whistle and chirp different tunes at his request.

One day, Jowanet saw a crowd of other children dressed in white further down the hill from where they were playing. She started to call out to them; she wanted to run down to meet them, but her friend put his hand on her shoulder, and gave her a solemn look. Not them. We cannot go there. Jowanet watched as the children walked further on, vanishing into a copse of trees in the distance.

Do you trust me?
The boy had asked her that as they sat on the side of a low hill one day. In the white sunlight, his features seemed hard to discern at times. Jowanet eagerly assured him of her trust, and the boy bade her lie down, and close her eyes. A bright blue and orange bird had come to perch on his shoulder. It ran down his arm and into Jowanet’s mouth. She recoiled and began to choke, and then felt lightheaded as it burrowed through her insides. The white sun passed directly over her. Heat was followed by cold. Her jaw was forced open as a terrible and thick discharge spurted out of her.

There was only the dim and smoky interior of her father’s cottage after that. She found herself staring at the sunlight coming through the narrow windows. She was weak, but her head felt clear and the terrible burning and the numbing chills were gone.

* * *

Jowanet grew to adulthood. At the side of her mother, she learned to harvest flax heads, soak and soften them, and beat them until they could be combed and spun into thread. In a great wooden loom, she would weave them into cloth, and bring the bolts of cloth to sell at markets in Dyke, in Auldearn, or Nairn. The flax seed would be sown again in April, and the year repeated itself, an endless wheel of growing, spinning, and weaving.

From one year to the next, Jowanet traveled the roads between Whitemire and Meadowfield in the spring to sell rope wound from horsehair and rushes, and crossed the fields to Braeside in the autumn to trade for extra barley meal and oats. As she walked, she remembered every detail of her days spent playing with her strange friend over a decade ago. She would steal away from her errands to slide down the banks of the Muckle Burn, follow the river into Boghole Wood, and sit on the moss below the dark green canopy of trees. Lying back, she would close her eyes and see her friend’s handsome young face.

Jowanet had returned many times to the place where she met her friend, that meadow on the far side of the Denny, but he was never there. The sun passed overhead, yellow and brash; the wind moaned, carrying the sounds of clashing steel from the smithy in Conicavel to the southeast, and the grasses of the meadow waved steadily, without another soul to see. Those grasses never felt as soft as they did when she ran barefoot alongside him.

It was in the autumn of Jowanet’s twenty-second year that Margrait Bucham, wife of John Trall of Craighead, who had performed the healing charms at her bedside a decade before, came to visit. Margrait had no daughters, and her own sons would spend the rest of their days plowing, harrowing, sowing, reaping, and grinding grain into meal. Now in her autumn years, Margrait wanted to teach the trade of charming and healing to Jowanet, though having the company of a young woman to talk to and reminisce with may have inclined her just as much.
Jowanet began to learn the old art of healing charms from Margrait, spending many nights in Margrait's cottage, the interior roof of which was hung with bundles of drying herbs. The art was centered on the herbs that grew in abundance in the fields, wastes, and meadows, and on the rare worts that needed to be sought only at certain times of year. She followed Margrait through Craighead Wood looking for mushrooms, and fungus that grew on rotting stumps and in the shade between the roots of trees.

There were brews and infusions to be made, which could make a man or woman purge themselves, take away pain, or bring on sleep. Some would soothe fever, or ease women's courses, and others would quiet coughing. Wreaths of certain herbs were to be twisted together and hung above the beds of those stricken with illness, and bundles of others were to be concealed below their beds or in their pillows. But the true secret, Margrait revealed, was not only in the herbs, but in the ground where they grew.

Just to the east of Craighead, near the edge of the Darnaway Forest, stood an ancient cairn which the locals called the Old King's Cairn. Stories of the ancient chieftain or king buried below it were the stuff of hearthside tales whose origins were long ago swallowed by the mist of time. A magical circle of stones was believed to have once stood near the cairn too, though no trace of it was seen; Margrait assured Jowanet that the stones were there, only sunk deep into the earth.

This was *fayerie ground*, Margrait said. The herbs that grew from the ground near cairns and near the old stones were the most powerful ones, the ones to seek. One only had to be sure to leave a gift for the "good people"- blood, honey, or butter- and the herbs would have a great potency. One might see the good people, especially their women, wandering in the fields or near the stones when the year was ripe and blooming; one must never follow them if they tried to lead somewhere Margrait warned, else the doom of becoming their captive was all but certain. Those taken by the good people were often never seen again, or else they reappeared seven years later, always raving mad.

Jowanet told Margrait of the strange dreams that came upon her when she was a child nearly taken by the fever. As real and vital as the memories stayed in her mind, she scarce believed them to reflect only dreams. Margrait believed that the young man of her spectral adventures was either an angel sent to protect her, or a fayerie boy that had taken her for a playmate. Whatever the case, she reasoned, he was no evil thing. But Margrait was hesitant to speak of the fayerie people too much.

* * *

Four summers came and went, and Jowanet's reputation for making healing remedies began to grow. She traveled to the villages and farm all around, even in the deepest cold of winter, and
received good trade for her services. In her 26th year, she married Thom Ross of Whitemire, and moved to his cottage where the white-faced sheep he looked after huddled in wide pinfolds. She bore him two children: a daughter, Ellin, and a son, James.

It was in the late spring of Jowanet’s thirtieth year that she saw the sandy-haired boy again. In the meadow north of the Old King’s Cairn, dappled red, yellow, and dark blue with flowers, she saw him standing in the distance and waving to her—only now he was grown to a man, a glorious handsome man. She dropped her basket of precious herbs and ran towards him, nearly falling over her feet. And yet, he withdrew from her, running like a deer through the trees and to an open, hilly expanse beyond. She pursued, and found him waiting for her near the top of one of the rounds.

She stared into his dark and friendly eyes, entranced. He put his hands on her shoulders and gently pulled them both down to their knees. Then he was gone; there were only the waving grasses of the hillside before her. Suddenly, a butterfly rose up from the turf and fluttered past her face. It was followed by another, and then another—butterflies of every colorful marking she could imagine.

Smiling, Jowanet caught the shape of a man out of the corner of her eye. She expected it to be her friend, but it was an older gentleman, well dressed in a green coat and breeches and bearing a well-worn walking stick. She stood and greeted the man, who seemed quite familiar to her.

Don’t you know me Jowanet, daughter of Androe Innes?

A rush of fear and wonder might have carried Jowanet to the ground, and yet something strong and silent kept her wits about her. It was Willeam Colison that stood before her now, whom she knew to be dead these twenty years. Jowanet glanced side to side, hoping to see the one she had followed to this hill. You shall see him later, your little lord, Willeam told her. ’Twas he who brought you to me.

Jowanet inquired of Willeam to know what had become of him, and how he had come to be here, standing before her.

It was a strange tale he told; twenty years before, on the road to Glenshiel, a detachment of Montrose’s horsemen bore down upon him and the men he was marching with. I thought I had been knocked to the ground by the horse that passed me by he said, but twas the cleave of a sword that laid me low. Willeam said that he pulled himself back to his feet, and tried to run, but could feel no ground beneath him. He tried many times to get to his feet, thinking he had succeeded each time, but he could not move nor at length feel anything. Then said he, the darkness and the light passed over me.
The fayerie people had taken him then, he said. To their well-appointed houses he was led, in a
green land of peaceful twilight. *Among them I have been ever since* he recounted, *and many times
have seen and conversed with their good Queen.*

Jowanet asked Willeam why he had appeared to her now. He told her that the *good neighbors*
had watched her fondly since the nights that she had tumbled in play with her little lord on the
hillsides. And now, said Willeam, the Queen of the fayerie people had sent him as an envoy to
Jowanet, to give her the Queen’s fond regards and a gift that would make her wealthier and
happier than any woman in the lands of Moray.

*For this gift, you must renounce the religion of the priests and ministers* Willeam told her. *It is a
deceit and an injury to the Queen and her good people, like the mistemper in the bear and rye that
sickens those who eat it. All that you need or want will be provided you by the generosity of the
good folk.*

Jowanet consented, and from that day Willeam was never far from her, though others could not
see him, even if he stood close by. A year to the day she had met him, he took her to Craighead
wood where the Muckle Burn tumbled through, and bade her dig in the wet soil until she found
what looked like brittle white stones. She ground them to fine powder, and at Willeam’s direction
mingled in her blood and water from the Burn. *Let it dry by your hearthfire,* he said, *and carry it
to the Whitemire fields when the moon is next full.*

Standing below that moon in the windy night, Willeam had Jowanet reduce the mixture to dust
again, then pressed his mouth against hers, breathing into her. What he had put into her she in
turn breathed into the powder. *Now you may change the hour of death* he told her. *But never tell
another man or woman by what means you do this, else its power will fade away.*

Jowanet returned to her cottage that night as the moon was setting, concealed the powder in a
chest, and slipped into her bed. Her husband was away selling wool at the market in Nairn, and
her own children slept with the children of his sister in a cottage a short walk away. Alone in the
dark space, she woke from her half-sleep in a start as someone
opened the door.

It was not Thom; it was her sandy-haired friend, standing in surreal silence over her bed. They
made love; Jowanet struggled to grasp if this was a dream, for the whole velvet tryst had a
timeless quality. It seemed as though her lover never stopped gazing into her eyes, the entire time
they were joined.

When morning came, Jowanet awoke alone and feeling strange. She couldn’t shake the feeling of
being neither awake nor asleep; neither alive nor dead. The whole world had a soft quality about
it, and yet its harshness was not absent.
The white powder was a wonder; the smallest measure placed under the tongues of those in the grip of extreme illness was enough to bring them to full health in less than a day. Mingled with ale or with water, it would restore the health of any who partook. It was not just a panacea for the ills of human beings; stricken beasts would recover just the same if they ingested it.

Jowanet was afraid to use the powder at first, but when she gazed on Meddy Hay's bairn wasting silently away in its rough crib, her heart felt ready to break. Three days after Jowanet administered the fayerie powder, with Willeam standing invisibly by her side, the infant's strong cries filled the cottage and it ate like a devil. A month later, the tiny body was pink and full of flesh, and bright in its eyes. Meddy came crying in joy to Jowanet, embracing her and weeping in gratitude.

Next it was the young daughter of Eby Catlow, then the son of Mary Noyne. Both of Alison Bowden's children were brought back from the sure edge of death. The stricken sheep of Alexander Bauld ran strong again on the hillside. Robert Lammen was stabbed by Highland reivers, and after Jowanet’s visit his gangrenous wound lost its stink and pus and stitched itself in the stretch of a week. The people of Whitemire began to make way before Jowanet as she walked the roads; they smiled to see her approach. They brought spare goods and gifts to her husband's cottage, the men doffing their hats to her.

Soon it was the people of Conicavel who sought her out, the people of Glenshiel, and of Broomton. Stories got told. Some said in hushed tones that fayeries helped Jowanet to heal, but most cared little what the source of her help was, as they held their living relatives and children hale and hearty in their arms. No one could recall a healer's herbs or charms sparing so many lives, and no one knew where she went to obtain her miraculous medicine.

Jowanet’s special attention was paid to children who had fallen under the bane of sickness. This was good and right in her reasoning; when a grown man or woman dies, the past dies with them. When a child dies, however, the future dies. The past was full of pains and horrors enough; Jowanet hoped in the future. Willeam chuckled at these musings. It is not so in Fayerie, he always said. But the breathing woman you are must be blown on the wind.

For three years, a rare hope came to settle on the people. The shadow of fevers and pestilence seemed to have been banished. Jowanet and her husband's house was full in goods and stores of food; more than they could keep, and they shared it. The burden of care was lighter for all. Whitemire's roads and paths ran with energetic children, and the winters seemed less harsh with more warm bodies around the fires to laugh and hear stories.
While the people of the villages went about their lives, Jowanet was secretly consumed by another world, which she pursued as much as it seemed to pursue her. Willeam showed her wonders she could not have dreamed of. From below the stones of the Old King’s Cairn, he called forth white-feathered crows, who could utter prophecies with human voices. He told her tales of forgotten times that he had learned in fayerie-land, and showed her in vision crowds of wild men and women who were the spirits of herbs and worts clustered in their dwellings together.

After another few years had passed, Willeam took Jowanet to see the Fayerie Queen. Down they went together, below the distant hill of Lethen Bar, to the Queen’s great hall which stood in a darkly wooded valley lit by silvery light. Jowanet had never seen such a company of majestic beings, either in beauty or in bearing. Scattered among them she saw the shapes of entities that were part human and part beast; she saw sleek hunting hounds and heard a symphony of endless birdsong. The Queen greeted her with great mirth and generosity, providing her with a feast of venison, fruits, and cakes that seemed endless.

One dark night, a hooded man came knocking on Jowanet’s door. Not wanting to be seen, he whispered a message to her, and then took her away with him on horseback to Earlseat, and thence beyond to the castle at Moynes, the seat of the Dunbar family. The infant son of Mary Dunbar was dying, and Jowanet bestowed her cure. Sworn to secrecy, and paid with a bag of coin whose value was beyond anything Jowanet could have once imagined holding, she was sent home.

* * *

Thirteen years passed. Summers faded into winters, and winters brightened into new summers. Jowanet’s children grew into strong and capable adults. Ellin married Ranald Leith, a farmer of Conicavel, while James sheared the wool of sheep alongside his father. Alone in her cottage one cold night, building up the glowing fire on the hearth, Willeam came to her side. The news he bore for her was grim.

*The Earl of Moray has written a summons for you. Tomorrow, two of his men will come here to bring you forth to answer questions. Men of property have accused you, saying your healing arts are miracles of the Devil. The Auldearn minister will testify to this. Others will be compelled to speak against you.*

Jowanet wondered if she were to die then, to be strangled and burnt as was the Fate of those condemned for witchcraft. *It need not be so,* Willeam said. *This very night you can take your leave, and keep to the path I show you, and you will be spared the road to gallows hill.*

But to go where? This was the only home Jowanet had known for fifty years. Her children and family were here. Here she was known; here she knew the people, the land itself. Willeam urged
her to leave with him; there were others, he assured her, who could still find relief from her arts. His words struck as hard as steel; Jowanet would not see her grandchildren born. She would not see them grow through the years. But, Willeam said, *thy children will live long lives, and have children of their own, who will in their own turn have children.*

Jowanet told Willeam that her only wish was to die in Whitemire, the place where she was born. Willeam vowed to her that it would be so. She left the bag of gold coin given her by the Dunbars where her son would find it, wrapped a heavy plaid of wool around herself, and departed on horseback in the darkness.

Jowanet traveled south for days, through narrow paths in the Darnaway Forest that she never knew existed. Willeam went before her, sometimes as a man, and at other times in the shape of a crow. She crossed the Findhorn River and came at length to the village of Ferness. From there, she was guided south again into the desolate lands of the Dava Moors, overlooked by the ancient Red Hills. These were the wide and brooding lands that lived under the sword of the Wolf of Badenoch, who had ruled from his great castle at Lochindorb many centuries before.

Jowanet lost track of the time she spent wandering, alone. Hunger began to shrink her limbs. Early one morning, as her horse trotted through the mist alongside the Ourack Burn, she came to the place where those waters met the River Divie. There was a wide copse of dark trees nearby, and a large farmhouse with many pins for sheep and goats. For such a remote farm, it was pleasantly arranged and seemed prosperous.

This was the farmstead of Mathew Caugiltoun, who revealed to Jowanet upon her arrival that his only son- a boy of four- was stricken with fever and blisters, and near to his final hour. Jowanet told him she could help, and was taken to the boy's side. Great joy descended on the house after that time as Mathew's son fast recovered, and yet the servants muttered to themselves that a darkness came with the strange woman- *it was a crow that led her here,* they whispered among themselves.

Mathew Caugiltoun would tolerate none of their gossip; he was a man of gratitude, and he took Jowanet into his household from that day onward. And there Jowanet remained, treated as a member of Mathew's family, for twenty years. She never told of her origins or life in the lands to the north; Mathew's family knew her as Agnes, and his children came to think of her as a grandmother.

* * *

In the spring of 1705, a cart drawn by horses came into Whitemire. It carried Jowanet Innes, now seventy years of age, back to her home. Many of those she knew from before were dead or
departed, but whispers soon began. A few of the folk who recognized her still lifted their hats, or stared in silent awe. The Earl of Moray had died some years before; former things and troubles had passed away.

Her husband had also died many seasons before her return, but her son James had leased land and built a large farmhouse, and had many more sheep. He welcomed his mother with a fierce joy, and she embraced her grandsons, themselves now grown to manhood.

A little over a year later, on a bright April morning, Jowanet did not wake from her sleep. Her family gathered around her in great sadness, grateful at least that she had returned to them for the short time she did. But Jowanet didn’t see their tears as they circled her bed; she rose and went to the door of the farmhouse, and then outside where she beheld the sun burning white in the sky.

The mud of the roads was gone and the sheep were quiet; the sky and the earth unfurled around her in their timeless power. She walked down the road until the path began to curve; she crossed the grasses and passed below the budding trees, and then through the cool water of the Denny. Then she entered the wide green meadow that waited on the other side.

There waiting for her was the sandy-haired man, draped in a long white tunic. They embraced and lay on the warm hillsides, talking and laughing for a long while, as butterflies drifted through the clear air. The darkness and the light passed over them. Jowanet’s companion finally took her hand and led her to the far end of the meadow, and into the shining forest that spread out endlessly beyond it.

* * *
PART TWO: THE COVENANT AND PRE-MODERN SORCERY IN THE MODERN AGE

Covenant DeSavyok is a sorcerous society formed in 2015.

Its goal is to bring the reality of historical sorcery back to life in the modern world.

* * *

I. Sorcery, Witchcraft, and Magic

Covenant DeSavyok is a society of men and women who practice sorcery according to pre-modern methods, and within a field of pre-modern aesthetics, in the modern day. The Covenant’s methods and aesthetics both rise from historical documents and folklore, and from a
unique worldview that is informed by that history and folklore, as well as by the science of systems theory, the philosophy of Phenomenology, and deep ecology.

Sorcery refers to the art- an art which is as old as humankind, and which has appeared in various forms in every known historical human culture- of obtaining preternatural attention, guidance, and empowerment by making relationships with spirits, or other-than-human persons. Spirits are living beings that exist in an extraordinary way compared to the ordinary encounters one may have with other beings on a day to day basis, such as cats, birds, other humans, or fir trees. Spirits are not aspects of the human psyche; they are objectively existing beings with their own persons, goals, and motivations.

Spirits are not "supernatural" in the sense of being beyond or outside of Nature; they exist within the same enormous natural ecology that human beings do, though they inhabit regions of it that are unseen. The regions of our great ecology that spirits inhabit are intimately connected to the regions we experience every day. What sorcerers can do is consciously access these subtle regions and extend the reality of relationship to them.

To make relationships with spirits, to create friendships or other arrangements with them so that they will bring the mysterious abilities and capacities they have to bear upon your wants and needs, and to make this relationship mutually beneficial: this is the basic theory of sorcery. This is what makes a spirit a familiar spirit- a spirit with which a man or woman has some form of pact, relationship, or agreement. Sorcerers may have more than one familiar; many extraordinary relationships of this kind can be created and maintained, and will lead to many abilities or capacities on the part of the sorcerer.

In ancient Greece, primal sorcerous arts were categorized under the heading of Goetia- a word that means "charming" or "sorcery." It may derive from a word that ultimately means "to groan or wail"- referring to the special sounds or songs made by sorcerers to lure and communicate with their familiar spirits.

Pre-modern Witchcraft from Europe was likewise a part of this same deeper cultural reality: witches were made into witches by powerful entities from the Unseen World. They gained connections with (and awareness of) the Unseen through various means, some chosen and others unchosen, such as traumatic experiences or near-death encounters. And they performed witchcraft with the aid of familiar spirits.

Pre-modern witchcraft, the witchcraft of the Early Modern period, was not a unified religious cult. It was a decentralized, non-unified, organic, spontaneous, and cross-cultural experience had by certain men and women from many places, of ecstatic visionary contact and communication with the Unseen world, and the formation of relationships with spirits. Witches who had such
relationships could divine, heal, curse, and perform the many extraordinary feats attributed to them by folklore from the pre-modern period, and from even earlier accounts.

**Modern Witchcraft**—or *Wicca*—though it is a popular and meaningful pursuit and religious belief system for many modern people, is a **distinctive phenomenon** from pre-Modern witchcraft. There is little or no historical continuity between pre-modern and modern witchcraft. Modern witchcraft primarily involves itself with the practice of *magic*, which we will discuss in a moment.

The term "Witchcraft" in its pre-modern meaning, and the term "sorcery", are **synonyms**. Witchcraft and sorcery are two names for the same phenomenon. The Covenant embraces both terms for describing what it does at the practical level.

Historical Sorcery (like all pre-modern Witchcraft) was **relational**. It was *not* manifested by an individual man and woman who had within themselves a personal power to perform divinations, heal people, hex people, or anything of that nature. It was manifested through the relationship of a man or woman with a spirit or spirits.

The idea that a man or woman may have, within their own individual person, a power to create changes in the world or perform preternatural feats, is *not* the basis of sorcery. It is the basis of *Magic*—what the ancient Greeks would have classified as *Mageia*. The sorcerer and the mage, or the witch and the mage, are **historically distinctive figures**, who come from two extremely different metaphysical and social backgrounds.

Magic—in ancient times as well as now—can rightly be called the art of utilizing **personal will** to influence changes in the world. Magical practices, then as now, tend to orient themselves around the development of will, and disciplines for projecting personal power and will towards goals. Very often this takes the form of some kind of "magical energy" that is believed to exist and to be directed by will or special magical tools.

Mages have turned their wills towards the goal of summoning and compelling of spirits to obey them, for thousands of years. To the extent that any mage ever succeeded in this endeavor, that mage would have performed not only an act of magic but of sorcery too— even though mages throughout Christian history looked down upon sorcery as a lesser art, and as potentially dangerous or evil.

Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa, the Renaissance mage, said "**Now the parts of ceremonial magic are goetia and theurgia. Goetia is unfortunate, by the commerces of unclean spirits made up of the rites of wicked curiosities, unlawful charms, and deprecations, and is abandoned and execrated by all laws.**" Agrippa's antipathy to sorcery did not begin in the Christian Renaissance
or Middle Ages; even in the Classical world, *Goetia* was seen as dark, primitive, and dangerous by some authorities.

Sorcerous practices are born from the time before civilization; it was always by its nature a "rustic" art, an art of common people, an art of oral cultures, of the people who lived outside of cities and far from "high" civilization.

Magic, on the other hand, was born within the halls of philosophers, academies, temples, and within the literate sphere of educated social elites. There is a primordial form of *classism* that divides the witch in the countryside from the mage in his manor-house or his library, but also a struggle between *civilized authority* and *pre-civilized spiritual ecology* which seems wild, mysterious, or frightening to social authorities and ordinary people.

These understood distinctions (and animosities) between Sorcery and Magic have largely been lost in the passage of time; most people today think that sorcery is just another word for magic. The Covenant strongly holds to the distinction between these two things. Magic is (generally speaking) an ego-centered and personal will-centered pursuit; sorcery is never about a singular individual or their personal will, but about how that individual relates to spirit-allies and perhaps even to other sorcerous human allies. What the ordinary human will cannot manage alone, spirit-allies can make possible.

The Covenant does not teach or perform magic. The Covenant empowers modern sorcerers- or people who want to be sorcerers- in their practice of sorcery, in their creation and maintenance of relationships with spirit-entities. *Trance states* are induced, and special *dreams* are incubated, to allow the Covenant's sorcerers to interact with spirits and form pacts and relationships with them. Now, as in the pre-modern period, trance states and special sorts of dreams are the *primary vehicles* of Witchcraft or sorcery. The Covenant also utilizes special sounds and words to attract the attentions of spirits, and a special symbolic language to help bring the minds of practitioners closer to the Unseen world.

Relationalism, the chief concept which the Covenant relies upon for its central metaphysical focus, is not merely an alternative means by which a man or woman might find their way to extraordinary experiences. *Relationalism is life*. All things are relational. No "will" or "ego" exists apart from others, nor apart from relationship with others.

The Covenant does not embrace the idea that humans are full of infinite or enormous cosmic potential, waiting to be developed. This is a form of modern arrogance, a form of anthropocentrism which the Covenant sternly rejects. The *limits* of human beings are many and they are completely natural, for natural boundaries are formed by Nature around all beings.
What allows the human being to move beyond certain boundaries (and always hopefully wisely) is the creation of relationships with entities, allies, and teachers who can facilitate such a thing. Humans cannot otherwise do this alone. Learning our natural and healthy limits, as well as the ways we might still have extraordinary developments, explorations, or attainments through relationships with powerful or wise spirits, is the essence of the sorcerous art.

Cooperating with and learning from the many forms of sentient life (both ordinary and extraordinary forms of life) who indwell our natural world—who share with us our only home, which gave birth to us all—is the primal core of sorcery. There is a natural reverence here: a rediscovery of our place in things, along with all the true relational wisdom it might still inspire in us, just as it inspired our Ancestors.

II. The Tale of Jowanet Innes

In the story "Jowanet and the Fayerie Man", an entire portrait of the Covenant’s aesthetic, worldview, ideas about sorcery, and many other things were communicated. A historical fiction piece was chosen to express this, because stories have a way of communicating and imparting important information that no other form of explanation can.

Jowanet Innes is a fictional character, but the places, events, cultural realities (and certain other characters) described in her story were and are real. She is an image of a pre-modern witch, a pre-modern sorceress, who obtained her connection to the Unseen through traumatic experience—through nearly dying as a child. Not all people who undergo traumatic experiences or near-death encounters will become witches or sorcerers, but some may.

Afterward, Jowanet was contacted by a fayerie man—"fayerie" here being a folkloric term for an otherworldly being. In Jowanet's time, the dead of this world were often seen as becoming fayeries, and the historical connection between the dead and fayerie-entities is described in detail in Robin Artisson's book An Carow Gwyn: Sorcery and the Ancient Fayerie Faith. Through Jowanet's relationship with her fayerie-man, she was able to do sorcery. In their relationship, the Seen and Unseen were brought together, and preternatural feats—like healing—were made possible.

Jowanet may be fictional, but Bessie Dunlop was not. Bessie was a woman executed for witchcraft in 1576. She gained her power to heal from a fayerie-man, too: his name was Thomas Reid, and he was a man who had been killed in the Battle of Pinkie some 30 years before he appeared to Bessie. Thomas told Bessie that he was now of the fayerie people, and a friend to the Queen of Elfhame, or the Queen of Fayeries. He also urged Bessie to abandon any faith in Christianity—
startling (but not surprising) indictment of the spiritual toxicity of Abrahamic ideology in the eyes of the spirit world.

Willeam Colison, Jowanet’s fayerie-familiar, is based on Thomas Reid and the historical account and case of Bessie Dunlop. This aspect of Jowanet’s story, as with many other aspects of it, hearkens directly back to the solid ground of pre-modern Witch folklore and metaphysics. This is one of countless examples, found in history, of relational sorcery being done by men and women with the help of familiars.

Jowanet found her way to extraordinary connections and states through near-death trauma, but there are many ways a man or woman might obtain these capacities and conditions for themselves, without having to go through such extreme trauma. Many are the pathways to sorcery, but this is not to say that sorcery is an art that will be suitable- or even possible- for everyone.

Our modern world has made it hard to acquire and replicate the subtle mind-states that are needed to have spectral intercourse with the Unseen world in a more-or-less predictable way. The Unseen is itself unpredictable and strange. We are scourged- deep throughout our social conditioning- by Western rationalism, absolutist and simplistic (and false) conclusions born from arrogant scientism, and terrified of the Unseen by Christian cultural memes that have been repeated for 1700 years, presenting the Unseen as a world of demonic dangers and damnation.

Even if we reject the lunacy of scientism, we still live in a culture that honors "science" as the highest standard for truth, and which relegates all other ways of knowing to the level of superstition or ignorance. Even if we reject Abrahamic religions in any of their forms, most of us still come from Christian cultures, which communicate the worldview of Christianity and Abrahamic monotheism to all of us at a deep unconscious level.

This is true also for people who were raised as 'atheists' or without any religion. Cultural Christianity is buried in the heart of our culture. It shapes our moral and social considerations from an unconscious level, and our appraisal of any spiritual beliefs and practices we encounter or learn about.

This background we all live in- a social background of one-sided rationalism that rejects sorcery and witchcraft as a ridiculous superstition, or as a demonic evil- greatly hinders most people (again, at a deeply unconscious level) from being able to really be open and interactive with the Unseen world as it really exists.

Jowanet lived in a time when these social forces were very different, and even though she lived in a Christian culture, Emma Wilby (the authoress of the groundbreaking works Cunning Folk and
*Familiar Spirits* and *The Visions of Isobel Gowdie* demonstrates how the pre-modern "Christian" mind was, in belief, cosmology, and understanding, *extremely* different from our modern minds. There was room within the amazing pre-modern matrix of belief, for many strange combinations of cosmological conception, and openness to genuine spiritual encounters that we cannot begin to imagine.

Even as The Covenant recognizes these hard realities, it also rejoices in its triumphs: The Covenant has a very deep and rich system of obtaining extraordinary conditions of mind, which can enable people to potentially actualize pre-modern Sorcerous encounters (and enlarge upon them in continuing encounter and relationship) here in the modern day. The Covenant's metaphysical workings, understandings, rituals, practices, insights, and deep ecological awareness is *growing* every day. And it is all turned to the service of obtaining for men and women in the modern day what Jowanet Innes had organically and spontaneously.

Those who read the story of Jowanet are being invited to feel a certain intense *aesthetic* of organic, place-centered, spirit-driven, ecstatic-state manifested sorcery. This is *witchcraft in the true old sense of the word*—what some refer to as "Traditional Witchcraft."

And witches from Early Modern times did more than talk to dead people and heal; they flew with the Fateful powers that selected the men and women whose time had come to die, having visions of those whose time had almost come. They interacted with beings from times long past, and had visions which, if we understand them in the wide context of sociology, mythology, and history, reveal the interior workings of the Unseen world.

They could heal; they could seek justice and vengeance for people who had no other way of striking out at their oppressors or tormentors; they could manipulate many organic realities of life, and they did so, sometimes in helpful, and other times in harmful or unwise ways. They were *human beings*. Their capacity for ecstatic vision and spirit-connection didn't automatically make them wise, benevolent, harmless beings.

The Unseen is *ambiguous*. Spirits are ambiguous. Clear-cut ideas like "good and evil" do not figure in any of this. Ideals like "perfection" do not figure; such things belong to an alien and unwise way of seeing the world, compared to the primordial spiritual-ecological grace manifested by the witch-folk of older times. This primordial grace didn't come with only healing and happiness in its wings; it came with harm and sorrow, too, because that is the hard truth about reality—human reality or other-than-human.

Jowanet's relationships with Willeam, or with the Fayerie Queen, or with any of the spirits she encountered, were not simple things. For Willeam, she felt friendship. For the Fayerie Queen, she probably felt a great measure of reverence and awe. There may have been a sense of friendship
there, too. For other spirits, she may have felt happiness at interacting with them, or perhaps just a sense of natural wonder. There may have been fear at times. This is the reality of relating to spirits.

The Covenant is an organization that knows how to show proper reverence to powerful spirits, but it is not a religious organization. It does not have "priests" or "priestesses". Jowanet, and the pre-modern witches and sorcerers who lived and died in our world, were not priests and priestesses of Nature, or of Pagan Gods or Goddesses. They were not descendents of druids.

They were humans capable of special kinds of ecstatic communications with the spirit world, who had relationships with spirits. Some of those relationships could have come close to what we might call "religious" these days- they may have had great reverence and awe for certain powerful beings that they met in visionary states. But this is an organic kind of relationship, born in an experiential matrix of encounter, a very flexible and personal kind of interaction, not a well-defined, organized, and institutionalized kind as we see in most religious organizations.

What Jowanet encountered, the way she was made capable of doing extraordinary things by spirits, is what the Covenant wants for its members. The simplicity and beauty of her life, the fact that she was in many ways a very ordinary woman who worked with her hands, the way she knew and loved places, friends, and family, the way she helped people out of a spontaneous sense of humanity and kinship, the way her curiosity was satisfied and guided by spirits- this is what The Covenant finds both realistic and desirable.

Jowanet was protected in life, and guided away in death, by a being she had a deeper kind of relationship with: a being the Covenant calls a fetch follower, and who appeared to Jowanet in dreams and visions as a sandy-haired boy, and later as a man. This aspect of her story (the relationship of human being to guardian or tutelary spirit) is a statement of a common and constant spiritual-ecological theme that emerges from folklore, and from the recorded beliefs of even earlier people, all over the world.

The creating of a conscious relationship with this entity- and many others- ranks among the goals the Covenant has for its membership. Through these relationships, if we are fortunate enough to be able to create them and maintain them, we know that human beings can have better lives, see a deeper vision for life, and have more help in obtaining what we want and need for ourselves and our loved ones.

In the same way that there are many paths to obtaining trance-states, ecstatic visionary encounter with the Unseen world, and relationships with spirits, many are the spirit-beings a man or woman may encounter and make relationships with.
Jowanet’s story shows only one example: her familiar was a formerly dead human man, and she had further a further relationship of benevolence with the Queen of the Underworldly fayerie-beings. The Queen was obviously not a "familiar" to Jowanet, as much as a great Otherworldly power that bestowed a familiar upon her in the form of Willeam. But these two entities represent (in our example story) Jowanet’s spiritual teachers and empowerers. Countless other stories could be told showing other spirit-beings as teachers and empowerers; countless others appear in the annals of history and folklore.

The Covenant knows a powerful spirit-entity in whose name it assembles and which all members enter into a relationship with upon entering the Covenant, but beyond that, in the sorcerous life of any member, there is no end to the variety of spirit-persons they may relate to, or what they may learn from them.

What folklore and folk tradition has taught the Covenant about spirit-interaction provides a further groundwork for all members: to comprehend the hidden points and places of overlap between our world and the Unseen regions of experience, such as old wells, caves, openings in the earth, root-holes, the liminal places where land and water meet, springs, burial grounds, special growths or formations of certain plants, trees, or fungus, ancient earthworks, special landforms otherwise- and to utilize special techniques to interact with them- this is one example of an important dimension of sorcerous effort.

III. Covenant Organization and the Portrait of a Covenanter

Covenant DeSavyok is selective in choosing potential members. It is not an open, public organization, and it protects the privacy of its membership very carefully. The Covenant assembles itself in a conceptual framework called The Common Ground. Some of the Covenant’s members belong to affinity groups within the Covenant, created within the shared space of its Common Ground, called septs, which handle various tasks related to the Covenant’s operation.

One sept is devoted to helping potential members through the process of formation, by which people become full members; another is devoted to organizing and hosting the Covenant’s events (such as the yearly Sabbat meeting) and ensuring that the Covenant's in-person events and virtual places of meeting are held to the highest standards of interaction and fellowship.

Other septs are created and organized by members to support their work together on special interest projects, or to further their study and practice of particular sorcerous arts that they have a shared interest in.
The Covenant is an *initiatory organization*; members must travel to undergo an initiation, which the Covenant calls an *induction*, always held in a remote location. Other special events for members may be held, though no member is compelled to attend events. All members are given access to the Covenant’s special resources relating to modern sorcerous practice, and are encouraged to help develop them in co-workings with others.

The Covenant is not a "coven." It’s more like a *guild* for sorcerous practitioners. It is a *body of peers*. It is called a *covenant* because of the *agreements* all of its members enter into together (alongside the common experiences that come to bind them) and it is always seeking future members who might make good allies in the pursuit of the Covenant’s goals.

* * *

Before a portrait can be described of the *kind of person* the Covenant desires, it will be useful to clearly state some of the things that the Covenant is *not*.

1. **The Covenant is not a religious community.** It does not view sorcery or witchcraft as religious practices. It does think of them as crafts, as arts, and as things that can lead a man or woman to have powerful relationships with spirits. While many people may rightly consider this to be innately spiritual on some level, and while it *may* satisfy spiritual yearnings in some people, it is still not religious by any ordinary measure.

   The Covenant is *not* a replacement for anyone’s Neopagan spiritual community or former church. The Covenant’s Sabbat meetings are celebratory events, and very deep bonds and friendships can be made between human members. But this is not the primary purpose of the Covenant. It’s just a very fortunate and desirable side-effect of working together.

2. **The Covenant is not for everyone.** People who are religiously or ideologically devoted to, believers in, or actively involved with *any* form of Abrahamic monotheism *cannot* be Covenanters. The worldview of Abrahamic monotheism, as expressed by Christian, Muslim, and Jewish traditions, is *intrinsically at odds* with the worldview of spiritual ecology as the Covenant understands it. This spiritual-ecological worldview- which is refuted and rejected in various ways by past and present-day monotheists- completely informs how the Covenant thinks about the reality of spirits, how humans can and should interact with them, and many other important issues.

   The Covenant is also not for people who don’t have a very deep, burning drive or desire to embrace spirit-relationalism as their primary means of gaining insight and extraordinary connection/ability.
3. **The Covenant is not about magic.** It's about sorcery, and the Covenant's definition of sorcery (as well as the **clear distinctions** laid out in this document between magic and sorcery) is **key** to the Covenant's identity, its activities, and its mission. People who believe that magic and sorcery are two names for the same thing would not be suitable for Covenant membership.

**Folk magic** which has a clear spiritual-ecological basis and an organic origin within traditional culture is viewed as an acceptable method of interacting with the Unseen world within the context of the Covenant, so long as it is not expressed with heavily Christian or Abrahamic aesthetics.

4. **The Covenant is not seeking to be resolved with other esoteric organizations and metaphysical systems.** The Covenant's methodology of sorcery, and the esoteric worldview that underlies it, is **unique** to the Covenant. Its methods and esoteric framework both stem from clear historical realities and sources, but the Covenant's main ideas and its main practical works do not "fit into" the other magical or sorcerous paradigms that are popular or well-known today.

The Covenant has **no need or desire** to compare its core concepts and practices to those of other esoteric groups or traditions, seeking some sort of parallelism or metaphysical agreement between them. The Covenant is not merely a re-statement or re-arrangement of concepts and practices that can be easily found in any number of other groups. If this were the case, the Covenant would have little reason to exist.

5. **The Covenant is not universalist.** It does not hold that magic or sorcery is in any way religious; it does not hold that all religions are "true" somehow, or able to be resolved with one another; it does not possess any belief in a singular divine being that created everything and which communicates somehow to all humans and cultures according to their needs. The Covenant does not automatically revere spiritual or religious traditions merely because they are centuries or thousands of years old, or because they are genuinely believed in by millions or billions of people.

People who believe the contrary of these things- that sorcery is some kind of religion, that all religions contain a "core" or measure of truth, that a singular divine being created everything, or that all spiritual/religious traditions are somehow valuable merely because they exist or have existed for a long time- would not make suitable members of the Covenant.

The Covenant does not float its members in delusions of new-age universalism. It doesn't engage in the endless and fruitless theological debates that have wasted the last 1700 years of Western history. The Covenant **empowers its members in the practice of sorcery.** It studies patterns in
pre-modern sorcery, and folklore and myth that clearly relate to sorcery and how it can be done today. It seeks to make extraordinary relationships possible between humans and spirits, and give the strange-souled humans who feel drawn to this vocation a good group of supportive allies in that task.

6. **The Covenant is not a social justice or activist organization.** The Covenant has no issue with the wise human desire to create a more just world, or to pursue justice within human society, and if certain members wish to utilize sorcery to those ends, nothing prevents them. But the Covenant’s collective resources, energy, and activities are not aimed at discussions of the many problems of the human social world, nor towards fighting them. One notable exception to this may be the problem of ecological destruction and the spiritual debt this creates for humans collectively, for this issue deeply impacts the modern day practice of sorcery. And yet, the Covenant is still not primarily an ecological activist organization.

The Covenant hopes that its deep ecological framework, and the extraordinary relationships that can spring from it, can be a powerful aid for individual members who are engaged in meaningful activism or struggles for justice, individually or collectively.

7. **The Covenant is not compatible with dualism or idealism in any form.** The Covenant’s metaphysical perspective, which informs and empowers its practice of sorcery, has no room for ideas that the cosmos is divided into an "eternal struggle of good and evil", nor any notion that everything can be resolved to simple dualities like "light and darkness."

Nature and the cosmos are seen as very complex, nuanced, and relational. People who have deeply internalized the common Western ideals that enamor them with concepts of "ascending to the light", or fighting against "darkness", or the shallow moralism that always accompanies these things, would not make suitable Covenanters. "Lightworkers" have already run screaming from us, and the Covenant is doubtlessly better for that. "Toxic positivity" and other related forms of warped modern psychology have no place in the society of the Covenant.

The Covenant does not exist to preach morality to its members, though it does uphold the idea that **how we treat other beings in relational systems truly matters.** The Covenant requires that its members treat one another fairly and with dignity. Beyond that, people's personal moral struggles belong to them and the social contexts that they exist within.

* * *
The Covenant is looking for men and women who are prepared to make its sorcerous system and understandings their primary means of extraordinary effort. To face the many mysteries of life and this world with a mind to seek spirit-allies to help achieve that understanding, and a mind to trust the spirit-beings in the Unseen to guide them- this is critical.

To obtain things that a person may want or need through appeal to spirits, through pacts made with spirits, and through efforts made in the Unseen world as well as the ordinary world- this is another key to the character of people desired by the Covenant.

Nearly all modern people who will be reading this document will have encountered, internalized, or been under the influence of Neopaganism and modern occult perspectives, systems, and worldviews of various kinds.

Whether people's backgrounds are in Wicca, Ceremonial Magic, Astrology, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Reconstructionist Paganism, various Eastern esoteric practices, or any of the others, those who wish to make the Covenant's esoteric methods, worldview, and mission the genuine primary focus of their future efforts are welcome to seek membership.

The Covenant's own methodologies are not intended to be "mixed" with others. Limiting eclecticism allows for the Covenant's practitioners to have a deep focus and strong results which can be mutually shared and understood.

Membership and past or present participation in other esoteric organizations does not prevent Covenant membership. The Covenant has people who are involved in Ceremonial Magic organizations and Wiccan organizations counted among its number. But the Covenant is seeking future members who will place the Covenant first and foremost in their sorcerous attentions and efforts, above all other things.

Those who practice Neopagan forms of religion are not asked or expected to cease such a practice; the Covenant is not a religion, and its members engage quite actively in various religious or spiritual practices which are not intrinsically opposed to the Covenant's work. People with no "occult" background at all, but who have a deep thirst and compulsion towards the art of sorcery (as it has been described here) are likewise encouraged to seek membership.

What the Covenant has to offer the world- its unique way of doing things and thinking about spirit-interactions, as well as its unique aesthetic- is something that can help many people who are disenchanted with the limitations of other modern esoteric modes of thinking and activity.

The Covenant is a school of thought and sorcerous working which breaks fresh ground and goes in original directions in its spiritual quest for insight and capability. It is seeking smart, motivated allies to help it to continue to grow in these directions.
The Covenant greatly desires to find the strange-souled men and women who have already encountered ecstatic visionary states, or who have a means to enter into such states relatively at will, and who have encountered spirits or made allies within the Unseen world. Such people, who also find themselves in alignment with what has been said in this document, are strongly encouraged to contact the Covenant and seek membership, if they desire a good community of sorcerous allies.

Those who have not achieved such things, but who have a strange compulsion deep down to do so, are likewise encouraged to contact us and seek membership. The Covenant can be a very powerful helper to such folk. But the motivation should be from compulsion - a deep desire to interact with the Unseen that won't go away.

Please note: the Covenant is not a means for spiritual tourism. It is not for people who are just curious about spiritual matters, or who seek to see extraordinary things. The Covenant does not exist to alleviate existential angst, boredom, or uncertainty for lost modern people. It is not here to become another "badge" or "notch on the belt" for people who already belong to a long list of spiritual or esoteric organizations. The Covenant is also not just the latest trend within the new-age occult world. People approaching it from any of these angles are not desired.

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The Covenant wants genuinely skilled, mature, and motivated people who can read this document, and either recognize their own yearnings and tendencies inside it, or who desire very much to become like the person described herein, and to be a member of a society like the Covenant.

The Covenant wants people who read the story "Jowanet and the Fayerie Man" and recognized aspects of their own soul within it, or yearned for the spiritual aesthetics presented throughout that story.

If you have read this, and feel that you are already living in the spirit of what has been written here, or if you truly wish to be in discovery and communion with it, please send a request for potential membership to the email address below. Simply introduce yourself in the message and ask how you can go about becoming a member of the Covenant.

Sevenstarplough@Gmail.com

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Treasure the Dream, Whatever the Terror