

FAERIE MAGAZINE

Celebrating the Extraordinary

ISSUE NO.

40

AUTUMN 2017



\$10.95 USA | \$12.95 CAN

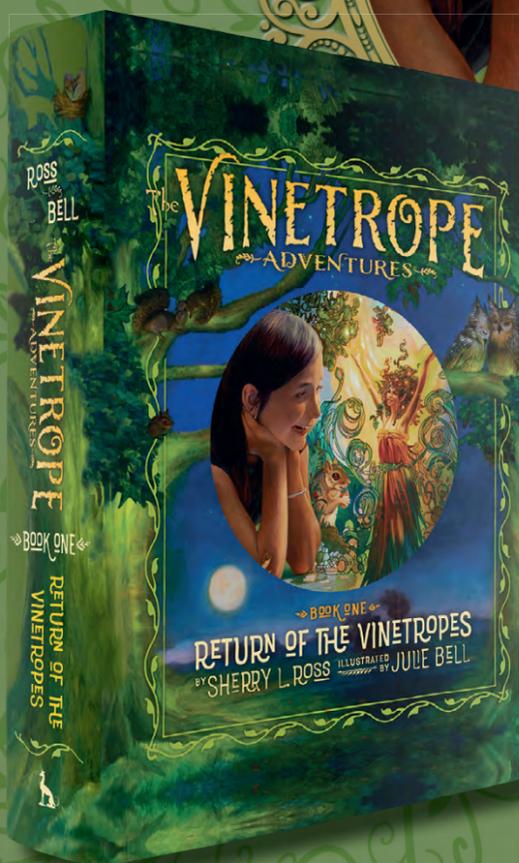


The **PRACTICAL MAGIC** *Issue*
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We'd long planned to do a witch issue at *Faerie Magazine*, but when I learned that Alice Hoffman was writing a prequel to *Practical Magic* called *The Rules of Magic*, all about the most fabulous spell-casting aunts in literature, and that it was set to come out in October, the best month of the year, I knew we had to do a special autumn issue dedicated to the Owens family. How exciting to discover who these ladies were before they became those parasol-wielding "old biddies" in that magical, wisteria-draped house on Magnolia Street. I imagined an issue chock full of references to the books and films, and packed with spells and herbs and recipes—almost a *Practical Magic* guide to life.

We tied as much of the content to the world of the books (and movie) as we could, and even added eight extra pages to this issue to encompass it—though I wish we could have added a hundred or more. We not only have an excerpt from the new book, a list from Grace Nuth on "how to live like the aunts," and an homage to the movie by yours truly, but recipes for tipsy chocolate cake and midnight margaritas from Sara Ghedina, tips for throwing your own *Practical Magic* party from Tricia Saroya, a guide to some of the herbs in the novels by Ali English, red shoes and witch hats for the latest in witchy accessories, and herbal beauty magic that might be straight from the Owens' pantry, from Hollie Witchey (profiled by Laren Stover) and Alise Marie. Alice Hoffman steps in to write about witches as icons and to share her last Faerie Knitting story—about a witch who knits black fingerless gloves out of the night sky.

Charles de Lint—one of Hoffman's favorite writers—shares with us a snippet of his latest novel, *The Wind in His Heart*, about a southwestern *bruja*, or witch. We visit a house just as swoon-worthy as the white Victorian that the aunts inhabit in the film—our cover model Veronica Varlow's Magic House, which has spells hidden in every nook and cranny, from foundation to rafters, and a magical story of its own. In Hoffman's books, mirrors reveal the future; Paul Himmelein explores the subject of mirrors in myth and fairy tale while Varlow shares some mirror magic. The aunts open a magic shop in downtown Manhattan in *The Rules of Magic*; we take a look at Enchantments, a magic store that's been located in the East Village since 1982, and Laura Marjorie Miller takes us to New England with a profile of Salem legend (and spellcrafter) Laurie Cabot, who might have stepped out of a novel herself. And there's much more, including original witchy art from Charles Vess and Guinevere von Sneed scattered throughout this issue.

We hope you enjoy all of it—and that you'll squint and imagine a crumbling spell book in your hands, maybe one you plucked up in the aunts' conservatory as a cauldron bubbles nearby.

Love,
Carolyn Turgeon

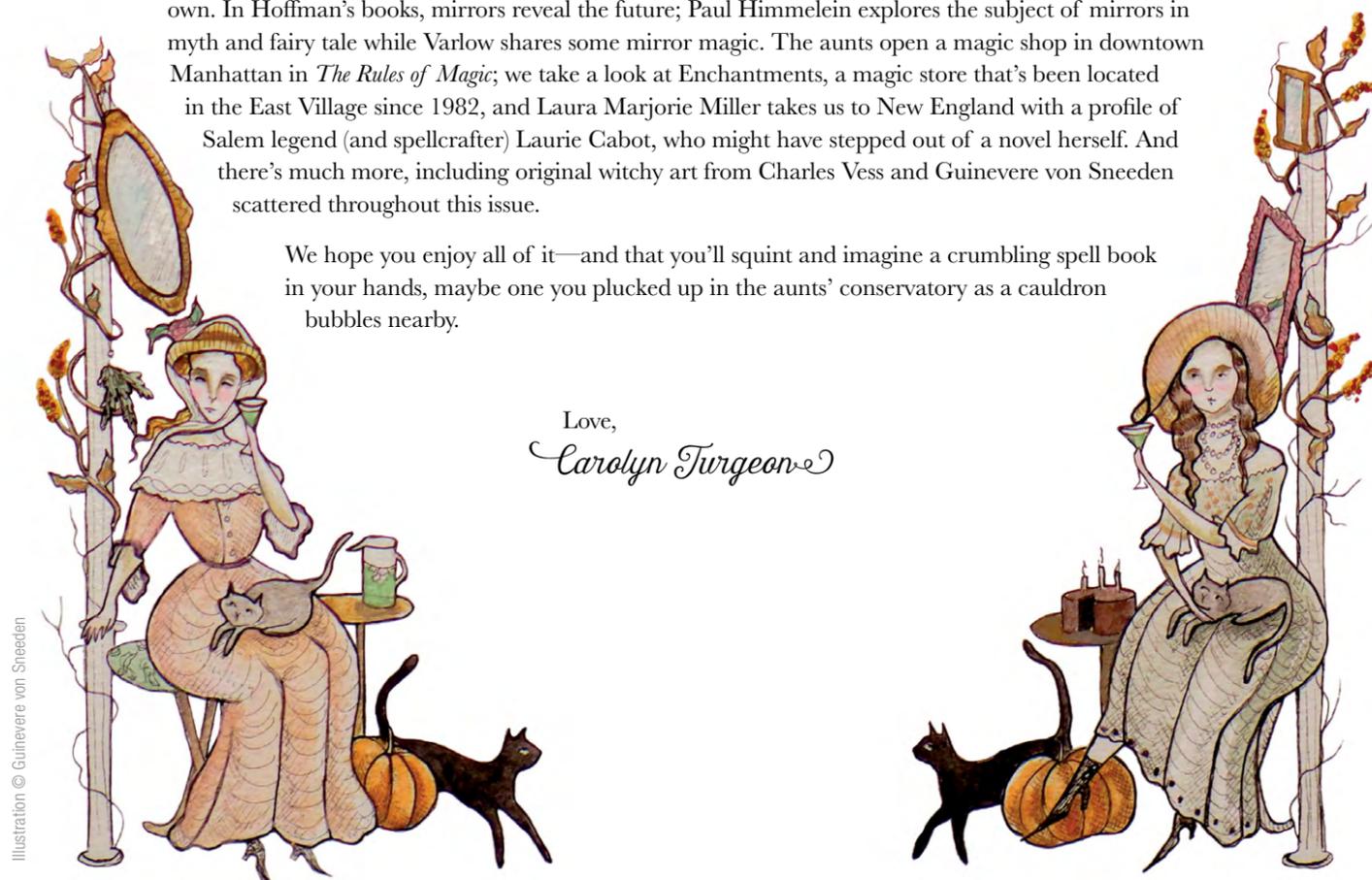


Illustration © Guinevere von Sneed

FAERIE magazine

VOLUME 40 | Autumn 2017

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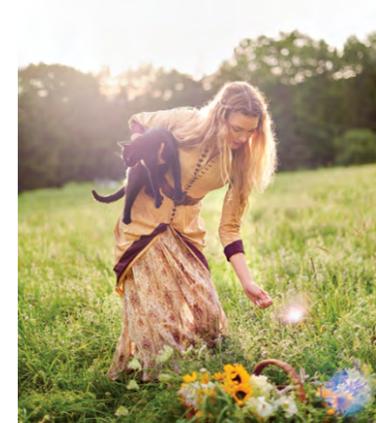
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CONTRIBUTORS
Faerie Magazine's Practical Magic Issue



Charles de Lint

Renowned as one of the trailblazers of the modern fantasy genre, Charles de Lint is the author of more than seventy adult, young adult, and children's books. His latest novel, *The Wind in His Heart* (read an excerpt on page 74), comes out on September 19. "It took me three years to write," he says. "It's my first novel for adults in eight years so I'm excited to share it with the world! Set in the American Southwest—an area with a magic all its own—the book is about how community and a connection with others can help us overcome the past, surmount the challenges we face in the present, and embrace our future, if only we can teach ourselves to open up and trust others."



Alice Hoffman

Alice Hoffman is the *New York Times* best-selling author of over twenty books for adults, children, and young adults, including *Practical Magic*, *The Dovekeepers*, *Nightbird*, and *The Museum of Extraordinary Things*. Her latest novel, *The Rules of Magic*, the prequel to *Practical Magic*, will be published on October 10. Hoffman is "very excited and honored to be a part of this issue of *Faerie Magazine*" and hopes readers will enjoy her fairy-tale story, "Night of the Witch," and the knitting pattern that goes with it, created by her talented cousin, Lisa Hoffman, as well as her essay "Sister Witch," which explores what makes witches true icons among women, old and young.



George Holz

George Holz is internationally known for his fashion and celebrity portraiture, and his work has appeared in *GQ*, *InStyle*, *Vanity Fair*, *Glamour*, and *Rolling Stone*. His monograph *Holz Hollywood: 30 Years of Portraits* was published in 2016, and he's currently working on a book of nudes. For his first shoot with *Faerie Magazine*, he photographed Hollie Witchey at her farm in the Catskills. Witchey, whom he has known for years, is "the consummate trooper," he says. "I've photographed her in the snow and ice, with swarms of insects so heavy you could barely see! She and her house definitely have this *je ne sais quoi* about them. Very hard to describe but definitely otherworldly and magical!"



Steve Parke

As *Faerie Magazine's* photo editor, Steve Parke has shot everything from the Magic Castle in Los Angeles to a lady knight lying in belladonna. He also spent fourteen years working as Prince's art director at Paisley Park—and has just released a new book, *Picturing Prince*, full of photos and stories from that time. He loved shooting Veronica Varlow and Sage Sovereign for the cover and was happy that the surrounding woods cooperated by "flashing fall colors for just a few minutes" and that "the fire kept its place—on the table." Varlow's Magic House, he says, was "an amazing feat of architecture and imagination, a photographer's dream."



Michelle Tea

Michelle Tea is the author of five memoirs, four novels, and one book of poetry. Her latest book is the tarot how-to and spell book *Modern Tarot: Connecting With Your Higher Self Through the Wisdom of Cards*, which came out in June 2017. For this issue, she writes about tarot-deck artist Pamela Colman Smith. "I learned tarot in the era before internet," she says, "and didn't have any immediate information about the artist behind the images in the Rider-Waite deck. The illustrations are so iconic, I grew to take them for granted, as if they just always existed. It's been a revelation and a delight to begin to learn about the talented eccentric, enigmatic woman behind them."

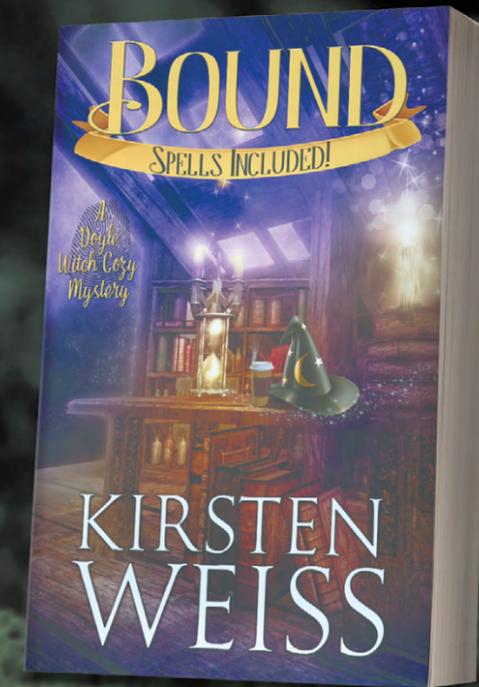


Charles Vess

Charles Vess's long list of accomplishments include the *Stardust* illustrated novel with Neil Gaiman, and cover art for Marvel, DC, Tor, and Subterranean Press, as well as many illustrated books and graphic novels. His award-winning art book, *Walking Through the Landscape of Faerie*, was published in 2016 by *Faerie Magazine*. For this issue, he illustrated the excerpt from Alice Hoffman's *The Rules of Magic* on page 78. "I love Alice Hoffman's writing," he says, "so I will always leap at any chance to illustrate her splendid words. But since this was a prequel to my very favorite of her novels, I was set to do battle with any in-comer for the opportunity."

The Witches of Doyle

kirstenweiss.com



In a small town where magic lies hidden in its foundations and forests, three sisters must learn to master their powers and shatter a curse that threatens to destroy them all.





“It was clear from the start that they were not like other children, therefore Susanna felt she had no choice but to set down rules. No walking in the moonlight, no Ouija boards, no candles, **no red shoes**, no wearing black, no going shoeless, no amulets, no night-blooming flowers, no reading novels about magic, no cats, no crows, and no venturing below Fourteenth Street.”

—Alice Hoffman, *The Rules of Magic*



Red Shoes

The ultimate “witch” footwear

Although the sisters in *The Rules of Magic* were warned against wearing red shoes, we like to think there’s a bit of rebel (and witch) in every woman. With options in colors ranging from mulberry to maple leaf, shopping for your magical wardrobe has never been easier!

Clockwise from above:

John Fluevog contoured Mary Jane “Fantine”
fluevog.com

American Duchess Historical Footwear,
“Kensington” 18th century shoes
american-duchess.com

Pendragon Shoes handmade Red Leaf Boots
pendragonshoes.com

Irregular Choice Red Glitter “Kanjanka”
irregularchoice.com

Shoes by Shaherazad, “Equally Ever After” in mulberry
www.shaherazad.com

John Fluevog “Alison” skull-buckled Mary Jane
fluevog.com



Veronica and Sage
**WITCH
SISTERS**

by CAROLYN TURGEON
Photography by STEVE PARKE

Like the women of *Practical Magic*, Veronica Varlow (opposite, left) had a powerful, glamorous witch in her life, teaching her magic since the time she was a small child—her Romani grandmother, Helen, whose mother came from Czechoslovakia to the U.S. in the early 1920s and passed down a whole magical tradition. But Helen never called herself a witch, and she never called what she did magic. “All the things she taught me were what she and her mother and her mother’s mother did naturally,” Varlow says. “She taught me to work with candles, to do tarot with playing cards, to speak with spirits. She’d just stand in the kitchen singing, carving a candle.”

According to Varlow, Grandma Helen had hair like Marilyn Monroe, was a mesmerizing storyteller, and had a wondrous, infectious laugh. Everyone wanted to be around her. Women from the neighborhood would gather in her kitchen—Helen played a mean game of bridge, Varlow says—and would casually ask Helen to read their cards for them. “Her friends just knew that she could throw down the future for them if she wanted. Play cards, have some tea, see the future. She treated the world as an enchanted place and it’s why they, and I, loved her so much.”

Once, during a period when Varlow was getting teased in school for her buckteeth and hunching, Helen took her out to the lagoon behind her Florida house and began brushing Varlow’s fine golden hair as the two talked. After a while, Helen pulled a clump of golden hair from the brush and placed a corner of it under a rock. When a bird flitted down and started picking at the hair, Helen moved the rock. Another bird came down, and the two creatures made off with the gleaming strands to build their nest. Helen looked to Varlow and said, “A whole generation of baby birds will grow up singing in your hair.” After, the teasing didn’t bother Varlow as much as it did before. “She made me see myself as a magical creature,” Varlow says.

Helen died when Varlow was twelve, but she continues to be a dominant force in her life. It wasn’t until Varlow was fifteen that a friend told her that Helen had been a witch. “She was not!” Varlow responded, horrified, and explained that her grandmother had carved candles and rubbed them with oil, talked with spirits, stuff like that, but of course had not been a witch. “Dude, that’s witchcraft,” her friend explained. That same friend gave Varlow her first book about witches; in it, Varlow saw similarities to her grandmother’s practices but not exact matches. Taking the traditions that her grandmother taught her, she started doing spells of her own with the same friend, working with tea lights and glitter in the local park, braiding ribbons representing wishes into each other’s hair and chanting (after another of Helen’s practices). “Other kids got into drugs,” she says now. “I got deeper and deeper into magic.”

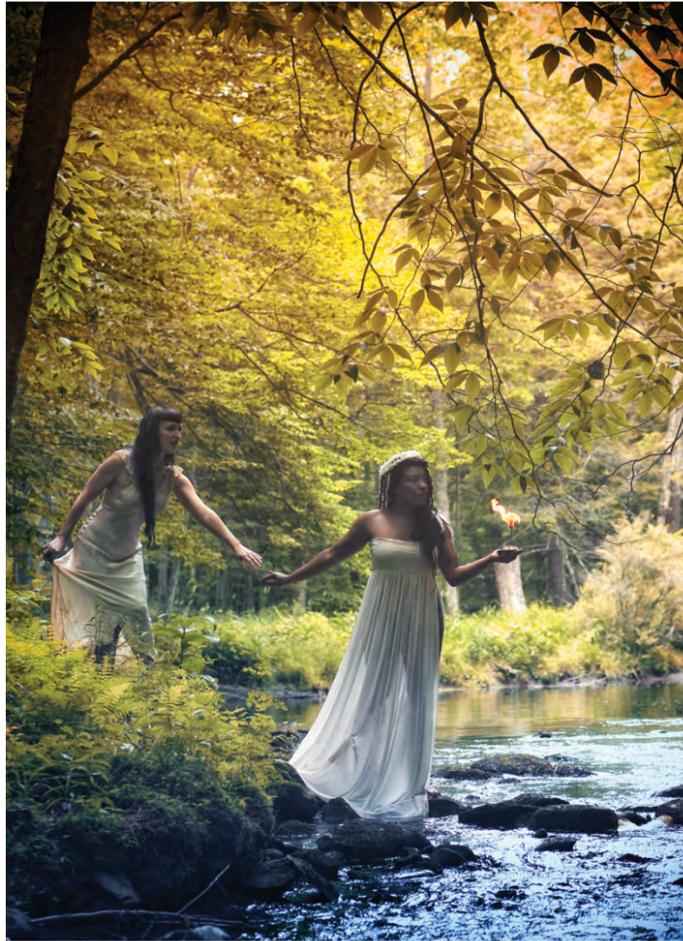
Today Varlow honors the teachings of her Grandma Helen and proudly claims the power of the word *witch*—and, through numerous workshops and classes, teaches others to “incorporate ceremony and ritual and enchantment into everyday life, and to make every day an adventure and a story.” She even hosts five-day “witch camps” at Magic House (her spell-filled house you can read about on page 64) that are like summer camps for grownups, but with magic woven throughout.

You can see why we thought of Varlow immediately for the cover of our *Practical Magic* issue, and since sisterhood is at the heart of the Alice Hoffman books and witchiness generally, she suggested her “witch sister” Sage Sovereign (opposite, right), with whom she performs frequently in the New York burlesque scene and who is, Varlow says, “an otherworldly goddess when she performs. The Queen. Capital T, capital Q. You are in the presence of the divine feminine when you see Sage perform.” Of Varlow, Sovereign says, “Veronica really is my fire and magic sister.”



A woman with long braids, wearing a white, flowing dress and a white headband, is kneeling on a mossy rock in a forest. She is pouring water from her hands into a stream. The water is splashing and creating white foam as it flows over several dark rocks in the stream. The background is a dense forest with trees and bushes in shades of green and yellow, suggesting autumn. The lighting is soft and natural, highlighting the textures of the water, rocks, and foliage.

"I always felt deeply in touch with nature, the universe and its infinite and overwhelming greatness, unseen forces and the elements. Especially with water and its representation of healing."



Like Varlow, Sovereign also came from a family with a magical (and card-loving) grandmother, one who spoke with ancestors in dreams and whom the neighbors sought out for emotional counsel—and who made the world enchanted for her granddaughter. “I spent so much time in the kitchen with my grandmother,” Sovereign says, “watching her cook, listening to her stories, and learning about what spices and herbs blended with what, and what their uses were. She wasn’t intentionally teaching me to make potions, but I used what I learned from her to go off and attempt to concoct potions that would make animals speak!” She made potions “endlessly” and spent a lot of her youth “playing with garden snakes, making up stories about the bugs and animals I encountered on my adventures, and planting seeds and cataloging their growth, or lack of,” around her grandmother’s herb gardens.

Today Sovereign is a fire performer and co-produces (with her partner Cinder) the Ignite! Fire Arts Variety Show, which focuses on different ways of performing and communicating with fire. She started working with fire after moving to New York City a few years ago, at a time when her life was in disarray and she “needed a direction.” She loves the dual nature of fire, how it’s “primal and primitive,” yet represents progress, enlightenment,

and creation. “Fire can destroy completely, burning through homes, forests, and lives from one tiny spark,” she says. “But one single match, one spark, controlled, can become a source of heat and comfort, a place to cook, convene, share stories, inspire and grow ideas.” She also claimed the name *witch* for herself after a dear friend gave her a cauldron, telling her that spiritual depth and wisdom make a strong witch, more than knowing “every tarot deck and every stone.” She was able to own the word after that: “I will never forget how important that conversation and the moment was for me,” she says.

For the cover shoot with Steve Parke, held in the woods near Varlow’s Magic House, Sovereign brought along all manner of fire accouterments, many of which she built herself—as well as fire safety blankets, a necessity. She also had a sparkly dust made from charcoal, lycopodium powder, and metal flakes, which she flicked into the flames, causing a spray of glitter and smoke to spill forth. Parke captured Sovereign’s bliss as she watched and controlled the fire, as well as the surprise and delight on Varlow’s face as the flame transformed, for that moment, into magic.

Read more about Varlow at lovetwitch.com or on Instagram @veronicavarlow. Follow Sovereign on Instagram @sagesovereign.



Illustration © Guinevere von Sneedén

SISTER WITCH

an essay by Alice Hoffman



Every Halloween, no matter what the newest costumes might be, there are always little girls who insist upon dressing as witches. You can see them on the street, in their black hats and rustling black capes, in groups or alone. These girls instinctively know it is far better to be a witch than a princess or a queen, for they are self-defined rather than being defined by men. They have no need for a prince or a king to give them worth. Perhaps a friend or a sister may travel with them, but in the long run they are strong enough on their own. There is no mythic female figure that is as powerful. When it comes down to it, on a clear, cold October night, she is the woman we want to be.

The legacy of the witch is in our blood. As girls and women we know that these women were our foremothers, wise women who claimed power for themselves and their sisters. The history of the witch is that of a woman who was an outcast in society, mistreated and victimized, a woman who had to fight for her rights. Witches were persecuted for having too much land or money, for being independent, for being old, or alone. During the Salem witch trials (1692–93) nineteen witches were hanged on Gallows Hill and 200 were accused of practicing magic, all

based on “spectral evidence,” which is to say gossip, half-truths, and tall tales. Witch hunts have existed throughout time, and what they all have in common is that the ruling patriarchy tries to control women who are uncontrollable, punishing them for alleged misdeeds. Perhaps this history is ingrained in every little girl dressed up on Halloween night. The heritage of the witch runs deep.

Witches draw their power from nature, the green magic of herbs and healing. Through storytelling they have often been recast as dark, twisted figures, but in fact they are healers, forever linked with midwifery, folk medicine, and magic, all of which have been outlawed at one time or another and all of which are included in women’s traditions. Mystery, power, birth, death, medicine, sexual empowerment, liberation—the witch lays claim to all of these and more. In her realm are the power of the imagination and the doors between reality and creativity.

Mythic stories and fairy tales remind us of a time when women refused to conform to society’s ideas of what they should be. The witch is not a mother or a daughter or a queen, but she’s our sister, a soul sister who resides deep inside each of us.



Moviestore collection Ltd / Alamy Stock Photo

PRACTICAL MAGIC THE MOVIE AND WHY WE STILL LOVE IT *by Carolyn Turgeon*

I first saw *Practical Magic* in a Los Angeles movie theater in 1998. I was a stressed-out, overworked graduate student at UCLA, and the movie was pure bliss, transporting me to a lovelier world where magic was commonplace and as simple as a spoon stirring tea by itself, a breath lighting a candle, a bowl full of petals scattering into the wind to bring true love. I wanted to *live* in that film and not my one-room studio apartment in this lonely new city.

Watching the film is like sinking into a warm, scented bath. Who wouldn't want to live in such a lush, magic-tinged world, with two irreverent, fabulous, parasol-carrying aunts who serve chocolate cake for breakfast and have dance parties at midnight and who also happen to be powerful, kickass witches? And who doesn't want that fiery blood-bonded sisterhood, that place you can always come home to after forging your way out into the world (even if it's Los Angeles you've fled to)? I feel like part of me *did* live in that film—and has ever since.

I didn't realize how un-alone I was in this affection until I first posted an image of the house in the film on *Faerie Magazine's* Facebook page: that gorgeous white Victorian with the wraparound porch, white picket fence, and blooming, wild gardens; that indoor conservatory filled to the brim with plants and one thick, crumbling spell book. So many other women loved it too! The house, the film, the book, that homespun, everyday magic that's of *this* world, or could be if you believed that "being normal is not necessarily a virtue." I wasn't the only one who wanted to live in that world and its celebration of glamorous, extraordinary outcasts.

All that intense adoration for the film made me curious. I spoke with the movie's producer, Denise di Novi, who plucked up Alice Hoffman's glimmering novel when it was still in galley form, about the movie's nearly cult status. (She also produced dozens of great movies, including one of my other all-time favorites, *Edward Scissorhands*.) "*Practical Magic* wasn't a huge

hit when it came out," di Novi says, "but it seems to have stood the test of time. Today I have ten-year-olds tell me it's their favorite movie!"

Why did she select the book? Di Novi has loved witches since she was a little girl, when there "weren't a lot of powerful female figures for girls and women to look up to." Witches, she says, "were exciting, with their powers and magic, and the book presented them in a believable, practical way." She especially responded to Hoffman's magic realism, the way that the book made magic out of the ordinary day-to-day work women do and take for granted—cooking, gardening, healing with herbs—and made the witches such charismatic and lovable figures, when historically they had "suffered for being independent women living outside of traditional boundaries."

What a wonderful (witchy) power, to take a beloved novel and bring it to life onscreen! Hoffman herself visited the Warner Bros. set in Los Angeles, where all the house interiors were built (the house exteriors were all shot on one of the San Juan Islands, in Washington), and told me that "walking into that kitchen I felt like I was walking into my own book." It was the dream kitchen, she says: "old-fashioned, beautiful, big enough to hold a ton of people." Hoffman believes that there are two reasons (besides that dream house) the movie is still so loved: "First, women are fascinated with the icon of the witch and the sisterhood she represents. Second, the fantastic actresses in the film, and the sisterhood and friendship they portrayed. You don't often see female relationships so central to a film."

As it happens, the film not only featured that starry quartet of actresses—Stockard Channing, Dianne Wiest, Sandra Bullock (who was also a producer), and Nicole Kidman—but also boasted a female producer (di Novi), line producer, and screenwriter, not to mention a bevy of child actresses, two of whom (Camilla Belle and Evan Rachel Wood) grew up to be stars in their own right. All the girls and women loved the subject matter—how could they not?—and bonded on the set, di Novi says, almost forming a kind of coven of their own. To this day, they've remained in touch. In fact, Hoffman is still close friends with di Novi and is the one who put me in touch with her.

I love the thought of these little covens forming as women circle together to create magic, no matter where or when these gatherings take place—and no matter what dreams they bring to light for the rest of us.



Carolyn Turgeon is the author of five novels, most of them fairy tales, and the editor-in-chief of Faerie Magazine. She also penned The Faerie Handbook (November 2017) and The Mermaid Handbook (May 2018), both from HarperCollins.



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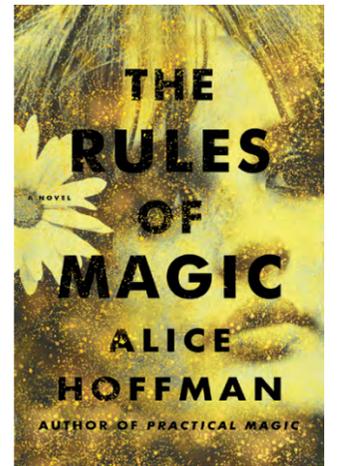
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THE RULES OF MAGIC, PRACTICAL AND OTHERWISE:

An interview with Alice Hoffman



Faerie Magazine: Did you always intend to tell the stories of the aunts in a prequel?

Alice Hoffman: Readers had been asking for more stories about the Owens family, and I always like backstories: How do people become who they are? What in their past affected them and what secrets do they carry that would surprise us? I'm always interested in the ways the past impacts the present.

FM: Why did you decide to revisit these characters now, after more than twenty years?

AH: I've always loved the Owens family and have wanted to return to them. It took a while for me to realize I wanted to go backward in time and discover the history of certain characters, especially the aunts Frances and Jet.

FM: What was it like revisiting the world of *Practical Magic* after so long?

AH: It was such a pleasure to be with the aunts, whom I have always loved and wanted to know more about. In *Practical Magic* they are not the main characters, but they're hugely important to the story. Now we know why.

FM: Can you tell our readers about *The Rules of Magic*?

AH: Although *The Rules of Magic* is the prequel to *Practical Magic* it also stands alone as a story about a family in the 1960s in New York City who are fated by an ancient curse. They dare not fall in love or they will ruin themselves and the other person. The story is really about how you fight fate for the future that you want.

FM: Will there be any other books about these characters?

AH: I hope so! I love writing about the Owens family. And there are several characters I still want to know better.

FM: What do you love most about the aunts?

AH: I love that the aunts have courage and that they don't mind being unusual. In *The Rules of Magic* they learn just how important it is to be true to themselves.

FM: How do you define "practical magic"? Do you practice it in your own life?

AH: Practical magic is everyday magic, the use of herbs and remedies, but also the way you approach your life in being open to the natural world and in relationships with other people.

FM: Do you have a special affection for witches and herbal magic and that sort of thing?

AH: I've always had affection for witches. I think most girls do growing up. Who wouldn't want wisdom and courage?

FM: What inspired your novel *Practical Magic* in the first place?

AH: I loved reading about magic, and I wanted to set a magical book in a modern time. It was the sort of magic you can find when you turn the corner and just come upon it in your own neighborhood, in your own city or town. The title came to me first, and then I saw two sisters who were as different as day from night, and the novel began.

FM: Were you involved in the film?

AH: I didn't write the script, but I went out to visit the set. Walking into that house was like walking into a dream—the Owens' kitchen is still my favorite kitchen of all time. Sandra Bullock was so generous and kind, and she was the perfect Sally.

FM: Who would you cast as the aunts in a *The Rules of Magic* film?

AH: If I were to cast the aunts as young women in *The Rules of Magic*? Perhaps Amy Adams, or Tatiana Maslany from *Orphan Black*, or Evan Rachel Wood, who was Sally's daughter in *Practical Magic*.

FM: Any advice for *Practical Magic* and *The Rules of Magic* lovers?

AH: My advice is the same advice that Frances and Jet are given by their Aunt Isabelle: Love more, not less.





COURAGE TEA

“They mixed henna with limes, roses, tea, and eucalyptus and let it simmer overnight, for henna’s hue reflects the strength of love of a woman for a man, the thicker and deeper the color, the more genuine the love. Amulets that carried apple seeds were made in the evenings as they sat out in the yard, meant to bring the wearer love, for apples signify the heart. For those who wished to gain willpower, and say no to a lover who would bring only heartbreak, there was a cure of rosemary and lavender oil. Bathe in it, and when you next saw the one you had once cherished, you would send him packing. They now had the recipe for **Fever Tea**, composed of cinnamon, bayberry, ginger, thyme, and marjoram, and for **Frustration Tea**, a combination of chamomile, hyssop, raspberry leaf, and rosemary, which Jet brewed for her sister in the mornings so that the day would go smoothly. Aunt Isabelle refused to hand over the formula for **Courage Tea**. That, she said, was one recipe you had to discover for yourself.”

—Alice Hoffman, *The Rules of Magic*



MY DIY BANISHING SPELL FOR THE NOISIEST CROISSANT IN TOWN: A WHIMSICAL TALE *by Laren Stover*

Illustrated by Guinevere von Sneeden

When I was twelve, I wrote a play about witches. They didn’t cast a single spell in that play, and my forays into the magical consisted of trying to bend spoons with my mind, close a door through concentration, master a disappearing dice trick, and heal my turtle with the help of angels. (The turtle got better.)

In college I had a Ouija board that my grandmother found at the Carry On Shop in Baltimore for fifty cents. It kind of scared me; I used it as a tray. And when my grandmother gave me a paper pattern and brown felt for a gingerbread man and a voodoo doll (that one included red and turquoise velvet and a dozen pins) I tucked them away. I didn’t inherit the seamstress gene for starters, and I would never wish harm upon another person.

Quite recently, however, something has made me revisit magic. A bakery moved next door to our West Village brownstone and the contractor and engineer paid us a visit, warning us there would be a little construction noise. They assured us nothing would be going on the roof.

Let me tell you about our building. It was built in 1858. It is a landmark building. There is nothing between our ceiling and the roof but a few beams of wood and several feet of air. There are skylights that invite the blameless blue sky and bright brassy sun and the faint glow of the moon mixed with imagined stars. The un-soundproofed walls are insulated with horsehair.

Of course nothing could go on our roof—that would be crazy! You’d hear everything through the skylights, and the building is fragile!

A secret Woodland Faerie heritage found inside an old family trunk leads to a fantasy adventure to bring it back to life.

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DIY Banishing Spell

Laren Stover

But seven units—HVAC, exhaust fan, refrigerator units, and something bigger than a Fiat—went up, along with two noisy, light-blocking exhaust ducts by our windows. Because there was no engineer’s report to validate the safety of all these units on our delicate roof, construction was halted for a month or two. Then the nuclear Willy Wonka bakery mechanical splendor was turned on. No one bothered to do an acoustical report on the level of noise that would be emitted by all these machines once in full swing.

The units roared, whooshed, and vibrated. All our walls cracked, and the plaster began to look like so many rivers and tributaries on a map. There were fires before and after the bakery opened. There was a sickly sugary stench wafting up to my elderly downstairs neighbor’s apartment that has him on oxygen full time.

Where was that voodoo-doll pattern now?

We called 311 and all the city agencies and eventually got the support of the city council member, the assembly member, and the first deputy mayor. Even the mayor’s office stepped in. (I gave Bill de Blasio, the mayor of New York, the winter 2016 issue of *Faerie Magazine*, which has a picture of the horned holiday punisher on the cover. “Just say Krampus and I’ll know who you are,” he quipped.) After nineteen months, I managed to get a cease-and-desist order. That is when the Department of Environmental Protection went up to the roof with a lock and shut them down. But they didn’t cease. All the conventional methods failed. I’d even asked the angels and fairies to help, and they kept messaging, saying it will happen this coming November. I can’t wait that long.

Oh, and I forgot to tell you about the all-night pick-up and delivery trucks—12:30, 1:30, 1:45, 2:30, 3:30, etc., as they broke zoning laws by baking for other stores.

In desperation I consulted a holistic radio host who helps people find constructive solutions. He said “Why don’t you call a rootworker to cast a spell?” He gave me two names. I left a message for Professor Porterfield in Texas first. According to his site: “Professor Porterfield possesses a gift for making personalized conjure Lamps and Charms for a number of different conditions.”

I called a second time and in a brief chat he warned: “Intent is not as important as action. What is most important in hoodoo is following tradition. Using the proper *materia magica*. Not engaging in strange and bizarre substitutions.”

Then I reached out to California intuitive Marin Graves, whose motto is “There is magic in everything.” Her site explained: “Rootwork harnesses the supernatural forces to improve your life, not ruin someone else’s. My practices are not meant to damage anything, contrary to common



misconceptions. This is not dark magic. I do not seek the negative.”

Too impatient for them to get back to me with a proper spell, I did what anyone would do who wanted to banish the bakery—I googled banishing spells. One spell called “Hot Feet” involved sprinkling a mixture with cayenne in front of its door. No, thank you—think of the poor dogs and sparrows traipsing through it! Another involved making a rusty-nail potion in which you place a picture of what you seek to banish and basically send it off, literally down the river when the moon is waning. Banishing spells specifically require a waning moon, for obvious reasons. A waning moon is subtractive, a good time to get rid of something. The moon was one day away from being full. That meant it was waxing. Bad timing. Another spell used urine. Nope.

Google finally led me to a video of a lady in India with a cold (that someone had wished upon her) who advised rendering your unwanted entity powerless by freezing them out. I had a freezer and an empty jar—why not? I needed a photo of what I wanted to banish. I didn’t have the roof units handy, but I had a photo I had taken of the bakery’s truck blasting its refrigeration unit at 2:30 a.m. in front of the bakery. (I had run down in pajamas to tell them to turn it off.) So with a bold bright red Sharpie—a color that meant business—I drew a big red X through the picture of the white truck, then wrote the name of the bakery nine times around the picture, pricked it nine times with a pin, and recited an incantation. As I jabbed the safety pin into the paper, I couldn’t help but feel there was something aggressive and wrong about sticking a pin into paper with the intention of banishing my bakery foes, even though they were breaking codes and laws and had dozens and dozens of building, environmental, and landmark violations and harassed us with noise 24/7. I had used a red pen, which seemed to amplify the aggression. It seemed mean! But spurred on by the roaring machinery outside my windows and gushing in through the bathroom skylight, I folded up the stabbed paper with its red X and put it in a jar with water as directed. I added a splash of vinegar I’d read about from another spell for good measure and put it in the freezer.

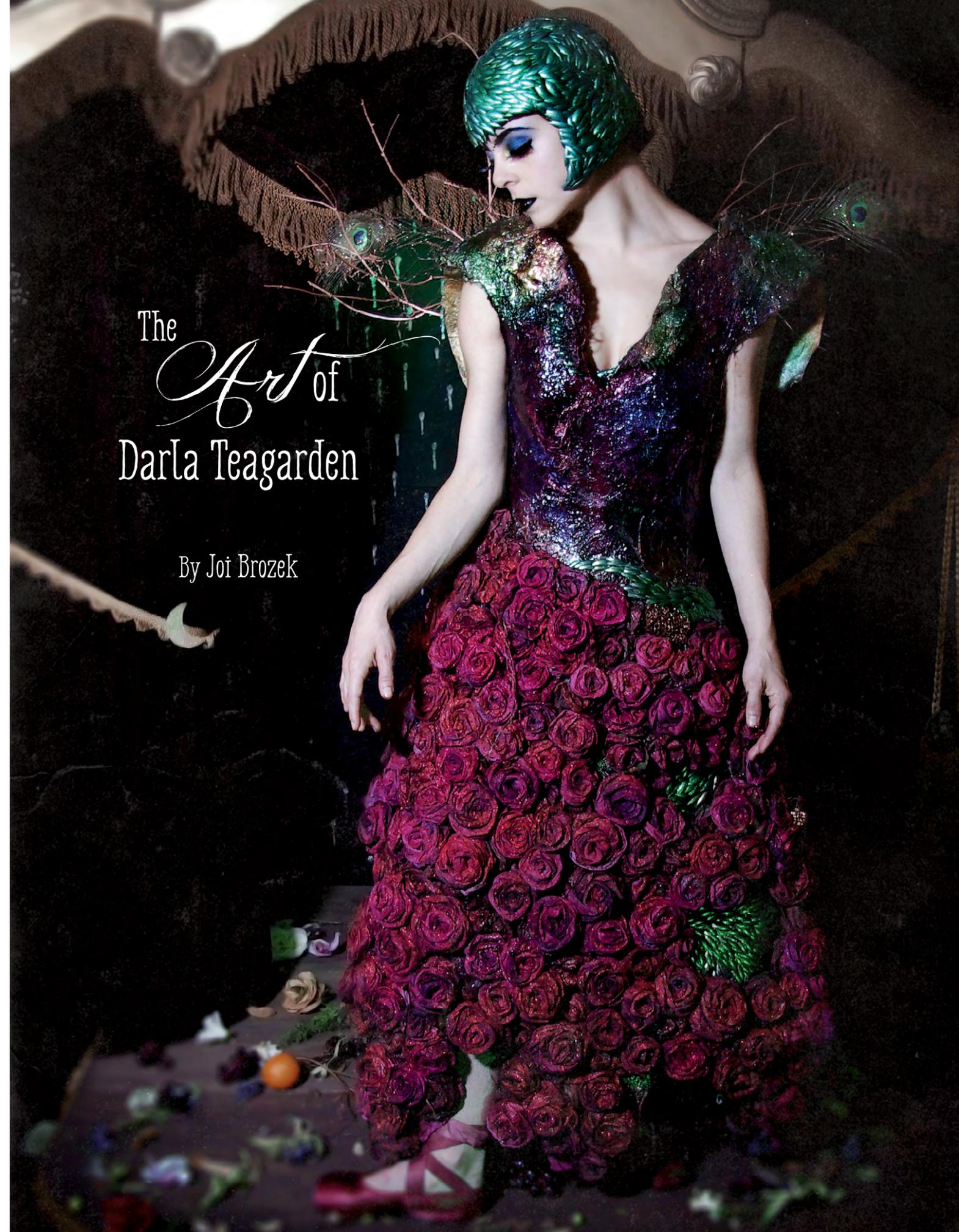
Hours later it was still unfrozen.

Maybe vinegar doesn’t freeze, I mused. The next morning, it was frozen. So did it work?

At 2:30 a.m. a truck hummed outside. There it was, right under our window gleaming white under the streetlight. But tonight it was different. Tonight it was covered in bright red graffiti!



Follow Laren Stover on Instagram @faerie_style.



The Art of Darla Teagarden

Joi Brozek



Austin artist Darla Teagarden brings magic realism literally to light in the medium of photography, leaving the viewer intrigued, wonderfully tantalized—one might even say spellbound—by her darkly cinematic and playfully animistic imagery. Inspired, in her words, by “old world children’s literature and early 20th century cinema and photography,” her work is “ritualistic” and very much embodies practical magic, which to her “means turning the mundane into something special. I work with a very small budget, using found or workaday materials, so I often have to be an alchemist of sorts—making something from nothing.”

Teagarden’s work features a compellingly strong female energy, and although she is not a practicing witch, she tells us that she is inspired by them. “Witches represent so much of what women are—hunted, powerful, balanced, connected, intellectually and emotionally curious, dangerous, healing.” She’s also currently building a witch dollhouse. “It’s so cathartic making tiny tables and art and deciding where this witch character (who is totally a part of me) would put everything. It’s a bit like creating a set for a secret life I want for myself.”

Since she was young, she has related to books and movies like *Practical Magic*. “Part of the witch story is being an outsider and being interested in the darker aspects of human experience,” she says. “Naturally, I sought out anything to do with how women can become powerful, including ways that are considered unconventional.” One mere encounter with her art has us wishing to immerse ourselves in the story and her dark and mischievously enchanted world.

See more of Teagarden’s work at darlateagarden.com.

Joi Brozek lives in New Orleans. She owns a stunning piece of Darla Teagarden’s art and admires it on a daily basis. Find her online at joibrozek.com or on Instagram @joidarling



RECIPES INSPIRED BY
Practical Magic

TIPSY CHOCOLATE CAKE
WITH RASPBERRY SAUCE

This dense, rich, gluten-free cake is adapted from a traditional recipe from Capri but lightened up with fresh raspberries. Substitute almond extract for the rum for a nuttier (and less boozy) affair.

Franny came in from the garden with a basket of herbs she had just picked, comfrey, mint ... She stopped in her tracks when she saw the little girl.
Regina looked up at her and smiled. "You're the good witch," she said.
Franny laughed. She'd certainly never thought of herself that way, still she was charmed. "Have you ever heard of a tipsy cake?" she asked.
Regina shook her head no.
"Why, it's absolutely delicious. It's the most chocolaty chocolate you'll ever taste. I think I'll make you one."

—Alice Hoffman, *The Rules of Magic*



Recipes and photos by Sara Ghedina
(a.k.a. One Girl in the Kitchen)



TIPSY CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH RASPBERRY SAUCE

for a 9-inch springform pan

| | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| For the cake | For the sauce |
| 1½ cup almonds | 2½ cups raspberries (fresh or frozen) |
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup sugar |
| 8 oz. dark chocolate, coarsely chopped | 2 tbsp. lemon juice |
| 2 sticks butter | |
| 5 large eggs | |
| ¼ cup rum | |

Preheat the oven to 400°F. Butter the springform pan and lightly dust it with flour.

Toast almonds in a pan for 3 or 4 minutes, tossing them a couple of times to make sure they brown evenly on each side. Remove from heat and set aside.

Place chocolate and butter in the top of a double-boiler over simmering water and allow them to melt. Stir until smooth, then let cool off completely.

Coarsely grind the almonds together with the sugar. Separate yolks from egg whites, place them in a large bowl, and beat until light and fluffy. Add the sugar-almond mixture, the melted chocolate with butter, and the rum, and work with the mixer until batter is smooth.

In a separate bowl, beat egg whites until soft peaks form, then gently fold them into the rest of the batter.

Pour it into the prepared pan and bake at 400°F for 10 minutes. Lower the temperature to 340°F and bake for another 40 minutes. Let the cake cool off completely before removing it from the pan.

In the meantime, make the raspberry sauce: Place raspberries, sugar, and lemon juice in a small nonstick pan and cook over medium heat for about 5 minutes, stirring from time to time until sugar is dissolved. Put the mixture in a blender and puree until smooth. If desired, strain the sauce through a fine mesh sieve to remove the seeds.

Dust the cake with powdered sugar and decorate it with fresh raspberries. Serve each slice with 1 to 2 tablespoons of raspberry sauce on the side.

When she's not at farmers markets, or stirring yet another jam, or photographing an artichoke, Sara Ghedina, a.k.a. One Girl in the Kitchen, might be running in Golden Gate Park or in warrior pose. Find out more at facebook.com/saraghedinaphotography.



MIDNIGHT MARGARITA

serves 1

For the cocktail

3 oz. tequila
1 oz. Cointreau, triple sec, or another orange-flavored liquor
1½ oz. fresh lime juice
1 oz. honey syrup
kosher salt
lime wedges

For the honey simple syrup

¼ cup honey
¼ cup water

To make the syrup, place honey and water in a small pan, bring to simmer over low heat, and cook for a few minutes until honey is dissolved. Let cool off completely.

Rub a lime wedge along the rim of a chilled cocktail glass, then dip it into a plate of salt and set aside.

Add tequila, Cointreau, lime juice, and honey syrup to a cocktail shaker. Fill it with ice, cover, and shake well. Strain into the glass filled with ice, and garnish with another lime wedge.

*Eye of newt and toe of frog,
wool of bat and tongue of dog.
Adder's fork and blindworm's sting ...
Barbados lime is just the thing.
Cragged salt like a sailor's stubble!
Flip the switch and let the cauldron bubble!*



MIDNIGHT MARGARITAS
A very traditional margarita recipe for midnight revelers, sweetened with a touch of fairy friendly honey syrup.

AUTUMN BEAUTY MAGIC *by Alise Marie*

The season of the Witch is upon us! As the last of the harvest festivals draws near, we have a unique opportunity to release the old and embrace the new. What better time for a simple yet powerful beauty ritual?



At twilight on the evening of Samhain, begin by concocting these luscious and highly effective beauty potions to celebrate the witchy New Year:

HARVEST SPICE BODY SCRUB

*2 cups organic coconut sugar
1 tbsp. ground cinnamon
1 tsp. ground nutmeg
1 tsp. ground cloves
½ cup organic avocado oil*

Mix all the dry ingredients in a large bowl until the spices are beautifully mingled with the sugar. Now add in the oil, and mix it well. If you need, you can add more oil. Spoon it all into a glass jar or container and cap it tightly. Let rest for one hour.

PUMPKIN RADIANCE MASQUE

*3 tbsp. organic pumpkin purée
(not pie filling)
¼ tsp. ground cinnamon
¼ tsp. turmeric
1 tbsp. unsweetened almond milk*

Combine the pumpkin and the spices in a bowl, and mix it well. Add in the almond milk, and blend it all together.

When your scrub is ready, gather your potions, along with one orange candle and one black candle, and set up your

altar in the bathroom. Feel free to adorn the space with any other magical pieces you like: stones, flowers, herbs, statues, etc.

Lock the door, get undressed, and light each of the candles. Sit comfortably, breathing deeply and focusing on the candlelight. Direct your focus to the black candle. Choose something to release with the old year—a habit, a negative thought pattern, perhaps even a job, dwelling, or relationship. Get a clear and strong visual of it, yes, but the key here is also tapping into the *feeling* of that which you wish to release. Really *be in it*, and allow emotions to surface. Now take the scrub and begin massaging it into your body in circular motions. Draw with your fingers in, raking them gently along the surface of your skin, like delicate but strong branches, toward the heart. Inhale the luscious scents, knowing that with each outward breath you're shedding old skin, and with it that which no longer serves you. When you're ready, step into the shower and literally rinse away the old, giving thanks as the last grains leave your body and soft new skin is revealed. Step

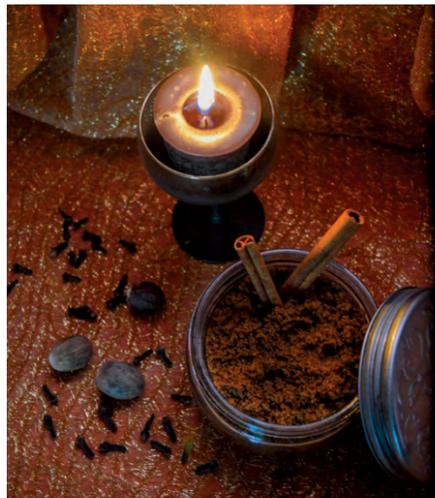
out, pat yourself dry, and as you blow out the black candle, say aloud, "It is done."

Now for your gorgeous visage.

First, wash your face with a gentle, natural cleanser. Rinse well, and pat dry with a clean towel. Take the masque and apply it generously to your face, neck, and décolleté. Sit comfortably and focus now on the orange candle. What would you like to bring in with the new year? Love, money, new adventures? Be specific. Do not focus on a particular person or resource, as this can be manipulative and result in negative consequences, but rather on the *feeling* of having what you wish for. Allow all the positive emotions to arise, the confidence, the sense of well-being and love ... breathe them all into your heart, your entire being. Allow your mind to *create*. As this energy builds, you will feel the masque tingle, active and alive with possibilities. Got it? Now you are ready to remove the masque with a cool cloth, followed by a thorough rinse. Allow your face to air-dry as you give thanks, and blow out the orange candle, saying aloud, "So it shall be."

Autumn Beauty Magic

Alise Marie



Finish by applying gentle, natural products such as toning mist, serum, and moisturizer as you would during your regular evening ritual.

There you have it, beautiful Fae! You have just treated your body to not only a mineral-rich exfoliation but also to

a host of nutrient-dense plant magic: Cinnamon, clove, and nutmeg are a triple threat—all three are ruled by fire to help you manifest while bringing forth the energies of love, money, and psychic awareness. They are also all highly effective in deeply cleansing your skin while protecting against premature aging. Avocado is in there for a Venusian charge of beauty and love while also nourishing your skin with essential fatty acids.

Your face has also been lovingly gifted a precious potion: Lunar-ruled pumpkin is rich with active enzymes and a treasure trove of vitamins that increase cell turnover and help boost collagen production. Turmeric, or *haldi*, is an ancient Ayurvedic beauty secret that clarifies and brightens the skin with both practical *and* protective magic to keep wrinkles at bay. Cinnamon is present again for its fiery love and money prowess, and its ability to keep skin clear and

plumped with oxygen. Almond brings healing on a spiritual level, along with locking in essential moisture to the skin.

Please note: The cinnamon and turmeric will give you a little tingle, so if you have very sensitive skin you may want to omit them and just use the pumpkin with the almond milk.

You need to use only a teeny bit, so this recipe will make enough for you to use and share. Store it in the fridge, and use it at intervals of three to five days. It's an excellent masque to include in your monthly repertoire, particularly effective during a waxing to full moon cycle.



Alise Marie is an actress, writer, and certified holistic nutritionist. Potions and rituals like these will be brewing in her upcoming book, Luna Beauty: The Moon, The Stars, and Your Heavenly Body. She can be found at aliseinwonderland.com.

A TOUCH OF SPICE

“The whole body imbibes delight through every pore.” —Henry David Thoreau

When the autumnal equinox arrives and the harvest moon hangs high over the sky, it's a sure sign that the skin will need a little extra love.

Autumn is high season for hot apple cider spiced with nutmeg and clove, warm pumpkin pie with cinnamon cream, and other rich bounty from the magical harvest season. All of these beloved autumnal ingredients are also delicious treats for face and body, and the transition into fall is a fine time to feed them to the skin.

Here are some of our fall favorites.

SPICE

Makes Scents Spiced Orange Cider Butter

Coconut oil and cacao-seed butter give this lovely moisturizer the rich, thick texture of a balm. It smells irresistible—with orange peel and stimulating cardamom and cinnamon-leaf oils—like a divine potpourri. Perfect for use all over the body and infused with vitamins and antioxidants that protect and soothe the skin. makesscentsspaline.com

APPLE

Ilike Organic Skincare Quince Apple Gel Mask

This gel mask caresses the skin with its light touch. Quince apple also soothes inflammation and helps clear up blemishes. It's loaded with vitamin B, which helps boost production of collagen and elastin and promotes skin-cell turnover to soften the appearance of lines and wrinkles on the face and décolleté. And it leaves skin feeling silky soft and supple! szepelet.com

PUMPKIN

Osmia Organics Brighten Facial Serum

A brightening serum rich in botanical extracts of pumpkin, mushroom, and algae, along with pumpkin, prickly pear, and broccoli-seed oils to nourish dull, dry skin, and help stimulate skin-cell turnover for a softer, more luminous complexion. osmiaorganics.com

Naturopathica Pumpkin Purifying Enzyme Peel

A clarifying mask with extracts of cinnamon and clove, along with permutations of pumpkin including pumpkin wine, pumpkin

enzymes, and pumpkin ferment extract to slough away dull or congested skin and leave the face looking glowy and radiant. naturopathica.com

Three Sisters Apothecary Harvest Pumpkin and Cinnamon Bar Soap

Packaged in a pretty muslin drawstring sack, this lightly exfoliating fragrant pumpkin soap (for face and body) smells good enough to eat, with honey, ginger, cinnamon, and a healing blend of natural plant oils and butters. soapcauldron.com

WALNUTS

Uma Ultimate Brightening Rose Powder Cleanser

Uma is an Ayurvedic brand, with natural formulations that served 15th century Indian maharajas. Its exfoliating cleanser—with walnut powder, flowers, and spices—is not only a heady sensory experience but it also reduces inflammation with powdered rose, detoxes the skin with chamomile, and gently exfoliates with finely ground oats and walnuts. uma oils.com

—Rosie Shannon

Incantations

poetry by Kim Malinowski

photography by Courtney Brooke



Athame

from the Latin word *artavus*, a small knife used to sharpen the pens of scribes

My athame does not cut sinew from bone,
does not trace delicate veins—no
it is part fire part air
black handle and solid blade.
Evoke the directions, cast the circle,
let the sage waft.
Blade to forehead, bow, touch the chalice,
bring union.
Bind the spell, let the circle unwind,
worry the blade in its sheath,
sing magic.



Make-up

I smear stardust war paint
sparkly amber blush,
dust on amethyst eyeshadow,
pigment of stone
iridescent in moonlight.
Kiss on opal and still
waters, cataracts
and the Northern lights.
Moss and honeysuckle
dangle in my hair.
let nature cascade
over shoulders.
Tangle on a dream,
add kohl eyeliner.
Paint happiness.



Besom

Twenty eight broomcorn bunches in the center,
seventeen on the outside,
jagged bristles bound,
many years ago I would have just swept up Cheerios and glitter,
dirt; brooms were for cleaning.
Now Besom, you're bound for riding.
Somewhen, I will cut the bottom cord, your bristles
will fan out. I'll sweep with black salt and thyme,
sage and lavender, sweep away danger
and negativity past the stoop.
You'll rest on my hearth.

I am broomcorn now, bound and hung
on a long branch, sweeping past agony.
Magic is cycles. History is cycles.
I will tell you all the stories I know.

Kim Malinowski earned her B.A. from West Virginia University and her MFA from American University. She studied with the Writers Studio. Her work appears in Mythic Delirium, Enchanted Conversation, Eternal Haunted Summer, and Three Drops From the Cauldron, among others. Her chapbook, Death: A Love Story was published by Flutter Press.

Visit artist and photographer Courtney Brooke online at lightwitch.com.



ALWAYS CONJURE MIDNIGHT MARGARITAS

A Checklist for Living Like the Aunts

by Grace Nuth

Frances and Jet Owens are role models for so many of us who dream of living like these gorgeous and unashamed “grand dames” when we get older. But why wait? Take their advice and live like you want today.

- Eat chocolate cake for breakfast.
- Dance under the full moon, clothes entirely optional.
- Cats belong in your home, on top of your tables, and wherever they so please.
- Always be kind to neighbors, even if they cross the street to avoid you.
- Wear giant hats, the more dramatic the better.
- Take caution peering into the covered mirror in the shed: you might see your future.
- Love, nurture, and know your own garden, the dangerous plants and the gentle.
 - Remember that there's a little witch in everyone.
 - A parasol is both a practical and fashionable accessory.
- You can't practice witchcraft while you look down your nose at it.
- Leave your back porch light on at night for those who may need you.
 - If a broom falls, company is coming.
 - You can always tell a witch by her red shoes.
 - On hot August days, when you want to murder whoever crosses you, drink lemonade instead.
- Wear the fancy dress today. Use the formal china. Life is a celebration.
 - Bathe with lavender oil and cool, fresh water.
 - Being normal is not necessarily a virtue—it rather denotes a lack of courage.
- When life gets you down, conjure Midnight Margaritas.
 - Throw spilled salt over your left shoulder, keep rosemary by your garden gate, plant roses and lavender for luck, and fall in love whenever you can.

Illustrated by Guinevere von Sneed



THE NIGHT OF THE WITCH

A fairy tale by Alice Hoffman

Every few years they came searching and this was the year they found them. Three sisters living at the edge of the forest. The youngest sister was at the river when it happened. She had long black hair and ember eyes and was so quiet it sometimes seemed she could disappear into the night. She knew something was terribly wrong because the fish stopped swimming and the birds fell from the sky. She felt whatever her sisters felt, but because she was the youngest, she felt even more. Her heart was thudding against her chest, like a bird in a cage. She felt as though she had been torn from home, wrapped in chains, thrown into a dungeon. She ran as fast as she could, but it was too late. The witch hunters had come and gone. Her sisters had been taken to the city. There they were trapped in a jail cell whose lock had no key.

The youngest sister had always taken her sisters' advice, now she had no choice but to make her own decisions. She packed her bag and set off through the woods. She took what she thought she might need: a black dress, her knitting needles, a loaf of bread, a mirror. Halfway to the city she came to the house of the oldest witch, one who was so wise she had never been caught. In exchange for the wise woman's help, the youngest sister gave her the mirror. Whoever looked in the glass would see herself as she was when she was young. Pleased by what she saw, the wise woman gave the youngest sister instructions. She was to take pieces of the night and knit them into long gloves before she went through the city gates.

They'll be your map, the wise woman said. Walk where the night leads you and you will never be found.

The youngest sister did as she was told. When she climbed the tallest tree she still couldn't reach the sky, so she tossed bread crumbs to the ravens. They came to her with strands of night still attached to their talons. Then and there she began to knit the inky black strands. They were so dark no one could see the gloves she had made, for she was knitting pure midnight. When she was done, she pulled on the gloves and set off for the city gates. She heard the guards say that the witches were kept underground, in a cage without a key. They didn't notice when she slipped past, for she was hidden in the darkness of her gloves. In her black dress, with her long black hair, she had become part of the night.

She knew what she needed. Quickly, she found her way to the locksmith's house. She knocked on the door even though it was the middle of the night. The locksmith fell in love

with her the moment he saw her. He was tall and handsome and kindhearted, but his eyes could not tolerate full sun. Because of this he worked at night. This was the reason he opened the door, and the reason he saw her for who she was, a woman as beautiful as the night.

She needed a key that would open any door, just as she had opened his heart. She waited by the fire while he worked on the perfect key, a simple form made of silver, the one metal a witch can tolerate. He told her that if she didn't come back he would find her. She left him the key to the house in the woods, made of a single raven's feather.

To find her sisters she needed a map. She unwound the gloves and the unspooled black yarn cast itself down the street. She followed the path of the yarn as if it were a map. No one could see her, not even the witch hunters celebrating in the center of town, for wherever the night-yarn led it was as dark as midnight. She went into the prison and down six flights of steps. The last of the yarn stopped in front of the cell that had no key. Her two sisters were waiting for her, the one with her pale hair who looked like moonlight, and the one with bright hair who looked like a star. They had been crying and a black pool had formed, so deep they would soon drown in their own tears. The youngest sister hurried. She slipped the key maker's key into the lock and the door fell open.

The three sisters ran to retrace the path of the night yarn, gathering it as they went. The silver key was melting in the youngest sister's hand, turning into a silver ring. She felt her heart tugged upon when she thought of the key maker, but she couldn't stay. All the same, as they were escaping the city, the youngest sister let the ball of yarn fall to the ground. It unwound as she fled, making a path to their door. You had to be acquainted with the night to see the path it made, but the key maker had no problem seeing in the darkest part of the woods at the darkest hour of the night. He saw ravens sleeping in the trees and black roses blooming. When he got to the witches' house, he used the midnight yarn to surround it so that no witch hunter would ever find it again. Anyone passing by would see only the color of the night. Then he used the key the youngest sister had given him. He never went back to the city after that. From then on he preferred to climb to the top of the tallest tree with his beloved and watch the darkness fall down around them, as they counted the stars in the sky.



*Photography by Steve Parke
Model: Susana Reyes*

Find
Lisa's glove
pattern on
page 105.

FAERIE KNITTING
with Alice Hoffman and Lisa Hoffman

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENTLEMEN

EPHEMERA AND APOCRYPHA FROM THE NOTES OF TIMOTHY SCHAFFERT, ESQ.

AND MAIDENS CALL IT LOVE-IN-IDLENESS

Stories of Perfume, Magic, and Medicine



John William Godward "The New Perfume" 1914, Wikimedia Commons.

Children! To perform this nifty trick, ask your mother for a shelled-out lemon, balled-up handkerchiefs, a vial of perfume, fire, and a pistol.

"I have written this work," writes Professor Henri Garenne, in his introduction to the 1886 edition of *The Art of Modern Conjuring, Magic, and Illusions: A Practical Treatise on the Art of Parlour and Stage Magic, Illusions, Spiritualism, Ventriloquism, Thought Reading, Mesmerism, Mnemotechny, etc., etc.*, "not as an exposure of the art of Conjuring and Magic, but simply to act as a guide for amateurs and young beginners; therefore I shall enumerate many tricks and illusions that my young friends can perform at home amongst their numerous friends."

Fortunately for Garenne's young friends, and his friends' friends, the professor was inept at describing even the simplest trick. And though he may or may not have been any kind of scholar at all, he wrote with an academic's deathly, bloodless prose, rendering *The Art of Modern Conjuring* utterly artless.

As a result, the lives of many young children were spared. If they'd been at all tempted to engage with the book, they most certainly would have perished, as

these tricks involved flowing robes over candle flames, sharp knives, instruction on applying mercury to your skin in order to handle red-hot iron, and "tables fitted with a combination of traps, pistons, etc.," which his young friends are encouraged to purchase from a "Mr. Bland, of New Oxford Street."

Professor Garenne's unlucky Trick No. 13 in the chapter on "tricks with handkerchiefs" reads like a study in befuddled chaos, inviting his young magicians to fire a pistol at a lemon, then take a knife to it, all while a member of the audience stands nearby. And if you survive that, and your innocent bystander is also still standing, you are to hold the audience member's handkerchief (which has been in the scooped-out lemon) and say, "As it seems to smell strongly of the lemon, I will just perfume it before returning." You're then advised to "pour some spirits of wine upon it, and appearing as if you had made it too wet, hold it over the flame of a candle for an instant, and it will be all in a blaze."

A fellow magician accused Professor Garenne (which was the pseudonym for magician Frank Lind) of filling his book with tricks stolen from his act. Lind eventually retired to run a waxworks.

Perhaps even more dangerous than Professor Garenne's tricks with perfume are those of Medea. From *Piesse's Art of Perfumery*: "The magic power of Medea consisted in her skill as a perfumer, and as an inventress of warm vapor-baths ... That the professors of the medical art might not discover her secrets, she used fomentations in her baths in secret. These made men more active, and improved their health; and as her apparatus consisted of a caldron, wood, and fire, it was believed that her patients were in reality boiled. Pelias, an old and infirm man, using this operation, died in the process."

The Art of Perfumery (many editions were published throughout the latter half of the 19th century) speaks also of the magical perfumes of "the fairy Melusina and the enchanter Merlin," and saluted more generally the magicians and alchemists who "devised precious philtres for keeping lovers faithful, and infallible recipes for precuring to themselves eternal youth."

With similar ideas in mind, in conjunction with a 2002 Royal Shakespeare Company production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Royal Society of Chemistry experimented with the particulars of the love potion that overcomes Titania, Queen of the Fairies. Shakespeare credits the concoction ("The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid / will make man or woman madly dote / upon the next live creature that it sees") to a wild pansy called love-in-idleness, also known as "heart's ease" due to the belief that it had medicinal properties for heart ailments.

Dr. Charles Sell, the scientist involved, dismissed love-in-idleness as too faint in fragrance to have any sort of magical aphrodisiacal qualities; he nonetheless improvised a perfume based on Shakespeare's play, adding other flowers

referenced, such as sweet musk roses. Though the resulting fragrance proved enchanting, it failed to challenge the common sense of science. The BBC reported that "Dr. Sell admits he hasn't noticed any dramatic increase in amorous activity."

The magical influence of perfume, however, did get some scientific validation back in 1907, in a journal article that addressed "marital infelicity," written by a doctor credited as "Formerly Professor of Venereal Diseases in the Medical Department of the University of New York, New York." His study led him to conclude that some men simply couldn't stand the natural odors of their wives. Once the honeymoon is over, it seems, the sensible wife will stop bothering to wear perfume to impress him. Actually, this odorous issue is defined by the doctor as "one of the most frequent" reasons for husbands being rendered impotent by their wives.

To further support these theories about perfume as love potion, the good doctor credits the power of perfume as a cause for infidelity. "We all know how various perfumes will attract men as well as animals, and I have been told by men, apparently sane and in their right minds, but who were nevertheless neurasthenic, that they had the utmost difficulty in keeping their hands off their female stenographers when these women have used certain perfumes, varying according to individual tastes; and in one instance I remember that serious trouble nearly happened in consequence of the woman's use of extract of violets, and her employer finally had to tell her, at my suggestion, that she must abandon the use of that perfume or give up her place, as the odor was especially offensive to him."

The story of La Diabolina is recounted in *Legends of Florence* (1907), a collection

of folktales gathered by Charles Godfrey Leland; this "She-Devil" was a beauty who had a homely daughter. The daughter was never invited to dances, so La Diabolina planted a garden of roses that emitted a perfume so intoxicating, the people of the village robbed the garden, unaware the scent was cursed.

"All the youths and girls of the Via del Fiore who had the stolen roses did nothing but quarrel, flout one another, give, jeer, sneer, curse, and quarrel, like a bottle full of black scorpions, in a worse temper than a pack of devils in a holy-water font, so that smiles became as scarce among them as white flies, and frowns as common as black ones."

A most poetical description of the magical power of perfume is by the historian Bill Sauder. In the documentary *Titanic: The Final Word*, he describes the moment when divers brought up from the *Titanic's* wreckage site a leather satchel. Inside were vials of concentrated perfume oils that had belonged to Adolph Saalfeld, a chemist who'd been traveling on the *Titanic* with hopes of breaking into the American perfume market.

"When you recover stuff from the *Titanic*," Sauder explains, "it's wet, it's rusty, and it's rotten, and the smell that comes off it is perfectly alien, perfectly fetid. You know it's a kind of death you have never experienced. And so the lab is kind of unpleasant, and then all of a sudden somebody opens up this satchel—this leather satchel—and out comes the fragrance of heaven. It's all these flowers and fruity flavors, and it's delicious. It's the most wonderful thing you've ever had. It was just a complete overwhelming experience. It was like all of a sudden the fragrance of heaven kind of goes through the room. So instead of being surrounded by all of these dead things, for those few minutes, the ship was alive again."

After describing the discovery, Sauder breaks down in tears.

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FLORAL FOX ART

*The Botanical Paintings
of Amy Rose*

by GRACE NUTH



“Lilacs were not supposed to bloom in July, that was a simple botanical fact, at least it had been until now. Girls in the neighborhood had begun to whisper that if you kissed the boy you loved beneath the Owenses’ lilacs he’d be yours forever, whether he wanted to be or not ... Scientists would park across from the driveway, mooning over the specimens they couldn’t get to, debating whether it was ethical to run across the lawn with some gardening shears and take whatever they wanted.”

—Alice Hoffman, *Practical Magic*

Botanical art with a Victorian antique look is extremely popular these days not only with scientists with a fever for blooms and witches who need reference guides for their spell books but also with interior designers and homeowners who want to add a touch of mystery and history to their abodes.

Artist Amy Rose, or Floral Fox Art, is known for her lush botanical work. Laid out on the page like a collection from a cabinet of curiosities, vivid against a plain white or black background, her images make the viewer look more closely at the exquisite details of nature’s creations. Mixed in among the flowers, mushrooms, and leaves are often little items like keys or antlers, a dragonfly, or even a rusty pair of scissors. The resulting works seem almost like a story to be interpreted however you prefer, with individual images on the page spread out like hieroglyphics disclosing a secret science.

We recently caught up with Rose between her trips to the fields and forests to collect and document more of nature’s mysteries.

Faerie Magazine: First, can you tell us a bit about your art, the style, and your medium?

Amy Rose: I’m an artist with an illustrative style. I try to give my work a vintage look but also capture the textures and colors of the plants and objects I paint. I collect lots of old natural history books and love to flick through them when I need inspiration. I use graphite and an old watercolor set that my dad gave me and that I’ve had for many years. I sometimes also use Photoshop to add color to the background and have a play with tones so I don’t ruin the original.

FM: You live in the Cotswolds, a region in England known for its exquisite beauty. How much effect do you think it has on your art?

Floral Fox Art

Grace Nuth

AR: I'm lucky enough to live in a beautiful village surrounded by fields and countryside. The Cotswolds inspire my work all the time. I work closely with the seasons and the changing landscape. I often go on walks for inspiration and take pictures of the flora and fauna, but also collect nature finds like seed heads, leaves, feathers, and pinecones to study when I return home.

FM: Your work stands out among botanical artists for its whimsical and magical subject matter. The inclusion of antique objects in your art makes it seem like they've been combined with the botanicals to make up the ingredients to a mysterious spell. How do you decide what items to gather together for an arrangement?

AR: For my botanical work I look to nature for inspiration on which pieces go with what. I research the environment the plants and flowers live in, where they grow and what they grow alongside. The antique objects I've used in my art are all pieces I've collected over the years and are on display around my home, so it's only natural that they find their way into my artwork.

FM: Have you had any encounters in nature while gathering botanical specimens or doing visual research that remain unexplained or seemed magical?

AR: One morning last year, I went for a walk near my home, and it was beautiful and frosty. I was out taking photos and collecting nature finds. When I went home, I noticed all the photos I had taken had green light orbs in them.

FM: Do you ever use the language of flowers or your knowledge of botanical specimens or lore to create a story within your selection?

AR: All the botanicals I choose for a piece will have a relationship with each other—whether it's because they all grow in a certain type of woodland or in the same season.

FM: Do you have pets? And do you ever use them as subjects for your work?

AR: I tend to just draw what is in my natural British environment, so I haven't drawn any of my pets yet. But I would like to draw and paint my chickens one day when the mood takes me. I have a pet rabbit called Winston who lives in the house with me and follows me everywhere, two chinchillas called Albert and Arthur, two turtles called Rory and Bertha, and three mischievous bantams called Ethel, Myrtle, and Betty.

FM: What are some of your favorite antique items in your collection?

AR: One of my favorite pieces is an old antique key that I found when I was a child in my grandparents' vegetable garden on the farm they lived on. I was only very young, but I have kept it with me ever since.

FM: If you could have a dream cabinet of curiosities, what would be inside?

AR: I think my dream cabinet of curiosities would be huge and include lots of natural history elements, such as small bones, shells, feathers, seed heads, fossils, moths, and crystals, but I also love old bottles, sea glass, antique tins, doll's heads, and tintype photographs—anything unusual!

Discover Floral Fox Art's natural world on [etsy.com/shop/thefloralfoxart](https://www.etsy.com/shop/thefloralfoxart) and Instagram [@thefloralfoxart](https://www.instagram.com/thefloralfoxart).



Beauty
the
way
nature
intended



[cloverandbeeskincare.com](https://www.cloverandbeeskincare.com)



Straw INTO Gold

MAGICAL, MARVELOUS BROOMSTICKS
BY CHARLOTTE BAKER OF
NIGHTSHADE HANDMADE

by Stephanie Stewart-Howard
Images by Charlotte Baker

Of all the myriad stories told of witches, one of the most enchanting involves them flying through the night sky on broomsticks. The silhouette of a witch against the moon, her cat daintily seated behind her, is one of the deepest of archetypal images. Once, her flying visage struck terror in the hearts of certain gruff men who claimed to be god-fearing, but today she more likely conjures romantic thoughts for men and women alike. She embodies the dreaminess of Miss Eglantine Price, the last midnights of *Into the Woods*, the wise merriment of Granny Weatherwax and Nanny Ogg, and the idealistic beauty (and wit) of Samantha Stevens. Likewise, if you have made up your mind to be a witch, you'd best have a broomstick. Charlotte Baker, the enchantress and artisan behind Nightshade Handmade, can help with that.

Baker, who by day works at a botanical garden, makes exquisite jewelry and brooms in her off hours. She lives in LaGrange, Georgia, with her husband Jake, their children, and assorted pets, surrounded by a natural world that inspires her craft.

I ask her how she became, as she calls it, a “broomsquire.”

“A friend purchased a beautiful handmade broom, a flat sweeper, while on vacation in the Smoky Mountains, and I was captivated by it. I thought it was the most cunning and clever thing I'd ever seen. I was determined to learn how it was made,” she says. The inspiration led her on a merry quest.

“I became enchanted by my friend's broom in the early 1990s, before the internet was widespread, and information was scarce. My local library located an early 20th century pamphlet about growing broomcorn and making brooms, but it described the process by which commercial brooms were made, using machinery. Further searching led to a chapter on broom-making in one of the *Foxfire* books. There were no illustrations, just a description of how to bind the broomcorn onto the handle tightly enough that it would not come apart, using body tension, and how to stitch the brush. It didn't make a lot of sense to me at the time.

“Several years later, my friend was moving to a new house and was reluctant to take the broom with her, because of the superstition about bad luck and negativity from the past hitchhiking from the old house to the new in the broom. I'm not as superstitious as she is, so when she offered the broom to me, I didn't hesitate to take it. I studied it closely, trying to figure out how it was bound and how the stitching that gave it its shape was done. I couldn't even tell where the stitching began and ended, it was so skillfully made!

“I used it as a porch broom and kept it hanging by the front door. My cat used it as a scratching post and eventually frayed the stitching so badly that it began to come apart. I saw it as the perfect opportunity to reverse-engineer the broom, to see exactly how it was put together. I took it apart slowly and carefully, observing the way the stitching twine crossed through

the fibers, then how the broomcorn was bound to the handle, and how the twine was attached to the handle. I had a major a-ha moment, as the things I hadn't understood in the *Foxfire* book just clicked into place now that I had the visual to go with the words. I ordered myself some broomcorn (*Sorghum vulgare*) seeds before the end of the day. The next spring, I planted several rows of broomcorn. I made my first broom the following autumn, using the handle from my friend's broom. It was not a complete failure, but it was not bound tightly enough to make it functional.”

Delighted by the experience, Baker continued to discover broom styles she wanted to make. “I loved how each broom I made had its own distinct character and feel. Also, I was constantly finding sticks that would make beautiful broom handles.”

She began giving her brooms as gifts, especially for housewarmings. Guests in the homes saw them, inquired, and soon Baker was selling her work. Making a wedding broom for some friends who wanted to jump the broom in the ceremony produced even more custom requests.

What is meaningful to you these days about the crafting of a broom?
I ask.

“It's the preservation and continuation of a nearly lost art. There are only about 150 broom makers in the country—we're all on an internet forum, so we basically all know each other—and not all of them make their brooms entirely by hand.

“I love coaxing the personality out of an interesting piece of wood I've found and adding a broom to it to create a piece of art that's also a functional tool. A handmade broom is the perfect blend of form and function. When I make a commissioned broom, I strive to personalize it by using twine in the recipient's favorite color and using a handle that seems to fit his or her personality. The simple act of creating art with my own hands is profoundly satisfying and meaningful.”

There's a magical significance to Baker's brooms. She says, “In some modern witchcraft traditions, brooms are used to purify ritual space, by sweeping it clear of negativity. That's sympathetic magic in its purest form.” Brooms can be used more aggressively in banishing rituals. “More,” she continues, “the purifying property of brooms makes them useful as barriers when placed beside or over a doorway. The broom prevents negative energy from passing through the door ... A broom is dipped in water, then shaken vigorously overhead to simulate a rain shower, in an old Southern hoodoo rain-summoning spell ... and, of course, a witch can fly his or her broom to the Sabbat.”

For Baker, the esoteric history of broom lore is part of what drew her to the process to begin with. She'll also construct you a ritual broom, perhaps made of wood with magical implication, like oak, ash, or willow, bound in air-element-colored twine—white, blue, or gray. A ritual broom she'll make in a waning moon, a wedding broom in a waxing one.



“I hold a mantra in my mind for all of the hands-on parts of the creation process—usually a neutral chant such as *Earth my body, Water my blood, Air my breath, Fire my spirit.*”

Why, I ask her, do broomsticks have such archetypal appeal? “Broomsticks represent the autonomous woman who refused to conform and behave according to rigid societal expectations.

Medieval witch hunters planted the seed that grew into modern pop-culture depictions of witches, by perverting a traditionally feminine household implement into a tool for diabolical mischief. Imagine: A woman who doesn't stay at home, being obediently domestic, who uses her broom to fly off into the

night! Rebellious, non-obedient women have always been a threat to the status quo and remain so to this day.”

To buy one of Baker's exquisite creations, visit her Etsy shop, NightshadeHandmade; contact her via Facebook at NightshadeArts or on Instagram @nightshade_handmade.

Baker also designs and makes nature-inspired jewelry with a mystical flair, using sterling silver, copper, and bronze wire and gemstones; lavender wands and sachets; embellished blank books; and fabric Goddess dolls for folks of all ages.

Stephanie Stewart-Howard is a journalist, costumer, artist, actor, and scholar, happily tech writing for a multi-national gaming company. Formerly an editor with Gannett, she's the author of The Nashville Chef's Table, Kentucky Bourbon and Tennessee Whiskey, and myriad articles on art, fashion, travel, and nerd culture.

MAKE A BROOM

Fly Over the Moon

Want to try your hand at making one of Baker's brooms? Here's how to get started.

Master broomsquire Charlotte Baker of Nightshade Handmade says, "I primarily use broomcorn, which is the seed tassel of a variety of sorghum (*Sorghum vulgare*). I've also used the grass called 'broom sedge,' longleaf pine needles, birch twigs, and scotch broom, with mixed results.

"I used to grow my own broomcorn, when I was making only a few brooms a year. Now, I purchase it from a company that imports it for industrial brooms but also sells it in its raw, unprocessed form to broom and basket makers.

Most of my handles come from the woods around my house. I take long walks in the woods in winter, when the sap is down and the trees are dormant, saw in hand, looking for potential handles.

"Harvesting vine-twisted saplings is good stewardship, as being girdled by vines is detrimental to the health of the trees. I also harvest crooked saplings. I've made a few whisk brooms using antlers for handles. The antlers were naturally shed ones, found in the same woods as my sapling handles."



Materials and tools needed:

- Broomcorn (about 2 pounds per broom)
- #18 nylon cord (for binding and sewing)
- Wooden handle
- Binding wheel or sturdy stick for holding binding twine
- Scissors
- Knife
- Large needle (butcher's trussing needle works well)
- Drill
- Tie-off loop, made by tying the ends of a 16-inch piece of twine together

Instructions:

Gather materials.

Place broomcorn stalks in a bucket of hot water so stalks and knurls (where tassel meets stalk) are covered. Soak for at least 30 minutes. Remove from water and drain for several minutes.

Place binding wheel or sturdy stick (with 10–12 yards of #18 nylon twine wound on it) on the floor. Secure loose end of twine to handle, a couple of inches from the end. Place your feet on the tying wheel and pull twine tight with both hands on the handle.

Place a stalk of broomcorn along the handle, with the knurl directly under the twine. Rotate handle toward you, pulling hard so the twine indents the broomcorn. Place another stalk next to the first one, then rotate handle toward you again. Repeat until you've gone all the way

around the handle.

Lay tie-off loop along the stalks, then rotate handle toward you, wrapping twine over stalks and loop, five or six times, pulling very tightly. Hold wraps down with thumb, then cut twine, leaving a tail several inches long.

Still holding wraps down tightly, put tail through short end of tie-off loop, then pull the other end of the loop, pulling tail underneath wraps. This is called a "blind knot." Trim tail close to wraps. Trim stalks to about an inch above wraps, using knife.

Secure twine to handle, about 2 inches above the ends of stalks on the first row of broomcorn. Begin adding second, outer, layer of broomcorn using the same

procedure as for the inner layer. If you wish to weave the stalks after binding them on, make sure to use an odd number for the outer layer.

After all stalks are added, wrap twine tightly around all stalks five or six times.

Begin weaving the stalks by placing your thumb on the twine and releasing pressure on the tying wheel. Raise one stalk and place the twine under it. Pull twine tight.

Place thumb on the stalk that now has twine underneath, let twine lie over the top of next stalk, then raise the next one and weave twine underneath. Pull tight and continue weaving up the handle as far as desired, and as far as the length of the stalks will allow.

Tie twine off using a blind knot, the same way the inner layer was tied off.

Hang to dry for 24 hours before sewing.

Thread a large needle with a couple of yards of twine, then knot one end with a double overhand knot. Push needle through broom, where you want your stitches to be, locking the knot in place among the fibers.

Wrap twine around broom two or three times, then begin sewing a "lock stitch" by pushing the needle into the broom on one side of the wraps and bringing it out on the other side of the wraps. Make a short stitch over the wraps, and push the needle back into the broom, bringing it up an inch or so away from the first stitch.

Continue all the way around, back to the starting point.

Secure the end by tying a single overhand knot in the twine about an inch away from where it emerges from the broom after the last stitch, then pushing the needle back through the broom to bury the knot in the broomcorn. Add more rows of stitching if desired.

Trim the ends of broomcorn.

Drill a hole through the top of the handle, and add a loop of twine or leather cord for hanging.

Always hang your broom for storage or display, as letting it rest on the brush can bend it out of shape.





"A handmade broom is the perfect blend of form and function, and a delight to use. When I make a commissioned broom, I strive to personalize it by using twine in the recipient's favorite color and using a handle that seems to fit his or her personality. The simple act of creating art with my own hands is profoundly satisfying and meaningful."



ENCHANTMENTS

A bit of magic in the heart of New York City

by Carolyn Turgeon

In *The Rules of Magic*, Frances and Jet Owens open their own little witchy herbal shop in downtown Manhattan, New York, with floor-to-ceiling shelves filled with every kind of herb in a mishmash of bottles collected from junk shops, and a workshop in back for concocting love potions and other charms. It's the kind of place you wish existed in your own town, so that you too could come in and purchase spells for love, for cleansing, for abundance, for fresh starts.

A real-life version of this magical store has existed in New York City since 1982, glittering and glimmering from the East Village. It's New York's oldest witchcraft store, but there's nothing frightening about it. Located on East 9th Street between First Avenue and Avenue A, Enchantments has walls lined with herbs and candles and wisdom-packed books, wood floors coated with glitter, and two black cats—Eros and Medea, who are brother and sister—that doze on the countertops and shelves. And in back, past the sign that says THE WITCH IS IN, customers can speak with a friendly witch and get a candle customized with the spell of their choice, just for them.

It's by far the store's most popular item, and people order the candles from all over the world. In fact, yours truly first learned of Enchantments in 1995, when a lovelorn friend got her own glitterized love-spell candle and sat over it for days after, watching it burn. Sadly, she did not get her man. As owner Stacy Rapp explains, "The candles are tools to help manifest your intention—but you have to do the work, too. You can't create something out of nothing."

If you show up to get your candle in person, the process is this: First, you pick your spell, and that determines what color candle you'll get. The candles are seven-day pillar candles of varying colors in glass jars. A white or green crystal healing candle heals past trauma and promotes mental clarity. A bright yellow solar blast candle helps to purge and rejuvenate your entire being. A purple emperor candle builds confidence and helps present opportunities. A blue house blessing candle cleanses and blesses your living space. A pink Catch a New Love candle might attract a new partner into your life, while a red Hypnotique candle is said to make you appear mesmerizing to others. There are



dozens and dozens of options, all meant to give you the extra energy and focus to achieve your goals, whatever they may be (unless they involve harming another). “It’s a little boost,” Rapp says. “You’re asking the universe to help you with things you’re already working for.”

And then the witch behind the counter—who may well be Rapp herself, who’s owned Enchantments for the past fourteen years—removes the candle from the jar and carves your name, your astrological sign, and other magical symbols into the wax. She offers you a taste of honey to connect you to the spell and drops an offering of honey and incense into the jar. Next she sprinkles on a pile of glitter (which accounts for the floors), and then rubs the candle with scented oil before returning it to the jar too, gleaming and smelling like it’s about to go out on the town. And afterward? It’s up to you to take your candle home and infuse it with your energy and intentions—and then go out into the world and do the work.

The store sells plenty of other tools as well to give its customers that magical boost: blended oils, powder incenses, spiritual baths, statues, cauldrons, chalices, incense burners, and much more. It also provides a gathering place for practitioners of all levels, a respite in a massive hurtling city where witches and would-be witches might often work alone in their apartments. Every solstice and equinox the store holds rituals in the back yard—which is brimming with plants that Rapp cultivates herself—to celebrate the changing seasons. “Holding these rituals, which are open to anyone over eighteen (and children accompanied by a parent) is a small way of giving back to the community.”

What Rapp and her employees don’t engage in, in any way, are spells intended to cause harm to others. When people approach them with these requests, Rapp and her employees firmly refuse to help—and do their best to talk anyone off of such a path. “We don’t carve negative candles or engage in anything negative,” Rapp says. “We’re about positive energy—healing, emotional healing, cleansing, and empowerment. Plus, black magic will come back to you threefold; it never works the way someone might hope it will. Magic operates on a sympathetic level—the energy you put out into the universe has a powerful influence on what you attract.”

In the spirit of lightness and positivity, Rapp created two candle spells especially for *Faerie Magazine* readers (see page 54)—one for happiness, the other to attract fairies. “I wanted to create spells for people who might live anywhere in the world,” she says, “and who *don’t* have a magic shop right around the corner.”



Visit *Enchantments* online at enchantmentsincnyc.com or in person at 424 E 9th St, New York City.



Witch Hats

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ENCHANTMENTS SPELLS

Happiness Spell

Small yellow or white candle (either a votive or tea light) in a glass votive holder on a small plate

Small square of fabric (6 in. by 6 in.) with ribbon or small cloth bag

Rainbow glitter

1 red or green apple

Paper and pen

A mixture of at least 2 of the following: daisy petals, sunflower petals, dried lavender, catnip, lemon peel, rose petals

Take the paper and make a list of all the things that make you happy and help you smile. Put the paper on the plate, and then place the apple and candle glass on top. Arrange the flowers and herbs in a ring on the plate around them. Sprinkle the glitter on top of the herbs. Light the candle, saying, either aloud or in your head:

Love, light and happiness come into my life. Let the candle's light banish all sadness and darkness around me. Let my world be filled with smiles and laughter.

As the candle burns, see yourself smiling and happy. When the candle has burned down, gather up the herbs and put them into the cloth bag or onto the piece of fabric. Fold the paper and put it with them. Tie up the bag, or bundle the fabric and tie it with ribbon. Carry this with you or keep it in a special place—pull it out whenever you wish.

Take the apple and eat it—let the happiness you have just charged it with fill you as you do.

Fairy Attraction Spell

Small pink or white candle (either a votive or tea light) in a glass votive holder on a small plate

Picture or drawing of a fairy

Small square of fabric (6 in. by 6 in.) with ribbon or small cloth bag

Rainbow glitter

Small piece of silver jewelry (ring, earring, pendant, etc.)

Glass of water with a pinch of sugar

A mixture of at least 3 of the following: dandelions, rose petals, fresh clover, ferns, milkweed pods, daisy petals, broom straw

Put the picture on the plate and place the candle, the glass of water, and the jewelry on top of it. Arrange the flowers and herbs in a ring on the plate around them and put a little of each into the water. Sprinkle the glitter on top of the herbs and in the glass.

Light the candle, and as you do call the magic of fairies into your life. Picture them flying around you as you summon them to bless your life and all you do. When the candle has finished burning, gather up the herbs and jewelry. Put them into the bag or bundle them up in the cloth. Hang the bundle in a window or put it on the windowsill.

Take the water with the herbs and use it for a magical fairy bath. If you do not have a bathtub, you can pour it over yourself in the shower.



Bright Blessings

The Herbs of Practical Magic

By Ali English. Illustration by Rachel Oakes.

Practical magic is, by its very nature, practical, as can certainly be seen by some of the many, many wondrous herbs mentioned in Alice Hoffman's *The Rules of Magic*. Many of the plants in the Owens sisters' pantry (and repertoire) are common and easily obtained from shops and stores, or grown in your own garden, or can be sourced from the hedgerows—preferably while wearing a wonderful hat and suitably impractical clothing! Any self-respecting witch must also possess a mortar and pestle, appropriate jars and bottles, and of course a book to write any and all recipes in. Why not add your own sketches and drawings of the plants you have been working with as you go along? The tales and folklore of many of our herbs are strange and lovely, and here we'll look briefly at a few of the herbs found in the book.

Mustard comes in several different forms, but in this case we'll look in particular at the standard white mustard grains that are often used as a seasoning. When used for magical purposes, mustard is one of the wide range of plants that confers protection and is linked with the ancient physician Asclepius, who was trained by Chiron the centaur. It can be added to incense blends as whole grains, or made into a tea or infusion for sprinkling in the corners of rooms.

Garlic, that fiery, much loved ingredient of many different recipes, has long been associated with witches, in particular that ancient witch queen Hecate. It links us with the underworld and can be used in recipes where information from the underworld is required. The ancient Greeks used to place cloves and bulbs of garlic atop piles of stones at crossroads as a gift and meal for Hecate. The Egyptians used to link it with divinity. Later on, there was a belief that when the devil first stepped out of Eden after the fall, garlic grew where his foot fell.

Rosemary is a Mediterranean herb by nature and thrives in hot, sunny spots in the garden with fairly good soil drainage. The bright, zesty scent of the leaves clears the head and encourages direct thinking, lifts poor moods, and has effects on the heart and circulatory system as well, so truly an herb that will do many things! To bring the clarifying effects of rosemary into your life, try chewing a single leaf to clear the head, or apply a few drops of the essential oil to a tissue and inhale the scent regularly to improve memory. Rosemary brings remembrance, as the old saying goes, and it has long been a funerary herb dropped onto coffins and graves in symbolic remembrance of those who have left us, as well as acting as a token of immortality. It has also been linked with weddings and fidelity. Magically it has been considered an herb of protection for countless centuries, and wreathes and branches of it can be hung around the house for this effect. The dried leaves can be added to incenses, which, when burned, give off a pungent smoke. Sicilian legends reckon that fairy folk hide beneath rosemary bushes. Another old piece of folklore held that where rosemary was dominant in the garden, the woman ruled the house!

Myrrh has been used for both medicinal and sacred purposes for many thousands of years, and the scented resin grains are still a common ingredient in many incense blends. It is linked with sacredness and sanctity and is often used to "set the scene" for spellcraft and magic. Often connected with any kind of work with the shadows and darkness in us, it is linked with death and dying and facilitates the transition between the two and as such can also be used to act as a kind of conduit to the underworld. Often used in divination as an incense, it brings clarity and the link with intuition often needed to divine successfully and was an important ingredient in the ancient Egyptian perfume kyphi.

Star anise has traditionally been used in Japan as an herb for the sacred and is often found on temple grounds and burial sites for this reason. It brings comfort and positive energies, as well as



The Herbs of Practical Magic

Ali English

having a protective influence. It is often used as an incense either as part of a ritual or as a way of banishing negative energies and influences from a place. I like to think that it brings bright, cheerful light into a room, much like that of a hearth fire on a cold night. It can be used as part of a practice to transition from life into death.

Mugwort's long, traditional usage has been as a herb of prophecy and divination, and it has been used as an ingredient of incenses, sleep pillows, teas, baths, and oils, and was originally one of the nine sacred herbs of the Anglo-Saxons. It can be used to bring dreams and prophecies, in particular during divination and in conjunction with lucid-dreaming practices. It can, conversely, also be used as an herb to chase away nightmares. Linked with moon goddesses, it has the energy of a calm, powerful grandmother, like the focus of a hearth fire in the darkness, with stars high above. The use of mugwort both grounds and elevates, helping us reach that point between heaven and earth where we are most at peace and most creative and intuitive. It is a wayfarer's herb and protects those who journey.



Yarrow is another herb with a long history of both magical and practical uses. Traditionally linked with Chiron and Achilles, it was given to Achilles to heal his wounds on the battlefield. Magically and spiritually it is often used these days as a protective herb to reduce the likelihood of negative energies affecting a person's psyche. It, like mugwort and vervain, has also been linked with divination, being sewn into sachets and placed under the pillow. The *I Ching* was traditionally made from yarrow stalks, according to some histories.



Holly is a tree that has long been linked with winter, the Holly King being perhaps the most noteworthy piece of folklore around it. An old wives' tale reckons that if there are many berries on the holly tree, the winter will be hard, and another old snippet states that bringing holly indoors in the winter will protect the house and bring cheer to it—possibly due to the amount of light that bounces off those beautifully shiny

leaves. And of course the points of the leaves themselves are rather off-putting if you snag yourself on them. The druids used to decorate their huts with evergreens to provide a warm place for the local Good Neighbors during the cold part of the year. I leave it to you to decide if this was a good idea or not! When holly is planted outside the home, authors as far back as Pliny have associated it with the ability to deter poisons, lightning, and witches from livestock and homes. It was long held that holly leaves thrown at water had the power to make it freeze, and that splinters of the wood when thrown at livestock would make the animal come and lie down by it.

Hyssop has long had a history of use as an herb of purification, and is often used as a sprinkle or incense to cleanse and clear sacred spaces. It also can be included in incense blends before spellwork. It does have some affinity with the winter solstice and as such can be used in combination with holly. Small bunches of hyssop and holly can be gathered in the summer, bound up with a suitable colored cord, and hung around the home to guard and protect the abode and all who dwell within it. A strong tea of hyssop can be added to ritual baths to purify and encourage access to the more spiritual self.



And, finally, vervain, one of the most sacred herbs, has traditionally been one of the main herbs used by all sorts of sorcerers and magicians in their rites. It was gathered by the druids for use in their workings as well, most notably perhaps in the creation of Lustral water. It was hung around the neck as a protective herb against snake bites and to bring good luck, and it was also used as a dreaming herb, added to sleep and divination teas and sachets to encourage lucid dreaming and clear divination. It has also long been used as an herb to encourage joy in life, to help prevent a person from being dragged down by their circumstances, and it's also been included in love potions and rites. Use vervain to encourage and foster creativity and intuition.



LAND PROTECTION CHARM

by Juleigh Howard-Hobson

This charm requires a good clean heavy Jar, with a lid that closes tight. Also some Water that has been left out overnight At the new moon; it doesn't need to be Much, half a jar. Then, however you come By them (take, find, make, steal: it's all alright), Gather up some small sharp objects: busted Knife blades, tacks, glass shards, metal slivers, pins, Razors, needles, splinters, thorns, even bits Of hard plastic. Whatever. Then, dust it All with some plain white salt and put it in The jar. Pour in as much water as fits. Close the jar. Bury it a foot at least. Your land is protected: north south west east.



Historic clothing created and modeled by Seamstress of Rohan. Photography by Helena Aguilar Mayans.

Ali English has been fascinated by herbs, folklore, and fairy tales from a very young age, and since qualifying as a medical herbalist in 2009, she has spent her time painting, designing botanical fabrics, writing, teaching, and working with plants in the hills of North Lincolnshire, U.K. Her blog can be found at eldrum.co.uk and a portfolio site can be found at eldwolf.co.uk.

Rachel Oakes resides on the outskirts of the historic city of Cambridge, England, and divides her time between sculpting fantastical figures wearing sumptuous velvets and silk and drawing lush illustrations often inspired by her love of folklore, period films, and literature. Her Enchanted Oaks collection can be found on Etsy @etsy.com/shop/enchantedoaks.



**WHAT YOU NEED
TO CAST A SPELL
TO RID A HOUSE
OF UNEASE**

by Juleigh Howard-Hobson



Take a spoon, silver's best, but any spoon
Will do, so long as it is old. It should
Be held in the left hand. Take it now, room
To room while making motions that you would
Make if you were having to scoop around
Or dig up unseen things—which of course you
Are—the spoon holds negativities found
In the house. When every room's been gone through,
You must take the spoon to a crossroads, then
With your right hand you need to dig a hole
That you place the spoon in with your left one.
Use both your hands to bury it. And when
You're done—just walk away. It takes control
Not to look back, but don't. That's it. You're done.

Juleigh Howard Hobson's otherworldly writing has appeared in The Liar's League, New Witch, Enchanted Conversation, History Is Dead (Permuted Press), Mandragora (Scarlett Imprint) and many other places. She lives by a deep dark forest in the Pacific Northwest, magically living and writing among natural standing stones and sacred circles.

The DIVINE MYSTERY
of PAMELA COLMAN SMITH



© Lisa Gill

BY MICHELLE TEA

I own a T-shirt that gets a lot of compliments. It reads FAMOUS WITCHES in a fancy blue font, above photos of famously witchy women like musicians Stevie Nicks and Cher (cuddling a black cat), artists Yayoi Kusama and Frida Kahlo, and transgender activist Marsha P. Johnson.

But who is that mischievous-looking woman, hair piled atop her head, beads piled onto her satiny, leg-of-mutton blouse? Dramatic earrings, arms folded, one eyebrow slightly cocked. It's Pamela Colman Smith. You might not recognize her name, but I promise you know her art, have likely interacted with it, might even own it. Colman Smith created the Rider-Waite tarot deck, the classic deck that pops up in every TV show, movie, or photo shoot with a tarot scene in it. The yellow-edged box, the plaid backside. It is the deck that I first learned tarot on, upwards of thirty years ago, but I didn't know very much about its female creator, whose name is conspicuously absent from the box (grrr).



Colman Smith was an Aquarius, born in Britain on February 16, 1878. Her mother was Jamaican, her father a white American. Moving as she did between Britain, the United States, and Jamaica, her frequent images of ships and the rolling, blue ocean feel personal. Known as Pixie to her friends, Colman Smith had artistic influences that included the heavily metaphorical philosophy of the Symbolists, which served

her well in creating a tarot deck, layered as it is with glyphs and mystery. That she was also interested in Art Nouveau aesthetics is evident at a glance.

At the age of twenty-eight, she approached photographer Alfred Stieglitz, wanting her paintings and drawings to be hung in his Little Galleries of the Photo-Secession, which until that point had only exhibited photography. But Stieglitz thought such work could help illuminate photography's "possibilities and limitations," so he agreed. The show opened in the winter of 1907 and was the most popular exhibit in the gallery's two-year history. All of Colman Smith's work was sold. Stieglitz showed her work again and again, even photographing it himself, creating a portfolio of platinum prints he sold commercially for his own benefit.

In 1909, occult scholar Arthur Edward Waite paid Colman Smith a flat fee to illustrate the seventy-eight cards of the tarot. An occult scholar, Waite had already published numerous

books before embarking on a tarot project, volumes on alchemy and black magic as well as explorations of the work of famous mystics. The two knew each other from the Golden Dawn, a western mysticism order they both belonged to. The 15th century Sola Busca tarot—the only tarot to use pictorial images and not repetitive numbers—was used as a guide; the collaborators viewed the Italian deck when the Sola family gave a set of photographs of it to the British Museum in 1907. Some images, like the iconic, piercing Three of Swords, are clearly lifted from the older deck, while others are less obviously derivative. The style, however, is a huge departure: simpler, modern, less muscular, more romantic. Colman Smith finished the deck, a total of eighty cards, in just six months. In a letter to Stieglitz, she wrote, "I've just finished a big job for very little cash!"

By 1911, Colman Smith had converted to Catholicism, taking on the middle name Mary. Though this seems like a sad turn for a spiritually adventurous artist, she urged friends to join in her converting, as the Catholic Church was "such fun!" Perhaps she could feel the pagan undertones in so much of the Roman Catholic Church's pomp and circumstance. In any case, Catholics were an oppressed minority in the U.K., and while Colman Smith's conversion might seem like a move toward conservatism today, at the time it likely only enhanced her eccentricity.

Colman Smith died in 1951, in Bude, Cornwall, where she lived in a home bought with an inheritance from an uncle. The occupation listed on her death certificate reads "Spinster of Independent Means." Though just a decade earlier she had been recognized by the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, she was not listed as an artist and was making a meager living running a home for vacationing Catholic priests. What art was in her possession when she died of heart disease was sold at auction to pay off her considerable debts. The rest of her estate was willed to her "flatmate" Nora Lake, a reputed spiritualist and Colman Smith's likely lover; the two had been companions for forty years. Although nothing definitive is written about the artist's sexual predilections, she never married, was linked to no men, and spent her time in the company of women, many of them known queers such as the handsome Edith "Edy" Craig, a bisexual suffragist who famously lived in a ménage-à-trois with a straight couple until her death. Craig was also the model for the Queen of Wands in Colman Smith's tarot. Some find it rude to speculate about a person's sexuality; I find it to be a lot of fun. Reading between the lines, as is necessary when looking for lesbians of yore, it seems clear that Pamela Colman Smith preferred the company of women.

Though scholars dig through documents and tarot-loving psychics conduct rituals, no resting place for Pamela Colman

"Tarot scholars are known to refer to the Rider-Waite deck as the Waite-Smith deck, canceling out the (male) publisher's name for the name of the woman who made it—and the practice of tarot itself—what it is today."

Smith has ever been found. She may be buried in an unmarked grave in the Bude cemetery; she may have been cremated (though unlikely for a passionate Catholic); she might have been buried at sea. Like the originals of the eighty cards she labored over, Colman Smith herself has vanished. Forevermore we have her work, a tarot deck that not only pleases the eye but speaks directly to the subconscious—an art tool that allows us to get closer to ourselves, the universe, the divine mystery of existence. Tarot scholars are known to refer to the Rider-Waite deck as the Waite-Smith deck, canceling out the (male) publisher's name for the name of the woman who made it—and the practice of tarot itself—what it is today. I suggest we all do the same. Blessed be, Pamela Colman Smith. May you feel our delayed appreciation, wherever you are.



In her new book, *Modern Tarot: Connecting With Your Highest Self Through the Wisdom of the Cards*, Michelle Tea reinvents tarot for a new generation. "I love reading tarot cards," she says. "They are complicated and inviting little bundles of art designed to bring you closer to your own experience and to the mysteries of the universe. I've long been putting my own spin on the tarot in readings, interpreting these ancient images for our own day and time, looking for ways to subvert the dated approach to gender and the heterosexism baked into classic decks. With *Modern Tarot* I got to really look at my methods and find ways to share them with both longtime readers and those interested but intimidated by the tarot."



The Carterhaugh School of Folklore and the Fantastic



The Rising of MAGIC HOUSE

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY STEVE PARKE

By Veronica Warlow

The 100-year-old cottage was in ruin from years of neglect, and no one had wanted it. Four buyers had fallen through because they didn't want the task of fixing it. The second I laid eyes on the sweet country porch and its rickety charm, I fell in love. It was 2005, and my former partner and I, both performers in New York City, had barely enough money to scrape by for rent. But that year was the year that American banks were giving out mortgages like candy, regardless of your credit or how little you had in the bank (which resulted in the massive housing crash of 2008). We were shocked to find out we had been approved for a mortgage with no cash down and \$900 between us in our bank accounts.

When we signed the papers, there was no key to hand over. The Little Cottage just was open. We pulled up the dank rugs, broke through the floor of the attic, and let sunshine stream into places that had never seen it. That Father's Day, my dad (known fondly among my friends as the Big Dude) road-tripped to help me paint the front porch spindles with tiny brushes—colors of sky blue, majestic purple, and mint green. Friends came up on the weekends and pitched in for a chance to enjoy the mountain and swim in the famous Big Deep river hole in the summer. The Little Cottage went from looking like it was the dingy setting of a horror film in the woods to a brightly colored fairy-tale dwelling. Local children nicknamed it the Easter Bunny House, and I was proud of how some hard work, love, and paint was bringing the Little Cottage back to life. I planted sunny black-eyed Susans to welcome friends at the front door and hung chimes to sing on the mountain breeze. I finally felt like I found home in my life.

That was all taken away in the ten minutes it took for a raging fire to rip through the old wood structure in April 2011 and burn it to the ground.

The sweet Little Cottage, with so much history that got to be reborn and loved once again, was gone. Except for a few blackened boards with a hint of the old mint green paint on them, everything was lost. I remember falling to my knees, devastated—and then seeing a single brick of the Little Cottage next to me. I clutched it to my chest, to hold on to something ... to hold onto the memory of home.

The sadness seized my days for months. My mind would wander through the ghost of the Little Cottage. I would drive to the empty field that once held the little cottage and stand in the spot where my bedroom used to be. I would sit there for hours, on top of the pieces of the fake fur of childhood stuffed animals, of old burned family photos, of things that couldn't be recovered in the fire. Mosquitos would bite me, and my skin would rise in bumps like secret braille, like some secret message to make sense of it all.

How do you begin again?

The rising of Magic House is a story worthy of fairy tales—of defeat, of triumph, of community, and of what happens when you allow yourself to believe in magic.

In the small town that we live in, everyone had heard about the fire. Houst & Sons, the local hardware store, reached out to us and let us know that any of the machines that they rented out, they would lend to us for free. Tyrone Featherly, a friend and builder, was so moved by seeing the devastation of the cottage that he volunteered to come help build the shell for a discounted friend rate in exchange for a place to stay for a year. Friends came in droves on weekends, as we scoured YouTube for how-to videos by day and wielded hammers and nails and huddled by a campfire by night. Several people in town who had seen the devastation and knew how hard we were working to fix the old place left anonymous cards of support with hardware store gift cards. We got a lot of the pieces and parts of the house from Build It Green, a reuse salvage place of building and construction material. Over the years, with hard work, with a lot of dreaming, the phoenix started to rise from the ashes.

There is a new story to be told now, rooted in the love from the old stories.

That single brick that I found the day of the fire is in the center of the new home, and our old friend, the Little Cottage, became born again in a new incarnation known as Curiosa Magic House.

Before a single board was nailed, I was in the wet cement of the foundation in knee-high rubber boots sprinkling rosebuds for love, mugwort for dreams and creativity, linden flowers for





sweetness in home, allspice for abundance, blessed thistle for protection, and orange peels for joy. A scroll of all the names of the friends, family, and community who stood by our side was tied with a golden ribbon and placed into the center of the foundation, along with a magical sigil of dedication for Magic House to be a temple of love, art, inspiration, creativity, and magic.

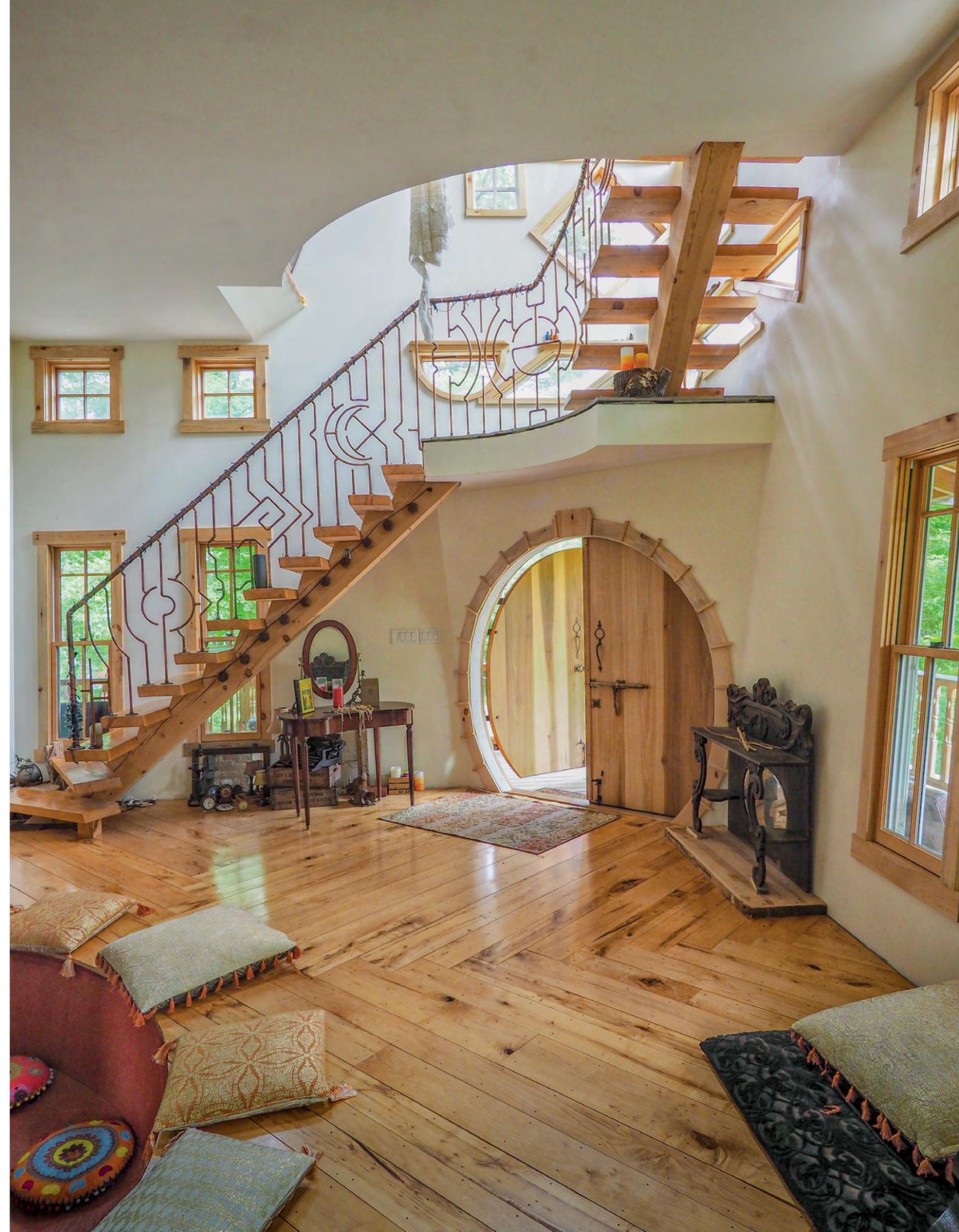
Curiosa Magic House is carefully aligned exactly to the four cardinal directions. The hand-carved wooden point above the hobbit door points directly due south, so the front door opens to the sunshine energy, creativity, and love that the magical element of south offers. The back of the house points to direct north, as it pulls in the wisdom vibes and points to the high slopes of the mountain.

We scavenged old bricks for the fireplace from an abandoned brick factory. We also spent days with a wheelbarrow pulling old bricks from the original home that were left in the rubble.

Traditionally, the fireplace is the heart of the home and where I wanted to craft a lasting spell. In the mortar that would hold the bricks in place, I sprinkled pieces of crystals, rosebuds, cinnamon, rosemary, allspice, and orange peels and sang a spell of home as I mixed it clockwise by hand. Love. Art. Inspiration. Creativity. Magic. The Temple of the Muses rises.

I created several recessed altars in the brick to hold candles and tea lights. My Grandma Helen, who was born of a Romani woman from Czechoslovakia, always said that the good helper spirits are drawn to the candlelight. I wanted to make sure that candles could burn in the heart of the home to exude warmth, creativity, and passion always. On the back of the bricks, with purple marker, I wrote the names of our family, of our ancestors, of our dear friends, of the animal friends who have been in our lives both past and present. I wrote a dedication to call in the future friends, art family, and magic makers and carefully placed each one with its wish and name placed facing in, and surrounded it with the magical mortar mix to seal it.

The bones of Magic House, each board of wood underneath the drywall, has spells, sigils, and incantations written on it. The curving cursive of the words and symbols are blessings of the magic of the land, the enchanted creatures of the forest and the mountain, and a call to the muses of magic. Herbs of creativity and love are sealed in the walls surrounding the house, and every single person—every friend and family member—that came to help us build it would sign their name on a beam inside the wall. Through words, names, symbols, herbs, and stones, the walls rose higher each day.







On the second level, a jute rope stretches across the cascading wall of windows that draws the moonlight and the sweet sunbeams in. Upon that rope, I hung three white dresses to lure the muses of magic and creativity in, pretty things for them to wear when they arrive. The center dress is a cream Victorian lace dress that I wore in a ritual with sixteen other witches in the river that runs below Magic House, when we performed a midsummer self-marriage ceremony. The hundred-year-old cream lace is tattered from that gorgeous day as I hiked through the woods with my sisters of the Magic House Coven to the river. The lace still holds some of the pieces of twigs and leaves from the forest.

Curiosa Magic House rose up through the magic of community, friendship, and imagination. Since 2015, I have been holding Love Witch retreats four times a year there, and all the tuition from the retreats goes back into the building of the house. This past summer, I started Witch Camp here too, and an amazing sisterhood from around the world heard the call to work good magic in this sunny enchanted place on the mountain.

Good memories are etched into every fiber of the wood here, through the sweet smoke of the handmade incense in our cauldrons, through the beat of the drums and the sound of our voices singing, through our barefoot dances in the moonlight that beams through the waterfall of windows, through the howling of the Little Wolf (our Chihuahua, Ninety), who beckons all the others to howl with her. All of us move forward to weave our enchanted stories together with an ancient feeling of home. This is what happens when the memories of what once was are entwined with memories of what we create today. This is the magical place where the Little Cottage and Curiosa Magic House combine and live on forever in this sacred land.

It reads just like a fairy tale.

In a place once devastated, that rose up in community, we all find the power to rise up together.



My Top Five Tips FOR CREATING A MAGICAL HOUSE

1 My Grandma Helen always loved to use the sound of bells to clear the air and move “stuck” energy in a space. Growing up, I remember her cranking a small iron wheel of bells in her house several times a day to wake up and boost the energy of the home. Whether you have a small handheld bell, a wind chime, a singing bowl, or a gong, sound vibration moves the air in a space and gives it an uplifting charge that you will feel.

2 Our sense of smell is our strongest connector to memory and also will affect our emotions. I love to put orange, lemon, lime, and grapefruit (the beloved citrus oils) in a diffuser or rub them into the wood of my home. The scent of citrus is known to be a mood lifter and will combat depression. My Grandma Helen used to iron rose oil into her and my Grandpa Warren’s sheets to create their own sacred space. What oils are you drawn to for creating your own temple space?

3 I personally love colorful chalkboard paint for doors. Words are wands. Take a piece of chalk and get going! Scrawl sigils or symbols that mean something to you or words that inspire your space. What vibes do you want to invite into your home? Temples around the world are dedicated to ideas of what they wish to create. Treating your home as your temple—what would you dedicate it to? Art? Love? Magic? If you are in the broom closet, simply buy a roll of colorful duct tape and cut it to twenty-four inches long and one and a half inches wide. Write your dedication on the tape in marker. Stick the tape to the underside of your door, where no one else knows it’s there but you! Every time the door swings open, the words will be charged as they sweep the pathway to the inside of your home. That’s what you call magic *afoot!*

4 Everyone knows about the ancient art of dream catchers that catch the bad dreams in their webs, but what about amping your dreams? How can we do that? Well, this love witch adores using rose petals to scroll up my wishes and then falling asleep underneath them. Cut out a piece of paper about four by four inches. Write your wish upon it and scroll it up. Wrap a rose petal around it. Then tie a piece of natural twine around the rose petal. (You can also add springs of lavender for sweet dreams.) You can nail or thumbtack the twine to your wall above your head and sleep with your dreams at the crown of your head.

5 Bewitch your boards! This is the floor wash that I use for floors, walls, doorways, and front steps.

9 lemons
2 tbsp. sea salt
2 cinnamon sticks
9 drops of pure lavender oil
Handful of mint leaves
(you can buy in bundle at your grocery store).
2 tsp. organic vanilla extract
Dash of cloves
2 cups distilled white vinegar

Boil a pot of water. Once it starts boiling, shut off stove and let water cool a little while adding ingredients. Squeeze the lemons into the boiling water first. I make a wish for the space and what I want to create on each one of the nine lemons. Take a lemon, make a wish, cut in half, and put a half in each hand, then imagine your wish happening. Once you feel it, squeeze both halves of that lemon at the same time into the boiling pot. Crush up the mint leaves for prosperity and for everyone who walks in your space to feel refreshed! Sprinkle over the top of the water.

Add the cinnamon sticks for success and good luck, the sea salt for protection, the dash of cloves for sensual spice, and the vanilla extract for friendship.

Once the water cools to a lukewarm temperature, add the lavender drops for relaxation and the two cups of distilled white vinegar (one of my favorite natural cleaning tools—nontoxic and inexpensive).

Stir it all up and get ready to go to town! I sometimes will put small rosebuds in the bottom for love enchantments, coins for abundance, shells for relaxation. They stay on the bottom of the pot for “grounding.”

I start my cleaning at the threshold. Wipe down the frame of the door with the mixture. I work in a counterclockwise motion because it’s going against time—and everyone who steps into my living space will feel as if they have moved out of time into a whole new and different magical space.

MAGIC TIP:

Make sure to pay attention to the window and door frames as you go around the space—they are just as important as the floor.

Mirror Magic

There is also quite a collection of magic mirrors in Curiosa Magic House, and I wanted to share some mirror magic passed down from my Grandma Helen to enchant your home. I hope you enjoy these tips!

All the mirrors I have are old. One I picked up in a 100-year-old barn at a garage sale. One I found at a flea market—a train case charmer from the 1960s. One I found discarded on the side of the winding mountain road on a summer day. I collect the orphans.

They all contain history—the faces that have gazed upon them over decades, the spaces they have seen—all deep into the magic of their reflection. I make a mirror mine through my own magic triple c's: cleaning, charging, and charming.

I start with a blend of half water, half white distilled vinegar in a spray bottle to cleanse the mirror. I speak sweet words over the water and spray it on. I use the local arts section of the newspaper (poetry sections are my favorite to clean magic mirrors with) to wipe the glass. My magic mirrors love pretty words.

I dab lemon or grapefruit on each corner of the frame to call in joy and brightness to the reflection of the mirror.

Then, I charge the mirrors. I have strategically set the mirrors across my yard and in the windows to bounce the beautiful sunshine and the wild moons. If I leave a mirror in the sunshine for a full day, this will bounce back to the person looking into it so that when they gaze upon it, they shine like the sun. If you leave a mirror out under the moon, it will reflect mystery and dreaming to you each time you get ready before the mirror. My long vintage mirror that I use to practice my burlesque routines is charged with equal parts sun and moon.



Now Comes The Charm!

Every mirror has its own personality and purpose. Decide if the mirror will be yours only (a mirror hidden in a travel case or put away when you aren't around) or if it is out and on display for all to enjoy.

Once I've decided the intention of a magic mirror, I gaze into it, making sure to lock into my own eyes in the mirror. I then say a line or two of intention for that mirror. It comes to me right away and will for you too. For instance, one intention might be "May everyone who comes across this mirror find something intriguingly beautiful about themselves that may have been hidden to them before."

In my Mirror of Story that sits in the center of Magic House, I said, "May my mind swirl with adventures of stories and myth throughout time when I look upon this glass. May the muses sing to me from other worlds when my eyes fall upon this mirror."

When I'm writing and I get stuck, I simply gaze into the Mirror of Story for a few moments and it always does the trick.

After saying the words to charm a mirror, I blow on it with a long slow breath as if I'm making a wish. Then I ring a bell and the charm has been set in motion.



An excerpt from
THE WIND IN HIS HEART

by Charles de Lint

She scrambled up the bank of the wash and ran across a dirt yard, right up to the front door of the witch's house. Looking back again, she saw that the gangbangers had stopped at the edge of the property. Interesting. They weren't even shooting at her anymore. Maybe she could just cut across the witch's yard and lose herself in the barrio. But then one of the men made a waving motion with his arm and two of them set off at a trot, circumventing the witch's yard as they made their way to the front of her property.

Which left her with only one course of action.

As she returned her attention to the witch's door she remembered the strange beings she'd seen behind Aggie's place, the animal people gathered around a fire. If they were real, if the gangbangers were too scared to chase her onto the witch's property, then maybe there was more to the witch than just stories.

Double crap.

Before she lost her nerve, she lifted her hand and rapped sharply on the witch's door. For a long moment there was no response, but just as she was getting ready to knock again the door swung open and an old dark-skinned woman stood there, regarding her with curiosity. She didn't seem particularly scary. Her long hair was in a single braid that hung down the front of a plain white cotton blouse. She wore a dark skirt underneath and looked like some Mexican kid's grandmother. But there was something in her eyes that made Sadie put her hand in the pocket of her hoodie and close her fingers around her utility knife.

"Is there something you want, girl?" the old woman asked in a gravelly voice after the two of them had stood there for a while regarding each other.

Sadie cleared her throat. "Sanctuary," she said. "I want sanctuary."

"This isn't a church," the old woman said.

Sadie rolled her eyes. "You think I don't know that?"

The old woman cocked her head a little and studied her with eyes so dark they seemed to swallow all light. "Sanctuary from what?" she finally asked.

"Cops, mostly. Right now, gangbangers."

The old woman nodded. "I see. And what have you done to earn their combined ire?"

It took Sadie a moment to figure out what she'd said.

"With the cops, it's complicated, but part of it is that I stole one of their pickups. The gangbangers are mad at me because

I abandoned the cops' truck in the dry wash at the back of their property."

"That would do it. And what do the cousins want with you?"

"The who?"

The old woman nodded at something over Sadie's shoulder. When Sadie turned, she saw a young Indian woman standing equidistant between the two groups of gangbangers. She wore jeans and a red and black flannel shirt over a white tee. Her red hair was in a braid. There didn't seem to be anything special about her, but even with the distance between them, Sadie could see that the woman had a serious hate on for her.

What the hell? What had she ever done to that bitch?

"I have no idea who that is," she said. "Is she your cousin?"

Or the cousin of one of the gangbangers?"

"'Cousin' is what the animal people call themselves."

"Animal people," Sadie repeated slowly.

She remembered the paintings in Aggie's home. The fire last night and all the half human, half animal beings gathered around it.

Aggie's friends.

And she'd cut Aggie open with her knife back at the cop shop.

Sadie glanced at the woman again. "She looks human to me," she said. "I thought they were, like, a mash-up of animals and people."

"They can look as human as you or me."

Of course they could, the freaks.

"I might have pissed one or two of them off," she admitted.

"Is that a problem?"

"I don't do business with either the police or my neighbors next door. But many of the cousins are customers of mine, so I can't help you."

"You're just going to let them kill me?"

"Is that their intent?"

"How would I know? I didn't even know they existed until last night, and now all of a sudden they're all up in my face."

Sadie massaged her temples with her hands. When she took them away, she tried again. "Please. Isn't there anything you can do?"

"That depends. This isn't a charity. What do you have to offer for my services?"

"I don't have any money." Sadie thought about what witches usually wanted in stories or movies. "I suppose you want my firstborn kid or something. Or maybe my soul."

"Is that what you're offering?"



Illustration by Charles Vess

Sadie wasn't sure she believed in souls and afterlives and crap like that. But if this old witch was willing to barter for hers, then she sure as hell wasn't giving it up.

"Does it have to be *my* soul?" she asked.

For the first time the old woman actually looked interested.

"No," she said. "But it has to be given up willingly."

"Well yeah," Sadie told her, though she'd known no such thing.

"And if the promised soul isn't forthcoming, then yours will be forfeit."

Sadie had to think on that for a moment to figure out exactly what the old woman was saying. Really, what was with her? She couldn't talk like a normal person?

"That won't be a problem," she said. She'd figure it out later. Truth was, right now she'd say any damn thing just to get out of the mess she was in.

The old woman stood aside and ushered her in.

"What's your name?" Sadie asked as she went by.

"Around here, people call me Abuela," the woman said

from behind her.

Sadie didn't speak Spanish, but she understood enough to know that only meant grandmother.

"My name's Sadie."

"I know."

Sadie turned around, startled that the old woman would know her name. But then she realized that it was easy to say you knew something after you'd already been told as much.

Abuela smiled. There was something in her eyes that said she knew exactly what was running through Sadie's mind.

"So, Sadie Higgins," Abuela added. "Who do you know that will offer up their soul in return for your safety?"

Okay, Sadie thought. How the hell did she know my whole name?

Abuela smiled. When she closed the door behind her, Sadie realized she might be in more trouble inside the witch's house than she'd been outside of it.

THE SEED OF MAGIC

in Charles de Lint's *The Wind in His Heart*

by Lizz Huerta

Charles de Lint's first adult novel in eight years, *The Wind in His Heart*, will have longtime and new fans of his work rejoicing. The 556-page book is classic de Lint, filled with flawed but relatable characters, sojourns into the otherworld of mythic time, and a setting inspired by the Sonoran landscape.

"The first time I stepped outside the Tucson airport a couple of decades ago, the air smelled like home," de Lint says. "When I hike in any of the four mountain ranges surrounding the city, my spiritual batteries get fully charged. I love writing about it because it's a way to revisit when I can't do so physically."

The cast of characters includes someone who may or may not be a rock star thought to be dead, a young indigenous man torn between the responsibilities and traditions of home and an ache to explore the world, a teenage runaway escaping an abusive home and using her survival techniques against those helping her, a bad *bruja*, and a tenacious writer whose seeking fits perfectly within the threads of stories de Lint has expertly woven into a sprawling journey.

The largest character in *The Wind in His Heart* is the land. The fictional Hierro Maderas Mountains and the spirit worlds they butt up against inform the story. De Lint says of the land:

The desert is far from barren but it's more open than most other landscapes. There's no place to hide. The sky is enormous but feels very near, and those mountains that seem so close are much farther away than they appear. There is danger and wonder everywhere, from the barbed thorns of the plants to creatures that live in this inhospitable environment. Water is dangerously scarce. Moonlight is always magic, but in the desert it seems to truly sing. And no matter what time of day, the desert is always alive and resonant with beautiful sounds. All of this lends itself to stories that are honest and unflinching, characters that are pared down to their core essence. The veil between this world and the next feels thin, especially at night, so that spirits wandering abroad don't just seem possible but probable.

Many of the characters live on the fictional Kikimi Indian Reservation. De Lint doesn't hesitate to explore issues and conversations around indigenous spirituality, water rights, and the complications of bringing outsiders to the reservation via a casino and hunting lodge. The battle plays out eloquently in the storyline of Thomas Corn Eyes, whose doubts and desires pull him in seemingly opposite directions. Thomas can "see a little deeper into the invisible world of the spirits than most people could, but that wasn't something he would ever talk about. He didn't want to risk gaining the attention of the tribal shaman,

Ramon Morago." Thomas wants to turn his back on his traditions, leave the Kikimi Reservation, but he is the primary caretaker of his family. We see the beginning of his journey to wisdom, and the perils each path presents.

The battle doesn't end at the borders of the world as we know it. The complications of human-spirit relationships are a familiar theme for de Lint. He says, "The *hechicera* woman known as Abuela takes from the spirits of land to help her own people. She can rationalize it as doing a good thing, but naturally the spirits don't view it the same way." An *hechicera* is a sorceress, one who manipulates the spirits and their powers for personal gain. She isn't the most sympathetic character, yet de Lint treats her with the respect he gives to all his characters. Abuela too must face the consequences of her actions.

De Lint is known for writing strong female characters, and *The Wind in His Heart* is no different. The women feel like women you could run into at the supermarket, women whose stories of survival and thriving feel familiar. He is also an expert at creating nonhuman women; the *ma'inawo* in de Lint's mythos are stunning. There's Calico, a foxalope woman (part fox, part antelope) you want to grab a beer or cup of tea with. She dances in and out of the storyline, trickster and warrior, in complicated love with a human man. Kikimi elder and artist Aggie fulfills the role of wise woman with wit, patience, and razor-sharp tongue.

"Too often, women in the media are presented to us as shallow or vacuous when, in fact, strong women are far more prevalent and fascinating," de Lint says. "They're fun to bring onto the page, fully formed and comfortable in their own skin—like Aggie, who's been around for a very long time—but they're even more interesting to explore as they grow and come into their own, like Leah and Sadie. Magic doesn't solve Leah and Sadie's problems. But it does illuminate them and show both characters the tools they need to prevail."

Each of the characters de Lint creates struggles with their own set of personal demons. De Lint is bracingly honest in examining how different traumas and coping mechanisms can cloud the sense of self each character is seeking. He places them in situations where hiding from their demons is untenable, and the characters discover how strong they truly are, the potential for magic each carries within. It is nearly impossible to step away from a visit to de Lint's world without the seed of that magic being tended in the reader's heart. He reminds us that magic is real, and it is within us to awaken it.



Lizz Huerta is a latinx writer in San Diego. She is currently working on a short story collection and a high fantasy novel that has pyramids and jaguars instead of castles and dragons. Read more at www.lizzhuerta.com.

A Dream of Muddy Water

by RIVER JORDAN

I was raised by a Southern tribe of women who believed in Jesus and could tell the future. The Jesus part was easy. It was easy as heat lighting on a summer night. They were Southern and Jesus ran through their blood like pinesap through the trees. You would think that the nature of God would draw more questions for the telling. More back chilling, spine-tingling mystery, but this was not the case. This was the black and white of it. The cut and dried. The Family Bible on the table. Prayers called out over food and footsteps. Sunday, go to meeting. Jesus was no mystery. Jesus was real. This future shrouded in forebodings and signs of all kinds, now that was a mystery.

The men in the family knew no future other than the day at hand. They were tough and tumble guys. They fished, they hunted, they worked, they drank, and they told lies and alibis. The telling of the things to come was not a part of them. Hard work was a part of them. Alcohol was a part of them. They were made up of three parts survival and one part mischief, and so while the men stayed grounded to the earth, to mills and cotton fields, the women were the mistresses of all manner of things. They pulled their shifts, picked cotton, worked peanut mills and water wells—but they were also the mistresses of the other things that were a part of life.

They cooked the food and rocked the babies. They tended to the things that fell into their charge and keeping. Blessings and dinner on the ground. Signs and wonders. Dreams and foretellings of different kinds. And the women drank this portion of their cup without complaint. Carried the burden of all of it and the men let them carry it on, following from a respectful distance, shuffling on the edge of mystery.

These mothers of mine, for they were all mothers, could tell things by the weather. By the way wild animals appeared and disappeared. They could call the sex of an unborn child, tell it by the way a woman walked, know if a boy-child or a girl-child was coming. They could find a missing husband cold turkey in the middle of the night three cities away in a stranger's bed, and in some cases, they could tell fortunes. For them the veil between time and distance and other worlds was thin, more gossamer than brick.

Like the morning that my Grandmother rose from a troubled sleep and announced at the buttering of the biscuits, "Last night I had a dream of muddy water." She paused, took a sip of her coffee from a plain, white cup, and looked up.

"Go on," my mother told her. So she did.

"I was standing on a bridge looking for something, looking up and down that creek.

The wind was dead and silent, completely absent. The water was full of mud and sorrow. Barely moving."

She looked at my aunts seated around the table, her eyes passing over my head that barely cleared the table's edge as I sat in my mother's lap.

"I never found what I was looking for."

Then the circle of aunts shook their heads, went to *tsk*-ing with their tongues, and picking up a thread of worry. What would come next? A sick child? Dead animals? A husband hurt or worse? And the worry would continue until, sure enough, the dream would fulfill itself. Bad times, once on a distant horizon, would land nearby.

On frequent nights, too small for much of anything but being rocked, I stayed there in that old house and slept alongside my grandmother. A tiny thing lying in that big iron bed, the sound of those old fans with blades that could chop a finger off spun everywhere, rotating, stirring the hot air. Me, so small with eyes open, still awake, I'd look out the window across the dark field and into the woods. As I lay there, not sleeping, the sole survivor of the day, still wakeful, still watching, I'd see thunderstorms move across that field towards us. Watch as they drew nearer until thunder shook the house. Until lightning was upon us. Until the very air hissed, cracked, and rolled. Until I thought we were going to die. Yet, my grandmother slept on, breathing evenly in and out, exhaling sights unseen over me until finally I drifted off into a hot, Southern, sleep of my own.



River Jordan is the author of four critically acclaimed novels and two works of non-fiction. This essay is an excerpt from her upcoming book, *Confessions of An American Mystic: Stories of Faith and Fiction*, which will be published by Hachette in 2018.





The most glorious hour in Manhattan was when twilight fell in sheets across the Great Lawn. Bands of blue turned darker by the moment as the last of the pale light filtered through the boughs of cherry trees and black locusts. In October, the meadows turned gold; the vines were twists of yellow and red. But the park was more and more crime-ridden. The Owens siblings had ridden their bikes on the paths without adult supervision when they were five and six and seven; now children were forbidden to go past the gates after nightfall. There were muggings and assaults; desperate men who had nowhere else to go slept on the green benches and under the yews.

An excerpt from
The **RULES**
of **MAGIC** *by Alice Hoffman*

Illustration by Charles Vess

Yet to Franny, Central Park continued to be a great and wondrous universe, a science lab that was right down the street from their house. There were secret places near Azalea Pond where so many caterpillars wound cocoons in the spring that entire locust groves came alive in a single night with clouds of newly hatched Mourning Cloak butterflies. In autumn, huge flocks of migrating birds passed over, alighting in the trees to rest overnight as they traveled to Mexico or South America. Most of all, Franny loved the muddy Ramble, the wildest, most remote section of the park.

In this overgrown jumble of woods and bogs there were white-tailed mice and owls. Birds stirred in the thickets, all of them drawn to her as she walked by. On a single day waves of thirty different sorts of warblers might drift above the park. Loons, cormorants, herons, blue jays, kestrels, vultures, swans, mallards, ducks, six varieties of woodpeckers, nighthawks, chimney swifts, ruby-throated hummingbirds, and hundreds more were either migrating flyovers or year-round residents. Once Franny had come upon a blue heron, nearly as tall as she. It walked right over to her, unafraid, while her own heart was pounding. She stayed still, trying her best to barely breathe as it came to rest its head against her cheek. She cried when it had flown away, like a beautiful blue kite. She, who prided herself on her tough exterior, could always be undone by the beauty of flight.

Near the Ramble was the Alchemy Tree, an ancient oak hidden in a glen few park goers ever glimpsed, a gigantic twisted specimen whose roots grew up from the ground in knotty bumps. The tree was said to be 500 years old, there long before teams of workers turned what had been an empty marshland into the groomed playground imagined by Frederick Law Olmsted in 1858, giving the city a form of nature more natural than the very thing it imitated. It was here, one chilly night, that the sisters dared to unearth the abilities they had inherited. It was Samhain, the last night in October, All Hallows' Eve, the night when one season ended and another began.

Their parents were out at a costume party, having dressed as Sigmund Freud and Marilyn Monroe. It was a night of festivity, and troops of children were scattered along the city streets. Two out of three little girls were witches with tilted black hats and rustling capes. Halloween in New York City always smelled like candy corn and bonfires. Jet and Franny cut across the park to meet Vincent after his guitar lesson. As they were early, there was time to sit on the damp grass. The summer had started them thinking: If they were not like everyone else, who, then, were they? Lately they'd been itching to know what they were capable of. They had never tried to combine whatever talents they might have.

"Just this once," Jet said. "Let's see what happens. We can try something simple. A wish. One each. Let's see if we can make it be."

Franny gave her sister a discouraging look. The last time she had said *just this once*, two boys had been struck by lightning. Franny was definitely picking up something; Jet had an ulterior motive. There was something she desperately wanted. If there was ever a time to make a wish, it was now.

"We can find out what Mother has been hiding from us," Jet suggested. "See what we're really able to do."

If there was a way to get Franny involved, it was suggesting an attempt to prove their mother wrong. They joined hands and right away the air around them grew heavy and dense. Franny repeated a phrase she had overheard Aunt Isabelle recite when one of her clients had asked for a wish to be fulfilled.

We ask for this and nothing more. We ask once and will ask no more.

A soft fog rose from the ground and the birds in the thickets stopped singing. This was it. Something was beginning. They looked at each other and decided they would try.

"One wish apiece," Franny whispered. "And nothing major. No world peace or the end of poverty. We wouldn't want to push it over the limit and have some sort of rebound that does the opposite of the wish."

Jet nodded. She made her wish right away, eyes closed, breathing slowed. She was in a trance of desire and magic. Her face was flushed and hot. As for Franny, she wanted what she most often experienced in her dreams. To be among the birds. She preferred them to most human beings, their grace, their distance from the earth, their great beauty. Perhaps that was why they always came to her. In some way, she spoke their language.

After a few minutes, when it seemed nothing would happen and the air was still so heavy Franny's eyes had begun to close, Jet tugged on her sister's arm.

"Look up." There on a low branch of the tree sat a huge crow.

"Was that your wish?" Jet whispered, surprised.

"More or less," Franny whispered back.

"Of all the things in the world, a bird?"

"I suppose so. More or less."

"It is definitely studying you."

Franny stood up, took a deep breath, then lifted her arms in the air. As she did a cold wind gusted. The crow swooped off its branch and came to her just as the sparrow had in their aunt Isabelle's house, as the heron had walked to her, as birds in the park were drawn to her from their nests in the thickets. This time, however, Franny was caught off guard by the sheer weight of the bird and by the way it looked at her, as if they knew each other. She could swear she could hear a voice echo from within its beating breast. *I will never leave unless you send me away.*

She fainted right then and there in the grass.



AUTUMN LEAF DRESS

from Pam Yokoyama of 4 Seasons Painting and Landscaping

TUTORIAL

How to Make the Fall Lady

WHAT YOU NEED:

- 1 wire dress form
- 4 artificial leaf bunches for the top bodice form (get these and other materials from any craft store)
- 2 small bunches of artificial mums
- 2 larger bunches of artificial mums
- 20 artificial leaf bunches for the bottom portion of the dress
- One flexible floral wire, 6 inches or so
- 1 wire ribbon

In the opening between the top and the bottom of the form, use the flex wire to make a sort of shelf with holes in it so that the fake flowers don't fall through when you add the top flowers.

Once your shelf is made, start at the bottom, bending your flexible leaves at the top portion of the leaves. The bend portion that has no leaves on it fits nicely as the stem goes down into the form. Go all the way around with the same method, bending and placing all the stems going down into the dress. No one will see these, as the leaves will hide everything.

Then, starting with the top, add four more branches to the top portion of the dress, laying them sideways and fitting them to the front of the dress, two on each side.

Add the small mum to the front of the top bodice, and add the bigger ones in the back of the smaller ones.

Add two bendable pieces to the top neckline of the dress, intertwining them to the wire, one in front and one in back. (This one had orange beads and small orange pumpkins.) Use a green ribbon to match the leaves.

Find Pam at 4seasonspainting.com

PRACTICAL MAGIC PARTY TIPS

by Tricia Saroya



There's no better way to celebrate our favorite books and movie than with a party—and goodness knows the Owens ladies love a good soirée!

To start, pick a theme from the *Practical Magic* book or movie. Maybe you want everyone to dress up as “the Aunts,” who were noted for their agelessness, eccentric beauty, and elegant vintage clothes (not to mention their inimitable powers).

Or have your guests dress up as their favorite characters from the story. The men could don their bad-boy look by showing up as Jimmy or work the good cop angle as Gary Hallet. Some of the girls could come as a “slut” because we all know that being a slut is not a crime in this family!

For food, chocolate cake is always a good choice, and not just for breakfast. Follow Sara Ghedina's Topsy Chocolate Cake recipe on page 28, and/or have small cupcakes for each guest with little flowers on them, tipping the hat to the story's amazing gardens. Consider having a baker make individual petits fours in the shape of spell books or little black cats.

Have different “potions” with a mixed bar. Create signature drinks that reference the story, like Hallet highballs or jelly bean drops (different colored martinis with a jelly bean in it).

Make “midnight margaritas” by following another of Ghedina's recipes on page 28, and/or by adding blue food coloring to your mix. Or add in pureed blueberries for a fruity taste and a deep blue color.

Refer to the story throughout by placing lilacs, bowls of jelly beans (as a reference to Gillian or “Gilly-Bean”), or vases of Sally Holmes roses (as a reference to Sally) on the table.

Write your favorite quotes from the story on antiqued paper, scroll them, and give as party favors. There are tons to choose from! Consider using old letters or papers with old script and then write the quotes in a marker over them for an old-world feel.

Create a “spell book” for your guests to write in as a lovely keepsake from your party. Have each guest bring a favorite recipe, a prayer, or words of wisdom that they either paste or transcribe into your book. You can add to it as time goes on, or bring it out at your yearly *Practical Magic* party!



TO MAKE THE SPELL BOOK

Find an old leather-bound book with lovely detailed gilding or stamp work—slightly frayed is even better, giving it an ancient feeling. Take the covers off and hammer three or four holes through the edge with a hammer and nail. Now take heavyweight scrapbook paper that you have antiqued and cut (or tear for a rough edge) to match the size of the book covers. Punch holes through with a hole punch, matching the holes in the old book cover. Now use vintage velvet ribbon or leather strips to lace through the holes and bind your book together.

TO ANTIQUE THE PAPER:

Make sure you start with heavyweight paper that can withstand water. Now brew up a batch of concentrated very dark tea or coffee and paint your paper with it using a paintbrush or rag. Keep it uneven, making some areas darker than others. Having bits of coffee or tea leaves dotted through adds a lovely old feeling as well.



If you have your party at night, make sure your principal lighting is from tons of candles. To create a look reminiscent of the conservatory from the Aunts' house, take several clear glass bottles and glasses and use them as candleholders. For the bottles, use tall taper candles and pre-burn them, making sure they drip wax down the sides. Adhere each candle to each bottle opening with sticky putty that you can get at a craft store for affixing candles. This will keep them from dropping into the bottle. Try to have all the candles already burned and drippy with wax to convey an ancient feeling. Make sure your bottles and tapers are all on platters so as they drip more wax throughout the night they don't mess up your tables. You can also use all manner of wooden and antique candlesticks, as well as old platters with clusters of pillar candles on them. This would be more in keeping with the look of the parlor.

The *Practical Magic* house's kitchen and conservatory (in the movie) were favorites among fans. To create the feeling of these magical spaces, center your party in the kitchen, with a blender out for the margaritas and lots of potions and spells brewing everywhere. Have a huge pot of stew or gumbo on the stove as your main "potion."

Turn your dining room or porch into a conservatory by bringing in cut vines and branches and placing them everywhere. Lace vines through the chandeliers or up the walls. Put branches in vases and cluster them in the corners. If you

can get potted herbs and roses to tuck in, all the better. Anything to bring the outdoors in. Sprinkle rose and flower petals everywhere. In this case, messy is good. Have stacks of terracotta pots around. Use apothecary bottles and old jars filled with herbs and flowers. If you have glass domes or cloches, use them to cover tiny potted flowers or other "specimens." To protect your dining-room table, cover it with a couple of old sheets and some burlap, which will keep it safe and help create the feeling of the outdoors. If you have a spinning wheel or loom, bring it out as a reference to the Aunts. Vintage birdcages hung around also reference the story—though no sacrificial birds, please! That is better left to fiction.

Have your guests come in via the back door, as that was where all the "clients" of the Owens women always entered. Create a fun pathway that leads your guests from the front of the house to the back door. If you can get a lilac bush to have at the front, all the better. As your guests walk to the back door, have a set of cowboy boots partly buried in the grass next to where they walk. Have a soundtrack playing loudly of frogs croaking. Place a potted rosemary bush along the way, or even better, by your garden gate if you have one. Have lots of lavender as well, for "luck." Have a bowl of salt by the door that your guests throw over their shoulder before they come in.

Sally reminds us to "fall in love whenever you can" so have little "love notes" that your guests fill out, naming what they are

choosing to fall in love with. Then have them toss their note in the fireplace to cast their wish.

Have a game of a "phone tree list." Pass out papers with an illustration of a tree with branches and spaces to write the partygoers' names on the branches. Have on the other side all the names of the people attending so no one is left out. Then have your guests randomly write the names of the guests on the branches. At the end of the night the guest who is named at the top of the "phone tree list" the most wins a prize.

Give away herbal teas or bath concoctions tied in a muslin bag as party favors. Or let your guests create their own favors by having various-size apothecary jars filled with dried herbs clustered on a table. Provide scoops and brown paper or mesh bags for your guests to use. Create labels for each jar of herbs by antiquing stickers and writing in calligraphy the name of the herb and its properties.

More ideas? Get the movie soundtrack and have it playing as your background music. Have a party game where you ask trivia questions based on the story. Make nametags in the shape of a star (a talisman) that your guests wear. Most of all, just have fun and remember that letting your party be normal is *not* a virtue. It rather denotes a lack of courage.



See more of Tricia Saroya's design at triciasaroya.com

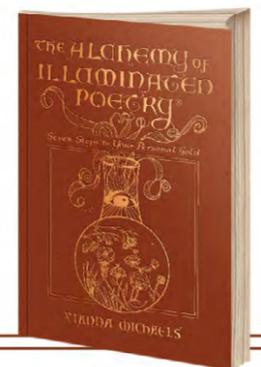
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CHARLES VESS AND DANCING HANDS by Grace Nuth



Among the many delights of attending the Spoutwood May Day Fairie Festival every year, says Charles Vess, is that every time he attends he gets an image in his head of some magical, wondrous thing he wants to draw. Some years back, he shared space in the *Faerie Magazine* booth with Dancing Hands and woke one morning with an image of her sitting in a tree, surrounded by creatures and her arms full of apples. When he showed up at the festival that morning, it was rainy and cold and nearly deserted, so he pulled out a sheet of paper and got to work. “I’m by no means a portrait artist,” he says, “but this piece feels like her—enchanted.”

When he finished, he offered the image to Spoutwood, and they used it on a giant billboard up the road from the festival in Glen Rock, Pennsylvania. “Dancing Hands and another friend and I traipsed over and took photos right under it,” Vess says. More recently, Vess included the image in 2016’s *Walking Through the Landscape of Faerie*, published by *Faerie Magazine* and winner of *Locus Magazine*’s Best Art Book award. He paired the piece with the poem “Witch Work” by Neil Gaiman, hoping that the frisson between the two pieces will create a new story for readers.

Dancing Hands simply cannot help it: she looks like a fairy godmother from a story. Waist-length white hair falls around her like gossamer webs, and she beams with a joy that is entirely infectious. Unlike the Aunts from *Practical Magic*, Dancing Hands considers herself more a fairy than a witch. But if the Aunts made their neighbors fear and respect them with their mysterious visages and spells, one glimpse of Dancing Hands would make the corners of *her* neighbors’ lips curve into a smile and feet feel a sudden desire to break free from tight-fitting shoes and feel grass and dirt beneath them; respectable middle-aged women suddenly deciding to abandon their appointments for salon cut and color in favor of goddess white locks wisping around their shoulders.

If you’ve been to Spoutwood, Faeriecon, Faerieworlds, Karen Kay’s Faery events in England, or any of a number of other events and met Dancing Hands, you doubtless remember her. And Charles Vess was no exception. As Dancing Hands recalls, “He showed me his drawing of me, *A Bounty of Apples*, he’d called it. Sitting in an apple tree, with a fox curled up next to me, lovely. Charles is such a spirit. Kindness and keenness and artistic genius rhymes him a little, but his star is a bright one, my children, and long may he shine.”

Currently living in Glastonbury, a suitable place for such a wonderful lady of nature, Dancing Hands has traveled to fairy events all over the United States and England, weaving and sewing silky glittering “Fhairy Strands” into the hair of countless event attendees. Those lucky enough to have her adorn their locks with glittering threads might remember the ritual, which she calls the Faerie Goddess Mother Blessing. Gently resting her

hands on their shoulders, she stands behind them and whispers in their left ear, “When I tie the Fhairy strands in, butterfly wishes of good health and happiness begin.” With each strand tied into their hair, Dancing Hands happily observes their worries slip away and their energy relaxing and brightening. As she sends them off, she whispers one more blessing: “Wear them in good health and happiness!”

Although Dancing Hands didn’t invent the glittering fairy strands, she did develop a tool she calls a “Pixie Pick,” a mini latch hook she created using her experience in needlework and sewing, as well as her design certificate in couture sewing. “My skill set was there when the strands came into my life. Now I encourage others to tie as well, like Synthea Finklepott, steampunk fairy extraordinaire.” Dancing Hands has a website, Faecraft, and also makes fairy gloves, fairy tiaras, and wands woven with Somerset willow in the Vale of Avalon.

She received her name Dancing Hands from her Apache/Meti teacher and went through a ceremony to accept the name as her own. Her title as Faerie Goddess Mother was given to her by Kelly Miller-Lopez, lead singer of Woodland, when they first met and Kelly exclaimed, “You’re our fairy goddess mother!” It is a role she doesn’t take lightly: “Perhaps I am the luckiest person to have such a career, being a Faerie Goddess Mother. My practice is to listen, to be outside, to listen to the whispers of the land. One can learn much from a flower or tree. Magic is always happening in the fairy world.”

Read more about Dancing Hands at www.faecraft.com.

Order *Walking Through the Landscape of Faerie* on faeriemag.com.

Grace Nuth is a writer, artist, and model living in central Ohio with her husband, black cat, and a garden full of fairies. She also co-wrote *The Faerie Handbook*, out in November 2017 from Harper Design. To follow her projects, please visit gracenuth.com.



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A SALEM LEGEND:
LAURIE CABOT ON TURNING
A WITCH CITY AROUND

by Laura Marjorie Miller
Photography by Jo Chattman



Laurie Cabot

Laura Marjorie Miller

Do you remember the first witchcraft book you ever owned? There is a strong likelihood it was *Power of the Witch*, by Laurie Cabot. That was mine, and I still own my copy in its spine-cracked purple binding. Cabot also helps me get dressed in the morning: Her Twitter account, which uses astrological aspects to advise on the best color to wear each day, has helped me overcome years of closet paralysis.

When I had a chance to write a New England magical travelogue for *Faerie*, of course Salem immediately came to mind. And then my spirit leaped at the opportunity to interview someone so much a part of Salem's heart, and of witchery itself, as Laurie Cabot.

Salem became forever associated with witchcraft for a less than optimal reason: Twenty people were executed for witchcraft in 1692, with four more of the accused dying in prison as a paranoid religious hysteria swept the colonial town. Yet now, in the early 21st century, Salem throngs with witches—both residents and those on pilgrimage to soak up Salem's magic.

But who covered the break in continuity? How does a town with a history of violence against witches transform into a site of acceptance and reconciliation while still maintaining its air of mystery?

The individual perhaps most instrumental to the town's transformation is the goal of *my* pilgrimage to Salem, for Laurie Cabot herself—the pagan author, witch, and high priestess—helped transmute this place of persecution and destruction into the witch capital it is today.

Salem has always been a draw. It is situated along the Atlantic Coast on the Massachusetts North Shore, at the mouth of what is now called the North River, where the Naumkeag people fished, traded, and camped before white colonists moved in.

It remains a seafaring town: I stay at the Clipper Ship Inn, where a wooden mermaid silhouette stretched across the reception desk assures me I've made the right choice for lodging. I'm keyed for exploration, ready to immerse myself in the land-and-seascape—and to meet Laurie.

Essex Street in downtown Salem resembles Diagon Alley, with witch shops to the left and right of you: intense ones like Hex, upmarket ones like Haus Witch. A casual glance between buildings may reveal a class of apprentice wizards in a secluded courtyard, wands raised, practicing invocations. There is a cheesy element too—Salem is to witches what Roswell is to ETs, so there are plenty of souvenir shops hawking T-shirts with slogans like I GOT STONED IN SALEM in 17th century typescript.

The town center retains strips of its cobblestone streets. Walking on cobblestone is supposed to be good for your brain, which hopefully can help with your discernment. The challenge in Salem is in sifting the chintzy from the real. A failsafe is to get goods made in Salem whenever possible, supporting the local artisans who create handicrafts potent with the energy of this place. In general, the mind-set is magic.

Ducking in and out of the shops, I pride myself on seeming to have lost much of my materialistic desire to buy “witch crap,” already having the tools I need. But that's before I reach Pickering Wharf, the district of shops on the water where I am to find Laurie Cabot at Enchanted, the shop where she does her readings and sells her wares. The wharf is removed from the touristy hubbub of downtown and holds tightly to Salem's maritime heritage and ongoing life as a seaport. There, occult shops are interspersed with signs for privateers and galleries of *gyotaku* prints. Perhaps because of the presence of the sea, the magic seems fresher. A visit to the shop Nu Aeon, with its statues of the four archangels who guard the quarters and its Egyptian rarities, makes me realize I am as materialistic as I ever have been; it's just knowing what one wants! To me, Pickering Wharf is where it's at.

When I enter Enchanted, I find it elegant and rich with handmade magic. In a glass case sits the skull of a stag with seven tines, a shrine to the god Cernunnos destined for some lucky altar. A sea-witch staff with prongs on the end like a trident leans against a bookcase. A ritual besom crafted by Cabot's daughter Penny (a solitary practitioner) floats on wires above a table burgeoning and gleaming with crystals and mineral stones.

As I wait for Cabot to finish up some work in the back, I become overwhelmed with emotion as I look at all the wares on offer. At some point in my life, I realized that all the spells I ever did for myself went sideways, so I stopped doing them. I figured I was just one of those people who didn't get any shortcuts. Not so much like Sally Owens in *Practical Magic*—I embrace magic and live a magical life—I just stopped doing *spells*. Looking at the baskets overflowing with spell kits and Cabot's lustrous, knotted spell cords dangling from the rafters bearing invocations in her scrawly, spidery Hand of Write, I remember the feeling of optimism and racy excitement in my heart when I would gather materials for workings. I wonder, When did I lose my faith in doing magic?

It is in this emotionally heightened state that I go to meet Cabot.

Laurie Cabot is majestic. She has *presence* befitting her eighty-five years in this incarnation, the battles she has fought in the mundane world for the acceptance of witches, all the people she has aided as a priestess, and her experience of the Otherworld. She bears a primeval-looking blue tattoo on her cheek and another on her brow to designate her tradition and her status. She gazes at me with deep, watchful intelligence from her kohl-rimmed eyes, through a pair of spectacular Dolce & Gabbana black frames. She is clad, as always, in black robes.

It might seem odd in modern society to call a witch a cultural influencer or thought leader, but that is exactly what Cabot is. At the dawn of the 1970s she opened Salem's first-ever out-and-proud magic store, The Witch Shoppe. Now named Crow Haven Corner and relocated to Essex Street, it is the longest-





operating witch shop in this witch capital. Her efforts helped Wicca to become an officially recognized religion in the U.S. She has taught courses in the craft at Salem State University (she still has her faculty library card), Wellesley, Harvard, and Oxford. Books that Cabot has authored are staples on pagan shelves all over the world. She is the founder of her own witchcraft tradition, the Cabot Kent Hermetic Tradition. In 1973, she organized the first Witches' Ball, an ongoing annual event at Samhain (Halloween), and on the high days of the year, Cabot's temple hosts public Sabbats at the local Moose Lodge. She is an iconic and striking figure on the streets of the town, with her flowing hair and long-sleeved black robes.

But it was not always thus in Salem that witches could be so open. When Cabot arrived in town in the late 1960s, there was indeed a Witch Museum—but, as she relates, “all it had was a diorama of the witch trials.”

Cabot had been a practicing witch since she was a teenager, but she hid it at first when she moved to Salem as a 30-year-old divorcée with two young children.

Although Cabot had always wanted to open a witch shop, she'd planned to do it in Boston. She was living in Boston's North End when she and a friend discussed moving to a smaller community where they could rent a place together and raise their children.

“I told her, ‘I have *one* request,’” says Cabot. “*Not* Salem, Massachusetts. I do *not* want to live there, for obvious reasons.’ Well, she came to me one day with a rolled-up newspaper: ‘Promise me you’ll look at this.’ And there it was: 18 Chestnut Street, Salem, Mass., where all the merchant captains built their mansions.” The listing was for the first house built on an architecturally perfect street, and it was too good to pass up.

Cabot kept a low profile as a witch until her black cat Molly Boo was treed outside her house for three nights and would not come down, with local utilities refusing to help. At wit's end, Cabot called the local paper demanding action: “I’m a witch. That’s my familiar. I want my cat out of the tree *now*.” The man who answered the phone was an editor who just happened to be working that night. News trucks surrounded Cabot's home, as well as the fire department, and her cat was out of the tree in a jiffy. “He said he never answers the phone,” marvels Cabot. One wonders if it was a critical moment, foreordained by the universe.

Finally out of the broom closet, Cabot rose to the occasion, opening her witch shop, one of the first, if not *the* first, in America. Over the years that followed, she has observed changes in the culture of magic and how witches are perceived. “When I opened the doors, people didn’t know what to expect. It wasn’t dark and gloomy in there. I bagged all the herbs and wrote the labels myself. I did it for an education, so people would know there *are* witches and this is what we actually do.

“The shop changed a lot of people’s ideas and thinking,” she says, “and it also brought witches *here*. There are a dozen or more shops now. If you want to come for witch items or psychic work, you can come to Salem.”

So that people would always be able to find a witch when they needed one, Cabot vowed to the Goddess to keep her hair long



and unbound and to never take her robes off. “Of course I had no idea what that meant!” she says with a wry raise of her eyebrows. Nevertheless, Cabot kept and keeps her word.

Cabot quickly became a celebrity. In 1977, Governor Michael Dukakis decreed her “Salem’s Official Witch.” In 1979, a photograph of Cabot and her coven was featured in *National Geographic*, with a mysterious and unattributable Jupiterian blue light forking through the frame. Whether Cabot's official title be contested or no, she has paved the way for witches in New England, going out in front of everybody else to take the heat and friction that came with being an “out” witch in a time when if you needed a pentacle, you had to have it made because there was literally nowhere to buy one.

In 1986, when *The Witches of Eastwick* was preparing to film at the nearby Crane Estate, which served as the residence of Daryl Van Horne (Jack Nicholson) in the movie, Cabot, alarmed by the story's portrayal of witches in league with the devil (“which we don’t have”), added “legal champion” to her set of skills. She formed the Witches' League for Public Awareness, now called the Witches' Civil Liberties League, and produced a law memorandum on the protection of witchcraft as a religion in the United States.

Over the decades, how witches are portrayed in media has improved in fits and starts, but the long arc bends toward justice. I ask Cabot to name some favorite, positive modern depictions

of witches. “*Bewitched* showed magic being used everyday, which is what witches do,” she answers. She also approves of Angelina Jolie's nuanced portrayal of a fairy sorceress in *Maleficent*. She encourages writers, artists, and other creators to dig deeper than received notions when looking for inspiration. “If they would do research and know their history, they’d know how we really are.”

We continue talking about fairies, as our conversation moves toward magical themes: “Most people think they have to believe in fairies or not believe in fairies,” says Cabot. “You don’t have to do either one. They’re going to exist anyway. They’re *real*. It’s another realm.” A vine once grew up the side of Cabot's house at a fairy's request (Cabot needed some greenery in her environment), and “they” once relocated Penny's boot from the closet to an otherwise-impossible location under the bed. (“They can do anything!” Cabot says with admiration.) She makes sure that Enchanted is a hospitable place for the Sidhe, containing not just one but *two* fairy houses, one in the shop window, the other in the back of the store. “This store has a theme of honoring fairies,” she remarks. Cabot fills the houses with fairy furniture—“fairies can be all different sizes,” she acknowledges, “so this is a token of understanding.”

The aura of magic around Cabot is tangible and also grounded in objects. She shares with me a technique of charging a wand, and we get a crystal-tipped wand that Penny has charged to demonstrate the after-effect. Cabot holds it poised,

Laurie Cabot

Laura Marjorie Miller

termination-down, above my palm, gently moving it back and forth. “You’ll feel an ice-cold air,” she says. I feel the tracery of something like breath blown over an ice cube. Then my palm gets warm. I smile with delight.

Cabot advocates teaching witchcraft as a science as well as an art, with a mind for how energy works. How does she clarify the distinction? “The science is using your psychic mind, your aura and light energy,” she explains. “Light carries information. Hold a crystal in your hand. When it starts to pulse, that’s when your light packet aligns with the crystal’s light packet. Clear quartz has the most resonance.” Art, on the other hand, is “the correspondences and practices, the sympathies, what makes a magical life.” Our interview develops into a discussion of Cabot’s insights into magical law. I take notes as fast as I can write.

Some pointers: Your brain and your emotions are the catalysts for magic. “One of the hardest parts of magic is minding your words, minding your thoughts, minding your feelings,” she continues. “Our emotions either empower us or destroy us. You want to be careful what you think, and be careful what you do.”

Witches have to believe in themselves: “You can’t wish a spell!” And remember, magic is not a bargaining process: “You don’t make deals with the Universal Mind.” It is, rather, a balance of visioning and trust: “The only way to make a spell come true is to see the end result, because only the universe knows how the spell can come to be. See the end result and let the universe take over.”



Don’t forget—*ever*—that magic, the creative force of the world, is serious business: “You don’t want to play and pretend doing magic,” Cabot admonishes. “You want to *do* magic, because it will work nine out of ten times.” The Threefold Law—that any action you do returns to you three times amplified—is actual. “If you wish someone dead or harm,” she says sternly, “you might as well dig your own grave.”

My palm still glowing, I ask Cabot why she thinks Salem itself attracts so much energy, why it is such a flashpoint. “1692 was a focus on witchcraft,” she replies. “They say those tried weren’t witches, but we don’t know whether they were or weren’t. They could have been. Bridget Bishop used a lot of herbalism. But the witch trials themselves—we’re the polarity of that, the opposite of that.

“The magic was already in this ground, but we established it,” Cabot continues. “We did a Crystal Wheel Meditation in the 1970s, putting up a huge circle, a Circle of Solace, magnetic and with huge crystals, to be over Salem. We still do a meditation to the crystal wheel every week, every Thursday at 10 o’clock at night. People all over the world come to our site and read the meditation. Anyone can go there. It’s the spirit of place, to turn the polarity around.

“I think that’s why I was drawn here. I didn’t want to come here—I had to.”

There is still some discomfort in Salem regarding the witch presence in the town. (“Two thousand years of propaganda is a lot to overcome in such a short time!” Cabot chuckles.) Cabot distributes her legal pamphlet to incoming police officers and elected officials to make sure rights are known. Meanwhile, the local witches continue to do volunteer work to improve and maintain their community. I happily do my part for the regional economy, buying a chunk of obsidian from Pyramid Books, and a sculpture of Anubis and a slouchy, hand-sewn, hippie witch hat from Enchanted.

As outlandish as it may seem to some, it makes sense that some power and fate drew Laurie Cabot to town when she was house hunting and treed her cat for three days until she broke down to call the newspaper at the exact moment that the right editor would pick up the phone. It’s as though Salem wanted to set right its own karma and transform itself from a place of religious persecution into a site that celebrates the possibilities that arise when people are free to believe and practice as they choose.

“What is the role of witches in the world today?” I ask Cabot. She answers, “People need to know that magic is real.”

Laura Marjorie Miller’s work has appeared in such places as Parabola, Utne Reader, Yankee Magazine, and the Boston Globe. Find her on Twitter @bluecowboyyoga and lauramarjoriemiller.com.

Visit Jo Chattman at chattmanphotography.com.

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MAKING WITCH BOTTLES WITH MY MOTHER

by Kailey Tedesco

A midwife—she reaches
for the flower’s afterlife and dyes

it with a puddle of St. Germain. We’re dealing
in floral ghosts & flakes of paint

curved over our fingertips,
abalone crescents. I have been

told to chant words of protection—
cornstalk & eucharist. She says

I’ll think of the bottles
on my wedding night, but probably

much sooner. She says it’s okay
to be stained with a world

of misunderstanding—body & body
& somewhere

souls knocking on the underbellies
of skin, sometimes bodies

just on the threshold of a forgotten
knowing, sometimes mistaking

the before-life for sleep.

Kailey Tedesco’s debut collection, *She Used to Be on a Milk Carton*, is forthcoming from April Gloaming Publications. She is editor-in-chief of Rag Queen Periodical and a performing member of the NYC Poetry Brothel. Her work has appeared widely in *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Prelude*, and *Poetry Quarterly*. Learn more at kaileytedesco.com.



WITCHEY'S BREW

*From forest to meadow with beauty green witch
Hollie Witchey (her real name) in her upstate storybook home.*

By Laren Stover

Photographs by George Holz

Stop by Hollie Witchey's late 18th century cottage in the summer and you might find her in her medicinal garden plucking clary sage, horsetail, roses, or chamomile, or in the gazebo distilling wild bergamot flowers to blend with sunflower or rosehip seed oil.

In early autumn she might be picking tart apples, not for pie but to make cider in an ancient cauldron in the meadow, or she might be in the kitchen brewing apple cider vinegar.

The house itself—surrounded by sun-dappled woods, streams, and a pond that croaks with baritone frogs at twilight—feels enchanting. Wallpaper in several rooms sweetens with a haunting nostalgia, and a tiny covert door above a shelf opens to a secret cabinet with vials of potions from an old “witch store” in Liberty that has since closed, frankincense for air clearing, and a porcelain doll's head. A gazebo sits at the edge of the forest where mushrooms spring up after the rain, and the weathered gothic garage has an elven door on the second floor with no apparent way to reach it, at least from the outside. Such is her backdrop for cultivating plants that flourish in the brilliant air, absorbing the luminous charms of the sun and ever-changing moon, pollinated by the bees from the nearby apiary. The garden is where she practices her deepest green sorcery.

Witchey, a model with Marilyn Agency in New York, calls herself a green witch.

“Everything that excites me in life pretty much has to do with nature and the seasons and the moon cycles,” she says, which explains why she spends all of her free time in the Catskills growing botanicals to concoct beauty potions for her artisanal brand Witchey Handmade. There she has cultivated an 1,800-square-foot garden overseen by her black cat, Spooky, and her pit bull rescue, Rocco.

It is a calling she's felt since childhood. At nine, her parents took her on a road trip to Walden Pond, followed by visits to Concord and Salem to satiate her curiosity about 17th and 18th century Massachusetts folklore.

Several years ago she began studying plant medicine, herbology, homeopathy, and skincare at a holistic center in New York, where, after classes with several teachers, she found wise woman Peeka Trenkle as a mentor. At first Witchey's homemade brews were for just for herself; commercial beauty products used in photo shoots (often in plastic) can be toxic, and she wanted to

create her own products to use at home. But soon friends were demanding to try the beguiling beauty elixirs in the cobalt blue glass bottles, and within a year she was selling them on Etsy.

“I make cleansers and toners on the new moon,” she says. “And then anything that nourishes the skin or feeds it is usually on the full.”

She brings out the cauldron, mostly used in the meadow, for making apple cider or witch hazel for personal use. But it is the hand-hammered copper alembic, similar to an ancient distiller she saw during a medicinal plant tour at the Cloisters museum in New York City, that she uses to make all her hydrosols.

“Sometimes I distill outside because of the mess,” says Witchey, who also makes small batches in her fairy-size kitchen. “I use a little propane camping stove in the gazebo. It's close to the garden but in the shade, which is nice. Sometimes I mix there too. It's a great little outdoor studio going between the garden and the gazebo.”

The label on her bottles features a wreath she drew in pen and ink. “It's a symbol of growth and fertility, about being fruitful in life in general, and it's round like the sun and moon,” she says.

Life cycles of plants also figure into her philosophy. “I watch the plants die in fall and winter and come back to life in the spring. I love living with seasons and am reminded of our own life cycle and mortality. People in California seem so much happier than those of us on the East Coast. But it's more romantic here. I prefer it. I feel really lucky to have the life that I've had so far. When you realize everything is mortal and will die, it's like, ‘I better make the most of this.’ ”

Witchey recently made her witchdom public.

“I am not afraid to be who I am,” she says. “To use all the gifts and the blessings that I have to do things that are really in my heart and really calling me to be able to do them.” One of her favorite childhood books besides *The Phantom Tollbooth* and *Walden* was *The Secret Garden*, which happens to be the name of her wi-fi network and a candle she's just created. When she was growing up in Ohio, her secret childhood haunt was a little hideaway near the railroad tracks where she stole away to read books.

One of those life-changing books was *The Witch of Blackbird Pond*. She identified not with the young protagonist but the nanny figure, “basically a healer who was persecuted for possible witchcraft,” she says.



“I wanted to be like the witch because I thought it was so romantic that she was doing something that she loved so much—taking care of people—that she had to basically die for it. And I always thought, What’s the point of doing anything if you aren’t willing to die for it?”

“The old definition of a witch was someone who used herbs and natural medicine for healing. Most of the healers before the Crusades were women. So there was always a female connotation with a witch because it was someone who was the wise healer of the town. I think that so many people are witches now that the word is no longer taboo.”

Hers is an intuitive sort of magic. Asked about when she harvests her plants she says, “The plants talk to me. I feel at one with the garden. I don’t just go out and harvest whatever I need that day. I stand in the middle of the garden, and it’s like I’m not even thinking—I just get pulled in different directions. And that’s how I know what I’m going to work with that day. They’ll pull you to them. It’s completely subconscious. Like we’re having an exchange, like they’re telling me it’s okay. They really offer themselves. It’s very magical and wonderful.”

What’s new in her witchy world? “I’ve started to collect morning dew from the Lady’s Mantle leaves right outside my door. But right now that’s just for me.”



Witchy Handmade is a sustainable, ethical skincare line made of organic ingredients. Find the collection at witchyhandmade.com.



Witchy’s Cider Vinegar and rendition of Rosemary Gladstar’s Queen of Hungary Toner from Tree to Face

It was originally created by an alchemist in the 1300s!

Cider vinegar:

Pick five small apples in late September or early October 2017 when the moon is waxing. Wash, chop, and put into a large ½ gallon jar. Add 3 tsp. of raw local honey (dissolved in warm water) (sugar if vegan) and 1 cup of water (using the honey water). Cover with a cheesecloth and tie the edges with baker’s string. Place it in a dark warm cupboard for three weeks. Strain and return liquid to same jar. Cover again with cheesecloth and string. Return to cupboard for six weeks, stirring occasionally. Seal with lid and store in same glass jar until use.

Witch Hazel:

Soak a few pieces of witch hazel bark in 1 cup of water for 30 min. Bring it to a boil and reduce to simmer for 10 min. Remove from heat and steep for another 10 min. Strain and store in glass jar until use.

Toner:

Throughout the summer and into early autumn collect herbs.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>6 parts lemon balm</i> | <i>3 parts comfrey leaves</i> |
| <i>4 parts chamomile</i> | <i>1 part lemon peel</i> |
| <i>4 parts rose petals</i> | <i>1 part lavender</i> |
| <i>3 parts calendula flowers</i> | <i>1 part sage</i> |

Put herbs in a glass jar. Add enough cider vinegar to cover plants by 3 inches. Lid the jar and store in warm cupboard for three weeks. Strain herbs and for every cup of vinegar plant liquid add ½ cup of witch hazel. Add a few drops of essential oil of your choice. (Witchy likes to use rose and geranium.) Store in a glass bottle. Shake gently before each use. Apply with a cotton pad morning and night. Keeps indefinitely.

Reflections Upon the MIRROR

BY PAUL HIMMELEIN

The disco ball twinkling above the dance floor with its spinning spars of light; the side view car mirror in which “objects are closer than they appear”; the convex mirrors in the corner of stores used to detect shoplifters; the small mirror in a compact that allows for quick lipstick touch-ups; the wavy funhouse mirrors that shift our shape and make us look as tall as basketball stars or as short as gnomes; the kitschy gazing globes in pink, blue, and green that decorate gardens; mirrored furniture; mirrored sunglasses; mirrored walls and ceilings; mirrored skyscrapers that reflect the clouds; even mirrored dresses and the eight-foot circular mirror orbiting the earth in the Hubble Telescope that allows us to watch the universe looking back at us. It’s hard to think of a world in which mirrors and our reflections didn’t exist.

We are constantly grooming and checking ourselves out. If we pass a mirror or shiny surface, it’s rare that we don’t stop and stare. There is a mirror mounted over just about every sink we encounter. The medicine-cabinet mirror in the bathroom of our own home is the way most of us greet ourselves in the morning to discover how tired we really look—bags, pimples, bed head, a new gray hair here, a new wrinkle there—and as the number of selfies on social media attests, it has become the place where we practice our sparrow face, fish gape, sexy stare, and try to discover “our best side.”

What did we do before the invention of this thoroughly mundane domestic object? Most of us would have grown up never knowing what we looked like. Until the mirror was developed, we had to be content with catching glimpses of ourselves in dark reflecting pools.

An ancient Greek myth retold in Ovid’s *Metamorphosis* shows us the potential danger of becoming too enamored of our reflection. Narcissus, the beautiful son of a river god and water nymph, who had so often ignored or even repulsed the love of others, eventually comes to view himself in the placid silvery waters of a secluded mountain pool as he lowers himself to quench his thirst. Upon seeing his reflection, he is spellbound and instantly falls in love.

Narcissus’s desire for himself eventually consumes him. But before he wastes away and is transformed into the waterside flower that bears his name, he realizes what has happened when he looks into the treacherous pool: “Alas! I am myself the boy I see. I know it: My own reflection does not deceive me. I am on fire with love for my own self. It is I who kindle the flames I must endure.” The reflection in still waters is probably how humankind first glimpsed itself. We fell in love and a new sin was born: vanity, a form of pride, one of the seven deadly sins. We haven’t stopped looking at ourselves since.

The woman’s dressing table, which usually features a large central mirror, is known quite plainly as *the vanity*. It is where she transforms herself from mere mortal into a goddess of glamour and luxury. The application of cosmetics becomes much easier and practical with a mirror at hand—not all of us have maidens to apply our makeup for us. Even mermaids are often depicted holding mirrors as they comb their wet hair, a sort of portable seaside vanity. The mirror has been entwined with beauty from the first moment we saw our reflection. Paintings from the Middle Ages to the present use mirrors to represent vanity, self-love, or self-discovery.

The earliest recorded manufactured mirrors were made in Turkey around 8,200 years ago out of a black, highly polished, naturally occurring volcanic glass known as obsidian. It was the first artificial means by which humans could see themselves “in a mirror, darkly.”

Artifacts resembling mirrors made out of gypsum and mica were found in Egypt around 4,500 BC. Copper mirrors came about 500 years later, then bronze and even gold and silver. Polished anthracite or “jet mirrors” have been found in the Peruvian highlands from 1,500 BC. Polished metals became standard mirror fare over the centuries for the Persians, Phoenicians, Etruscans, and Greeks. These were for the most part small handheld mirrors used for adorning oneself and applying cosmetics.

Polished stone mirrors had poor reflectivity and polished



metal mirrors, though better, were prone to tarnishing and blurring and greatly altered the color and brightness of the reflection. It wasn't until between the first and third centuries AD that glass was used. According to the Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder (AD 23–79), reflective glass coated with metal was invented in Sidon, today's Lebanon. Smooth and hard to scratch, it has become the prized mirror material ever since, though in the beginning it was difficult to create in uniform thickness and impurities often clouded it. These early mirrors were small, expensive, and quite fragile.

It wasn't until the 16th century that "modern" mirrors were made. The Venetian glassmakers on the island of Murano developed advanced methods that revolutionized the industry and made the island famous. Murano glassmakers were the first to create optically clear glass, and they perfected new techniques for making mirrors by backing their flat glass panels with a tin-mercury amalgam. The result was a nearly distortion-free, highly reflective mirror. There was a time when Murano supplied most of Europe, if not the world, with its large flat glass mirrors. The financial success of this trade made the Venetian Republic incredibly wealthy, as well as the Muranese glassmakers, who were given special privileges normally reserved for nobles, such as the right to wear swords and immunity from state prosecution. Due to their wealth they soon married into many of the most venerable Venetian families, though in a sense, they were prisoners. The Republic forbade them to leave Venice so it could keep the glassmakers' secrets for itself, thereby creating a monopoly on the glass trade. This worked for a time, but some enterprising young glassmakers decided to sneak out and set up shop across Europe.

Other masters were recruited by foreign courts, most notably that of France's Louis XIV. The young French king wanted the Venetians' mirror-making secrets and enticed several craftsmen to his palace. The result was the celebrated *La galerie des Glaces*, Versailles's brilliant hall of mirrors, which was perfect for reflecting the glory of the Sun King. A newspaper at the time, the *Mercur Galant*, wrote: "The mirrors are false windows facing the real ones and expand this hall a million times over so it seems almost infinite." The spectacular room with 306 mirrors could not have been made without the help of Murano's craftsmen. The Venetian Republic was furious at this breach of loyalty and sent secret agents to France to track down the wayward glassmakers who had abandoned their island city and dared to share their trade secrets with foreign powers. The Venetian craftsmen died mysteriously of what seemed like poisoning, though no foul play was ever proved.

Large mirrors during this time were extremely expensive. At the end of the 17th century, the diplomat and diarist Duc de Saint-Simon recorded in his memoirs that the Countess de

Fiesque traded a farm for a high-quality mirror:

When those beautiful mirrors were first introduced she obtained one, although they were then very dear and very rare. "Ah, Countess!" said her friends, "where did you find that?"

"Oh!" replied she, "I had a miserable piece of land, which only yielded corn; I have sold it, and have this mirror instead. Isn't this excellent? Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful mirror?"

Seventeenth-century French biographer Gédéon Tallemant des Réaux wrote about a financial disaster that befell a Monsieur d'Orgeval: "Our large mirror is broken. Five hundred écus up the a**!"

Merely concerned about his money, he should have worried about the bad fortune heading his way. We've all heard that it's seven years' bad luck to break a mirror. We can thank the Romans for that. The ancient superstition was probably tied to the soul or health of a person. Many believed that a reflection held the soul and that damaging that reflection would cause harm to the soul or the actual self. The Romans thought it took seven years to renew a life, at which time the curse would be lifted and their body rejuvenated. Most likely, this superstition was a scare tactic, since mirrors were both fragile and expensive.

Other superstitions have tied the mirror and the soul together. If the mirror holds the soul of the person that is reflected, someone with no soul will have no reflection at all. From Bram Stoker's *Dracula* on, this is the reason vampires cannot be seen in mirrors.

Some cultures have a tradition of turning all mirrors to the wall or covering them with sheets in the house of a person who has just died. The Kabbalists believe that when a soul exits the world it creates a void that is often filled by evil spirits and demons. These spirits can be seen only in mirrors, so the mirrors are draped or turned so they are not a distraction during mourning.

It was also believed that a mirror could reflect the shadows of things to come. According to legend, the Greek philosopher and mathematician Pythagoras (d. 475 BC) was said to have a magic mirror that he held up to the moonlight so he could read the future in the mirror's reflections. Divination, revelation, and fortune telling—seeing into the past, present, or future with the aid of a reflective surface such as water, crystal ball, sword, or mirror—is known as scrying. It's used in the 1939 film *The Wizard of Oz* when Dorothy, imprisoned by the Wicked Witch of the West, sees her remote Auntie Em calling out for her from within a crystal ball, and it's used in *Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas* (1993) when the citizens of Halloween Town gather round the scrying pool to watch Jack Skellington deliver their sinister gifts to girls and boys around the world. The hobbit Frodo Baggins, in J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (1954), is invited by the elf Galadriel to gaze into a water-filled basin,



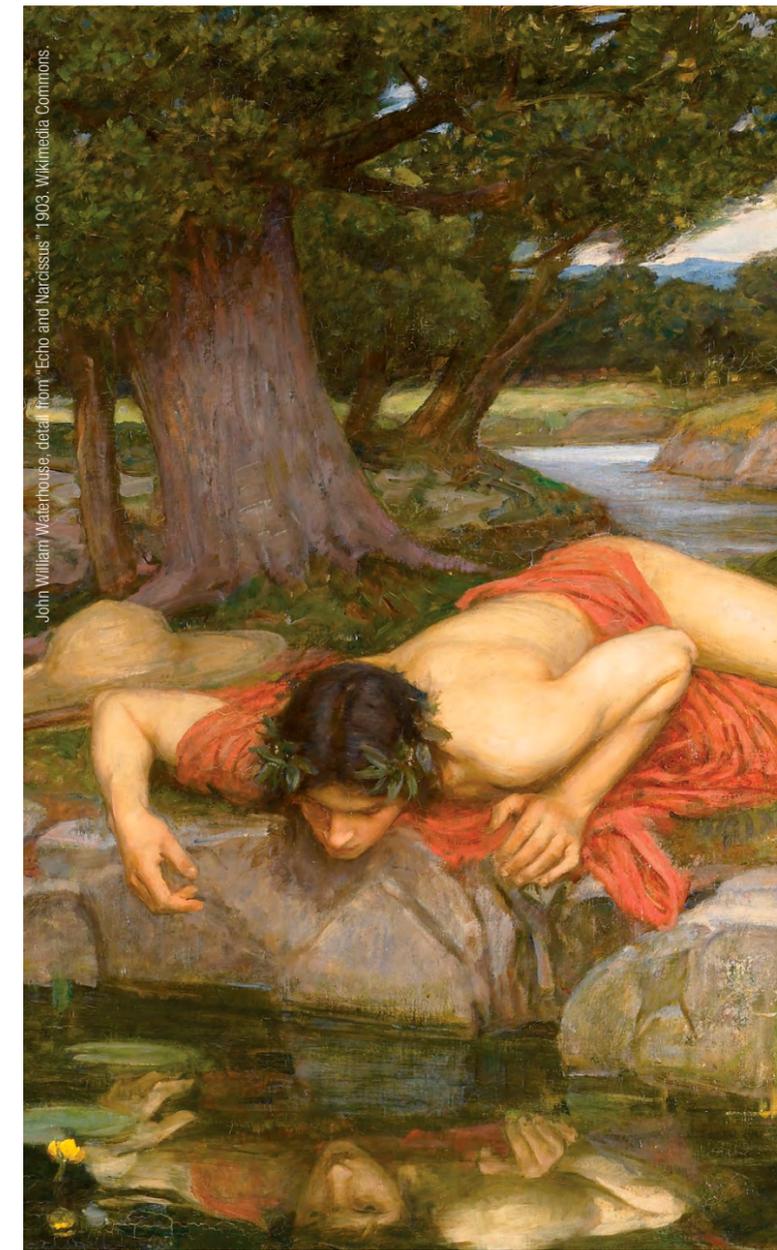
though she will not say if the visions the mirror shows will necessarily come to pass. In Alice Hoffman's *The Rules of Magic*, members of the Owens family look into mirrors and see "not only their current reflections but also the images of what was to come." Jean Cocteau's film *Beauty and the Beast* (1946) features another magic mirror. The Beast leaves it for Belle in her room. It will let her see anything, anywhere. In it, Belle watches her deathly ill father and gains leave from the Beast to tend to him. The same mirror also shows Belle the Beast just as his heart begins to break.

The most well-know scrying game was performed by the Evil Queen in the Grimm Brothers' fairy tale "Snow White" (1812). We all remember the incantation, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" (Or, as in the Disney animated version of 1937, "Magic mirror on the wall.") The mirror must tell the truth, for the reflections in a mirror should not lie. When the aging queen is no longer the "fairest in the land," the mirror reveals the identity of the new reigning beauty queen: her stepdaughter Snow White.

The term *catopromancy* is used when referring to the use of divination through the reflections of mirrors alone. Russian peasant girls were supposed to be able to determine their future husbands by going to a deserted hut at night and hanging a mirror opposite the open front door. At midnight, her future spouse would appear behind her in the reflection. Some say a skull would be visible if she was to die before marrying.

The mirror reflects Nature, it reflects reality, but the reflection is not perfect. Even in the smoothest and clearest of mirrors, the reflection is not quite an image of reality after all. What we see when we look into the mirror is not what others see when they look at us. The image is reversed, and for this reason we never see ourselves in quite the same way the world sees us. It is a kind of reality in reverse. In Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass* (1871), when Alice steps through the silvery mist of the mirror as it melts away, she enters an alternative world where words in books "go the wrong way."

Alice's new world is backward or inverted, and her old realities are literally turned on their head as things become the opposite of what she knows them to be. In her real world it's winter, but in looking-glass world it's summer. When Alice wants to see the Red Queen, she must head off in the opposite direction. Even time is reversed on the other side of the looking glass. The White Queen tells Alice that she is living backward and that she can remember things that happened the week after next. The White Queen even wounds herself in reverse—wrapping her finger in a plaster, crying out in pain, and then finally pricking her finger. She also reveals that a King's Messenger is being punished for a crime he hasn't yet committed: "He's in prison now, being punished: and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday: and of course the crime comes last of all."



The reflection is something less than or at least different from seeing the world directly. It doesn't have the same power. The polished bronze shield of Athena, the Greek warrior goddess of wisdom who sprung from Zeus's head dressed in full armor gleaming gold, was used by Perseus to destroy the terrible serpent-haired gorgon Medusa. If anyone looked upon Medusa directly, she would turn the viewer to stone. To defeat the creature, Perseus gazed at Medusa's reflection in Athena's mirror-like shield as he swung his sword, decapitating her and avoiding being transformed into rock. In the alternate world of the mirror, where things are reversed, Medusa's frightening image has no potency.

Reflections Upon the Mirror

Paul Himmelein

Funhouse or amusement-park mirrors misshape and warp our reflections with precisely placed convex and concave surfaces so that we look freakish and grotesque—all torso resting on stumpy legs or tall gangly aliens with bulbous foreheads and spidery fingers. “The Snow Queen” (1844) by Hans Christian Andersen opens with an evil troll creating a looking glass in which “everything good and pretty that was reflected in it shriveled away to almost nothing ... The most beautiful landscapes looked like boiled spinach in the glass, and the best of men grew hideous.” The troll runs a school, and his student trolls take the mirror around the world, distorting everything and everyone in its reflection. When they run out of earthly places to take the mirror, they decide to carry it to heaven and hold it before the angels and God. The closer to heaven the trolls get, the more unwieldy the mirror becomes until they finally drop it. It falls back to earth where it shatters into a billion little pieces, some no larger than sand:

These flew all about in the wide world, and when they got into people's eyes, they stuck there, and the people either saw everything crooked or else had only eyes for what was wrong in anything; for every little splinter of the glass had kept the same power that the whole glass had. Some people even got a little bit of the glass into their hearts, and that was horrible, for the heart became just like a lump of ice.

It is two of these demonic shards that get lodged into the little boy Kai's heart and eye, causing him to turn obnoxious and cruel before being abducted by the Snow Queen.

With all their associations with vanity and soothsaying, it's easy to see how mirrors and even reflections became equated with evil. It's the devil who holds up a mirror so a woman can admire herself in the Hieronymus Bosch painting of pride in his *Seven Deadly Sins* (ca. 1500). Johann Wolfgang von Goethe takes us into a witch's kitchen and presents to us another literary “magic mirror,” this one in *Faust* (1808). After selling his soul to the devil, Faust, an old academic, wants to become thirty years younger. The devil takes Faust to a witch that can do the job. The kitchen is filled with an ape that tends a cauldron and various talking animals. While they wait for the witch to return, Faust stares into a mirror but sees not his reflection but his desire:

*What do I see? What heavenly form revealed
Shows through the glass from Magic's fair dominions! ...*

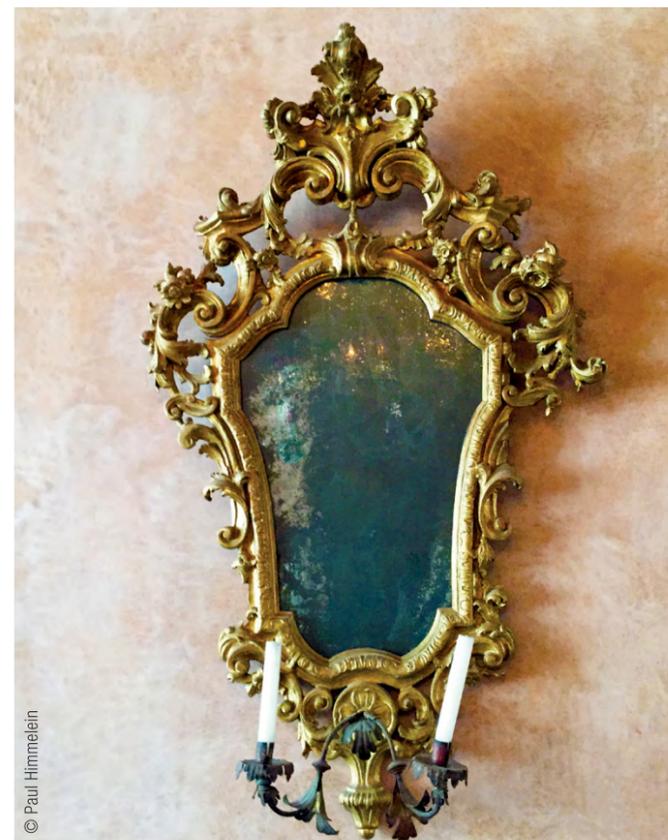
*A woman's form, in beauty shining!
Can woman, then, so lovely be?
And must I find her body, there reclining ...*

Faust wants to acquire the joy and vibrancy of youth just as the Evil Queen of Snow White fame is desperate to hold on to her beauty title when she looks to her magic mirror.

The Mirror of Erised in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* (1997) works much in the way that the mirror in *Faust* does, as it reflects viewers' desires instead of just their image. There is a seemingly nonsensical inscription carved around the top of the Potter mirror. If seen in reverse, we read: *I show not your face, but your heart's desire.*

The mirror awakens self-discovery and self-knowledge as no other object can. Even chimpanzees explore themselves in mirrors, checking out parts of themselves they can't otherwise see and grooming the hair on their foreheads. (Dolphins and elephants are the only other animals that can recognize themselves in a mirror and exhibit a sense of self-awareness.) Without mirrors we would never know what our profiles or backsides look like. Without mirrors we wouldn't have microscopes or telescopes. We would never know the amoeba or distant galaxies.

Leonardo da Vinci correctly believed the moon was a mirror as it reflected the sun's light upon the earth. So it's fitting when men looked up at the moon, they saw a man peering down at them.



Paul Himmelein is co-author of *Bohemian Manifesto: A Field Guide to Living on the Edge*, the revised edition is soon to be published by *Echo Point Books*. He is currently completing his first novel.



SIZES

One size fits most

MATERIALS

2 skeins String Angel (50g/1.75oz, 125m/136y)
100% Silk in color 67 Black (A) or approx. 270 yds of sport weight yarn
1 S. Charles Celine (20g/0.7oz, 149m/163y)
60% Viscose, 40% Sinflex in color 11 (B) or approx. 50 yds of lace weight yarn
US 5 (3.75mm) needles or size to obtain gauge
US 7 (4.5mm) needles
Split ring or locking stitch markers, or small amount of contrast yarn
Darning needle

GAUGE

22 stitches x 26 rows = 4" in Stockinette Stitch with yarn A on smaller needle.

FINISHED MEASUREMENTS

16" long x 7" circumference*
*stretches to fit most arm widths

STITCH PATTERNS

K1, P1 Rib (odd # of sts)
Row 1 (RS): K1, *p1, k1; rep from * to end of row.
Row 2: P1, *k1, p1; rep from * to end of row.

Witchy Lace (multiple of 9 + 2)
Row 1 (RS): K1, *k3, yo, s2kp, yo, k3; rep from * to last st, k1.
Row 2 and all WS rows: Purl.
Row 3: K1, *k3, yo, s2kp, yo, k3; rep from * to last st, k1.
Row 5: K1, *k1, yo, ssk, k3, k2tog, k1; rep from * to last st, k1.
Row 7: K1, *k2, yo, ssk, k1, k2tog, k2; rep from * to last st, k1.

ABBREVIATIONS

K: Knit.
K2tog: Knit 2 together.
Kf/b: Increase by knitting into the front and back of next stitch.
P: Purl.
Ppm: Place a permanent marker by hanging a split ring, locking stitch marker or by tying a strand of contrast yarn on the bar between the last st worked and the next st.
RS: Right side.
S2kp: Slip 2 sts together as if to knit, k1, pass 2 slipped sts over the knit st. s
SSK: Slip one stitch as if to knit, slip next stitch as if to knit, knit these 2 slipped stitches together through back loops.
St st: Stockinette Stitch.
WS: Wrong side.
Yo: Yarn over.

NOTES

- Gloves are knit flat and seamed.
- When working stripes, carry yarn B up when not in use – do not cut yarn until all stripes are completed.

INSTRUCTIONS – MAKE 2

With larger needle and yarn A, cast on 45 sts. Work K1, P1 Rib (see Stitch Patterns) for 18 rows (approx. 2.5"). Join yarn B for stripes and work as follows: *With yarns A & B held together, work rib for 2 rows. With yarn A only, work rib for 2 rows; repeat from * 6 more times. Cut yarn B. Continue with yarn A.

Change to smaller needle and work a decrease row as follows: *K4, k2tog; rep from * 7 times, k3. – 38 sts remain. Purl one row. Work 8 row Witchy Lace pattern 5 times total. Purl 2 rows.

Increase on next RS row as follows: *K1, kf/b; rep from * to end of row. – 57 sts remain. Purl one row. Next row: K1, *kf/b, k1; rep from * to end of row. – 85 sts remain. Purl one row. Place markers on next RS row (for thumb finishing) as follows: K10, ppm, knit to 10 sts before end of row, ppm, k10. Continue in St st for 2", ending having completed a RS row. With larger needle and yarns A & B only held together, bind off knitwise on next WS row.

FINISHING

Seam glove from cast on to bind off. With darning needle and yarn A create a thumb space in the Stockinette ruffle section, starting at the marker, sewing from the first increase row to bind off, parallel to the seamed edge. Remove markers. Darn all ends. Steam or block to measurements.

Lisa Hoffman's knitting designs can be seen in *Vogue Knitting*, *Interweave Knits*, and *Knitwear magazines*, *Alice Hoffman's Survival Lessons*, and many other publications. She currently teaches at *String* in New York City.

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Find photographer Steve Parke at steveparke.com.



FROM OUR READERS

WE ASKED OUR FACEBOOK READERS:
WHAT DOES PRACTICAL MAGIC MEAN TO YOU?

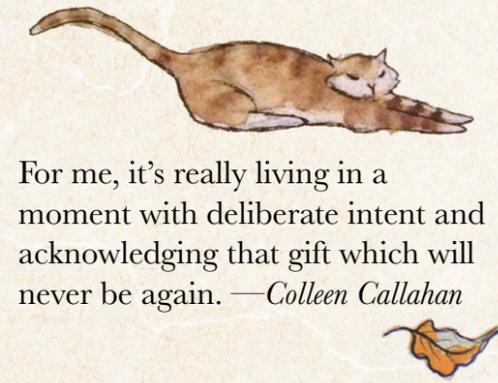


Illustrations © Guinevere von Sneeden

It is about sisterhood and how no matter the distance we always know when we are needed. A bond that nothing can break up.
—Crystal Kjørnes Harris

Practical magic is connecting life's ordinary details to the element of mystery that is always present. Consider a falling leaf on a forest path. Why did it fall just as you were crossing its path? Is it inviting you to pause and look where it fell? Where it came from? What might you find? Magic is always present, but it is revealed to those who seek it.
—Jesse Hendrix-Inman

Been there to welcome all five of my grandbabies into the world. Pure, very practical magic!
—Wendy Vella



For me, it's really living in a moment with deliberate intent and acknowledging that gift which will never be again. —Colleen Callahan

I dreamed of the details of what my husband would be like years before I met him—the sweet personality and temperament, his stature, a few obscure clues—but I did not see his face. I found him and stuck with him based on that insight. He was and is in fact the one from my dream. —Lorie Cosio Azar



The tingle in the air that lets you know you are on the right path in life. —Emily C. Pease

Cooking. Every time I make dinner I put my love and magic into it, and I feel like you can't get any more practical than that.
—Sarah Parker

My practical magic is about gardening. Growing medicines and teas. Putting intention into the plants and caring for them day after day builds some powerful energy. The critters that visit add to the joy. I also feel most magical and powerful when the wind is blowing. —Jackie Padgett



Practical magic is empowering children in the old ways of using resources and learning to do things for themselves. Sewing, canning, growing food, and enjoying nature in a carefree way.
—Noelle Cash Konsbruck



For me it's knowing about herbs and how to use them. Like thyme for congestion or mint for the stomach. A witch is a person of knowledge, wisdom, and old and forgotten understanding.
—Elaina Hargreaves

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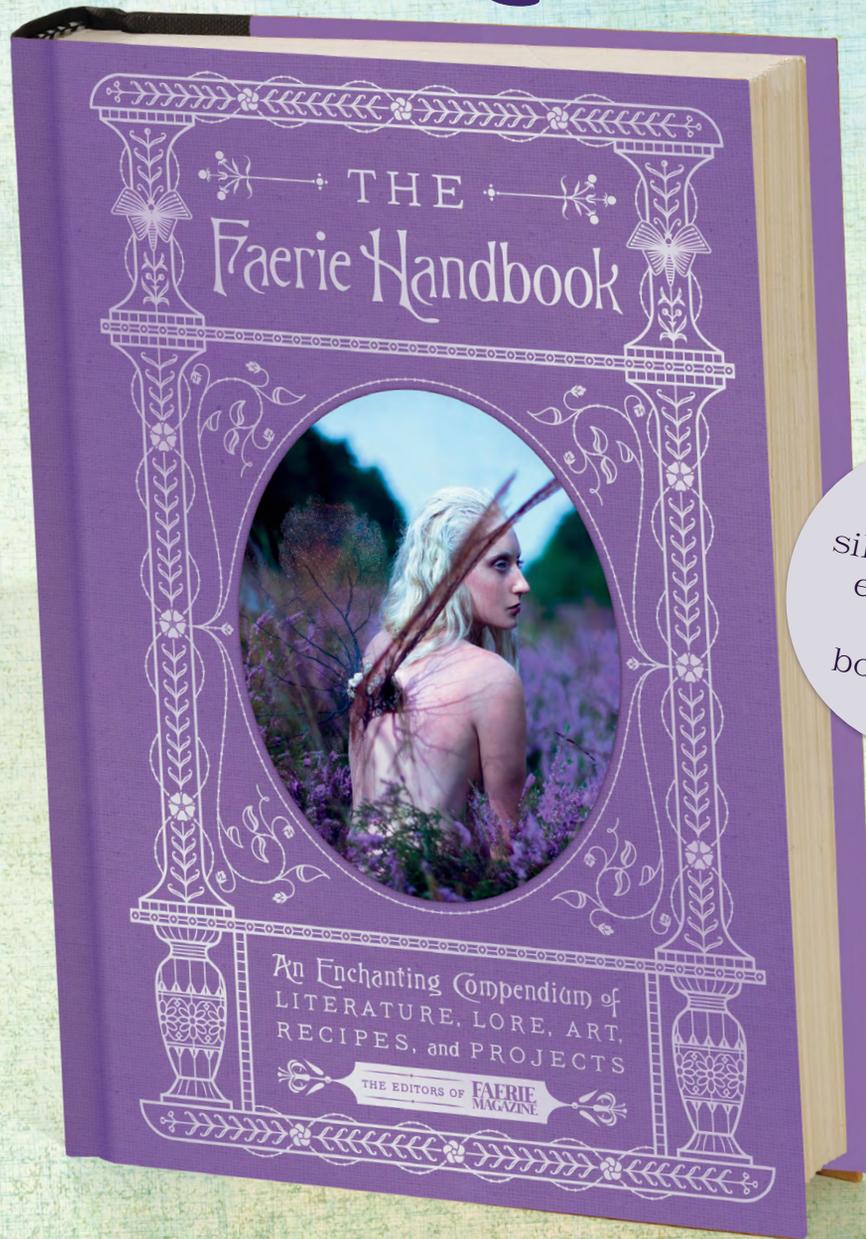
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