



RYA WARD

*We call on you elemental Earth  
To give us  
Fermentation and fertility In the style of bottom friction*

*Depart in peace elemental earth  
Our blessings take with you*

To be enchanted, So Mayer says, in their introduction to *Spells - 21<sup>st</sup> Century Occult Poetry*, happens at intersectional moments. When we meet each other: *Enchantee! Encantadx!* The convergence of two or more new worlds. It can happen when taking care in the words we use, at the intersection of wording and worlding: making magic palpable by bringing what was not there before, into being.

Enchantment can happen anachronistically – falling in love with your people, subversively through history, can show us ways of being today. The witch, the feminist, the differently (dis/) abled person, trans people and anarcho-outsiders, can form communities of affiliation, whole life-spans apart, through appreciating the different cloaks they'd have had to wear.

This practice – of enchanting and being enchanted - finds one of it's forms in rituals of spellcraft. Now writing as "I", and only giving small glimpses of very private practices I've had the fortune to be part of, I'll share some thoughts on when magic worked. By that I mean – when the converging of a group, who were either willing, antagonistic, bemused, sceptical or enthusiastic by turns – gave of themselves, just a small amount, to participate. And that mode of sharing, the loose formality and in-

surgency of practices connected to witchcraft, produced it's own momentary occultism, which had a real effect on communication, on visibility of issues, on correspondent feelings within a group.

*We call on you elemental Air*

*To give us*

*Breath & oxygenation. In the style of a storm surge*

*Depart in peace elemental Air*

*Our blessings take with you*

Circlework as a communal practice, is environment-responsive, in that it historically takes place at cyclical moments. This can be in response to the waxing or waning moon, or to the celebration of a festival connected to changing seasons. The chosen moment has import, this one time is the only time, and also one of infinite similar moments which will flow after we have stopped.

The schema to follow – open the circle / cast the spell / close the circle, creates a secretive inside and outside of a practice, of temporal community disbanded after the ritual ends. It can be as spiritual or community-focused as its practitioners. Embedded in practices I've seen, is a reciprocal gratitude and wonder at the formation of the universe, and an awareness of what and how you "take": from others, from the world around you.

*We call on you elemental fire  
To give us  
Solar radiation that intensifies evaporation In the style of S2*

*Depart in peace elemental fire  
Our blessings take with you*

I've been included in ritualistic practice that, with lightness and laughter, was malleable and could have fit many different groups. And in larger group-work, where 50 people magnified an organised solemnity. At times, debate has arisen slap bang in the middle: should we really do the Trump disappearing spell, if we take into account the Wiccan belief of doing no harm? Alarm as someone described the rule of return, which states that a hex comes back to haunt you threefold, could have had coven-splitting proportions.

I've seen people dissolving in tears of laughter at the Earth signs performing earthiness, as part of casting the circle (the group characteristic involved a lot of stamping, huffing and snorting). And there have been shared weights - taking seriously the display and enactment of care that holding a ritual entails. That we know that when we make space for one participant's grief, trouble or heartache, the structure of the ritual can enable us to "feel with" pain. That attention, which has a connection to therapy, literally facing inwards towards the middle of the circle with the issue at the centre focuses emotional direction. At the same time, I experience the configuration as showing a respect for the gap between different people's ex-

periences. We're working on an issue that might not be ours, holding open the possibility of real concentration and mutuality.

*We call on you elemental water  
To give us  
Life happiness in freak waves In the style of M4*

*Depart in peace elemental water  
Our blessings take with you*

The suppleness of words used in spellcraft is an accessible poetical form, which can bind the group in self-reflexive understanding of its own vernacular. This poetry uses what is excessive in language, it can multiply meaning, dissolve words into sound and compose words as images, to make space for creativity, intuition, visualisation and meditation. There are either four or five elements, according to variations in Eastern and Western philosophy: Earth, Air, Fire and Water, and in Chinese tradition – Metal, with Vedic traditions including “aether”, or void/space, which structure and ground the ritual in location and compass direction. The elements also serve as social imaginary of form, essence and mutation, together with an accompanying sensation. In their symbolic abstraction, they move away from physicality, at the same time being a celebration of wonder in the physical world. When it works, the magic is in these hidden resources: within the words, between the worlds, that gets magnified by the collective acknowledgement of a will to manifest something different.

*Opening the circle and closing the circle*  
*Esbat for the Ice Moon, February 2020*  
*Cast by Political Economists, Oceanographers, Artists, De-*  
*signers & Data Scientists*  
*Modelling Waves & Swerves Workgroup*

*we share a rich vocabulary; us.  
we can speak of  
broad skies and magnitudes,  
the sound of a blown voice,  
through a horn softly  
on a hill far away,  
of magnetite swathes  
and sparks so sharp,  
they can be felt by grazing a little finger.  
we can speak of things that  
when we don't feel strong, we think about  
and of things that  
when we want to feel strong, we think about.*

*little animals, small and quiet and shivering  
caressed but  
suspended  
by the tips of whiskers only air.  
when we speak, noses twitching  
it can be of  
separateness, discreteness  
the spaces between circles  
overlapped, but still holding.  
we can multiply interpretations,  
and brace against their weight  
or  
we can scoop up abundance  
and bathe lightly.*

throats, quivering, sound like cold or terror  
but they too ask, whether the circles  
are organisms micro-vibrating  
with the energy it takes  
to realise squelchy new forms  
to absorb: experience grows the self grows  
autonomy  
by care and love into the blood.

our expanding throats  
stickily coated with the outside,  
wonder  
whether us-as-earth, will shift magnetic poles  
again  
as we did recently  
780,000 years ago  
well, not within my living memory but  
maybe within ours.

it's comforting that a polar shift might mean  
no more  
to glottises  
than huffing in the wet brown mulch from the  
forest floor;  
yelling in bluebells until we laugh  
is anyway more accessible and soothing.

*to you, the piece of my bruised heart:  
that bright lodged glint  
is your intelligence  
equal to all winds it bends against  
think of it like a tinder mushroom -  
cupped, it can keep you warm  
and light many fires along the way*

*when we loudly open ourselves without  
insides  
the world rushes in  
unbidden even  
but making calm salve  
by making ourselves space  
avoids projection.  
when we speak, let's not speak  
about identity  
no -isms or -nesses,  
just about sheltering  
the trembling creatures, we are  
just about protecting  
the vulnerability in our voices.*

*that belief, in self-knowledge  
might even allow  
ample vibrant exchange, iron fizzing,  
something like a conversation between  
million year old magnetic traces found inside  
a tenth of a millimetre of rock  
and a magnetometer  
in the key of hysteresis*

*this vocabulary we share,  
made of hard and soft sounds  
of silences  
and recurrences  
(i won't lie)  
has lashed at times,  
and whipped us round  
but it has also gifted us  
cycles of growth  
and non-linear narratives  
comfortably spiky creations  
and exuberant wide worlds;  
so now  
when we speak, intertwined,  
i'm grateful for all those words  
that bind and support us  
leaning back away from another,  
onto each other,  
overlapped but holding, still.*

a spatial conception, that might be inconsequent, but therefore open for Interpretation and Improvisation

wording and worlding

socio-technical protocols

ficción

a body that protects myself from the art-world outside

the dominant Image of the authentic Composer, whose individual work is stylistically coherent.

being together

Protocols have a tendency to focus energy on discursive processes, rather than building concrete skills and practices within groups and across participants.

power-relations given by institutions

violencias estructurales

It takes time to work together!

what and how you "take"

when do we really have time for collective digestion of the events happening?

Handles (H)

Forms (F)

\* = How

Colors

Contributions (C)

Kym Ward

spideralex

Collective Conditions

X-Id=XiIny, tPA€#S

Rica Rickson

Behuki

common ground

(Beta Version)