

Faerie Magazine is now

ENCHANTED LIVING



ISSUE NO. 48 AUTUMN 2019

\$12.95 USA | \$14.95 CAN

4 8 >



The **WITCH** *Issue*

THE FAERIE HANDBOOK

An enchanted, lavishly designed guide to Flora and Fauna; Fashion and Beauty; Arts and Culture; and Home, Food, and Entertaining, including fine art and photography, literature, essays, do-it-yourself projects, and recipes. A stunning keepsake for fairy fans of all ages!



© Marketa Novak

Order on EnchantedLivingMag.com or wherever books are sold.



We'd had our suspicions, but didn't really know how many of you are witches or have a deep love of witches until we came out with our *Practical Magic* issue two years ago and filled it with spells, potions, brooms, and herbs ... not to mention a few extremely good-looking cats. We were thrilled when *Practical Magic* scribe Alice Hoffman came onboard and helped us plan it, especially given how much she'd personally done to nurture our deep love of magical, green-thumbed ladies. "The witch is not a mother or a daughter or a queen," she said in the issue, "but she's our sister, a soul sister who resides deep inside each of us." Our homage to the world of *Practical Magic* sold out and remains one of our favorites, and so this autumn we thought it was high time for another witchy venture within these pages.

Our From Our Readers column always appears on the last page of the magazine, and in August we asked on our Instagram and Facebook and in our newsletter, *What does being a witch mean to you?* We didn't expect so many lush, exuberant, deeply felt responses. Dozens of you told us about your profound connection to nature, your own confidence and strength, the wildness and joy that comes from tapping into your most witchy essence. "To me, being a witch is sitting in my garden at moon rise," wrote reader Deirdre Bise. "Feeling the earth beneath me, the turning of the seasons. Hearing the frogs in the pond and the deer eating my blueberries in the field. Smelling the green growing things and the mulch pile stewing. This is witchcraft at its simplest." We love imagining you holding this magazine in your hands right now—the moon shining down overhead, the smell of autumn leaves and a crackling fire in the air, a sense of freedom, beauty, and unfettered joy welling up within you. Reader Michelle Ells wrote that being a witch is "returning to what it means to be a woman," letting go of any domestic chains and returning to one's true nature. "I won't go back," she wrote. And why should she?

This issue is a gift to all our soul sisters out there, you joyful magical women (and men!) who love the deep wood and keep the old ways alive, from our luminous, smiling, barefoot witch on the cover to the many witches of old haunting these pages and lighting the way.

Love,
Carolyn Turgeon



Illustrations © Guinevere von Sneeden



ENCHANTED LIVING

VOLUME 48 | Autumn 2019

FOUNDER and PUBLISHER
Kim Cross

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Carolyn Turgeon

ART DIRECTOR
Lisa Gill

PHOTO EDITOR
Steve Parke

SENIOR EDITOR
Grace Nuth

POETRY EDITOR
Mary McMyne

TRAVEL EDITOR
Jill Gleeson

COPY EDITOR
Robert Horning

ADVERTISING SALES
Sara Vesely
sara@faeriemag.com

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT
Rona Berg

CONTRIBUTORS

Charlotte Baker, Sara Cleto, Monica Crosson, Janne Eikeblad, Terri Foss, Gather Victoria, Theodora Goss, Alice Hoffman, Karen Kay, Lauren LaRocca, Alise Marie, Tricia Saroya, Helene Saucedo, Timothy Schaffert, Seamstress of Rohan, Mary Sharratt, Sarah Sparkles, Veronica Varlow, Brittany Warman, Linnet Williams, The Wondersmith

ARTISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS

Helena Aguilar Mayans, Kevin Baker, Alexandria Corne, Thomas Egan, Ange Harper, Angela Medlin, Marketa Novak, Maria Simarro Losada, Guinevere von Sneed, Tea & Morphine, Susan Tuttle

CONTACT US:

info@faeriemag.com
Enchanted Living
P.O. Box 26452
Gwynn Oak, MD 21207

Faerie Magazine/Enchanted Living Copyright © 2019. No portion of *Enchanted Living* may be reproduced, duplicated, or reprinted without prior written permission from the Publisher. ISSN: 1554-9267, recorded with the U.S. Library of Congress. *Enchanted Living* is published in the United States of America.

Table of Contents

Autumn 2019

ISSUE 48 | Autumn

FICTION, POETRY & ESSAYS

7 WAYS TO EMBRACE YOUR INNER WITCH by Grace Nuth
Illustration by Guinevere von Sneed

13 THE WITCH'S CAT by Theodora Goss
Illustration by Guinevere von Sneed

20 HOW TO RECOGNIZE A WITCH by Alice Hoffman
Photography by Ange Harper

29 SEEKING THE WITCH: THE TALES OF THE BROTHERS GRIMM by Sara Cleto and Brittany Warman

47 WAYS TO CONNECT WITH FAIRIES by Karen Kay

69 BROOMS AND BESOMS: HISTORY AND LORE by Charlotte Baker

86 WITCH OF THE WOOD by Tricia Saroya

HOME, FASHION & BEAUTY

28 BEWITCHING HOUSEWARES by Rona Berg



70 MINI BESOM TUTORIAL by Charlotte Baker

79 WITCH HAT by Janne Eikeblad

91 HOW TO CONJURE BEWITCHING LIVING SPACES by Tricia Saroya

92 BEWITCHING GLAMOUR by Alise Marie, *The Beauty Witch*

111 ENCHANTED PARTY PLANNING by Sarah Sparkles



40 MENAGERIES OF MAGIC: THE WORLD'S MOST SPELLBINDING WITCH MUSEUMS by Jill Gleeson



14 HEKATE'S SUPPER
Photography and recipes by Gather Victoria



30 WITCHES THROUGH THE AGES
by Seamstress of Rohan
Photography by Helena Aguilar Mayans

SPECIAL FEATURES

23 MEDICINE FOR THE SPIRIT by Lauren LaRocca

24 WHISPER IN THE WOOD

43 MORE THAN MYTH: ICELANDIC WARLOCKS AND WITCHES by Jill Gleeson



44 TOBY FROUD AND THE DARK CRYSTAL
by Grace Nuth



59 ONE.ELEVEN POTTERY
by Jill Gleeson
Photography by Steve Parke

63 TALKING TAROT WITH RACHEL TRUE
by Grace Nuth

64 HOW I BECAME A DAUGHTER OF THE WITCHING HILL by Mary Sharratt

82 THE STITCH WITCHERY OF GIBBOUS FASHIONS
by Grace Nuth

97 WITCH HANDS: A PALMISTRY GUIDE TO MARKS OF INTUITION IN THE HANDS
by Helene Saucedo

103 ENCHANTED LIVING AWARD WINNERS

105 AUTUMNAL MAGIC
by The Wondersmith

COLUMNS

80 LOVE POTIONS
by Timothy Schaffert

99 LIFE OF A LOVE WITCH
by Veronica Varlow and David Garfinkel
Photography by Steve Parke

114 FROM OUR READERS



8 ON OUR COVER: BALTIMORE'S OLD SCHOOL BRUJA
by Carolyn Turgeon
Photography by Steve Parke



48 ARTIST TERRI FOSS CHATS ABOUT MANIFESTING MAGIC
by Carolyn Turgeon



74 MAGIC IN THE AIR: CREATING YOUR OWN INCENSE BLENDS
by Monica Crosson

Subscribe, buy back issues, sign up for our weekly newsletter, and check out our latest selection of whimsical faerie jewelry and other sweet little gifts.

Visit us online at
enchantedlivingmag.com

CONTRIBUTORS

Enchanted Living's Witch Issue



Charlotte Baker

Charlotte Baker creates handcrafted brooms in a cottage in the woods in the Deep South. Her art is influenced by both the natural world and the backwoods hoodoo tradition that was part of the daily lives of her Southern forebears. Her brooms were featured in our *Practical Magic* issue as well as in the book *Swept Away: The Vanishing Art of Broom Making* by Karen Hobbs. In this issue, she shares a tutorial for mini-besoms and a bit of history and lore. "The vast body of broom superstitions offers glimpses into the special status our ancestors granted these seemingly humble tools," she says. "I admit that the arcane aspect of brooms was a major factor in my desire to learn to make them."



Lisa Gill

Lisa Gill joined *Enchanted Living* in 2015 with years of career experience in graphic design and art. Hailing from the Appalachian Mountains of West Virginia, she spent her childhood exploring lush forests, making necklaces from buckeyes, and sewing her own clothes. Currently she shares her Victorian-style home in North Carolina with six rescued cats, five of which are black. When she isn't treasure hunting at flea markets, her sustaining joy is photographing woodland animals. "The Witch issue is near and dear to my heart as I've never really been anything else," she says. "My mountain-dwelling ancestors were water diviners, herb gatherers, and stirred a cauldron or two."



Alice Hoffman

Alice Hoffman is the *New York Times* best-selling author of over thirty books for adults, children, and young adults, including *Practical Magic*, its sequel *The Rules of Magic*, *The Dovekeepers*, and *The Museum of Extraordinary Things*. Her latest novel, *The World That We Knew*, was published in September and is, according to Elizabeth Strout, a "glorious experience." For this issue Hoffman tells us "How to Recognize a Witch" in her poem on page 20. "I've always had affection for witches," she said in our *Practical Magic* issue from autumn 2017. "I think most girls do growing up. Who wouldn't want wisdom and courage?"



Helena Aguilar Mayans

Helena Aguilar Mayans is a fine art photographer from northern Catalonia. She loves to get lost in the woods and sneak into abandoned places. Past artistic movements, history, and literature are important references for her work. In 2014 she discovered that she shared these interests with the two fantastic women behind the Seamstress of Rohan, and they have collaborated regularly ever since. "It was wonderful to finally create all these sets and shape this project we had in mind for so long," she says of their Witches Through the Ages collaboration on page 30. "Working with analog photography is a very magical process for me and was perfect for this series."



Tricia Saroya

Tricia Saroya has been creative all her life and enjoys working in a variety of media. Currently her creativity expresses itself in event design, costumes, fairy wings, fantasy photo shoots, oil painting, sacred visionary art, and mixed-media art pieces. She is also currently writing a book showcasing her creative endeavors and teaching readers to find their own divine creativity. She lives in a restored caravan on an avocado orchard in Goleta, California, with two feline companions. "For me, the term *witch* has always referred to the archetypal wise woman who resides inside of me," she says. "She is both wise and magical, generally holding the answers I seek."



Seamstress of Rohan

Emerita and Maite met about eight years ago online only to discover they lived on the same tiny Mediterranean island and shared a common passion for fashion and its history. Together they formed the Seamstress of Rohan, a project that aims for historically accurate costumes, often with unusual, dark, or mysterious settings. For this issue they produced a Witches Through the Ages joint venture with photographer Helena Aguilar Mayans. "We've always loved to explore the figure of the witch as the outcast in society," they say, "because we've felt like that too, especially making historical clothing. From a feminist perspective, it's enriching to portray also."

Ways to Embrace Your Inner Witch

BY GRACE NUTH

ILLUSTRATION BY GUINEVERE VON SNEEDEN

- Love yourself, warts and all.
- Discover the charm and good fortune of black cats. Or any cats. Or any animal companions. Find your familiar and treat him or her like gold.
- Create your own rituals based on what you personally find meaningful.
- Go barefoot as often as you can in summer, crunch in the leaves in autumn, wear socks inscribed with secret sigils inside your boots in winter, and tuck small blooms of clover into your shoes in spring.
- Wear all black. Or all purple. Or all green. Become known as someone who shamelessly celebrates what makes you happy, without giving a hoot about what others think.
- Celebrate seasonal holidays: Samhain, Yule, Imbolc, Ostara, Beltane, Midsummer, Lammas, Mabon.
- Choose your specialty based on what you love. Cooking? Kitchen Witch. Gardening? Green Witch. A little of everything? Eclectic Witch.
- But also don't be afraid to learn new skills. Study foraging until you can pick berries on your woodland walk and eat them without a moment of hesitation. Learn what herbs can soothe bad dreams and which help a cough.
- Celebrate the spells of everyday mornings. Everything from putting on your makeup to slipping a meaningful ring on each finger can be infused with intention and magic if you want it to be.
- Adopt the habit of paying attention to when the moon is full, waxing, waning. See how it affects you and the way your magic works.
- Read a witchy book. The aesthetic is enticing, sure, but the satisfaction that comes with learning the history and craft is far more satisfying.
 - Wear your finest dress to dinner with a friend. Use your best china. Life doesn't have enough rituals, so a smart witch knows to make a ritual out of life.



ON OUR COVER

Baltimore's Old School Bruja

BY CAROLYN TURGEON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PARKE

I first became aware of Old School Bruja when an invitation was floating around Facebook last spring for a Witch's High Tea in Baltimore, where *Enchanted Living* is based. (It's the hometown of founder and publisher Kim Cross.) Several people I knew were planning on going, according to the notifications, and obviously I had to go too. A Witch's High Tea? Yes, please! I clicked on the name Old School Bruja and sent a message, and then later that day I went to meet Old School Bruja herself. I don't know what I was expecting really, but it wasn't this glowing, luminous, magical, goddess-like woman who emanated joy and laughed regularly while drinking unicorn tea with me in her bright kitchen and showing me her sunflower garden out back. Sunflowers for the orisha Oshun, she said.

Her name is Linnet Williams. She's lived in Baltimore for a decade but hails from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, from a block full of Puerto Rican and Dominican families where every mother, aunt, and grandmother was a bruja (or witch) and no one saw any conflict between attending Catholic church and casting spells at home using shells and herbs and stones. Williams describes a childhood in which her father took her to Home Depot and the mechanic's and her mother took her to the grocery store and the local brujas—different ones, depending on what spells or protections she needed. These visits were kept secret from her father and brother, Williams said: "The men only participated when they were in big trouble, and in general were pretty apprehensive about it."

Williams describes a childhood full of magic and a mother who was constantly placing protection spells on her. "She was always doing stuff to heal me and protect me," she says, giving her ritual baths with oils and herbs and flower petals, performing any number of spells, lighting candles dressed in oils, and making offerings to the orishas—the gods and goddesses in the African-Caribbean spiritual traditions. Williams would wake up to find her mother standing by her bed, praying and chanting over her. She received her first visit from Spirit, as she calls it, when she was four and lying in her Strawberry Shortcake canopy bed. A man came—in "clear jelly form," she remembers—and took her to a long red, black, and gold table piled with fruit and juice. "This is all yours," he said. Later she would identify him as the orisha Elegua. She says he still visits her in dreams; they go on walks together and he takes her back to that same table.

By the time Williams was seven, she was reading matches, a trick she learned from one of the brujas. She can't remember when she first started doing other types of magic—she was

always doing them, really, helping her mother as a child. She describes one scary meeting when a male brujo had her describe a vision in a bowl of water as her mother watched. And then, in high school, she learned Wicca and melded all the teachings together. The two practices in which she became formally initiated, in her twenties, are Palo Mayombe and Ifa, both nature-based African-Caribbean spiritual traditions. All of this, she says, was guided by Spirit, though she didn't start her formal healing practice until later, instead working as a model and a social worker for some years while also having her share of fun. "In my twenties," she says, "anytime I had Bacardi I turned into psychic medium at the club and everyone got a free reading!"

But when you're not aligned with your spiritual path, she says, your whole life can go askew. She became ill and at one point lost everything. Finally she "went back to the source" and rebuilt her life, ending up working at a spiritually based nonprofit, helping women in recovery. As she started practicing brujeria for some of these women, she became so busy with private clients that she'd take vacation days just to meet with them. Four years ago, she quit her job and began her healing practice full time, after consulting with Spirit and confirming through a card reading, fire reading, and shell reading that this was what she was meant to do.

Now she works with clients in Baltimore one on one and also leads workshops and classes to assemble a "healing community"—a "village," she says—and she volunteers at a youth center. There she helps at-risk young people find some sort of release for an hour at a time, "some sort of alignment" and affirmation. "I do my best to protect them," she says. "It's a constant battle." The city, she says, is in need of healing, and she occasionally performs rituals at Druid Hill Park, where unmarked graves of slaves lie below—and where these joyful, powerful photos were shot. She also is, at thirty-seven, a grandmother. She had her daughter Mariah at age sixteen (with her mother in the room, praying wildly) and to this day performs all manner of spells and enchantments on her daughter the way her own mother did on her. "I put so many protections on that child," she says. Now twenty-one, Mariah is not ready to practice herself yet. "She's magical," Williams says. "Spirit will be here for her when she's ready."



Learn more about Linnet Williams at oldschoolbruja.com. You can also tune into the Old School Bruja Radio Show at Ripped Radio Network, Spotify, Amazon TV, Roku, Facebook, Twitter, and Periscope.



— THE ABUNDANT GOURD SPELL (WAXING OR FULL MOON) —

Life should be filled with abundance!

- 1 medium-size gourd (squash or pumpkin)*
- 1 green taper candle*
- 1 gold taper candle*
- 5 whole bay leaves*
- Cinnamon (ground and whole)*
- Cloves*
- Ginger*
- Mugwort*
- Red clover*
- Calendula*
- Fresh basil*
- Sunflower petals*
- Honey*
- 1 orange*
- White rum*
- Sacred oil or blessed olive oil*
- Black marker*
- Shot glass*
- Plate*
- Athame or kitchen knife*
- Paper towels*
- Cup or plate for offering*
- Glass of water (preferably river water)*

- Prepare the gourd by cutting off the top and scooping out the guts. Reserve some of the seeds and dry them for future spell work.
- Prepare your ritual space as usual and put all your tools and components on your altar.
- Cast your circle and protection. If you do not know how to do this, please contact Old School Bruja.
- Light your gold candle in its holder.
- Place the bay leaves to the side; you will use them later. Dress your candles in the olive oil, cinnamon, ginger, and mugwort. Grab the honey and taste it! Peel the orange and dress it in the honey and herbs.
- Dig a small hole in the bottom of the pumpkin “floor,” big enough for the green candle.
- Write your requests on the bay leaves. You can write what you want in one or two words on each leaf. For example: Power. Abundance. Good Health. Protection. Peace.
- Use oils to anoint the corners of your paper, then fold it. Place it in the pumpkin.
- One at a time, consecrate all the items with the river water. The whole time you’re doing

- this, you should be focusing on your desired goal. Secure the candle in the pumpkin and place all the herbs and bay leaves into the pumpkin.
- You may then pray and chant while visualizing your goal. Envision your goal as energy channeling into the gourd, imbuing it with great power and love.
- When you feel you’re ready, light the candle. Sit and relax, envisioning yourself having your desire.
- When you’re ready, you can thank Spirit for their help by giving them the offering of oranges dressed in honey, a shot of rum, and a glass of water. After that, you can close up the ritual and open the circle.
- Let the candle burn out completely—but don’t leave it unattended.
- Return your spell components to the earth by burying them on your property. Don’t have land? Bury them in a flower pot and leave them there for a few months until decomposed, and then use that dirt for a new plant!





THE WITCH'S CAT

by *Theodora Goss*

Illustration by *Guinevere von Sneeden*



A witch's cat isn't always black.
Mine is an elegant tortoiseshell.
She refuses to come when I call to her
but as soon as I start reciting a spell,
she'll appear at the top of the stairs,
as though she was never gone at all.

Where does she go when she's not with me?
She won't tell me, however much I ask.
Whether for pleasure or to fulfill
some secretive, inscrutable task
given to her by Mother Night.
She simply says, "You've made a mistake,

Mistress mine. I was always here,"
then looks at me with those yellow eyes,
like two full moons. A witch's cat
isn't always truthful, but she is wise.
She knows where magical plants are found
and when the midsummer sun will rise.

She knows which toads are poisonous
and how to pronounce the ancient words,
whether Latin, Greek, or Sumerian.
She understands the weather's moods,
and knows the way to the hidden glade
where witches meet, in the heart of the woods.

There we catch up on the latest charms,
sharing ingredients and recipes,
then dance until the moon has set,
while Mother Night walks beneath the trees,
a tall, pale woman as old as time,
whose long black hair is filled with stars.

When my cat says, "Mistress, it's time to go,"
she climbs on the back of my broom, and we fly
over the sleeping town below,
through a purple and orange sky,
back home, where I promptly get to work,
while she curls in the armchair and sleeps all day!

A witch's cat is never good,
nor ever entirely bad. She's herself.
Sometimes she'll suddenly walk through walls
or appear on the highest shelf
where I hid the cream and knock it down,
more troublesome than any elf.

But what would I do without her? Who
would translate when I summon a demon,
or frighten mice from the herbs in the pantry,
or watch over my simmering cauldron?
Or keep the loneliness away,
a magic stronger than any potion?

Theodora Goss is the World Fantasy, Locus, and Rhysling Award-winning author or editor of nine books, including the short-story and poetry collection Snow White Learns Witchcraft, her debut novel The Strange Case of the Alchemist's Daughter, and sequel European Travel for the Monstrous Gentlewoman. She teaches at Boston University and in the Stonecoast MFA program, where she specializes in fantasy, fairy tales, and the Gothic.

HEKATE'S SUPPER

A Feast for the Queen of the Witches



Recipes and Photography by
DANIELLE PROHOM OLSON (A.K.A. GATHER VICTORIA)

Samhain is a time for honoring the ancestors and feeding the dead—so why not invite Hekate, queen of the shades and shadows, for dinner? Despite her bad reputation as sorceress of the dark arts, this goddess was a very sought-after houseguest in ancient Greece, especially on the night of the dark or new moon. Emerging from Hades with her retinue of baying hounds, she gathered the souls of the recently departed. And to help safely convey them to the underworld, a sacramental meal called Hekate's Deipnon was served. If Hekate was pleased and the dead well-fed, she would grant protection, harmony, and prosperity for the household, family, and city-state, not to mention a few magical favors!

Today her supper is popularly associated with desolate crossroads, but the Deipnon was most often held at home—right outside the front door. For the women of ancient Athens, Hekate was far more than a goddess of the dead and the underworld; she was a very earthly protectress of the home. Her magical symbols were familiar items in every household: Keys locked doors against intruders, dogs guarded the threshold, and torches illuminate dark doorways from lurking ne'er-do-wells.

Since Hekate was a goddess of domestic protection, her rites included household cleansing and purification. The Deipnon fell on the close of the lunar month, a time for removing any bad or stale energy (often called "miasma") one didn't want to carry forward into the new. Homes were swept clean, and purifying herbs such as bay laurel, lavender, and rosemary were burned. At dusk, supper was laid out. Breads, cakes, fruits, cheeses, garlic, onions, eggs, fish, sesame seeds, almonds, and

libations of wine and honey were common offerings.

Many foods, including breads, small cakes lit by candles, and pomegranates, have been sacred to earth and fertility goddesses since deepest antiquity. And they have played an important role in funerary rites for just as long. Others, like garlic, onions, and eggs, banished the dreaded miasma, and libations were poured into the ground to reach the dead below.

According to many scholars, the Deipnon was not meant to be consumed by mere mortals and was left untouched. But as the following quote from a play by Aristophanes suggests, it may have served a more material function: to feed the poor. "Ask Hekate whether it is better to be rich or starving; she will tell you that the rich send her a meal every month and that the poor make it disappear before it is even served."

Whether you decide to consume your Hekate Supper or donate it to a homeless shelter is up to you—but Hekate's Supper resonates with me not just as an incredibly beautiful ritual of ancestor veneration, household protection, and blessing, but as an expression of the oldest magic of all: food magic.

So this Samhain I suggest a modern Hekate Supper potluck. Invite friends to bring food or libation to offer Hekate and place these offerings on an altar with lanterns, candles, and Hekate's herbs and magical talismans. Light the lanterns while asking for illumination and protection, and reflect on what you wish to release from the old year and welcome into the new. Then, after a toast to honor the queen of the witches, the spirits of the season, the ancestors, and our beloved who have crossed to the other side, dig in and celebrate the delicious pleasures of living!

POMEGRANATE AND
ROSE RED CAKE



POMEGRANATE AND ROSE SWIRL MINI CHEESECAKES

A common offering at the Deipnon were small cakes similar to cheesecake. I flavored and adorned this recipe with rose and pomegranate, traditional offerings to the great goddesses of the ancient world. Symbols of fertility and the pleasures of earthly life, both were associated with death and the underworld as well. Hekate is often said to wear a crown of roses, and the funerary use of rose wreaths dates back thousands of years. Similarly, the seeds of the pomegranate (arils) are associated with the realm of the dead. In the popular Greek myth of Persephone and Hades, all it took was one small bite to banish Persephone to the underworld. In some versions of this myth it was Hekate whose torches lit Persephone's journey back to earth.



POMEGRANATE AND ROSE SWIRL MINI CHEESECAKES

Pomegranate and Rose Swirl Topping

1 cup pomegranate juice
3 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons dried rose petals
2 teaspoons rose water
Note: You can also use premade pomegranate syrup

Crust

¾ cup ground almonds or almond meal
¼ cup butter, melted
Pinch of salt
Pinch of cardamom

Cheesecake

1¼ cups cream cheese, room temperature
½ cup sour cream, room temperature
½ cup sugar
2 eggs, room temperature
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1½ tablespoons all-purpose flour
½ cup of pomegranate arils (seeds) for garnish

Pomegranate and Rose Swirl Topping

Simmer all ingredients over medium-low heat until the liquid is reduced to ½ cup and is the consistency of syrup. Allow to cool. Sieve off the rose petals before using.

Crust

Mix almond meal with melted butter in a small bowl or food processor. Work until dough forms a dense, cohesive texture. Dividing up into even portions, press the almond mixture firmly into bottom of your pans using a spoon. Set aside.

Cheesecake

Preheat oven at 320°F. Beat cream cheese until soft. While beating, gradually add in sugar. Then add in eggs one by one, mixing until just combined. Add vanilla extract, lemon juice, flour and blend. (Try to avoid overmixing at each stage as it can cause cracking while baking.)

Divide the cheesecake filling evenly and dollop into prepared pans. Gently shake the pan to flatten the surface. Bake for 15 to 25 minutes. The cheesecake should not be quite set and jiggle a bit when you gently shake the pan.

Remove from oven and leave to cool to room temperature. Refrigerate in the pans overnight. When ready to serve, remove from pans and place on a serving tray. Pour a small amount of syrup over each cheesecake and garnish with pomegranate seeds and small candles.

Note: I used small, 3-inch springform pans, which made eight cheesecakes. You can also use cupcake liners in a cupcake or muffin tin.

POMEGRANATE AND ROSE RED CAKE

Cake

½ cup pomegranate juice
2¼ cups all-purpose flour
¾ cup unsweetened cocoa powder
2 teaspoons baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup unsalted butter, room temperature

1½ cups granulated sugar
3 large eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar
1 cup half-and-half cream
½ cup dried rose petals

Icing

½ cup pomegranate seeds
12 ounces cream cheese, room temperature
½ cup unsalted butter, room temperature
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 cups confectioners or icing sugar, sifted
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons pomegranate juice powder (optional as garnish)
3 tablespoons black cherry juice powder (optional as garnish)
1 cup of whipped cream (for serving)

Cake

The day before assembling your cake, place your dried rose petals and cream in a small saucepan and gently warm to a simmer. Remove from heat and let sit covered on the counter overnight. The next day, sieve off your rose petals from cream. Squeeze petals to release all the liquid.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Line the bases of two round 9-by-2-inch baking pans with greased parchment or wax paper.

In a large bowl, mix the flour, cocoa, baking soda, and salt together and set aside.

In a separate bowl, beat butter and sugar at medium speed until fluffy. Add eggs one at a time to the butter mixture, beating after each one. Add vanilla extract.

Add half the flour mixture to the butter-and-sugar mixture at low speed, then slowly add in rose-infused cream, pomegranate juice, and vinegar a little at a time. Add remaining flour and continue to beat at low speed until mixture is smooth, about 1 to 2 minutes.

Divide batter into cake pans and bake for 30 to 35 minutes, or until an inserted toothpick near the center comes out clean. Allow cakes to rest in cake pan until cool, then invert onto a cooling rack.

Icing

Blend cream cheese and butter in mixing bowl. Add vanilla. Beat at medium speed.

Add confectioner's sugar and salt. Beat until fluffy.

Place one layer of cake on a cake plate and spread with one third of the icing. Cover with second layer of cake with remaining icing.

Dust the sides with a mixture of the pomegranate and black cherry powder. Garnish with whipped cream and arils.



DARK CHOCOLATE AND TAHINI OAT BARS WITH DANDELION ROOT

Granted there are few historical records to support dandelion as a plant of Hekate, but it is certainly associated with her by modern devotees. I love dandelion root as a deeply nourishing, grounding food that disappears easily into baking.

¾ cup of instant oats
2 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa powder
6 ounces bittersweet chocolate, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons of dandelion root, washed and finely minced (you can also use 1 tablespoon of ground dandelion root powder—found at most herb stores)
4 tablespoons softened butter
4 tablespoons tahini, divided
½ cup granulated sugar
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

¼ cup (packed) light brown sugar
2 large eggs
¼ cup (packed) light brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon honey

Preheat oven to 350°F. Line an 8-by-8-inch baking dish with two overlapping pieces of parchment paper, leaving a good overhang on two sides.

Remove any lumps in your cornstarch and cocoa powder by whisking briskly in a small bowl. Then place in a small saucepan with chocolate, butter, and 1 tablespoon tahini. Heat on low, stirring until mixture is melted and smooth.

Beat eggs, granulated sugar, brown sugar, salt, and vanilla in a large bowl until doubled in volume—about 5 minutes. Add chocolate mixture, scraping down sides, until fully incorporated. Beat in cornstarch mixture, then increase speed to medium-high and beat for about 30 seconds.

Add your minced dandelion roots (or powder) and mix gently. Scrape batter into prepared baking dish and swirl in your oats—but do not overmix! Using a wooden spoon smooth the top of the batter. Combine honey and remaining 3 tablespoons tahini in a small bowl. Dollop this mixture over batter and swirl with a skewer or teaspoon.

Bake brownies until top is browned and a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean, approximately 20 to 25 minutes. Let cool before removing from pan and cutting into squares.



SNAKE BUNS WITH SESAME SEEDS: THRESHOLD GUARDIANS

A bread-and-cheese platter is a must for any supper for Hekate—or you and your friends! After all, aside from cake, there is no single food more associated with goddesses all over the world. I also offered crackers made with sesame seeds both black and white, commonly used in funerary foods. I also fashioned some Snake Buns, which I sprinkled with sesame seeds. Snakes were a sacred symbol of Hekate, and it was common practice to keep a snake under the front porch as a guardian spirit. And of course, where there is bread, cheese must accompany! Serve warm with a topping of roasted garlic and olives.

Package of defrosted frozen bread rolls
4 tablespoons black sesame seeds
3 tablespoons white sesame seeds
A handful of pomegranate arils to use as snake eyes
1 beaten egg (to be used as a wash)

Preheat oven to 350°F.

Sprinkle a handful of seeds onto your bread board or rolling area. Place each bun of defrosted dough onto the seeds and then using your hands roll into a long snake like tube about 7 to 8 inches long. Incorporate as many seeds as possible into the dough. Flatten one end to make a head and then taper the other to make a tail. Press two pomegranate seeds as eyes into the head.

Coil the dough into a snake-like shape. Brush with egg wash and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Repeat this process until all the buns have been transformed into snakes.

Gently transfer to a baking/cookie sheet. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes, until golden brown.



Follow Danielle Prohom Olson (a.k.a. Gather Victoria) on her blog at gathervictoria.com.



Photography by **Ange Harper**

Model: **The Druidess Of Midian**



HOW TO RECOGNIZE A WITCH

by Alice Hoffman

Walk down the path into the woods.
You don't need a lantern, you don't need light.
You've been here before and so have I.
In my hands I have stars, fish, water, air.
I have three wishes and three stories to tell.

I know you can hear me.

You hear me every night when the branches scrape across the window,
when the dog asks to be let out, when your heart beats too fast.

Look in the mirror, look at the palm of your hand,
look at the black dresses hanging in the closet.

Walk out the door, you don't need a key or a map.
There are no directions, and anyway, you're already there.



Read more about Alice Hoffman at alicehoffman.com.

Follow Ange Harper at angeharper.com.



MEDICINE FOR THE SPIRIT

By Lauren LaRocca



As I write this, I'm looking out over a field of gnarled juniper trees, sagebrush, and pinion pine in Abiquiu, New Mexico. The landscape is vastly different from the Appalachian Mountains back East, where I've lived nearly all my life. Being out here in the wilderness for days on end reminds me to breathe, stay open, connect. There is magic everywhere.

For the first time in my life, I feel strongly that I'm exactly where I'm meant to be, although where I am changes nearly every day. I'm living on the road. During these first few months, my travels have taken me to the mountains and shores of North Carolina, into the heartland, through the expanse of Texas and the deserts of the southwest, where saguaros more than a hundred years old stand like guardians across the horizon.

Why am I, a thirty-seven-year-old woman, wandering the open road on my own? After thirteen years as an arts writer for newspapers and magazines in Maryland, I got laid off, as many people do in journalism these days. But rather than scurrying to find another nine-to-five, I was determined to support myself as a freelance writer and herbalist and live nomadically. I made ends meet until my lease was up and then set off into the unknown, my car filled with clothes, camping gear, field guides and journals, and other essentials, like bear mace.

Several people asked what the purpose of the trip was. I explained that it's not so much a vacation as a way of life. I was also secretly hoping that the purpose would be revealed to me along the way. It's experiential. I still work nearly every day, but my commute, where I eat and sleep, and the people I see change. Once I began to get into a deeper flow of listening to and trusting my intuition, letting something bigger than me determine where to go each day and where to stay each night, life brought an

abundance of expansive synchronicities. Supporting myself like this is hard, but the freedom it gives me to follow my own rhythms is sacred.

That said, after two months, I was frazzled, fried, an emotional mess. It was as if I couldn't possibly squeeze any more life into such a small amount of time because I couldn't process all of it. It was also eclipse season, but I knew there was more to it. As an empath who experiences nearly all the clair senses, I had to put some new practices into place that would keep me centered and protected. When you're nomadic, the only thing that stays steady is you. You have to create rituals. For me, it has been daily journaling, prayer, pranayama, carrying protective stones (raw shungite, black tourmaline, obsidian), wearing palo santo and vetiver oils to ground and shield, and taking wild yarrow flower essence (I made a bottle by the seaside one sunny day in June), which strengthens and protects the auric field. I often end the day by smoking mugwort for better sleep and dreams.

Finding wild plants was a huge motivation for traveling, especially to the desert. What a difference to see a living creosote bush, the bush that gives the desert rain its distinct scent, after only reading about it in books or seeing it as dried, processed plant material received via mail order for the past fifteen years. Along the way, I've also collected red clover, yarrow, rosemary, prickly pear cactus (put into breakfast tacos), cedar, juniper, sagebrush, mullein, and air plants that grow on live oaks in Texas.

And crystals. In Arkansas, I dug into red mud to unearth quartz points, which I use in my formulas to enhance the potency of the medicine, dropping them into tincture bottles. Pulling these directly from the earth was the surest way for me to know of their purity, since they are carriers of any and all energies they come in contact with. I couldn't help but think

about all the magic that was in the earth beneath me that night as I camped there.

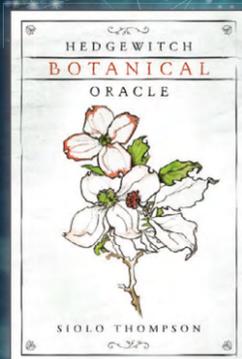
This is the road less traveled for a reason. It's difficult, a logistical nightmare, and at times truly terrifying. I've survived coyotes surrounding my tent and growling at me alone inside, black bears, snakes, days of storms and winds that flooded—and then broke—my tent, and the occasional questionable person met along the way.

But there have also been so many moments when my mouth is agape by such wonderment or great beauty or the kindness of strangers: sitting on an empty beach, watching a pink full moon rising over the ocean; coyotes yipping and howling at the full moon in the desert, where I slept next to a saguaro that towered over me some thirty feet high; bathing in natural springs and rivers and rain. This journey is as much an internal one as it is external, and every step of the way has revealed a little more magic, in the earth and in myself.

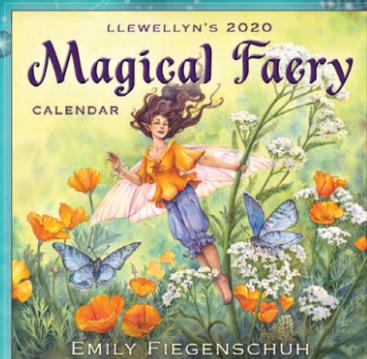
Follow Lauren LaRocca on Instagram @karmarocca.



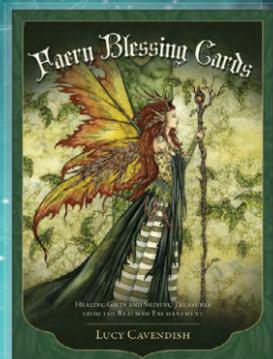
Enchanting New Products FROM LLEWELLYN



Forty elegant cards provide guidance and meditative focus
9780738757537 • \$27.99



Enchanting art captures the wisdom and the spirit of the fae folk
9780738757629 • \$14.99



Every card contains a faery blessing to inspire your life
9780738762623 • \$23.95





PROFILE OF A GREEN WITCH



WHISPER *in the* WOOD

Enchanted Living: Can you tell us a bit about yourself?

Susan Tuttle: Hi there from the woods of Maine! I'm a mama, folk herbalist, photo artist, and natural witch with "green" and "hedge" propensities. I run a small home-based online business, In the Wood Botanicals, offering wildcrafted, plant-based body and soul-care products made from simple plant allies I reverently and responsibly forage from the woods, fields, and riverside that surround our home.

EL: How do you define a hedge witch and in what ways have you identified as one?

ST: In my heart, I know I've been a witch for a very long time, in this lifetime and in past ones. One of the things that's exciting about being a witch in today's modern world is that there are numerous ways to be one, and no two witches will ever be the same. I'm not necessarily a fan of labels, as they can be confining and sometimes used with harmful intent, but they can also be useful and helpful when it comes to conveying and sharing information. I identify as an eclectic, natural witch. I embody both "green" witch and "hedge" witch qualities. The "green" part of me feels deeply connected to Mama Earth, co-creates with healing plants to make medicine and food, gardens, and is connected to the fae spirit entities of the land that surrounds my home in the Maine woods. The "hedge" witch in me has one foot in the earthly plane, and the other across the

hedge, in the Otherworld. As a hedge witch, I practice divination (mostly via scrying and tarot), engage in spirit communication, and practice the art of hedge riding, which in essence is taking a meditative journey to the Otherworld to gain knowledge, wisdom, and ultimately to strengthen and better oneself for the sake of being of service to the planet and others.

EL: Can you tell us about how you forage for the plants you use?

ST: I feel very fortunate to live in a natural landscape that affords me the privilege of foraging for numerous plant allies and fungi, for the purposes of making "medicine" and meals. I forage from early spring until just after the first fall frosts. My dear friend made me the most beautiful foraging basket, which I take out into the forest with me, along with tools of the trade. The whole experience is very spiritual for me. I walk slowly, do a lot of observing and listening, feel loving energies swirling all around that are so easy to lose the ego in and feel a part of, and get called in certain directions (butterflies often appear and lead me to certain plants, or sometimes I literally feel like I am being taken by the hand and led). Before I harvest a plant, I touch it, communicate with it, speak my intentions of what I plan to do with the plant, I ask permission before harvesting a small amount (only what I need), and I thank the plant. I co-create with burdock, jewelweed, violets, plantain, sweetfern, mullein, comfrey, mugwort,



linden, purple loosestrife, evergreens, birch, medicinal and edible mushrooms, wild primrose, dandelion, goldenrod, smartweed, pearly everlasting, self heal, yarrow, nettle, St. John's Wort, and more.

EL: Do you have a particularly strong affinity for certain plants?

ST: I do, and this shifts, depending on which plants are needed in that particular point in time (I may not even consciously know they are needed yet, but I follow my instinct and trust in the plants that are presenting themselves in a strong way). For instance, I harvested and processed an abundance of Japanese knotweed this year, making a tincture that turned out to be necessary medicine for my dear friend's child who later contracted Lyme disease. I have a strong affinity for dandelion, which grows rampant in our yard. If people knew how many amazing things this plant can gift us with (both medicine and food- and drink-wise), they would not treat her as a pest to be eradicated. St. John's Wort, another favorite, is a key ingredient in a pain salve that I make, which has helped bring relief to myself, my family and friends, and so many who have purchased the salve from my shop. Goldenrod is another one. She goes into my wildcrafted fire cider, which keeps me and my family healthy throughout the cold Maine winter. And mugwort, which I use for divination purposes (Note: Pregnant women should not use mugwort).

EL: When did you first come to realize the healing properties of plants? Did you grow up with this knowledge?

ST: I grew up in the woods and spent the majority of my time alone, exploring them. This fostered a deep relationship between myself and the plants and animals I lived with. Even when I moved to Boston in my twenties, I remained drawn to the natural world and tried my best to incorporate it into my life. I did eventually return to the woods, to settle down and start a family, and have lived here for twenty years. It's the place where I feel most at home. I made it a point to be able to identify and know the plants and trees on the land here—if they are native or not, medicinal, edible, poisonous. I have a voracious appetite for learning about them, and the more I learn, the more there is to learn. It's written in our DNA to be connected to the land. It's within us, and each and every one of us can connect or reconnect if we choose it.

EL: When did you open your online apothecary?

ST: In early spring of 2019. It was a natural outgrowth of what I was already doing—making medicine for family and friends that really works and supports health and vitality. I made more of what I already make, to share with others in the online apothecary. It's a way I can be of service.

EL: Do you have advice for our readers who want to learn more about wildcrafting and herbalism?

ST: Yes, do it! I recommend taking local foraging and herbalism classes in your area. There are amazing authors out there too. Herbalism luminaries like Rosemary Gladstar, Robin Rose Bennett, Deb Soule, and Susun Weed. Foraging and wildcrafting experts Leda Meredith, David Spahr (I'm fortunate to have him as a personal teacher here in Maine), and Pascal Baudar. On

Instagram, I recommend following April Graham @she_is_of_the_woods, as she shares a plethora of knowledge and upholds an important philosophy of "No knowledge held hostage for profit." I readily share on my Instagram feed as well, in both my posts and on my IGTV channel.

EL: How do you stay enchanted in your daily life?

ST: There are so many ways to do this, and it does not have to be elaborate. Magic can be found in the everyday, simple experiences. For me, living in the woods and working with amazing healing, magical plants all the year round does it—harvesting and making infused oils, tinctures, and tea blends in

the warmer months, and crafting body-care products with them in the winter. I also stay inspired by making witchy, magical art almost each and every day.

EL: Are there any simple remedies you'd like to share?

ST: Sure! Before I do, I want to mention that I regularly share all kinds of herbalism and witchcraft information, tips, and recipes on my Instagram. Here's a simple recipe that's yummy and medicinal ...

Visit Susan Tuttle's online shop at inthewoodbotanicals.com, and find her on Instagram and IGTV @whisper_in_the_wood.

HERB-INFUSED MEDICINAL HONEY

In addition to being a sweet and luxurious natural treat, honey offers potent medicine. When infused with medicinal herbs, its healing potential soars. Herbal honey is easy to make, has a variety of uses, a long shelf life, and is the perfect way to capture the taste of summer to be enjoyed on a cold winter's day. One of my favorite herbal honeys to make is peppermint-infused raw, local wildflower honey, crafted with fresh peppermint sprigs from my garden. It tastes like a candy cane and I enjoy eating it by the spoonful throughout the year. It's delightful in tea and makes a wonderful cough

and cold remedy. It soothes sore throats, helps clear a stuffy nose, is antibacterial, anti-viral and anti-inflammatory, supports the digestive system, calms an upset tummy, and curtails nausea.

I simply fill a jar $\frac{2}{3}$ full with fresh herb ($\frac{1}{3}$ full if dry), pour honey over it, filling the jar. Cap it and set it in a warm and sunny window for a period of two weeks. Strain and enjoy!

So many herbs can be infused into honey. Here are some I enjoy using: bee balm, tulsi, lavender, rose petals, lemon balm, linden, rosehips, rosemary, thyme, sage, and violet.

OAK TREE FARMS

WHIMSICAL, VINTAGE-INSPIRED, HANDMADE LEATHER FOOTWEAR PERFECT FOR THE ETHERAL QUEST TO TIME-TRAVEL INTO BOTH THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

USE CODE **ENCHANTEDOTF** TO RECEIVE A 15% DISCOUNT

FOLLOW US @OAKTREEFARMS



Bewitching Housewares

BY RONA BERG

We are always looking for ways to bring a bit of magic into the home, which is, after all, where we spend most of our time. And that often starts by finding unique pieces that bewitch, enchant, and delight the modern eye—and the other senses—of an old soul.

A lovely scented candle that clears the air, a beautiful textured-wood sculpture, a transcendent teapot, and a vintage-inspired chest with hand-cut moons are all great examples of objects that cast a spell on us as soon as we saw them.

Bringing the outdoors in, clearing the energy in your home, and connecting with nature through natural patterns, sinuous shapes, deep colors and forms that simply invite pleasure and bring us joy are part of our journey, and we wanted to share these with you.

UNIQUE WITCH CABINET BY LENA FOX ART

The utterly charming vintage-style wood cabinet by Lena Fox Art, above, is inspired by the homes of the historic witches of Salem and features three little drawers, perfect for holding herbs, crystals, lotions and potions, and all the treasures that are essential to a life well-lived. etsy.com/shop/lenafoxart

OH SO SOAP

The founder of Osmia Organics, Dr. Sara Villafranco, likes to say that “chemistry is just poorly marketed magic.” Every time you use one of her craggy, pebbled, low-lather soaps—with organic buttermilk powder and no essential oils or color, so perfect for sensitive skin—you can imagine yourself scouting for stones on a deserted beach. osmiaorganics.com

ROOT SCULPTURE

Bring the outdoors in with a beautiful, gnarled, one-of-a-kind tree-root sculpture, made with reclaimed roots salvaged in India by villagers, then dried in a kiln and polished to perfection. crateandbarrel.com

HAUSWITCH WITCHES CANDLE

An easy way to clear any bad energy in your home is to make it smell really good! This 100 percent soy candle with a wood wick, a collaboration between Soy Much Brighter and illustrator Bill Crisafi, fills any space with the intoxicating scent of vetiver and spruce, and will burn for up to forty hours. hauswitchstore.com

PLOVER ORGANICS VICTORIANA THROW PILLOWS

These lushly patterned floral throw pillows, in deep shades of indigo, purple, and blue, are made with only GOTS-certified organic cotton, which means they are as soft and sustainable as they are magical to look at. ploverorganic.com

LUMINESCENCE PEACOCK COLLECTION TEAPOT

This teapot, from the Franz porcelain collection, is a bit over the top, but then again, so are peacocks! Each artisanal piece is hand-painted in dazzling color, inspired by the beauty of nature to brighten up teatime. wildlifewonders.com



Follow Rona Berg on Instagram @ronaberg



Seeking the Witch: The Tales of the Brothers Grimm

BY SARA CLETO AND BRITTANY WARMAN

to be a witch are evident. Though Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm themselves did not share today’s expansive view of witchy possibility, here are just a few of the vibrant roles that witches play in the brothers’ book of fairy tales.

WITCH AS MOTHER: To be a witch-mother is to consider your connection to the world around you, to nurture that which is dear to you (including yourself!), and to protect and support what you love. While the Grimms feature many terrible witch-mothers—“Snow White” and “Rapunzel” come to mind—the tale of “The Goose Girl at the Well” shows a witch taking on the mother role with fierce protectiveness and compassion, aiding and shaping the young princess in her care and helping her better her life.

WITCH AS MONSTER: Yes, we must acknowledge that witches can indeed be monsters. Think of the cannibalistic witch in “Hansel and Gretel” who wants to eat children! But “monster” does not have to mean “evil.” To be a witch-monster is to challenge social order and to rupture the fabric of the expected. A witch-monster may be violent or cruel, but she may just as easily be kind or neutral; monstrosity is often not about the actions or character of the one deemed to be “monstrous” but about the way that others perceive her. In “Mother Holle,” the witch seems frightening at first, with huge teeth, but turns out to be a kind figure who rewards those who help her.

WITCH AS HELPER: To be a witch-helper is to work in the background to shape the lives of those around you.

In the tale “The Three Spinners,” three witchy women work together to help a young girl, analyzing their world and judging what would aid it most. A witch-helper sees the potential in others, understands their feelings and desires, and discovers what she can do to serve her community and find her place within it.

WITCH AS LOVER: “Frau Trude” is a story that seems at first glance to be about a monstrous witch, but scholar Kay Turner offers a different interpretation. The main character comes to Frau Trude because she is drawn there and, in the end, is transformed into *fire*. Could this perhaps be a metaphor for the way her witch-lover brings her to life? To be a witch-lover is to embody both the perils and pleasures of the supernatural bride. She will always be different, she will never be the idealized housewife. But if her loved one can understand that, and even embrace that, she will be a powerful partner and understanding soulmate.

WITCH AS PRINCESS: In the story “All Kinds of Fur,” the princess must tap into her witchiness to survive. She flees from a terrible situation, and must take on a disguise, do manual labor, and find strength and magic in herself. To be a witch-princess is to draw power from many paths and places. A witch princess must break curses and dwell in enchantment. A witch princess can win her own happily ever after, with or without a prince.

Mother, monster, helper, lover, princess: These are only some of the ways to be a witch, in the Grimms’ stories and off the page.

Few words conjure up an always bubbling, deeply complex brew of emotion like the whisper of *witch*. Depending on who you ask, *witch* can inspire wonder, fear, hope, inspiration, and longing. The witch compels and polarizes, inviting us deeper into her woods even as she warns of the magic and the dangers there.

There are many paths we can follow to find the spirit of the witch. We can look at how she is depicted in pop culture and art or how she has made her way through the world in times past. We can practice her arts. Or we can follow the path of folklore. By spinning stories, old and new, we can learn who she has been, what she can be, and how she forges connections with her community, with nature, and with her own heart. The witch can be many things, but she is always herself.

In folklore, the witch is an ambiguous figure—she is rarely purely evil or purely good. Instead, she is liminal, a creature of thresholds and becomings. Often associated with healing, ancient knowledge, and the natural world, she is a catalyst for change and transformation.

Stories of witches can be found all over the world, but even within the famous fairy-tale collection by the Brothers Grimm, many different ways

Sara Cleto and Brittany Warman are folklorists, authors, and teachers. They both completed their PhDs in English and folklore at the Ohio State University in 2018. They are the co-founders of The Carterhaugh School of Folklore and the Fantastic, where they teach courses on fairy tales, creative writing, mythic adaptation, and more. Their award-winning poetry and fiction can be found in Uncanny Magazine, Apex Magazine, Enchanted Living, Liminality, Mythic Delirium, Goblin Fruit, and others.

Photography by
Helena Aguilar Mayans

Additional photography by
Maria Simarro Losada



WITCHES

Through the Ages

A COLLABORATION BY
THE SEAMSTRESS OF ROHAN AND HELENA AGUILAR MAYANS

The idea for the Witches Through the Ages series was born in late 2016, when we were inspired by Dutch Baroque art, specifically that of Gabriël Metsu. We thought about giving the maids in paintings more interesting backgrounds. We wanted to see them as more than just figures doing housework and provide them with a more mysterious dimension connected with their ambiguous presence in the art. Basically the idea was what if these maids were secretly witches?

With that in mind, it was easy to imagine many women throughout art history as depicting witches, not just the scullery maids but also other women in positions of power. History has told us that witches are wicked, but rarely do we see them as knowledgeable or scholarly. Our project was to break with that tradition and show different sides of witchcraft. As always, we strive for historical accuracy, so each witch in the series is represented practicing a branch of witchcraft popular in their particular period. That's how we decided the final setup. We hope you enjoy this tour through witchy history!

LATE 15TH CENTURY: ALCHEMY

Although alchemy's origins are ancient, we wanted to start our series in the 1480s, since that is when the first texts about witchcraft were published. Also that is the period when the hennin headdress was most popular; this tall conical hat easily reminds us of witches. In our depiction we use references to distilling elements (alembic, pots) and precious materials such as gold. Alchemy also sought to create the elixir of immortality through different practices and mixed physical and esoteric elements. Our composition reflects the art of the period, and we used reproductions of historical jewelry by Master Jakobus. Our grimoire—a book of spells containing relevant recipes—was handmade by McCall Company.



© Maria Simarro Losada

EARLY 16TH CENTURY:
DEMONOLOGY

By the Renaissance, there was much interest in magic, especially from ancient and Eastern cultures. At the same time, artists like Lucas Cranach painted biblical female protagonists like Salome or Judith not as revered heroines, as they were depicted in earlier periods, but as Eve-like fallen women. This made us think about the femme fatale archetype and the witch as a bringer of wickedness. That's why we chose demonology as the discipline here, and our witch is conjuring a demon through scrying, the practice of looking into a mirror in search of messages. John Dee's companion Edward Kelly was known for talking to spirits this way. Cranach's models wore opulent chokers like the one reproduced by Master Jakobus here, and the demon sigils were drawn onto the grimoire by McCall Company.



LATE 16TH CENTURY:
NECROMANCY AND DIVINATION

As the Renaissance unfolds, it grows darker. By the late 16th century, in a foreshadowing of the emerging Baroque style, *vanitas* and *memento mori* themes emerge. Skulls are used to remind humanity that our time is precious and that even the merchants and aristocrats who could afford to have their portraits painted would eventually pass. Contacting the dead using bones was a way to gather information from them; pendulums and tarots could also be used. We merged the idea of the skull with divinatory contact of the dead; the fashionable pomander belt—a girdle used to hold fragrant herbs—is our pendulum. The jewelry set is reproduced by Master Jakobus again.



EARLY 17TH CENTURY:
ASTROLOGY

We fully immerse ourselves into the Baroque period with our astrology witch, reproducing the look from a portrait of the goddess Diana. She is very fitting in this context: She was goddess of the moon and of forests and hunting, a very independent woman living in the woods. We also take inspiration from Vermeer and the Dutch masters with our composition and globe. The horoscope and the ways the stars influence our personal lives have always been of interest, and in this particular time the idea was mixed with science. There's a clash between new inventions and discoveries—maps, the telescope—and the ancient traditions of the Greeks and Romans. The pearl necklace and earrings are also reproduced by Master Jakobus.



LATE 17TH CENTURY: HERBS AND POISONS

Finally we go back to the more familiar traditional image of the witch, with a peasant costume and a broom, handmade by artist Victoria Frances, who is also famous for her witch and vampire illustrations. Well-known witch herbs are present here: Papaver (poppy) is recognized for its opium, and stramonium is a very toxic plant with psychoactive effects. Stramonium is also called devil's trumpet, and jimsonweed because of an event in Jamestown where soldiers consumed it. This link to North America made us think about Salem and how some have speculated that a fungus in rye was the cause of the mass hysteria. Hence the bread in the setting and other elements connected to the countryside.

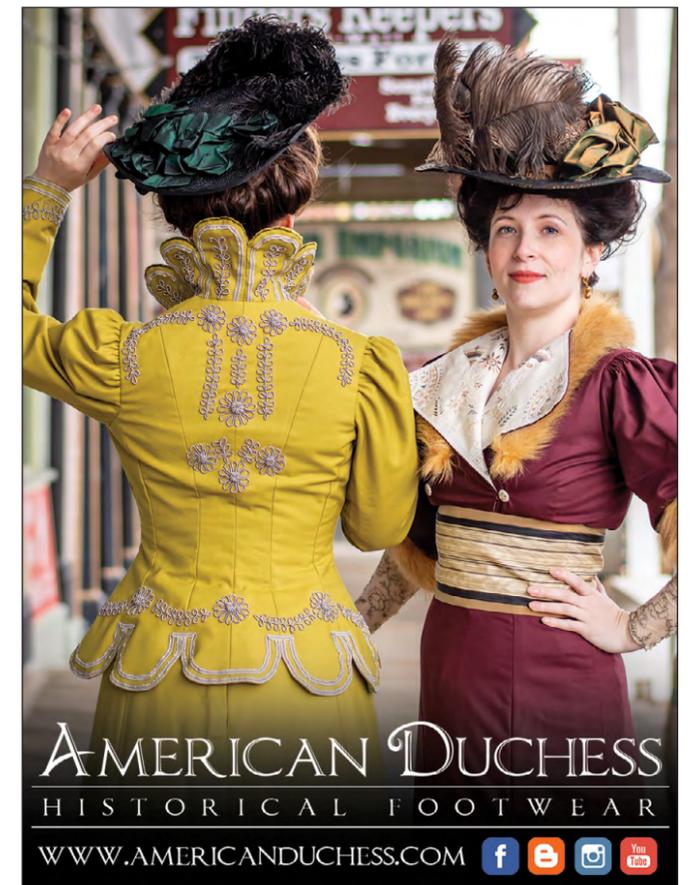




© Maria Simarro Losada



Jean Baptiste Bonmart (France, 1654-1726), Nicolas Bonmart (France, 1637-1717), Wikimedia Commons.



AMERICAN DUCHESS
HISTORICAL FOOTWEAR
WWW.AMERICANDUCHESS.COM    

Tides Reach



Visiting Witches. © Tea & Morphine

MENAGERIES of MAGIC

The World's Most Spellbinding Witch Museums

by Jill Gleeson

From the Old World to the New, throughout history and within pop culture, witches, both real and imagined, have been a source of enduring fascination, sometimes exalted, usually feared. Western civilization as of late has generally depicted them in broad strokes, as broom-riding, pointy-hat-wearing hags tending bubbling caldrons, or mischievous sex kittens, wild and dangerous. But whether you prefer *Macbeth's* three weird sisters, or the trio of bored housewives turned naughty in *The Witches of Eastwick*, the reality of witchcraft is far more nuanced and enthralling than the clichéd representations of it frequently found in literature and film.

For an in-depth look at the long, tangled, and often tragic history of witches and warlocks—and their charms, incantations, and conjurations—head to the following museums. Scattered around the world, they tell tales of the remarkable women and men whom society has so often misjudged.

MUSEUM OF WITCHCRAFT AND MAGIC Cornwall, England

The grandmother of institutions dedicated to sorcery and those who practice it, the Museum of Witchcraft and Magic bills itself as featuring “the world’s oldest and largest collection of items relating to witchcraft, magic, and the occult.” Some 3,000 goodies are spread out over two floors and thirty-five exhibits, including 16th century witch bottles, which were filled with enchanted objects like pins and salt and used to turn curses back on those who cast them; a charm bag of bumblebees said to bring prosperity; and a human skull once owned by a witch. In addition, the museum is the repository for more than 7,000 books about spellcraft and the like.

The Museum of Witchcraft and Magic also hosts a wide variety of special events and exhibitions, like “Betwixt and Between Isobel Gowdie, the Witch of Auldearn.” The show is an exploration of the confessions of the 17th century Scottish woman, describing in great detail activities like shape-shifting and cursing crops, and it will run through Halloween. In 2020, for the first time in its history, the museum will offer an artist’s residency, with the chance for a visual artist to work with the institution to create a new piece. Applications for the residency, which will start in spring, are due October 31. museumofwitchcraftandmagic.co.uk

SALEM WITCH MUSEUM Salem, Massachusetts

Tucked within the red-bricked, Gothic confines of a former

church built in 1846, the Salem Witch Museum examines the Salem Witch Trials of 1692 that led to the hanging deaths of nineteen people. During the reign of terror, which was famously detailed in Arthur Miller’s play *The Crucible*, one accused man was crushed to death for refusing to enter a plea, and another five souls perished in jail. Based on actual trial documents, the exhibit tells the twisted tale of lies, cruelty, and hysteria through thirteen life-size stage sets and figures, with dramatic lighting and narration.

A second presentation, “Witches: Evolving Perceptions,” is a guided look at how views of witches have changed throughout the years, separating truth from stereotype-perpetuating fiction, as well as a presentation of modern witchcraft customs and the phenomenon of witch hunting.

Travelers to Salem will also want to take the opportunity to visit The Witch House, the last structure in town with a direct link to the Witch Trials. It was once the home of Jonathan Corwin, a judge who served on the Court of Oyer and Terminer, the judicial body that sent the accused to the gallows. salemwitchmuseum.com; thewitchhouse.org

HEXENMUSEUM SCHWEIZ (Witch Museum Switzerland) Gränichen, Switzerland

Unfortunately, witch hunts didn’t begin or end in Salem. The Hexenmuseum Schweiz presents an overview of the witch trials in Switzerland and Europe, while also delving into the history of magic from the Middle Ages onward and highlighting the distinctions between superstition and folk beliefs. Located in the grand Liebegg Castle, built in 1617 high above the surrounding valley floor, the museum ranges over six large, elegant rooms. They’re filled with more than 1,300 artifacts, including masks, maps, chalices, cups, photographs, paintings, and items related to divination, like tarot cards, Ouija boards, runes, tea leaves, and crystal balls.

Visitors will also find displays devoted to studies of familiars and other animals related to witchcraft, from birds of prey to wolves, as well as magical and medicinal herbs, amulets and talismans, and ghosts and other supernatural beings. Audio stations and a film room help tell the story of European magic makers; in warm months the museum, which was founded in 2008, features a labeled herb garden. On full moon and dark moon nights, Hexenmuseum Schweiz is often open for extended hours, with special programming offered throughout the year, including a Halloween dinner. hexenmuseum.ch

BUCKLAND MUSEUM OF WITCHCRAFT AND MAGICK

Cleveland, Ohio

Home to one of the most important spell and sorcery collections in the United States, the Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick is named for the man who began amassing it in 1966, after meeting with Gerald Gardner, the founder of Wicca. Raymond Buckland, who went on to establish one of the country's first covens, worked for American Airlines, enabling him to obtain objects from around the world. He died several years ago, but his remarkable treasure trove of more than 200 artifacts and mementos remains.

Among the most striking are Buckland's ceremonial robe and alchemy cards, *ushabti*s (Egyptian funerary figurines), Gardner's horned pipe and besom, a wand owned by Aleister Crowley, a troll doll clad in hair and spikes, and even the "demon in a box" snared by Buckland in the 1970s with the assistance of a magician. The Buckland Museum of Witchcraft and Magick also boasts a large assemblage of newspaper and magazine clippings about Buckland and his colleagues and friends. The institution periodically hosts special events, like the lecture "The Latent Image: Occult Photography in Theory and Practice," scheduled for October 17. bucklandmuseum.org

MUSEO DE LAS BRUJAS (Witch Museum)

Zugarramurdi, Spain

The small town of Zugarramurdi in the Basque region of northern Spain has the unhappy distinction of being home to the largest witch hunt in history. Museo de las Brujas not only bears witness to that shameful event; it is also a testament to the lives and customs of the people—often women herbalists—who were victims of it. During the Spanish Inquisition of the 17th century, tales of occult rituals and activities like shape-shifting in a nearby cave led to as many as 7,000 people being accused of witchcraft in the area. Of those, 2,000 were investigated, imprisoned, tortured, and sometimes burned at the stake.

Founded in 2007 and housed in a former hospital, the Museo de las Brujas begins with videos about the region and the history of the 1610 witch hunt. The rest of the first floor tells the tale of the young girl who confessed the activities of her coven, an event that set in motion the witch trials, while the second level explores herbalism and spell casting. Witchcraft paraphernalia on display includes caldrons, the horned skull of a goat, and a book of spells. Every year on August 19, the Cave of Zugarramurdi becomes the setting for an annual celebration that attracts as many as a thousand people who come to feast on roasted lamb.

turismo.navarra.es/eng/organice-viaje/recurso/ocioycultura/4040/museo-de-las-brujas

MAGICUM

Berlin, Germany

An exhaustive and entertaining cataloging of 5,000 years of wizardry from around the world, Magicum is highly interactive, with opportunities for guests to draw tarot cards, peer into a crystal ball, and discover their own magical abilities with games, riddles, and puzzles. Located in the center of the city, deep in the vaulted cellar of a spectacularly renovated building erected in 1820, the museum presents magic shows some evenings, weekends, and school holidays, but the exhibits themselves are plenty enchanting. Objects of the occult are spread throughout a maze-like warren of rooms, with themes including astrology, superstition, alchemy, and religion.

The most popular displays feature depictions of animals believed to hold great power by Asian cultures, such as water buffalo and elephants; African masks used in rituals; a Chinese "lucky" bowl; shaman medicine vials; and a fanciful depiction of the study of the alchemist Nicholas Flamel. He was believed to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone, which grants immortality and the ability to turn ordinary metal into gold. A special chamber is devoted to the breathtaking work of illustrator Ciro Marchetti, who creates artwork for tarot decks. magicum-berlin.de

STRANDAGALDUR

(The Museum of Icelandic Sorcery and Witchcraft)

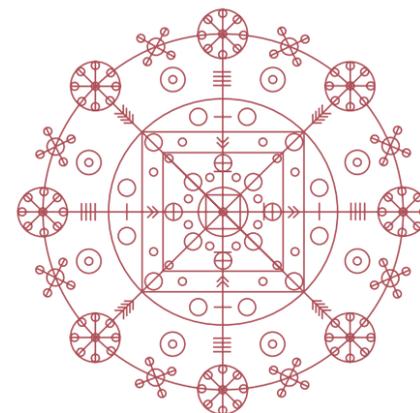
Hólmavík, Iceland

A strong stomach might be required for at least part of a visit to Strandagaldur, which is home to a pair of "necropants"—a realistic replica of the complete skin of a man from the waist down, worn as a part of a spell to bring endless money to the person casting it. Other articles of the occult on exhibit include boxes of hair and wool, the latter said to have been used by witches to create demons; vials of blood; and reproductions of *tilberi*, creatures summoned to steal milk from neighbors. Wood carved with runes, a stuffed crow representing a familiar, animal skulls, and a blood bowl used to chat with gods are also a part of the museum's displays.

But Strandagaldur, which sits in a small town in Iceland's Westfjords, thrills most with its collection of authentic 17th century spells from the region. Rituals and conjurations for everything from invisibility to ruling the weather, catching thieves to creating zombies, can be found on scrolls, animal skins, and in spell books presented throughout. For those who can't get enough of the folklore and history around Iceland's sorcerers, the museum opened a second location, The Sorcerer's Cottage, in 2005. galdrasyning.is



Follow Jill Gleeson at gleesonreboots.com.



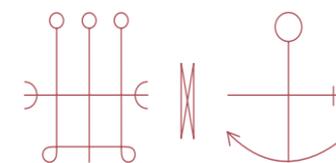
If there ever were a place made for magic, it's Iceland. It's a county of drama and mystery, of extremes, where rumbling volcanoes shake the ground, spewing fire to the heavens, and glaciers reach across the earth, pulling great swaths of the land into an icy embrace. In summer, the sun refuses to take leave of the sky; in winter, it appears only for a few hours, consigning the rest of the day to darkness. Is it any wonder that in Iceland witchcraft is no dusty, half-forgotten history or merely a fantastical myth, but instead a living piece of the present?

Sorcery has been a part of Icelandic life for as long as people have sought to eke out a life on the brutal, beautiful island, which sits, isolated, in the North Atlantic Ocean, just below the Arctic Circle. It's believed that Viking explorers brought shamanistic witchcraft, which they called *seiðr*, to Iceland when they settled it in 874. By the 17th century, spells had come to commonly consist of staves, or magic spells, written in runic texts, which were bound into a book called a grimoire. Most were meant to make a hard life easier by ensuring fertile farm animals, fine weather, or a bountiful harvest.

But the European obsession with witch hunts eventually spread even to lonely Iceland. In the 17th century some 200 people were charged with using magic; nearly two dozen people were burned at the stake during the period that came to be known as the Age of Fire. Most were men, because, even in the country's legends, "Witches are comparatively rare, essentially because women rarely lived alone in Iceland," University of Iceland professor of folkloristics Terry Adrian

MORE THAN MYTH: ICELANDIC WARLOCKS AND WITCHES

By Jill Gleeson



Gunnell says. "There were few if any settlements to live on the borders of ... There are numerous traditions about sorcerers who were often priests."

That's not to say there are no myths about Icelandic witches. One of the most famous involves the volcano Hekla, the most active in the country, which has erupted more than twenty times since Iceland was settled. It was believed to be the gateway to hell, a place where witches cavorted, summoning the devil.

Even in modern Iceland, interest in conjuration remains so great that in 2013 an updated version of *The Sorcerer's Screed* (*Galdraskræða*) sold out immediately. In 2015, the English translation vanished like magic from bookstore shelves all over the world. "We had heard whispers about this mysterious 1940 manuscript by Skuggi (Shadow, a pseudonym of Jochum Eggert Magnússon) for years," says Sigrún, a spokesperson for Lesstofan, the publishers of the book. "When we finally got our hands on it we immediately decided to publish it, because it was absolutely unique."

It was no ordinary book. "This was a handwritten magazine with drawings," Sigrún says, "that included more than 100 magic staves with direction on how to use them. Skuggi had collected the staves from various authentic Icelandic manuscripts and grimoires, some of which are lost today. In his epilogue of the screed, Skuggi says, 'Moreover, numerous unedited manuscripts in the collections of the National Library have been taken into account, referenced and compared.' Then he lists over eighty manuscripts that were his sources. So

Skuggi did his homework, for sure."

Dubbed by its publisher as "the world's most comprehensive collection of Nordic spells," the book contains gorgeous new graphics from students at the the Iceland University of Arts—gorgeous enough that the symbols are being used for purposes that Skuggi probably never anticipated but might well appreciate.

"The spells in the book were used by common people, farmers and fishermen in the 17th century and forward to help cope with everyday life," Sigrún says. "We feel that they were a creative attempt to undermine any kind of authority and revolutionize the conventional concepts of society, in order for the individual to regain power over his own existence ... Today the symbols have become immensely popular as tattoos, which is one way to connect with your cultural heritage—and to rebel against it as well."



To purchase *Sorcerer's Screed*, visit icelandicmagic.com/products/sorcerers-screed.





All photos © Kevin Baker / Netflix

TOBY FROUD AND THE DARK CRYSTAL

A Wonderful Strange World Four Feet Off the Ground

BY GRACE NUTH

As the son of famed fairy painter Brian Froud and fairy sculptor Wendy Froud, artist Toby Froud grew up in the idyllic Devon countryside, surrounded by creatures of Faerie, even after being kidnapped by goblins for an infant acting stint as the Babe With the Power in the Jim Henson film *Labyrinth*. Wondrous and strange-looking creatures populated his formative years, between the magical folklore of local Devon and the sculptures and paintings that filled every shelf and corner of the 15th century cottage he called home. It sounds like a dream childhood, and in more ways than one: He fondly recalls his upbringing, saying, “That’s been the funniest part about my growing up as the child of Brian and Wendy Froud.

People are always still kind of surprised to hear that we didn’t argue. There was nothing to argue about. We always just had fun. We explored our creativity, and they treated me just the same as anyone else.”

This equal footing with his fae-touched parents only grew as he developed his own unique creativity, artistic voice, and connection to Faerie. As an adult, Toby began teaching workshops on sculpting fairy creatures with Wendy, and Brian created a character design for Toby’s short film *Lessons Learned*. In every case, although Toby’s methods sometimes differed from their own, his parents admired his artistic vision. So the opportunity to work together to establish



the entire look for the new Netflix series *Dark Crystal: Age of Resistance*, a prequel to Henson’s 1982 film, was a dream job for all three in the family.

Toby signed on as design supervisor for the ten-episode miniseries early in the process, after Peter Brooke, creative supervisor for the Jim Henson Creature Shop, enlisted Brian to reprise his role in creating and expanding the strange world of Thra, where *Dark Crystal* is set. Shortly thereafter, the production was announced to the public, and fans of the original film kept asking on social media, “Are the Frouds going to be involved?” It’s clear how pivotal Brian and Wendy were to the look of the original film. Henson was inspired in large part by Brian’s art to create the film in the first place and gave him a huge amount of artistic freedom in deciding what the look, feel, and sometimes even the plot of the film would be. There was no script at first, just Brian sketching and painting away at his desk.

The original *Dark Crystal* followed the character of Jen, a young man of the race of Gelfling. The last of his kind (or so he believed), he was sent by his wise master, a Mystic, on a quest to find the witch sorceress Aughra and take the crystal shard she gave him to the palace of the Skeksis to restore the dark crystal. Although it was not immediately a commercial success, the film has since attained a cult following, in large part because of the visual impact of Brian’s designs and the appeal of the characters of Jen and Kira that Wendy sculpted.

Brian first met Wendy in the workrooms for *Dark Crystal*, and they immediately had a respect for each other’s artistic sensibilities. This later turned into a romantic partnership as well. Brian was best known for co-authoring the extremely popular book *Faeries* with fellow artist Alan Lee, and Wendy was living in New York with roommates after graduating from art school. Henson was given one of her sculptures as a gift, and based on that piece, he recruited her to work on his projects. Once Brian and Wendy met, they immediately began building on each other’s skill and imagination, a partnership that continues to this day.

But for *Age of Resistance*, the family of two is now a powerful

and creative partnership of three (coincidentally a magical number in Thra; the new series also has three main characters). The family have seamlessly worked together to both recall the look and feel of the original film and expand on it to fill eight and a half more hours of story. Although Toby says that there were “a lot of laughs” during the process, he also points out that he and his parents would also argue creatively, since they each had strong artistic visions and opinions. The end result, however, was always to come up with better ideas and solutions.

“The world was built, the geometry laid in,” Toby explains, referring to the groundwork of the first movie. “So it was wonderful to be able to go in and expand on that and actually create more magic, more layers of magic within the idea of it. The costumes, the sort of Gelfling-wear, the different tribes that we’re going to see. The ideas and patternings among those and the Skeksis costumes. Thra is a living planet. Everything lives together, and the costumes, the plants, everything around you has life, has breath to it. It truly is a mythology.”

Brian, Wendy, and Toby worked primarily on the puppets themselves rather than the sets and props, but there was also crossover and assistance between the Frouds and the production design team led by Gavin Bocquet. “I would make sure to help if they needed something style-wise,” Toby says, “but we concentrated on the characters and the creatures of the world, and we all came together to make sure everything fit, that the landscape and the characters fit together. Brian did a lot of consulting with Bocquet to make sure the world still felt like Thra, the old world into the new ways and new locations that we’re going to show.”

The Frouds have all had glowing words to say about *Age of Resistance*’s director, Louis Leterrier. Since Leterrier had never directed a puppet film before, he had no preconceived notions about what a puppet was or was not capable of. And when he was told an action or an angle wasn’t possible, he would sometimes ask the team to just try it. “He’d say, ‘Let’s make them do that. Let’s push this,’” Toby says. “I’m going to have the camera swing through here, and I want to have the puppets



move that way.’ And we were like, ‘Ahh, okay...’ But then it worked. He rose to every challenge.” Although Toby mostly worked behind the scenes, he was able to occasionally run to the set to help with logistics or repairs. “It’s remarkable. You are immersed in a wonderful, strange world four feet off the ground.”

Logistically speaking, the project was extremely challenging to craft. Sometimes, Brian and Wendy couldn’t remember how a certain character or action had been achieved in the original. Trying to keep the Gelfling puppets comfortable for the puppeteers was also a big challenge. “Gelflings are some of the hardest puppets that a puppeteer will use,” explains Toby, “because you have to be so subtle and emote, and you have to hold a puppet up that’s very awkward and breathe life into it. And you’re asked to do that day in and day out. Certainly it’s a challenge.” The Frouds tried to help keep the puppeteers more comfortable by using tricks and little pads in the puppets, rigs to hold the puppets to puppeteer arms. They also tried old techniques used for Jen and Kira. But Toby admits, “I have no idea if we actually achieved making them comfortable or not.”

Visually, the Gelflings were also a challenge, since expanding the world of Thra meant introducing the audience to completely new tribes of Gelflings living in vastly different parts of the world, some underground. With the characters and costumes, they had to ensure that the differing clans were identifiable, but that they had the same feeling as a race. The increases in technology were a challenge too. “The original movie was shot on film,” Toby says, “and film has this wonderful quality to it that lets everything sit back and blur slightly. So details weren’t as necessarily important. It was about color and texture. Whereas this time around, with 4k technology and high-end cameras, we really had to step up the details of everything, because we knew the audience was going to be looking, and we couldn’t hide anything anywhere. So it was amazing the amount of things we put into these, and hopefully it shows.”

Some of these added details can be seen in Aughra’s costumes. “She is Mother Aughra,” Toby says. “She is almost a part of Thra, an old keeper of Thra originally. And Thra starts to talk to the world, to Aughra and the Gelflings. Aughra has to come to terms with that change, and the change in the world, and find her magic again.” This magic, this sense of balance, can be seen in her clothing, especially in the cloak that she wears. “We took it very seriously to make sure that as Mother Aughra, and certainly a very powerful witch, her gravitas and energy and the feeling of her had power.”

Another younger magic user can be seen in the character of Deet. “She gets to go on a journey, and Thra talks to her,” Toby says. “So that is a beautiful story we got to tell. You get to see the magic reach out in different ways, and also a physicality within the magic happening, and symbols. Some might have been lost along the way in their world, and they’re rediscovering and finding and waking up to the idea that the planet is living alongside them.”

It is a remarkable thing that Toby Froud and his parents have achieved with *Age of Resistance*, in creating such magical characters. But it takes a magic wielder to create a witch like Aughra as well. “It’s magic, absolutely,” Toby says. “My mother and father and I feel very strongly about that. Whenever you are creating anything, when you imbibe what you’re doing with magic, and that’s what we always try to do, we let the character breathe and come to life. You’ll start out by saying, ‘It should be this way,’ and halfway through, the character says, ‘Nope. I want to do this. This is how it’s going to be.’ You let magic come out. You let things into you, and you make sure that you are both giving and receiving.”

Grace Nuth is a writer, artist, and model living in central Ohio with her husband, black cats, and a garden full of fairies. She is also co-author of The Faerie Handbook. To follow her projects, please visit gracenuth.com.

WAYS TO CONNECT WITH FAIRIES

Oracle of the Fairies author **Karen Kay** shares some techniques to open the fairy door and meet with these magical beings of nature.



A Written Declaration

Start by writing a simple declaration of your intent. You’ll need a pen and paper—this can be special parchment, a page in your journal, or a scrap of paper. You can write with a pen, pencil, or a quill. Use whatever feels right for you.

Then write a letter directly to the fairies, something like, “Dear fairies, I wish to connect with you for the highest good of all beings, including you.” Write the reason or reasons you wish to connect with them. Maybe you want to manifest something in your life, or help the earth, or have other personal reasons for wanting to connect with them.

When you’ve finished writing, take your letter and hold it over your heart. Then say something like, “Fairies, please read my words, written on this paper, from my heart to yours. I wish to form a fairy friendship for the highest good of us all. I’m receptive to your inspiration, and request that you please acknowledge that I always have a choice and the free

will to say no. I ask this with respect and our mutual love of the land where I now stand.”

Take the paper and gently kiss it. Then place it somewhere safe, perhaps under your pillow, beneath the bed, or in a special box of trinkets or treasures. If you feel inclined, you can also bury the paper outside in a secret place, known only to yourself and the fairies.

Visual Declarations

Another way to connect with the fae is to place visual declarations in your immediate surroundings, garden, or porch, or inside your home. I would always suggest starting outside, as you might not want fairies coming into your home at the beginning of your friendship. Things may go missing or just generally get moved around (just for fun), as they do enjoy playing and hiding things! Garden statues or figurines of gnomes, fairies, and pixies are ideal, or a simple wooden sign that reads FAIRIES WELCOME HERE.

Fairy Oracle Cards

You can also connect with fairies using oracle cards. My *Oracle of the Fairies* deck was created in harmony with the fairies. To work with this deck, I suggest you shuffle the cards while saying the question you wish to ask, in your mind or out loud. If you don’t have a particular question, you can just ask for a general reading or daily fairy guidance.

Once you’ve selected your card or cards, read the messages and perhaps meditate to fully understand and feel the meaning of the words and how they apply to you. The *Oracle of the Fairies* deck provides a very gentle and positive way of working with the fairies to bring their wisdom into your everyday life. Fairies are not only magical but can also offer practical advice too, which can be key to getting things done in the human realm!



Karen Kay, also known as the Fairy Lady, is the author of Oracle of the Fairies, published by Hay House in October 2019 and featuring artwork by Ginger Kelly. Kay hosts the annual 3 Wishes Fairy Festival in Cornwall, England, and is editor in chief of FAE (Faeries and Enchantment) magazine, both of which celebrate all things fairy. Visit karenkay.co.uk to learn more.

Artist Terri Foss Chats About Manifesting Magic

BY CAROLYN TURGEON

We've long been enchanted by artist Terri Foss, whose Instagram feed is full of her incredibly charming, witchy paintings of crescent moons and wild, solitary figures standing alongside pumpkins and crows and cats and wolves, most of them glowing in hues of purple and gold. Other posts show Foss herself, like a figure from her paintings—walking through a leaf-strewn forest, the moon bright overhead—or scenes from inside her candlelit home and workspace, filled with herbs, mirrors, antiques, and a zillion small treasures. She is clearly someone who lives beautifully. Last spring I had the pleasure of meeting Foss in person at a café in Beacon, New York, where she emanated a soft, reserved beauty and strength, speaking quietly but with clear intent. It was evident that there was much brewing under the surface—passion, power, insight—and I was thrilled to ask her the questions below in an attempt to learn some of her secrets.

Enchanted Living: Tell us about your life and your work. What made you decide to create the art and choose the subject matter that you paint?

Terri Foss: I will start by saying I was born in April of 1965, the day after a full moon. My sun sign is Aries, my moon sign is Sagittarius, the fire element, and the ruling planet of Mars—and I'm a natural creative proud lefty. I was born and raised in New York's rural Hudson Valley on a quiet country road named Sarah Wells Trail and named my daughter Sarah thirty years later. My father built our small ranch on the adjacent property of the farmhouse he grew up in. When I was five, we moved only miles away to the most magical little home surrounded by fairy forests, a pond, and fields of apple trees. A few hundred feet past my backyard was a church and cemetery from the 1800s. In the apple field was the most magnificent old tree that we loved to climb.

One day, when I was about ten years old, I was taking a walk in the field when I saw something I had never seen before: a man sitting with an easel, canvas, and paints. My heart sung. He was painting the beauty that I experienced every day in this tree-lined grassy field. I ran home to tell my mother and dragged her by the hand back with me. I knew right then and there that was what I wanted to be: an artist. That summer I enrolled for my first art lessons at the Bethlehem Art Gallery. My grandmothers and parents all influenced me greatly, teaching me how to work with my hands and create whatever my heart desired. I started to draw with pencils and discovered I knew how to draw animals. By the time of my high school graduation, I had taken every art class offered and had been accepted into the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York City, where I majored in graphic design and fine art.

I forced myself out of my comfort zone to live in the bustling city. It was there that one of my professors critiqued my work, telling me that my art was too cutesie. I knew this was not a compliment. His biased judgement stung me temporarily, but I never forgot that he tried to change me. This also taught me that we are each unique and one-of-a-kind beings, and this is what makes the world go round. Jobs came and went for a couple of years, but my heart was not excited. I'd always wanted to be a nurse, so I enrolled in college again to become a registered nurse. While raising my three children over the next couple of decades, I became a hospice volunteer and painted murals in people's homes and businesses. But my artist soul needed more.

I followed my intuition, what called me and what made me feel excited. I made myself an art studio in my home and began tapping into the internet and social media. Over time I filled my studio with treasures and pieces of nature I connected with; my small sanctuary is now an extension of my spirit and soul, a space that welcomes me unconditionally every day. I have always loved Halloween and witches. I identify with all that is good and heals. I believe we all have a little witch in our souls, and my paintings portray this. I want you to see yourself in my paintings and get lost in them. Feel the feelings and know your spiritual energy is waiting for you to embrace it. Use your intuition, trust yourself, as you already know the answers to guide you in your amazing life. I paint what I love, what excites me and makes me feel content.

EL: What does witch mean to you? Do you identify as a witch?

TF: If I am 100 percent honest, I have never discussed this subject with anyone, but I feel comfortable sharing some of





HALLOWEEN

- | | | |
|----------|--------|--------|
| GARLIC | BOULES | NUTMEG |
| ALLSPICE | CLOVES | GINGER |
| PAPRIKA | SAGE | THYME |

PALMISTRY
CHEIRO
GUIDE
THE PALMIST



my thoughts with you all. It is a feeling that is so personal and lives in my deepest core. As a young girl growing up in the 1970s, with my two younger sisters, we were all very much sewn together through our souls. Our lives and imaginations were truly magical in every sense. We lived in the country, and most of our free time was spent exploring our forest and the very old cemetery neighboring our property. Nature and spirits naturally surrounded us in a pure, innocent way. It was wonderful. I learned at a young age that my intuition, sensitivity, and insight were my strengths. I always felt I was a caretaker and a healer. My love for Mother Nature followed me through all the stages in my life. I have always been in tune with her subtle shifts. All this energy spilled into womanhood—maiden, mother, and now crone. I believe we all have special individual strengths with gifts to offer to harness and call our own. It is never too late to discover your magic.

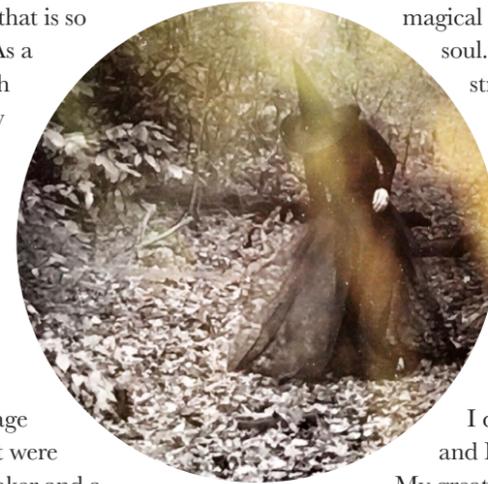
EL: How do you begin a new day?

TF: I am the true definition of an early bird—this is when my energy and creativity are at their height. When night falls, all I can think about is waking before the sun and hearing the first birds sing and seeing the soft glow of the first morning light. Coffee is first and a few quiet moments to be thankful for the abundance I am blessed with. When I say abundance, I am speaking of this universe, my family, health, and basically my entire being. I think about the dreams I had during the night, which are always very important to me. Next, I set my goals that I want to accomplish for the day. This includes physical, mindful, and emotional well-being reminders for my soul. I then sit quietly with my iPad, gratefully responding and writing back to the awesome people who reached out to me. Then it's time to make my way down to my art studio and small shipping area tucked away like a cocoon in my home. The candles are lit, the incense is burning, the sage smokes, the music is on, now it is time to package orders from my Etsy shop. Each package is special and treated as such. Once they are all complete, it is now time to sit on my front porch with my cat Skyla and dog Trixie to enjoy the peacefulness and greet the new gifts Mother Nature and the universe have bestowed on us as the new day begins. Afternoons are for artwork and new creations!

EL: What appeals to you about magic and witches?

Do you feel there is magic in your life—and, if so, how would you describe it?

TF: Since I was a girl until now, when I've journeyed over fifty times around the sun, I have been drawn to a powerful,



magical sense that defined my spirit and innermost soul. I took notice and appreciated my unique, strong grandmothers and great aunts I had as role models growing up. I was overly intrigued by my great aunt Helen, one of my Ukrainian grandmother's sisters, who read her oversize antique tarot cards at her round breakfast nook table. They were beautiful, and although I never touched them, I wanted to! She had a large antique domed astrology display. Colorful pins represented all the planets, moon, and sun. I don't know what it was called, but my sisters and I would stand around it gazing with intrigue.

My great grandmother was a fortune teller. I remember visiting her small home and being in awe. It was decorated with wonderful witchy vibes. I sat with my sisters on her soft Victorian velvet lounging sofa. She had glass beaded strands hanging in the doorways, and I loved parting them to walk through.

Being a teenager in the 1970s, I spent sleepovers with my closest girlfriends and sisters conjuring spirits with the Ouija board that I still own today, playing Light as a Feather, Stiff as a Board. I believe the universe is magic and have always lived this way. It's the only truth I've ever known, never questioning its power and instead making the choice to embrace and trust my journey. I have always had a strong purposeful inner voice, with my intuition and sensitivity being my strongest attributes. Yes, I believe I have manifested much of my life through passionate drive, ambition, and casting a spell or two!

EL: Do you have a personal mantra that you live by? How do you achieve your goals in life and business?

TF: Envision. Intention. Manifestation. Fiercely love your precious life and the time you are given in this physical world. The universe is bountiful, offering a wealth of endless possibilities just waiting for us to harness them. Start by knowing what you are worth. Tap into your inner spiritual being to know your truth, fall in love with yourself, live in your own skin, and wear your soul. Don't hush your inner voice, let the light in, and wear your crown proudly. I have always informally envisioned my goals. Part of this process is living as if I have achieved them already. It wasn't until about ten years ago that I began using this belief in a hardcore way. My mind consumed itself with the vision of having my art be seen by people around the world. I discovered successful artists that I admired and envisioned myself persevering with my own art. I have always been an old soul, a bit of a loner in a good way and a content homebody. I knew I had to discipline myself to work hard toward my future. A vision board or sacred vision altar space are both useful tools to guide and to channel your desired outcomes. My visions for myself were and are imprinted in my conscious mind. I use

Artist Terri Foss

Carolyn Turgeon

this method for spiritual, mental, and physical goals I want to obtain. Infuse yourself with knowledge, love, desire, and of course magic.

EL: How do you stay enchanted in life and what inspires you to create art?

TF: My life and art are intertwined. I live in my paintings, and my art consumes my soul. The energy flows naturally for me, almost magnetically keeping a magical connection between the two. This is a daily conscious effort on my part. I feel we are responsible for our own drive and inspiration. I surround my senses with what appeals to me to keep my mind, body, and spirit alive. The second a shadow or darkness begins to show itself, I immediately turn on my protective surrounding glow. I try not to negotiate with negativity or undesired thoughts. Surrounding yourself with beauty does not have to cost money. Think of what makes you feel excited, happy, and inspired. For instance, this morning the tiniest hummingbird landed on a branch so close to me ... now that is magic! I noticed how the sound of wind began in the distance, yet nothing was moving around me, and then within seconds air rushed through, making the trees dance, and then it was silent once again. Take notice of the moving cloud formations and colored hues in the sky. Light a flickering candle and watch the wax drip. Sometimes I light a simple pinecone and blow it out—nothing smells better. Music is always a mood enhancer to get the creative juices flowing. A simple altar space holding what is special and sacred is a must for me. Don't be afraid to spend quiet time in your own wonderful mind to envision greatness. Good vibes and positive energy will be a chain effect of pure abundance in all forms.

EL: Can you describe a favorite painting that you have created and tell us how your Earthly Souls and Spirits Oracle card deck was born?

TF: My paintings tend to portray witchy elusive women, many times not showing their identity openly. They are entirely at peace, centered and grounded. It is my intent that my viewers resonate with and each envision themselves, almost getting lost in my art as they journey through their own earthly lives. My message I portray in my art is to know our ancestors, loved ones, and beloved pets who have passed to the spirit world surround us and offer us guidance, love, and safety as we navigate through our time on this planet.

I have one painting that I have a special sentimental attachment to. It is one I created some years back of a red cloaked woman looking down at her cat. This bond between them is a unity of their spirits. At the time, I didn't even have a cat. I had a little black rescue Chihuahua named Guinness; he was my soul and has since past over the rainbow bridge. Soft pine trees embrace them as the full moon watches over with protection. This painting is called *Divinity* and is featured on the

cover card and in my Earthly Souls and Spirits Oracle. This painting represents me most accurately on an emotional level, so much so that I re-created the original design for myself because all my earlier original eight-by-ten paintings were sold years ago. I painted them for very little money, many selling for \$30 each. I am grateful I had the insight of scanning the images before they went to their new homes. This is how I was able to create my Earthly Souls and Spirits Oracle card collection, which has been available in my Etsy shop since 2016. This earlier time period of my life was an emotional and financial struggle for me. Little did I know I was being given a gift. Now I am able to offer prints of my art and my oracle deck because of this period of hardship. I never gave up, but persevered with my art. Most everything has a silver lining if you look for it.

EL: Do you have any advice for our readers who have trouble tapping into their own creativity and what advice would you give someone to follow or find their passion?

TF: Oh yes I do! This is a subject I feel very passionate about. It is very important for us all to support each other. I want to express what a compliment it is when someone is inspired by my art, and then, in turn, taps into their creative side to make their own art. I feel so proud when someone reaches out to me to show me their pieces. Yes, we all inspire each other. What a glorious world of wonderment!

Ask yourself what excites you and gives you energy when you do it or think of it? Does something come to mind? Well, this is your given gift. Channel your passion and practice it. Your creations may not be perfect, but in my eyes they're "perfectly imperfect." Instead of looking for imperfections, find the unmistakable beauty in what just came from your own mind and hands!

Revisit and reminisce about your childhood imagination. The days when you wholeheartedly believed in magical happenings and a mystical world of enchantment, maybe the witches' brew you concocted into a perfect potion or your "imaginary friends" that kept you company. These innocent days of fantasy and memories tend to fade, leaving your carefree childhood beliefs and feelings in a dulled state as we carry on in adulthood. I am going to tell you to rekindle them, bring them back into your life. Didn't they give you a feeling like no other? I suggest that you unwrap your gift and practice using it. Nurture your passion. Where is that spark? Give it air, watch the ember glow as it bursts into a bright flame. This light is yours, so protect it. Don't let anyone dim your glow.



Follow Terri Foss on Instagram and Facebook @terrifoss or visit her Etsy shop @etsy.com/shop/terriannfoss.



TIPS ON CREATING A PAINTING USING ACRYLIC OR WATERCOLOR PAINTS

BY TERRI FOSS



Set up a comfortable and peaceful area to begin your art. This may include lighting a candle or incense and playing your favorite music in the background. I like to choose crystals from my collection, maybe a flower, leaves, or anything else to enhance some good vibes to set alongside my workspace. A cup of herbal tea to sip, as I avoid caffeine at this time so my hand does not shake. Choose a time when you will not be disturbed and try your best not to look at your phone or devices so your creativity can flow naturally.

I prefer painting using watercolor or acrylic paints. You do not have to use the most expensive or highest quality art supplies if you are a beginner, but I do suggest choosing good-quality paints, paper, brushes, and canvas. I personally prefer hard canvas panels instead of stretched canvas if I'm doing acrylic paints. If I'm working in watercolors, I use quality 140-pound cold or hot press paper. It needs to be thick enough so the paper holds its shape and does not curl or warp on you. Cold press watercolor paper has a tooth and feels bumpy with a texture, whereas hot press is smooth to the touch. You can experiment with different brushes, paints, canvas, and paper until you find what suits your style best.





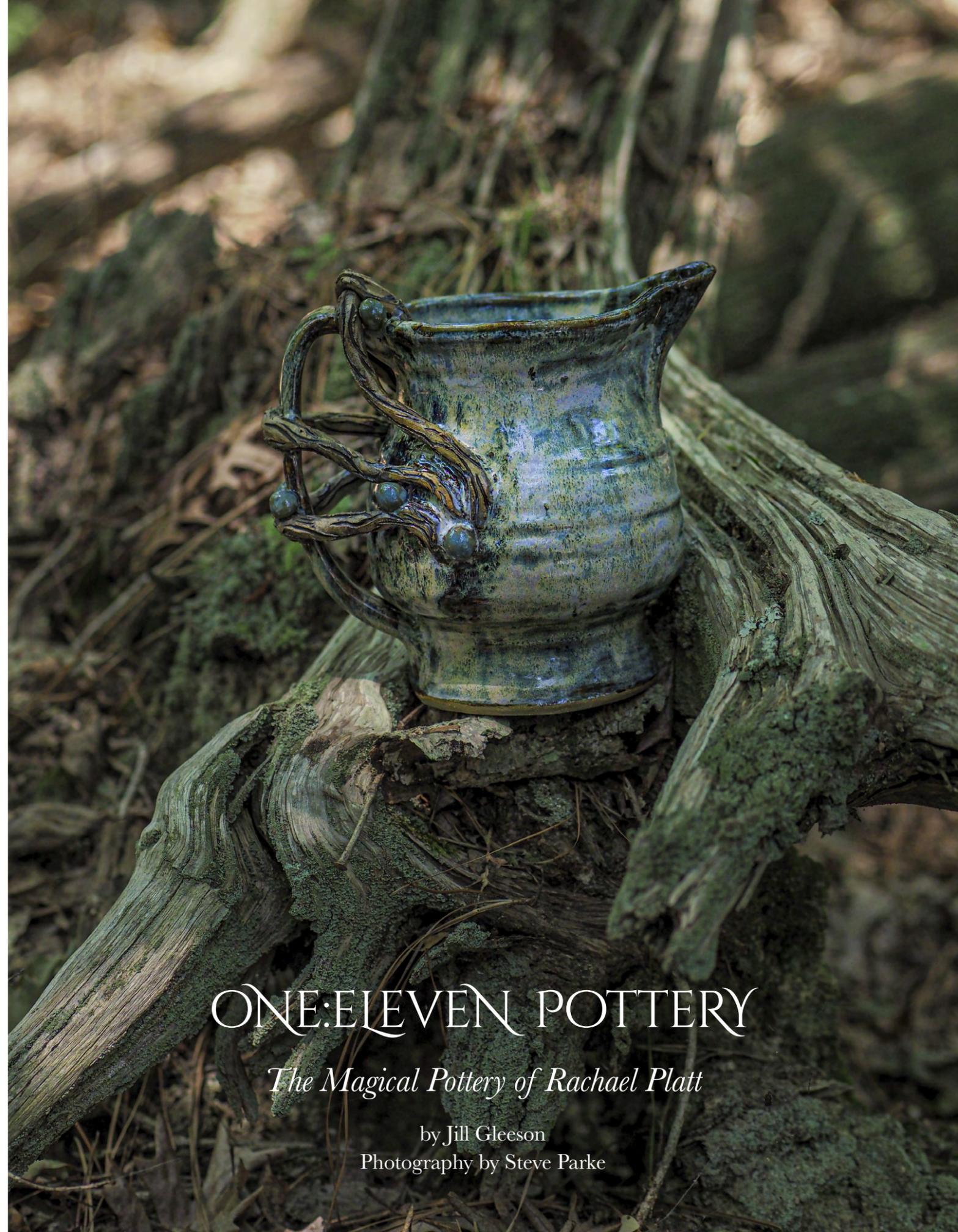
Now comes the fun part. Paint something that you have interest in and something that you love—maybe a flower, tree, animal, the moon, a galaxy, or even a crystal. Paint from your imagination, research some images as reference, or use an actual item and create from a still-life display that you arrange. Begin by sketching lightly with a pencil. Now it is time to start experimenting with your paints, whether they are oil, acrylic, or watercolor. If you're using watercolor, remember the paints will not travel or bleed where the paper is not wet, if you're using a good quality paper. You can wet areas of the paper first and then add paint or use some paint and spread it with some water. Your colors will naturally mix and run together like magic. Layers of paint add depth and interest. Decide on your light source. Is the moon or sun casting light on your subject? Remember that where the light hits first will be brighter, becoming darker and casting shadows where the light diffuses or does not completely reach. Hold a flashlight to experiment.

Art has no rules. There is no right or wrong, so please do not

become frustrated. Instead embrace the trial-and-error process. Start over if you feel you must, but don't give up. Your art is a personal and unique expression of your soul. You may want to keep a small area set up in your home so it is convenient to paint on a whim when you're feeling inspired.

Know when to stop and call your creation finished. There is just something about simplicity that I call "perfectly imperfect." If you need to pause and walk away for a few moments, do so and then come back and see how you feel. At this time, you can even take a fine brush, pen, or pencil and add in fine details, brighter highlights, or even shimmering metallics. If you're using acrylics or oils, you can coat with a varnish once your painting is dry. Watercolors do not need varnish and are instead framed under glass. Oils and acrylics are framed without glass. I also like to use decorative easels to display my paintings.

Your style will begin to show itself as your paint and practice. Whether your style is abstract, realistic, minimalistic, colorful, or monotone it is beautiful because it came from your heart.



ONE:ELEVEN POTTERY

The Magical Pottery of Rachael Platt

by Jill Gleeson

Photography by Steve Parke

It's about legend and myth. Intention. Nature and the wild—within as well as without. The four elements and spirituality, healing and metaphysics. Ritual. The power found in connection as well as in solitude. But perhaps more than anything else, Rachael Platt's remarkable ceramics denote enchantment. Witchery of a kind, even. Which shouldn't be a surprise to anyone who has cradled one of her carefully crafted mugs or mini cauldrons in their hands, perhaps finding, as they slowly sip a bit of morning coffee, their mood inexplicably gladdened. Those who have fallen under the spell of Platt's bowls and cups, chalices and cauldrons, have learned that her pottery is unquestionably far more than the sum of its simple parts.

This is precisely what Platt intended when she founded her business, One:Eleven Pottery, so named for what she calls her "personal number," one that she says has shown up throughout her life and, according to numerology, is the number of manifestation. "When you see it, you need to stop and reflect about your thoughts and intentions," Platt says. "Thoughts are very powerful, and through them you have the power within yourself to manifest your intentions. You can create your own reality. Everyone holds the power, it's just a matter of acknowledging it. And through my intention in my work I hope to remind people that they are very powerful. That's really the essence of magic to me."

If Platt is hoping to remind people of their power, in a larger sense her intention is that her ceramics might also provoke a kind of healing. "I try to manifest this in a variety of ways," she says. "One, first and foremost, is the connection between maker and owner. I make my wares with a lot of love and attention. I

have some secrets, but in general I do intentionally imbue them with a sense of love and care that I hope is very evident when a client holds their piece in hand. A vessel of goodness, in a sense! Second, the metaphysical properties within crystals inspire me and my glazes. By naming my glazes after these sacred earth objects, I hope for their awesome attributes to take part in my work and their eventual ritual use."

By "ritual" Platt is referring to more mundane (if comforting) ceremonies—a warm cup of tea on a cold winter night, for example—as well as fantastic. But, inspired by the stones she has been collecting since childhood, the names of the glazes Platt concocts herself are dazzlingly mystical: Arcane Nephrite, Runic Moonstone, Amethyst Sacrament, Mystick Fire Opal, Ritual Carnelian, Chalcedony Star, Mage's Sunset Sodalite, Sorcerer's Ammolite, and Rose Quartz Anima.

Platt was raised in St. Mary's County, Maryland, which sits in the far southern section of the state, surrounded by the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac and Patuxent rivers. She grew up playing in mud puddles and dabbled in painting with acrylics in high school. But intent on becoming a teacher, Platt never seriously considered art as a potential occupation. It wasn't until college—she graduated from Towson University in 2014—that she discovered a career in education was a terrible fit but a career in ceramics suited her superbly.

"Because I'm an introvert, energy is very precious to me," Platt says, "And student teaching just took that energy from me. It's interesting—I had my first ceramics class at the same time that I was losing my faith in becoming a teacher, and it was just night and day. I would spend hours in that studio. It was healing me and making that semester okay, because I was really

struggling. I would be in the studio until four o'clock in the morning. It was as if time was suspended when I was working."

Platt finds inspiration—itsself a bit of magic—in a beautifully wide-ranging variety of sources, from J.R.R. Tolkien's wonder-infused depiction of nature to the St. Mary's legend of Moll Dyer, who was denounced as a witch and froze to death after being driven from her home by townspeople on a brutally frigid night. Other influences include the folklore of Western European, Celtic, and Greek cultures, as well as ancient Egyptian legends.

"There are two distinct but interconnected ways I think about my work," Platt says. "On one hand, my focus is closely aligned with the forest and wilderness as a space and the various ways cultures have interpreted it: its deities, its spirits, and its use as a kind of gateway to the hidden places within the world and within ourselves. And in those forests, we find dryads, talking trees, animal spirits, dark and malevolent fae—the whole gamut, both historical and fantastic! I also look to trees on an individual level, as sacred icons and symbols of life and sentinels or protectors of the sacred." But I have also found," Platt adds, "a great deal of strength and power in thinking about goddesses in various world traditions. The notions of feminine power, the connection to 'earth mothers' and deities of fertility, are part of a long tradition for most cultures and are explored with dizzying variation depending on where you look. Wise women (often labeled as 'witches') are part of this tradition—a way for women to tap into the essential power within themselves and the world. I've been inspired by Brigid, a figure in Celtic mythology. She's associated with the dawn, poetry, healing, fertility, and smithing; I also deeply associate with Hecate and Artemis within the Greek tradition, particularly as figures of ambiguous placement on the traditional good-evil axis."

For Platt, part of the power and magic of pottery comes from the elemental process through which it's created. Earth gives pottery form; water is used to create its shape; air dries it; and fire, which can be the most destructive element of all, merges the other elements, transforming them, as she notes on her website, "into something everlasting and unified."

That something, Platt has learned, if infused with love and good intention, if crafted with a wide-open heart, can mend not only the one who eventually possesses it but also the one who created it. "I spend all my day very quiet and not speaking a word, almost like a monk, just very focused on my work," Platt says. "I do find my process very ritualistic, and I sink my own personal and spiritual beliefs into it. In a physical sense, I do light incense every time I load a kiln. I like to light tons of candles in the studio if I'm up late into the night. The practice itself is meditative. What I'm most intent on is not the form I'm making, or the glaze that I'll put on a fired piece, but instead the essence we've talked about. Pottery saved my life back in the day. It's very, very sacred to me, and I think I continue to do it as part of my own healing and spiritual awareness."



To see more of Platt's work, visit oneelevenpottery.com.

Steve Parke's photography can be found at steveparke.com.

enchantedlivingmag.com





TALKING TAROT WITH RACHEL TRUE

by GRACE NUTH

Actress Rachel True believes that delving into the tarot helped put her in the right mind-set to receive the role of Rochelle in the 1996 film *The Craft*. True was given her first tarot deck at the age of eight and began working with the cards by simply telling herself stories about the pictures—which, as she points out, is ultimately part of how the deck works anyway. She began actually reading the cards for herself at twelve, but it wasn't until an experience in 1994, two years after she moved to L.A. to pursue a career in acting, that she had the chance to learn the tarot inside and out.

Her television broke, she explains, and that was the catalyst. Instead of getting it repaired, she decided to put her attention elsewhere and explore the full extent of the tarot cards' symbolism and meaning. "I wanted to understand the different levels going on in these cards," she says, "so I went in and studied that. And about nine months later someone came by and fixed my TV and around that time my friend called and said there was a movie floating around about four high school witches. I was told they weren't reading any black girls for those main roles, so I went through a lot of hoops to get an audition. But I think those nine months before the script landed in my lap that I spent connecting to my spiritual studies, connecting to my higher self and then grounding to the earth, were very instrumental." Needless to say, True received a leading role in *The Craft*, a film that inspired many young spiritual seekers of the mid-1990s to explore the ancient art of witchcraft.

True doesn't identify as Wiccan herself, but she accepts many of its tenets. "I do believe in the power of earth, air, fire, and water," she says. "Absolutely. I know you can use your will to manifest things. I've never been a label person, so I stay away from that, but I say use your power for good."

Now True is further celebrating her love of the tarot with her own deck and book. *True Heart Tarot*, arriving in fall 2020 from Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, is not only a fully functioning tarot deck but also a memoir of the author's acting career, presenting

acting memorization techniques to help the reader learn the tarot more intimately as well. "When we're learning lines as actors, we aren't just memorizing the line, because that's static on a page," True says. "We have to feel. What is the feeling behind that line of dialogue? I want people to feel the card, because if you learn the feel of the card, you never forget its interpretation. If we can get you to understand the feeling, that feeling gets locked into your body like muscle memory instead of into your brain through memorization."

The tarot, True explains, is a way to get in touch with the higher self inside of you. Carl Jung said that "we can predict the future when we know how the present moment evolved from the past." True embraces this belief and has seen how the tarot has helped her work through difficulties without overtaxing other people with them. "It's a way to therapize yourself so you don't have to call your friends up and ask them to live in the minutiae of your brain," she says. "I realized tarot can help me. That is magic—to go from feeling like a victim to moving forward through tarot and other practices to figure out what you want."

She may prefer not to use labels for her personal spiritual path, but True openly acknowledges the magic inherent in her life: "My everyday life is just enchanted. Even as a small kid, I always felt like I could pick up energy, pick up feelings, pick up the unseen. I was very intrigued by that. I do slide off to fairyland, get lost in my art, and I feel I have a youthful energy because I have the feeling that there are still things for me to accomplish before I get older—maybe it's this book, while I'm still hip enough for the kids to care. But there is everyday magic everywhere."

Self-portrait by Rachel True.

Find Rachel True on Instagram @trueracheltrue and Twitter @racheltrue, and/or visit patreon.com/racheltrue for her ongoing tarot workshops. Her book and tarot deck, *True Heart Tarot*, are forthcoming from Houghton Mifflin Harcourt in September 2020.



HOW I BECAME A DAUGHTER OF THE WITCHING HILL

BY MARY SHARRATT

As an expat writer, my home is everywhere and nowhere. A wanderer, I have lived in many different places, from Minnesota, my birthplace, with its rustling marshes, to Bavaria, with its dark forests and pure streams where otter still live. But I don't know if any place has haunted me as deeply as Lancashire, England, my home for the past eighteen years.

In 2002, when I moved to the Pendle region of Lancashire in Northern England, I thought I knew its history. The back of my house looks out on Pendle Hill, famous throughout the world as the place where George Fox received his ecstatic vision that inspired him to found the Quaker religion in 1652. Yet I knew next to nothing about the Pendle Witches of 1612 who cast their everlasting spell on the land only a generation earlier than Fox. However, the Pendle Witches soon cast their spell on me.

In the Pendle region, images of witches are inescapable. They appear on pub signs, beer mats, bumper stickers, the sides of buildings. An entire fleet of double-decker buses, traveling between Manchester, Nelson, and Colne, is adorned with giant witches straddling broomsticks. In the beginning, I quite mistakenly believed that the Pendle Witches belonged to the realm of fairy tale and ghost story. But the truth, when I took the time to learn it, would change me forever.

In 1612, in one of the most meticulously documented witch trials in English history, seven women and two men from Pendle Forest were hanged as witches, based on testimony given by a nine-year-old girl and her brother, who appear to have suffered from learning difficulties. In court clerk Thomas Potts's account of the proceedings, *The Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster*, published in 1613, he paid particular attention to the one alleged witch who escaped justice by dying in prison before she could come to trial. She was Elizabeth Southernns, more commonly known as Old Demdike. According to Potts, she was the ringleader, the one who initiated all the others into witchcraft. This is how Potts described her:

She was a very old woman, about the age of Foure-score yeares, and had been a Witch for fiftie yeares. Shee dwelt in the Forrest of Pendle, a vast place, fitte for her profession: What shee committed in her time, no man knows. . . . Shee was a generall agent for the Devill in all these partes: no man escaped her, or her Furies.

Reading the trial transcripts against the grain, I was amazed at how this eighty-year-old woman's strength of character blazed

forth in the document written expressly to condemn her. This is the kind of heroine every novelist dreams of creating—except Mother Demdike was better than any fiction. She was real.

In a burst of obsessive energy, I immersed myself in the local studies section of Clitheroe Library and read everything about the Pendle Witches I could get my hands on. I longed to retell the story from her point of view, to allow her to shine forth like the firebrand she was. I yearned to spin her tale as best I could so my writing could be a mouthpiece for this mighty cunning woman that the authorities had worked so hard to silence. In the course of writing my novel, *Daughters of the Witching Hill*, Demdike, who I called Bess, became a true presence, a shining light in my life. An ancestor of my heart, if not my blood.

Bess Southernns's life unfolded almost literally in my backyard. Her essence seemed to arise directly out of the wild Pennine moorland outside my door. To do justice to her story, I had to go out into the land—literally walk in her footsteps. Using the Ordinance Survey Map, I located the site of Malkin Tower, once her home. Now only the foundations remain. I boarded my horse at a stable near Read Hall, once home to Roger Nowell, the witchfinder and prosecuting magistrate responsible for sending Bess and the other Pendle Witches to their deaths. Every weekend, I walked or rode my chestnut mare down the tracks of Pendle Forest. Quieting myself, I learned to listen, to allow Bess's voice to well up from the land. Her passion, her tale enveloped me. It was as though Pendle Hill had opened up like a magic mountain to reveal the treasures hidden within. Every stereotype I'd held of historical witches and cunning folk was dashed to pieces.

Once, in a place called Malkin Tower, there lived a widow, Bess Southernns, called Demdike. Matriarch of her clan, she lived with her widowed daughter and her three grandchildren, the most promising one being Alizon Device, a young woman who showed every promise of becoming a cunning woman as mighty as her grandmother. What fascinated me was not that Bess was arrested and imprisoned but that the authorities turned on her only near the end of her long, productive life. She practiced her craft for decades before anybody dared to interfere with her.

Cunning craft—the art of using charms to heal both humans and livestock—appeared to be Bess's family trade. Their spells, recorded in the trial documents, were Roman Catholic prayer charms—the kind of folk magic that would have flourished before the Reformation. Bess's charm to cure a bewitched

person, quoted in full in the trial transcripts as damning evidence of diabolical sorcery, is, in fact, a moving and poetic depiction of the passion of Christ, as witnessed by the Virgin Mary:

*What is yonder that casts a light so farrandy,
Mine owne deare Sonne that's nailed to the Tree.*

Bess herself would have been old enough to remember the Old Church, for the English Reformation didn't really get under way until the reign of Edward VI, Henry VIII's short-lived son, who came to the throne when Bess was a teenager. She would have remembered the old ways of lighting candles before statues of the saints, of making offerings at holy wells, of processions around the fields to make them fertile—all practices that English Protestants condemned as pagan. Indeed Bess had the misfortune to live in a time and a place where Catholicism became conflated with witchcraft. Even Reginald Scot, one of the most enlightened men of the English Renaissance, thought that the act of transubstantiation, the point in the Catholic mass where it is believed that the host becomes the body and blood of Christ, was an act of sorcery. In 1645, in a pamphlet by Edward Fleetwood entitled *A Declaration of a Strange and Wonderfull Monster*, describing how a royalist woman in Lancashire supposedly gave birth to a headless baby, Lancashire is described thusly: "No part of England hath so many witches, none fuller of Papists."

So were Bess and her family at Malkin Tower merely maligned and misunderstood practitioners of Catholic folk magic? The truth seems far more tangled. Bess and her sometimes friend, sometimes rival Anne Whittle, a.k.a. Chattox, accused each other of using clay figures to curse their enemies. Both women freely confessed, even bragged about their familiar spirits who appeared to them in the form of beautiful young men—otherworldly lovers. Bess's spirit was named Tibb, while Chattox's was called Fancy.

Armed with an Ordinance Survey Map, I attempt to trace the path between Greenhead Manor, once Chattox's landlord's home, to the site of Chattox's cottage in West Close, two miles away. In the 1612 trial, Chattox admitted she was guilty of bewitching to death her landlord's son because he tried to rape her daughter, Anne Redfearne. For me, Chattox's story is both horrific and moving. What would it have been like to live in a time when a fierce reputation as a cunning woman was the only power an impoverished woman could wield against the wealthy landed gentry who knew they could get away with rape? Her landlord's son threatened to turn Chattox's entire family out of the cottage if young Anne wouldn't let him "have his way of her."

No trace remains of Chattox's hovel but Greenhead Manor still stands. The path is treacherous. By law, any member of the public has right of way on public footpaths. But it appears that Greenhead Manor's current residents have gone to great lengths

to make the footpath impassable. I find shards of broken glass and sharp metal wire blocking my way. Further down, the path is overgrown with thorns. Still further a wasps' nest, buzzing with dangerous life, has somehow come to rest in the middle of the path. Shivering in the autumn wind, I sense something tainted and menacing, as though the land itself remains poisoned from lingering dark magics committed 400 years ago.

Yet when I soldier on to reach West Close, it feels peaceful. A rain swollen stream winds close by the site of Chattox's cottage. The waters gush between their banks, rich with the red clay that Chattox and her daughter would have used in their spells of self-preservation. In a nearby field, little girls play, happy and content, oblivious of the fate of any long-dead landlord's son.

The village of Newchurch in Pendle is named after its church, built in 1544. A huge eye, painted on the church tower, stares out like the eye of a cold and pitiless god. Bess and her family would have been obliged to attend Protestant services, whether they liked it or not—or else suffer the churchwarden's whip and fine. The rich would have sat up front in their pews while poor folk like Bess stood in the back during the hours-long service. The new Puritan regime would have forbidden any recreation on Sundays. No piping or dancing. No football or plays. No card playing or dice throwing. I imagine Bess huddled in the back of the church, its walls white-washed to hide the images of the old saints. I envision her dreaming of the lost pleasures of her youth, when Sundays heralded church ales and people drank and celebrated in the very nave of the church that belonged to them by right.

Leaving the church behind, I move on to Goldshaw Quarry, a short distance down the country lane. When Bess was in her fifties, walking past the quarry at sunset—called daylight gate in her dialect—a beautiful young man emerged from the stone pit, his hair golden and shining, his coat half black, half brown. He introduced himself to her as Tibb and promised to be her familiar spirit, her otherworldly companion, the power behind her every spell.

Attending a Halloween ghost walk, I bristle as the guide glibly describes Tibb as the "devil in disguise." From my research, I learned that the devil, as such, appeared to be a minor figure in British witchcraft. Instead the familiar spirit took center stage—the cunning person's otherworldly spirit helper who could shape-shift between human and animal form. Bess described how her Tibb could take the shape of a hare, a black cat, or a brown dog. In traditional English folk magic, it seemed that no cunning man or cunning woman could work magic without the aid of their familiar.

The crimes of which Elizabeth Southernns and her fellow witches were accused dated back years before the trial. The trial itself might have never happened had it not been for King James I's obsession with the occult. Until his reign, witch persecutions had been relatively rare in England compared with Scotland and

Continental Europe. But James's book *Daemonologie* presented the idea of a vast conspiracy of satanic witches threatening to undermine the nation. Shakespeare wrote his play *Macbeth*, which presents the first depiction of a witches' coven in English literature, in James I's honour.

So how did Bess Southernns, a woman so fierce that none dared meddle with her, come to ruin? The triggering incident reads like the most tragic of coincidences. On March 18, 1612, Bess's teenage granddaughter, Alizon Device, had a bitter verbal confrontation with John Law, a pedlar from Halifax in Yorkshire. Not liking the look of the ragged young woman before him, Law refused to open his pack to show Alizon the pins she wanted to buy. The pedlar, an older man weighed down by his heavy pack, turned his back on the outraged girl and walked away. He had covered only a hundred paces when he collapsed and fell "stark lame," paralyzed in half of his body. Having lost the power of speech, he stared up in horror at Alizon, who had run after him to see what the matter was.

Today we would clearly recognize that Law had suffered a stroke. But both Alizon and the pedlar were convinced that her anger had struck him lame. Falling to her knees, Alizon burst into tears and begged his forgiveness before fleeing in terror. What must it have been like to believe that you wielded the power to cripple a man because he vexed you?

When witnesses reported Alizon to the authorities, magistrate Roger Nowell wasted no time in arresting her. Possibly through the use of leading questions, he browbeat this illiterate young woman into implicating her grandmother and also Chattox, Bess's rival, and Chattox's daughter, Anne Redfearne.

The four accused witches were force-marched to Lancaster Castle, staggering over rugged hills and moorland. Both Demdike and Chattox were so frail and elderly it seemed a miracle they survived the journey.

On the Good Friday following the arrests, Bess's worried relatives and friends gathered at Malkin Tower to discuss what they would do in regard to this tragic situation. Constable John Hargreaves came to write down the names of everyone present and later Roger Nowell made further arrests, accusing these people of convening at Malkin Tower on Good Friday for a witches' sabbat, something he would have read about in *Daemonologie*. The arrests didn't stop until he had the mythical thirteen to make up the alleged coven. Twelve were kept at Lancaster and one, Jennet Preston, who lived over the county line in Yorkshire, was sent to York. Apart from Chattox and Demdike and their immediate families, none of these newly arrested people had previous reputations as cunning folk. It seemed they were just concerned friends and neighbors who were caught in the wrong place at the wrong time.



The Witching Hill

Mary Sharratt

Not long after her arrest, Bess Southern died in prison. Ever the wily cunning woman, she cheated the hangman before she could be brought to trial. Her family and friends experienced a different fate.

Her granddaughter Alizon, first to be arrested, was the last to be tried at Lancaster in August 1612. Her final recorded words on the day before she was hanged for witchcraft are a passionate tribute to her grandmother's power as a healer. Roger Nowell brought Law, the pedlar Alizon had supposedly lamed, before her. Filled with remorse to see the man's suffering, she again begged his forgiveness. Law, perhaps pitying the condemned young woman, replied that if she had the power to lame him, she must also have the power to cure him. Alizon sadly told him that she lacked the powers to do so, but that if her grandmother, Old Mother Demdike, had lived, she could and would have healed him and restored him to full health.

By the mid-17th century, Demdike became a byword for witch. In 1627, only fifteen years after the Pendle Witch Trial, a woman named Dorothy Shaw of Skippool, Lancashire, was

accused by her neighbor of being a "witch and a Demdyke."

Jennet Device, Bess's granddaughter and Nowell's "instrument of God," whose testimony sent her mother, sister, and brother to their deaths, was herself accused of witchcraft in 1633, along with eighteen others. Their accuser, ten-year-old Edmund Robinson, later confessed that he fabricated his entire tale in order to escape punishment for coming home too late when bringing in his mother's cows. Before he revealed his perjury, three of the accused women had died in prison.

Long after their demise, Bess Southern and her fellow witches are part of the undying spirit of Pendle. They endure, woven into the land itself, its weft and warp, like the stones and the streams that cut across the moors. This is their home, their seat of power, and they shall never be banished.

Mary Sharratt's novel *Daughters of the Witching Hill* (Mariner 2011), is available in paperback, ebook, and audiobook. To learn more about the Pendle Witches and Sharratt's quest to write women back into history, visit her website, marysharratt.com



Statue of Alice Nutter, one of the accused Pendle witches, in Roughlee, Lancashire, England.

DAUGHTERS OF THE WITCHING HILL

by Mary Sharratt, excerpted novel

Just past Martinmas, I came home from a day's wandering to a dark and empty house. Hearth fire had gone out. Even the ashes were cold. The worst fears chased through my head as I knelt there, working by moonlight, right frantic, rubbing flint against kindling. Seemed to take an age to spark flame. By the time the peat had caught, my eyes were burning, my hands raw.

Where was my daughter, out so late? Had she twisted her foot and fallen into a ditch? Had a mad dog crossed her path, or a pack of lads up to mischief?

When the moon had climbed so high as to shine down the smoky chimney, the door opened, its hinges squeaking loud enough to set me gasping. In stepped a wild creature, her skirt smeared with clay and black earth. Her loose, flying hair was full of twigs, dead leaves, and spidersilk. Full atremble, my Liza was, stood before the fire, her eyes wandering like mad. When I touched her, she twitched and swayed. Something I'd not seen before shone in her eyes. My girl looked moonstruck, planetstruck, boggart-ridden. Looked like she'd been caught up in a fairy ring and made to dance till she was spent. Her face blazed with wonder, brimmed with shock and bliss.

"This night I've met him, Mam." Her words tumbled out in a hoarse croak. "Met him in the moonlight up Stang Top Moor." She fell against me, clutching me for comfort. "His name is Ball."

So there we were, two women living in a tower, without father, husband, brother, or son to rein us in. Turned to magic, we did. Consorted with imps and spirits. We came into our powers and they grew and grew till folk could not ignore the glimmer in Liza's wayward eyes, the fire that burned inside us both. The magic that ran in our blood.

Copyright 2010, Mary Sharratt



BROOMS AND BESOMS: HISTORY AND LORE

by Charlotte Baker



The humble broom is one of the oldest human inventions. The earliest brooms likely consisted of leafy branches or bundles of twigs, held in the hand. The materials used in brooms would necessarily have depended on what was available to the individual broom maker, from twigs and husks to grasses and feathers. Eventually, someone thought to add a handle to their sweeping bundle, and the broom as we know it began to take shape.

By the Middle Ages, the most common form of broom in use in western Europe was the twig besom. Despite being introduced to Italy from Syria in the 15th century, broomcorn (*Sorghum vulgare*) would not become a common broom material until the early 19th century in America. In the modern broom-making community, *besom* typically refers to a broom with a long handle and a round brush, sewn or unsewn, and made with any of several materials, including twigs, broomcorn, and broom sedge, while the general term *broom* is the default for one that has been clamped and sewn flat for the purpose of efficient sweeping.

Brooms and besoms have been associated with witches for centuries, and not just as a favored mode of transportation. In Ireland, in 1324, a wealthy widow named Alice Kyteler was

accused of witchcraft. One of the many accusations against her was that she had been spotted sweeping her neighbors' doorsteps in an attempt to sweep their good fortune away from their houses and into her own. The first known depiction of witches flying on besoms can be found in the margins of the illuminated manuscript of the poem "Le Champion des Dames," written in 1451 by Martin le Franc. A caption above the heads of the flying women identifies them as "vaudoises," or Waldensians, members of a breakaway Christian sect that was declared heretical by the Holy Roman Church in the early 13th century. Surprisingly, the first person known to confess to flying on a besom was a man! Guillaume Edelin was an Augustinian priest and the prior of Saint-Germain-en-Laye when he was arrested and charged with witchcraft, after publicly scoffing at the Church's warnings that witches were running amok in the countryside, making pacts with the devil, and flitting about on broomsticks. He was charged with an assortment of diabolical crimes, including making a pact with the devil and flitting about on a broomstick! A confession to these "crimes" was tortured out of him, after which he repented—but was still imprisoned for the rest of his life.

Though a lowly household implement, the broom took on such glamour that it became the object of myriad superstitions, many of which are alive and well today. A small sampling:

- It is considered unlucky to sweep dust out of a door after nightfall.
- Never sweep on New Year's Day, or you'll sweep away all your luck for the coming year.
- If a visitor is overstaying his welcome, stand a broom up behind the door of the room in which he's being entertained. He will soon grow uncomfortable and leave.
- To prevent the return of an undesirable overnight guest, sweep the room he or she slept in as soon as possible after their departure.
- Stand a broom beside the front door to bar the entrance of negativity.
- If one sweeps under the feet of an unmarried person, he or she will never marry.
- If an unmarried woman steps over a broom that is lying on the floor, she will become a mother before she becomes a wife.
- If someone sweeps over your feet, you are in danger of going to jail unless you immediately spit on the brush of the broom.
- To bring rain within three days, dip a broom into a bucket of water into which dried fern has been crumbled and then hold the broom aloft, shaking the water out to simulate rainfall.

With this long and storied history, our humble brooms and besoms may not be so humble after all!



MINI BESOM TUTORIAL

Photography and text by Charlotte Baker

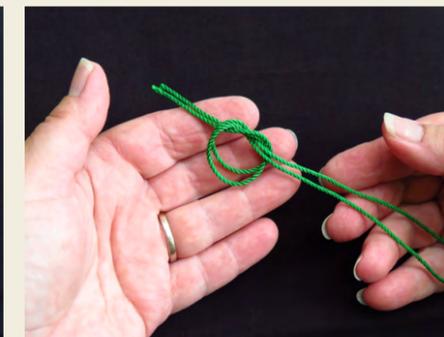
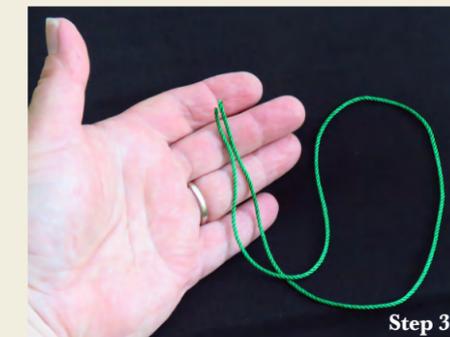
Mini Besom Tutorial

Charlotte Baker

At their most basic, besoms and brooms are nothing more than grass or other plant matter tied to sticks. They can be made with a single material or any combination of herbs, grasses, and twigs, depending upon the desired aesthetic or intention. In this tutorial, I will share traditional winding and tying methods that will allow you to create your own unique besom.

MATERIALS

- Stick or dowel for handle
- Strong twine, such as #18 nylon or waxed linen
- Fiber for broom (broomcorn, twigs, reeds, long sprigs of herbs, broom sedge, wheat stalks, long grass)
- Sturdy stick to wrap twine around (we'll call it a winder)
- Scissors
- Utility knife



- 1 Gather materials and make sure everything is within reach.
- 2 Divide besom fiber into little bundles, for ease of picking up. Broomcorn and other plant materials have a tendency to stick together and this step will ensure you only pick up what you need.
- 3 Cut a piece of twine approximately 14 inches long and tie the ends together with an overhand knot, forming a loop we'll call the tying loop. Set loop aside, but in easy reach.
- 4 Sit in a chair, and put the winder at your feet. The twine will need to feed off of the winder from the side away from you. Tension is of the utmost importance, whether making a mini besom or a full-size one, and you'll maintain the tension by holding the winder down with your feet and pulling the broomstick toward your body.
- 5 Attach end of twine to one end of the broomstick. In the photo, I am using a clove hitch. When kept under tension, it is a very secure knot.
- 6 Keeping your feet firmly on the winder, pull the broom handle toward your body to tighten the clove hitch. Keeping it pulled tight, turn the handle toward your body and wrap the twine over the tail from the clove hitch three or four times. While keeping the twine pulled tight with one hand, snip the tail close to the last wrap.

Mini Besom Tutorial

Charlotte Baker



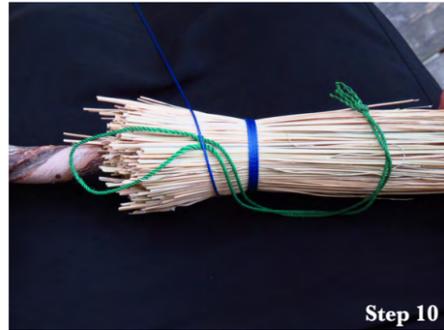
Step 7



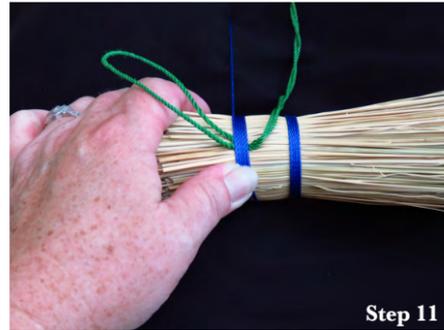
Step 8



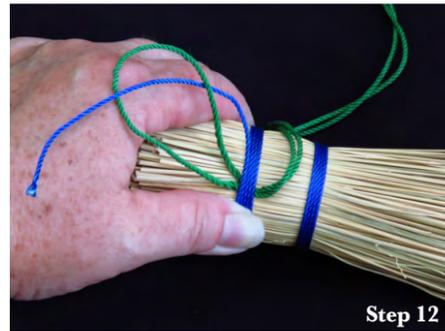
Step 9



Step 10



Step 11



Step 12



Step 13



Step 14



Mini Besom Tutorial

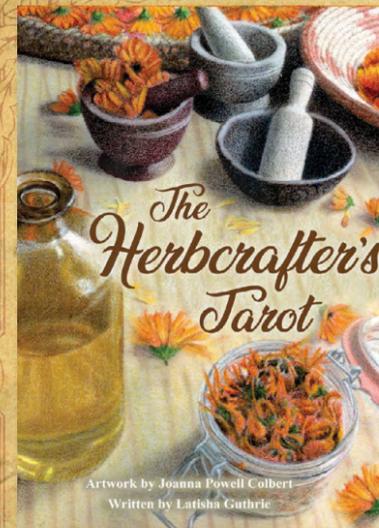
Charlotte Baker

- 7 Pick up the first bundle of material and lay it along the end of the handle, under the twine. Turn the handle toward you to trap the material under the twine. *Note:* If the working twine—the length between the handle and the winder—becomes too short, slightly ease the pressure on the winder with your feet, allowing it to turn and release a few inches of twine. Make sure to resume firm pressure on the winder.
- 8 Add second bundle by laying it along the handle, under the twine, butted against the first bundle. Keep the twine pulled tight. As with the first bundle, rotate handle toward your body to trap the material under the twine. Continue in this fashion with subsequent bundles until you've covered the circumference of the handle, butting the last bundle against the first.
- 9 Pulling the twine as tight as you comfortably can, rotate the handle toward your body to wrap the twine around the material three or four times. After the last wrap, angle the twine diagonally. You'll be making another set of wraps, about an inch from the first.
- 10 Before beginning the second set of wraps, pick up the tying loop you made in step 3 and place it under the twine at the top of the diagonal. This loop will be used to secure the end of the twine with a blind knot after you've made the second set of wraps.
- 11 Turn the besom toward your body to make the same number of wraps you made in the first set. After the wraps are made, press the working twine down *very firmly* with your thumb to the side of the tying loop. Cut the working twine, leaving about a 6-inch tail.
- 12 Keeping a firm hold with your thumb, thread the tail through the tying loop. Still holding down the working twine, begin pulling the knotted end of the tying loop so that it threads the tail under the second set of wraps. This is known as a blind knot.
- 13 Snip the tail close to the wraps. For extra security, you may melt the tiny bit of remaining tail with a flame, or put a dot of clear-drying glue on it.
- 14 Use the utility knife to cut the ends of the material that extend past the wraps, taking care not to cut too close to the twine.

You may decorate the handle however you like or leave it unembellished. If you wish to hang your mini besom, drill a hole through the end of the handle and make a hanger for it with twine or ribbon.

Follow Charlotte Baker on Instagram @nightshade_handmade.

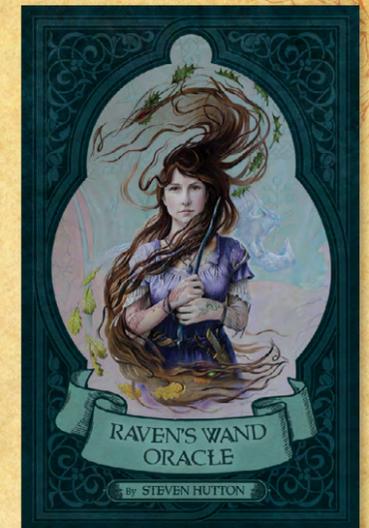
NEW DECKS FOR MAGIC & DIVINATION



Herbalism for craft, magic, ritual and healing
78 cards and 124-page book



Life lessons to challenge and empower you
44 cards and 80-page guidebook



Witches of Wildwood coven share their wisdom
44 cards and 60-page guidebook

U.S. GAMES SYSTEMS, INC. Stamford, CT 06902 1-800-544-2637

www.usgamesinc.com



Magic in the Air

CREATING YOUR OWN
INCENSE BLENDS by Monica Crosson

The town was settled snugly in a narrow river valley in the far northern reaches of the Pacific Northwest, home to an eclectic lot that nestled their homes in the shade of giant conifers under threatening skies. Moss coated the roofs of their dwellings and claimed abandoned treasures. They had learned to deal with perpetually wet feet and mud that clung to the soles of their shoes. Winter was coffee and woodsmoke and the scent of pelting rain; summer was green fire and birdsong and the rush of melting glacier water. But during the autumn, when the trees turned to fire and illuminated the twilight with soft golden light, scented smoke could be seen rising from a ring of trees where it was known that a small group of witches congregated every time the moon became round and pulled gently at the land.

The sweetly scented smoke from the witches' incense—made by the grinding of tree resins and herbs, spices and bits of bark—wrapped its tendrils around the people who occupied the land, and as if by magic, they were purified, released from their woes and burdens. The people took pride in their tiny valley and were stewards to the land that was theirs to tend.

It was the wishes of the witches who dwelt betwixt and between that when autumn came, the townspeople could settle down around their hearth fires with tea and good books, content that the winter would not be so very long and that their troubles would not come back to haunt them with the return of deep gray skies and heavy rain.

It doesn't take a witch to use the purifying power of smoke. In fact, the fragrant scent of smoke created by incense has a long history that goes back thousands of years. It has been used to mask the sometimes malodorous scent of human habitation as well as to purify sacred or religious sanctuaries, carry prayers, chase away malevolent spirits, elevate meditative states, or heal. The ingredients for incense were so greatly sought after that a network of trading routes linking the Mediterranean world with sources for exotic spices, barks, seed, flowers, and resins from throughout Northeastern Africa, India, and beyond flourished between the seventh century BC and the second century AD.

There are two types of incense. You're probably most familiar with combustible incense that is made up of an aromatic material (natural or artificial) combined with a combustible binding material and shaped into cones or rolled onto sticks. Noncombustible incense is made up of loosely ground aromatic plant material, resins, or essential oils that release their smoke when sprinkled onto a hot ember (typically an incense charcoal tablet) in a censer or a heat-proof container. What's great about noncombustible incense is that it's easy to make, you're in

control of the ingredients, and you can specialize in blends that fit your intentions. All that grinding and mixing can be a lot of work though—so why not gather a few of your friends and have a little fun creating incense blends together?

Every autumn, a few of my magically inclined friends gather with me in my gazebo under a canopy of golden leaves to grind our favorite herbs, resins, and barks and share our recipes. We make incense to purify and to ease the weary soul. We create blends to attract prosperity and draw love. We have mixes to coax sleep and to comfort the anxious mind. Those who have them bring mortars and pestles, and everyone contributes with favorite resins, herbs, berries, spices, and bits of dried bark to share with the group. The autumn air stirs, lending its magic to our own smoke that rises from tiny cauldrons that smolder with aromatic herbs as we sip tea and try to interpret what the leaves have to tell us about our future. We share homemade quick breads and apple hand pies along with laughter, stories, and plenty of wisdom. When witches gather, there is always magic in the air.

Before you begin make sure you have a few simple tools:

- A mortar and pestle (or an electric grinder)
- Measuring devices so you can easily replicate your blends
- Journal or index cards for recording recipes
- Jars for storage

Below is a list of a few common tree resins, essential oils, and other plant-based materials used in making incense to get you started. You can also try out some of my recipes listed at the end.

Allspice Dried berries from trees in the myrtle family native to Central and South America. Its spicy aroma lends well to blends for luck, energy, mental clarity, and prosperity.

Amber Fossilized pine resin that has a camphor-like scent. Most on the market today are not true amber. Used in incense to draw love and healing.

Benzoin Dark brown with an antiseptic scent, benzoin is a resin from the bark of trees in the genus *Styrax*. Use for clarity, purification, and prosperity.

Cedar I use cedar tips from our local western red cedars, but wood, bark, or leafy material may be used from any variety of cedar. Use in incense blends for calm, spirituality, healing, and denoting sacred space.

Copal This resin from the copal tree is seen as white, yellow, or pale orange in color, has a piney-citrusy scent, and is native to Mexico and Central America. It is used for incense for healing and purification. Copal has been used in religious and magical ceremonies in the Americas for thousands of years and is a great

Photography by Alexandria Corne
of Acorne Photography



Magic in the Air

Monica Crosson



replacement for frankincense in incense recipes.

Basil Popular in cuisine worldwide, some thirty-five species of this aromatic herb are native to central Africa and Southeast Asia. Its sweet-spicy scent is used in blends for improving memory, to cleanse and purify, and to induce calm.

Bay Another pantry staple, bay leaves come from several trees in the Lauraceae family native to Southeast Asia and South America. They can be used in mixes to promote healing, sharpen psychic abilities, and offer protection and purification.

Bergamot This favorite essential oil of mine comes from beautiful small flowers with a minty-lemony fragrance that can be used in mixes for prosperity and wealth and to promote mental clarity.

Clove Dried flower buds from the small bushy trees of Myrtaceae family

native to the Moluccas Islands and Indonesia, their intensely spicy scent works well in blends for strength, love, protection, purification, and prosperity.

Cinnamon The inner bark from several varieties of trees of the genus *Cinnamomum* grow in Sri Lanka, India, and Burma. Cinnamon sticks or powder can be used in creating blends and can be found in your local grocery store. Use cinnamon in mixes for courage, love, and prosperity.

Dragon's Blood Resin from the fruit of the *Clamamus draconis* climbing palm tree, dragon's blood has been used in ritual for thousands of years in India. It has a strong, spicy scent and should be used in blends for love, purification, strength, and meditation.

Frankincense From the resin of the *Boswellia* tree, frankincense has a woody, spicy scent that may reduce anxiety and aid in sleep. Frankincense can also be

used in mixes for purification, grounding, and cleansing.

Juniper A common ingredient in Tibetan incense, the berries, bark, and wood of this member of the Cupressaceae family have a calming and relaxing effect and has been used to sharpen mental clarity, aid in protection, and raise spiritual energy.

Lavender This Mediterranean favorite is easily attainable, and the dried flower buds or essential oil can be used in creating incense blends. The smoke of lavender creates a calming peaceful atmosphere and can also be used in mixes for loving vibes, aiding sleep, meditation, purification, and healing.

Mint This popular and prolific herb native to Europe and the Middle East can be used in mixes to aid in meditation, stimulate mental clarity, and increase psychic awareness as well as for love, peaceful vibes, and sleep.



Orange peel Dried citrus can add an uplifting scent to your incense blends and can be used in blends for mental clarity, luck, and joy, as well as to raise energy.

Pine The essential oil or resin (plant material can be used also) is typically from the species *Pinus sylvestris*. It can be used as a substitute for copal or frankincense in blends and is used for healing, cleansing, strength, and grounding.

Rose petals The lovely dried petals of the rose can be used in incense blends for love and healing and to promote a peaceful vibe.

Rosemary A popular woody perennial herb from the Mediterranean, rosemary can be used in mixes for peace of mind, luck, to stimulate mental clarity, protection, healing, and to designate spiritual space.

Sage Aromatic evergreen shrubs of the *Salvia* family, traditionally used by

Native Southwestern North American tribes during sweat lodge ceremonies. Use in mixes for cleansing, promoting spirituality, increased memory, and healing.

Sandalwood The rich and mysterious scent of this wood is widely used in religious incenses. It is used in incense for healing, spirituality, protection, and exorcism.

Thyme With a warm, slightly bitter scent, the leaves of this small woody herb of the Labiatae family can be used in blends for health, healing, strength, and purification.

Vanilla The warm scent of vanilla adds calming vibes to any mix. Also add to mixes for love, mental clarity, and to soothe anxiety.

Ylang-ylang Oil from this beautifully scented flower that is native to the Philippines is easily accessible and can be used in incense for love.

TIME TO UNWIND
(blend for calm or meditation)
2 parts frankincense
1 part lavender buds
½ part cedar

HEART OF A DRAGON
(blend for courage)
2 parts dragon's blood
1 part cinnamon bark
½ part thyme

LOVE SPELL
(blend for loving vibes)
2 parts sandalwood
1 part rose petals
½ part cinnamon bark
A few drops of ylang-ylang essential oil

LUCKY ME
(blend for luck)
2 parts dried orange peel
1 part rosemary
½ part ground nutmeg
A few drops of vanilla essential oil

Follow Monica Crosson on Instagram @monicacrosson or visit her website at monicacrosson.com.



WITCH HAT

by Janne Eikeblad

Whether I like it or not, I might already be that lady at the edge of the village who the local children think of as a witch (probably a good one, but they are not entirely sure). After running from the fact for most of my life, I found it was time to come out of the closet and just embrace the concept, and thus I made myself a witch hat. Like many others, I grew up hearing how witches are evil or mischievous and dressed in black, and I simply did not relate to it. I never liked wearing black. But over the years I realized a witch can be however she wants. So I guess I've really come to the point in life where I appear to be this strange misunderstood witch, wearing dark flowy clothing and picking endless baskets full of mushrooms, living in a log cottage with the smell of cinnamon and pines, with my abundance of herbs and whimsical decorations, an expansive wild garden, two white cat familiars, and a flock of ducks. But I am also someone who surprises people with kindness and herbal ailments and spicy soups and just wants to drink tea with you.

ELEMENT
BOTANICALS
wild crafted goods

USE THE CODE **BEWITCHED** FOR 20% OFF @ **ELEMENTBOTANICALS.CA**
FOLLOW THE MAGIC @**ELEMENTBOTANICALS**

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENTLEMEN

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

The Lesser Periwinkle; The Love Potions of Lady Wilde, Mrs. Whiskeyman, and Other Local Witches

“...aperitive, abstersive, carminative, digestive, discussive, diuretic, incisive, vulnerary, cephalick, neurotick, stomachick, splenetick, nephritick, hysterick, sudorifick, analeptick, and alexipharmick.”—The powers of pennyroyal, per William Salmon, M.D. (1644–1713)

Watch the moon phases, pluck leaves from graves, collect herbs from unsunned spots, favoring your left hand over your right. Wear a lock of your lover’s hair tucked between your third and fourth rib. Sometimes a stolen potato in your pocket will cure rheumatism while green wormwood in your shoe is good for stomach pain. Henbane in the sheets won’t just preserve chastity but will also kill fleas. And, of course, actually *consuming* an herb can cure what ails you too.

“The leaves of the lesser periwinkle, if eaten by man and wife together, will cause love between them,” according to Nicholas Culpeper, “a student in physick” who wrote of herbal remedies in the 17th century.

By the 19th century, we’d become ever more practical. An 1874 edition of an Ohio newspaper outlined love-potion ingredients that included “bones of toads and snakes, a portion of the head of a newborn foal,



The Three Witches from Shakespeare's Macbeth by Daniel Gardner, 1775. Wikimedia Commons.

called ‘hippomanes,’ the feathers of a night-hawk, the blood of doves, bones torn from the mouths of famishing dogs, and the strands of a rope with which a man had hanged himself.”

We had something deep to fear from the “aged crones” who, along with “so-called herbalists, quack doctors, and charlatans” practiced a medicine that was equal parts poison, hallucination, blind-trust, and gardening. This was according to author Richard Folkard, who, with his book *Plant Lore, Legends and Lyrics* (1884), sought to chronicle as many sick-inducing curatives as he could list, all the potions “cunningly prepared by the Witch and her confederates.”

In matters of love, and even anti-love, women and men were especially vulnerable to the most provocative fixes; they

more a cure hinted at danger and perversity, the more authentic it seemed. Love is mercurial enough to be best situated in the witch’s dominion.

“The war with Spain was a blessing to me and others of my profession,” pronounced “an up-to-date seeress” in an 1898 article in the *San Francisco Call* addressing an uptick in sales of love amulets and potions, as women sent their sweethearts off to battle in the Spanish-American War. The reporter described one seeress as “rustled in a silk gown. Her nails were badly kept, but her begrimed fingers were covered with rings.”

These “crones” and “quacks” could prove so influential in a community, many towns had laws against clairvoyants, even New York City: a bust reported in the *Times* in 1934 details three midtown “gypsy tea rooms” and a roundup, by the Bureau of Policewomen, of twelve people who plead guilty to fortune-telling. An owner of one of the buildings was charged with “maintaining a nuisance.”

“The business of a clairvoyant nowadays is more like that of a physician than any other profession,” reported *The Sun*, the New York City newspaper, many years previous, following a series of raids in 1894. The modern clairvoyant was doctor-like in her cures and regular clientele, who relied on her advice in matters of physical and emotional health. The article outlined the particulars of many of those arrested, including Emma L. King, of 142 E. 53rd St. Visited by an undercover detective who claimed to be in love but didn’t know with whom, Miss King “squeezed his hand gently while she told him of a shy maiden of 26 summers who was simply withering for him.” She sold him a potion, after which he took her into custody. Eva Jackson, of 149 W. 26th St, offered to fall into a trance for an undercover cop for \$2. “The detective tried to buy a little trance for \$1, but it was a no go.” Nonetheless, she was arrested too.

An 1897 article about the shops of New York’s east side noted that love potions were to be found “in the dirty-looking groceries and the overcrowded dry goods shops.” Among the potions and ingredients for sale: salt of gold, stick of lovage root to be “made into powder and baked in cakes,” bat’s blood, nutmeg, and “a diet of mushrooms and truffles.”

While fortune-telling laws seem likely to reflect a fear of “foreign” neighbors and working women, a town’s witches might have hailed from any walk of life, or might have simply been hobbyists. A *New York Herald* article in 1893 began: “Samuel Friedman, who keeps a small shoe store in Williamsburg, N.Y., has been married several years, and is not as attentive to his wife, Fannie, as he used to be.” The love-starved Fannie consulted with a woman in town who claimed to have the power “to make the coldest heart glow with love.” The witch charged \$4 for an elixir to pour into Sam’s beer. The mister noticed his missus tampering with his suds, feared poison, and confronted his wife, who confessed of her love plot. He took the concoction to the druggist, who told him it was a cheap mix of peppermint and sugar. According to the druggist: “There are many women in this neighborhood in the same business, and most of them give lovesick women about one cents worth of Epsom salts and charge \$1 to \$5.”

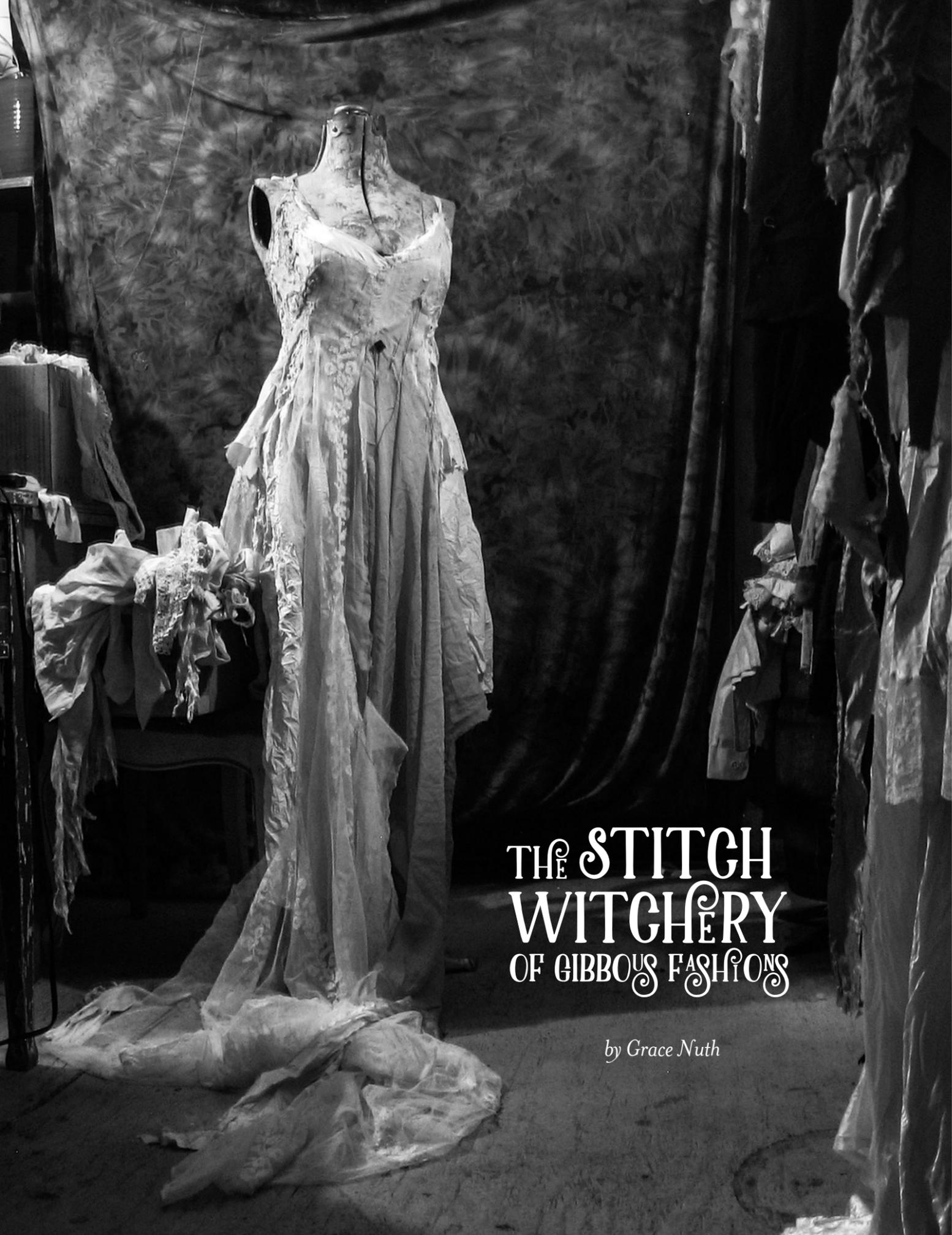
A successful love potion in Reading, Pa., in 1899, led to

charges against Mrs. Bertha Whiskeyman who had managed to lure a young man away from his family. Robert Richards was a hopelessly innocent lad of twenty-one, and his mother appealed to the law to intervene in the schemes of Mrs. Whiskeyman, “a woman much older in years.” Mrs. Whiskeyman claimed that she had “only a sisterly interest” in Robert, despite the fact the boy had moved in with her, and Mr. Whiskeyman had initiated divorce proceedings.

We advise heeding the warnings of Lady Wilde, in her 1888 volume *Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland*. “The result may be fatal,” she says of love potions, and cites the case of an unnamed young man who “suddenly became wild and reckless,” likely due to a love potion administered upon him. When the girl who slipped him the potion saw this affect, she fell despondent and, after many years of half-derangement, “died of melancholy and despair.” Lady Wilde offers a charming alternative: “a sprig of mint in your hand until the herb grows moist and warm, then take hold of the hand of the woman you love, and she will follow you as long as the two hands close over the herb.”



Timothy Schaffert is the author of five novels, most recently *The Swan Gondola*. He is a professor of English at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln. Learn more at timothyschaffert.com.



THE STITCH WITCHERY OF GIBBOUS FASHIONS

by Grace Nuth

Selene Ahnese, founder of the company Gibbous Fashions, is a stitch witch. The fabric storyteller is based in Olympia, Washington. She collects scraps of fabric—tattered velvets, embroidered silk slips, lace remnants—and with fine stitches like runes, she writes a new wearable spell with the pieces. Her admirers embrace those spells: her new work is often snatched up within minutes of her sharing it online, whether it be one of her signature raggedy bonnets or collars, or a more complicated design like a dress or deconstructed jacket.

Gibbous Fashions got its name because of the moon phase under which Ahnese was born. A self-taught artist, she has been sewing since the age of eleven, when she received her first sewing machine for her birthday. She fondly named the machine Stella and would spend her teen years and beyond roaming the old-growth forests of the Pacific Northwest and coming home to Stella, creating fabric pieces inspired by the dripping mosses, lichens, and plants she would spy during her days. Sadly, Stella is now retired after many years of use. Ahnese's sewing machine repairman kept Stella running for many years, but the tearful day finally came that he couldn't fix her. Ahnese now works with six machines "in various states of functionality, but I stopped naming them after Stella's retirement. I've found it's harder to let them go when I do."

This magical sense of animism and whimsy extends to the fabrics Ahnese uses in her creations. "I collect the lost, the broken, the left behind," she says. "I listen and learn from these stories, then transmute and reincarnate them into new forms of art." The result often feels like a partnership, she explains. "When you think about the accumulated history and character in found materials, the process can end up feeling like a collaborative spell, with many elements and motivations." It isn't always the case that a garment's purchaser understands the depth of this interaction, but some understand. Ahnese tells the story of a customer in San Francisco who described an experience she had with a dress. "All the different antique fabrics were telling her their stories, all the ladies who had made the lace and handkerchiefs. She got to know that dress incredibly well. She was crying when she told me, and it sounded very intense. It was overwhelming but made a lot of sense to me. It's pretty rare that people are aware of the magic and energy of the garments on that level. It's usually more of an aesthetic appreciation."

When asked for examples of the stories she has felt when holding these old fabrics, Ahnese replies, "I live, work, and sleep in landscapes of old clothes and fabrics, so there's a kind of immersion factor that can make it hard for me to think about the exchange objectively. It seems like there's a continuous engagement with the energy of these materials and that this guides me in the process of reincarnating them. There are definitely particular pieces that have especially strong and

memorable impressions. Certain things give off such an intense feeling of their past wearers that it can be overwhelming, for better or for worse. I have some antique dresses that feel so full of love and a sort of gentle mother farmhouse energy that every time I wear them I feel really calm and safe and protected. There are also certain pieces I find that are beautiful or useful but they feel wrong to me, so I don't bring them home. The clothes from the 1800s and early 1900s have especially powerful stories, and I am very careful and respectful of them. They're like 120-year-old people."

Ahnese is not only cautious of avoiding garments and fabrics with negative energy, but she makes sure her energy is positive and healing as she works on her pieces. "I've made some special amulets for friends with spells sewn into them for protection, abundance, calmness," she says. "I feel like even when it's not conscious, a lot of what I'm thinking or working with personally gets channeled into the creations."

Over the years of creating garments, Ahnese has adapted her techniques to each situation as needed. Although her early work was mostly done with "chaos stitching," as she calls it, "sewing things together wildly without much forethought and altering them to make a garment afterward," she has had to adapt through years of commissions to become more methodical and to embrace planning and pinning. She sees benefits and drawbacks to each of the two methods and tries now to do a mix of both techniques. "Sometimes it feels best to be led by colors and instinct, to sew fabric together without having a goal in mind. It can also feel like a reprieve to do so when I've been working on very defined, purpose-driven projects. I end up with a lot of oddly beautiful stitchy pieces of fabric, which lead to some really wonderful garments that I wouldn't necessarily have thought of making." However, she also finds joy in the elegant and precise process of building her dresses in stages, making the foundation fit and flow well, and then working on the sculptural layers, sitting with a dress form for hours, arranging, pinning and unpinning different fabrics until they feel right. Ahnese then ends with what she calls the "cake-decorating stage," adding the frills, handwork, and adornments.

It seems quite clear that Ahnese is a magic maker, working with lace and velvets instead of herbs and candles. But what sort of witch hat would such a stitch witch choose to design for herself? "I think my inclination would lean toward a reversible witchy elf bonnet, silk velvet in mossy green on one side and raven black on the other. It would be embroidered with tiny silver stars and have secrets sewn into the lining, accessorized with a strand of lace lichen and a sprig of red holly berries. I should probably make this now!"

Find Selene Ahnese on Instagram and Facebook @gibbousfashions or her shop gibbousfashions.com/present/shop/.

“When you think about the accumulated history and character in found materials, the process can end up feeling like a collaborative spell, with many elements and motivations.”



Witch OF THE Wood

A STORY BY TRICIA SAROYA

They said she was outside of the village by a couple of miles, in a sort of travel wagon camped on the edge of an abandoned orchard. She was odd, almost crazy, muttering to herself as she went about. She had long, wild curly hair and a withered yet timeless look that said she could have been 50 or 150. She showed up a couple times a year and set up camp. Crazy she might have been but everyone knew there was no one better to cure what ailed you. They said to expect the unexpected and try not to be afraid. Or maybe be afraid—because no one knew what she would do. Either way I was headed east in the direction of the old Shinday property to find her.

I started out early on Sunday morning, the dew still on the grass and a chill in the air. I had a knapsack with a bit of food, some money, and a few odd objects that might work as a form of payment for the strange woman's services. People said she didn't always want money, and even if she did, you never knew how much. Just show up and she will tell you what she wants, they said, if she will see you at all.

The fact that I was setting out to see some crazy woman living in a makeshift home in the wild should give you an idea of how desperate I was. I needed relief. My dreams had been more like nightmares, one after the other. My body hurt, I was exhausted and couldn't really sleep, unless you call tossing and turning with fitful images rest. Most of all my heart hurt. It hurt so much I wanted to leave completely, but I couldn't get away. It was with me all the time, a pain and depression so thick I felt like I was drowning. On those rare occasions when I found some distance from it all I could do was sit in my chair, not moving, totally numb. My small part-time job, easy as it was, still seemed impossible some days. My body, my mind, my health, even my cats were having issues. They were all the family I had left in the world, and losing either of them would be the end of me for sure. I needed someone to tell me what to do. I needed to know how to heal this huge hole that had been blasted through me.

So with that heavy mantle I slowly trudged along when all I wanted was to go back home and go to bed. Instead, I pointed my feet in the direction of the rising sun and moved. As I stumbled along I thought about all I'd been through in the last year. The ending of my job and with it my home and the farm I loved so much. The death of my father and then my love, my heart, my man up and left saying he was done. He wanted out. Our trunks had been packed and we were set to start our new life together on his beautiful family farm in another village. We were a mere two weeks out from moving and then suddenly he was gone. I had to unpack to separate his things from mine, then repack and try to figure out where I would go. I had no money, as all my savings had been spent supporting us for the last four years. All I had were my two feline children and this vast



endless hole. My hope was that this crazy odd lady would have some sort of answer for me, a pill, a potion, something to make this pain go away.

Eventually I came to the large abandoned apple orchard on the old Shinday land. The orchard hugged the base of the mountain that defined one edge of our village. I was more and more nervous the closer I got. As I walked through the dappled light filtering through the trees I noticed how quiet everything had become. The thick mulch on the ground absorbed the sound of my feet, and the trees cast a stillness over the trail I followed. There was only the gentle breeze and the scurrying about of a few critters searching for food in the underbrush—until, with no warning, I came upon a huge black bear standing on his hind legs reaching for a branch fully loaded with apples. Our eyes met. Clearly, I had startled him as much as he startled me and he bolted away out of the orchard and up the side of the mountain. Oddly enough my legs remained steady. I felt reassured, in a strange sort of way, as I kept walking.

Finally I cleared the orchard and stood at the base of the mountain looking along the side of the trees, searching for the crazy lady's camp. Off in the distance I could just make it out, snuggled between the mountain's base and the orchard. I had ended up a bit north of where she lived. I started walking slowly toward her wagon, alert for any movement or sounds that would warn me of danger. The only thing moving so far was hundreds of dragonflies flitting about in the morning sun, beautiful with iridescent colors that changed in the light. A red-tailed hawk circled above her camp, rising up and up in the morning sun-warmed air.

As I got closer, I saw she had quite a bit of detritus scattered about. A tripod stood over a now extinct cooking fire with a heavy cast iron kettle hanging from it. She had a rug spread near the fire with a camp chair and some pillows scattered about. There were also a couple of steamer trunks and various baskets and containers stacked up higgly piggly against her wagon. She had clearly just done some washing as strung from the wagon to a nearby tree was a line of still damp clothes drying in the breeze. They were the usual assortment of skirts, bloomers, and stockings along with some rags and a linen sheet. I still didn't see any signs of life except for the hawk who occasionally let out a series of shrill cries. The fire was out, but only recently. The ash was still smoldering and there was some sort of still-warm stew in the kettle. The wagon was a curious affair, unlike anything I had ever seen. It was narrow at the bottom, getting progressively wider as it moved up to a curving metal roof. The roof hung over the wagon on all sides, providing eaves, and it had all manner of drying plants hanging from it. Some were things I recognized, like lavender and sage, but most I didn't. Many just looked like weeds. On the raised porch leading into the wagon was an old farm-style door with the top half open. It was too high up, so I was unable to see in without getting closer. Maybe

she was inside and hadn't heard my approach. I coughed slightly and said rather too quietly, "Hello? Is anyone home?"

Nothing. This time I said a bit louder, "Excuse me ... is anyone there?"

Still nothing. I walked up to the porch and stepped on the old wooden milking stool that provided a stair up. Slowly, cautiously, I looked inside through the open top door. There was no woman or indeed any room for one. The wagon was filled to bursting with all things imaginable and unimaginable: drums, some plain and some with animal drawings on them; odd-shaped rattles; skins; feathers; bones; bundles of herbs; crystals; trinkets; and slightly scary-looking figurines that were half human and half animal. There were dusty bottles and containers everywhere, most with tattered illegible labels on them. On a small table was a collection of crystal balls and a deck of tarot cards spread out, all with a slight coating of dust. And there were hundreds of books everywhere, stacked on every surface, filling overloaded shelves and spread out on the floor and makeshift bed. How she slept or moved about was a mystery.

Not sure what to do next, I got down off the porch, went over to the campfire, and sat down on the rug. I took a bit of food out of my knapsack and had a makeshift breakfast. As I sat there I noticed how lovely and quiet it was. I hadn't felt calm in quite some time so, like an old toothache that no longer hurts, I was tentatively poking at it, seeing if it was real.

I allowed the peaceful feeling to move over and through me, soaking it up as much as I could. The hawk continued to fly overhead, and the dragonflies made a soft papery sound with their wings as they flew around me. I suddenly grew unbearably sleepy. I absolutely could not keep my eyes open one minute longer and lay back down on the carpet and closed my eyes.

I became aware I was dreaming. I was still on the carpet at the old woman's camp, but now it was dark. Slowly out of the orchard the bear I'd met earlier lumbered toward me, then sat down so close that his fur was touching my leg. In the odd way of dreams, he started to speak to me, which seemed totally normal. He had quite a lot to say in his low rumbling voice. He spoke of the seasons of life and the natural ebb and flow of everything.

"There are no bad or good emotions," he said, "only the feelings as they move through us. It is important in times of grief to go within the cave of our hearts and allow the feelings to move through us. When the world outside is more than we can cope with, hibernating and allowing ourselves to breathe through whatever we are feeling is the road to healing. These are just feelings and never have feelings ever killed us. They pass, all things do. When we try to suppress the feelings, they only grow larger and more frightening."

As he spoke in his deep rumbly voice, the vibrations of which were passing through me, I found myself leaning into him, into his fur, almost burying myself in him. As he spoke I felt

a great wave of tears well up. They started trickling down my face, eventually coming to pour out of me in an endless stream. The stream turned into a river that grew and grew until there was nothing but the water, the bear, and me. I continued to cry, feeding the river, making it run faster and faster. Safely tucked into the fur of my great bear we rode the rapids of my grief.

After some time I was quiet again, nestled into the warm fur of my companion. As the dawn broke we washed up onto a sandy shore of some distant land. Above me a hawk cried, and as I looked up I felt something land next to me. It was a beautiful leather-bound book filled with blank pages very much like the volumes I saw in the strange woman's wagon. Next to it was a hawk feather fashioned into a quill pen and a small bottle of ink. It was time for me to write my story, my companion said. I was to go into my cave and write of everything. Speak of my grief, my life, and all that had happened. See the words on the page and breathe out the story. Continue to cry anything that needs to come out. In time, he said, I would be able to move past what was. Only then, when there is space in my heart, will I be able to emerge from my cave into the light again to write a new story.

He then led me up the riverbank through the woods to his cave, where he had made a great nest of leaves and moss. He curled up and invited me to snuggle into his fur for a little rest. As I was falling asleep he said that all the answers I sought were inside me and also mirrored for me in nature if I had the eyes to see.

"Ask Creator for help and then look and listen—it will come, just like I came to you. All of God's creatures offer lessons in the way we live our lives. Pay attention to who shows up and what they are showing you. When the hawk cries she is telling you to pay attention, a message from Creator is coming your way. The dragonfly speaks of the illusion of this world and the magical colors and worlds that are just beyond our limited vision."

It could have been a lifetime that passed or a second. I really do not know. The next thing I was aware of was the feeling of sheets and a soft mattress under me. I opened my eyes to discover I was in my bed in my room. I lay there in wonder, trying to go back through my dreams. I felt like I had been asleep for years! What exactly had happened in my dreams?

I sat up and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes. It was just after dawn, just like it was when I awoke to go to the old woman's camp—or thought I had. Was that a dream too? I swung my legs over to the side of the bed and put my feet on the floor; goodness but they were quite dirty. As I ran my hands through my hair I discovered something dry and papery in it. Much to my surprise I pulled out a leaf and a bit of moss. I quickly went to my mirror and what I saw was something feral looking back at me. Indeed there was even an odor of something wild about the room. My eyes were bloodshot; there was moss, twigs, and leaves in my hair. My face was dirty and I was completely disheveled, with crazy untamed curls. I looked very much like what I assumed



the strange woman in the wagon looked like. I gazed around the room in a somewhat stunned state.

I walked over to my window and looked out at the rising sun. There on the windowsill was a beautiful leather-bound journal and a feather quill pen. As I picked them up I could hear in the far-off distance the giggle of a young woman and the rumbling snore of a bear.

Follow Tricia Saroya on Instagram @triciasaroya.

THE HEALTHY WITCH
by TJ Perkins
AVAILABLE NOW FOR PRE-ORDER!

Examine each element and discover how your organs interact and affect your magical energy flow. The tools here will guide you to becoming a naturally healthy witch, enabling you to work with the Goddess from a place of sacred well-being. A healthy witch is a successful witch!

Release date September 28, 2019

AS WITHIN + SO WITHOUT = THE HEALTHY WITCH



MME
WEATHERSBY

WWW.MMEWEATHERSBY.COM

How to Conjure Bewitching Living Spaces

by Tricia Saroya

Whether they called her a wise woman, a woman of Wyrdd, a cunning woman, a medicine woman, a witch, a witch doctor, or a shaman, most ancient cultures had a woman of the old ways in their village. She held the knowledge of the natural world and ancient healing traditions and functioned as doctor, counselor, doula, and wise elder. She was the one you went to for mind, body, and spiritual health. Traditions differed from culture to culture, but the wise women in each worked hand in hand with nature. From herbs and plant medicine to rituals and prayers, the wisdom of generations were held in these elders' bones.

If you'd like to channel a bit of your own wise woman into your surroundings, consider the list below:

- ★ If you have any old journals, recipe books, letters, family bibles, or other collections from your ancestors, bring them out and give them a place of honor. Pour through the writings and look for the knowledge of your grannies. Those old wives' tales often held great wisdom.
- ★ Completing a course on herbal medicine might be more of a commitment than you're able to give, but it's easy to plant a cooking-herb garden to use for your homemade stews and soups. If you don't have a garden, simple terracotta pots filled with green goodness look fabulous in a kitchen. Hang your herbs up to dry and store some in old apothecary jars with hand-lettered labels. Consider taking a few simple herbs and learning about their properties. Keep them in the same type of vintage jars for an old-world look.
- ★ If you wanted to convert your kitchen into one that would make the aunts from *Practical Magic* proud, consider investing in several small air-tight vintage-style jars and then transferring all your cooking spices into them. Put them on display and enjoy the mystical effect they bring to your conjuring place. More affordably, use canning jars with hand-lettered labels. Disguise the lids by covering them with burlap and twine. You can glue the tie and burlap to the lids so you don't have to undo them every time you want to open a jar. Simply unscrew the lid.
- ★ Hang your copper and cast-iron pots above your stove or center island instead of hiding them in the cupboard. This feels much more old world.
- ★ Start a beautiful journal or scrapbook of memories you might have of your mother's and grandmothers' remedies, recipes, and stories. Make this your family's grimoire to pass down through the generations. Fill it with memories and rituals, like traditional holiday celebrations your family enjoys. Put in favorite recipes, tonics, and advice for sick children; favorite prayers; quotes and sayings from your ancestors—anything that links you to past generations and carries your ancestral wisdom forward.
- ★ A fun medicine-woman touch is to have an herb-drying rack hanging in your kitchen, craft studio, or porch area. It can be as simple as a mini ladder or long branch, or a dowel suspended from the ceiling. You can also use an old-fashioned indoor clothes-drying rack. Tie herbs and flowers from the garden (or from the grocery store or farmers' market) onto it. This can be just for looks or your entry point into working with herbs.
- ★ Create infused cooking oils and display them in glass bottles for a lovely look. Simply add a sprig of rosemary to a clear bottle of olive oil for a pretty and tasty treat. You can also use chili peppers, peppercorns, sprigs of thyme, or cloves of garlic. Start by washing your herbs and letting them dry thoroughly so there is no water left on them at all. Bacteria can grow in the water so this is important. Gently bruise the herbs so they'll release their flavor easily. Place them in a tightly sealed bottle and completely cover with a good-quality olive oil. Let it stand for two to three weeks in a dark cool place. Once the flavor is where you want it, drain out the herbs and residue and put it back in the bottle.



However you choose to create an old-world feeling, know that your own personal wise woman lives inside of you. The more you allow her to emerge, the easier it will become. Trust your instincts and inner voice and, above all, have fun!

Follow Tricia Saroya on Instagram @triciasaroya.

The timeless, eternally beautiful sorceress slowly removes her dramatic ruby choker, placing it with intention upon a table. Turning away, she walks gingerly to her bed and begins to undergo an extraordinary transformation. The vibrant rouge mane turns to snow white, the supple body changes shape, and the luminous eyes cloud as the exquisite face acquires a new texture. As she lies down with great effort, her true self is revealed: She is, in fact, a very old woman.

But we see her quite differently. Is the magic in the necklace? Perhaps. She is, after all, a very powerful witch. With ancient lineage and skills honed for decades, she is quite capable of enchanting an object through many moons. Or is it *her*? Does her own inner fire burn so brightly as to alter our perception?

Many cultures claim the origin of glamour, a form of witchcraft that prompts the world to see the sorceress as she desires to be seen, with reality firmly hidden in shadow. From the old Norse, to the French, Greek, and eventually Celtic, the term has meant “illusion,” “spoken words,” and “enchantment.” It is actually a *mélange* of all these things, coming together to form a familiar ritual—a spell just like any other, with focus as its ignition, visualization and senses creating form, and passion amplified by cosmic waves raising energy.

One thing ancient witches could all agree upon is that the success of glamour magic depends upon the personal allure or magnetism of the witch performing it. Charisma, from the Greek word meaning “the grace of the gods,” is a mysterious quality that some seem to just naturally possess, but it can really be defined quite simply: Life force. Chi. Vitality. The more energy that is invested in your own wellness, health, and balance, the stronger *all* your magic will be.

Mind you, glammers aren't actual physical changes but rather controlled or directed projections. It is a way to put forth certain traits or features that you wish to be seen as dominant, noticeable, so that they become part of the first and lasting impression. Remember that what we focus on gathers strength, so if you are always staring in your mirror obsessing about the size or shape of a feature you don't like, that feature will become more pronounced to the outside world. By contrast, focusing on what you *do* like also becomes

dominant. It's up to you. What is it you want others to perceive in you? How do you want others to feel in your company? Glamour is transcendent.

More commonly, we have the practical glamour magic that comes in the form of luscious adornment. Like the sweet fairy godmother who bedecks, bejewels, and beautifies Cinderella in finery, our everyday consorts of makeup, wardrobe, and beauty potions carry considerable sorcery in the confidence-boosting department. They allow us to become a heightened version of ourselves, stepping into character, if you will. The finishing touch of adding mystical bling—our amulets and talismans—certainly can help us feel protected, empowered, and at one with our magical selves, and as such, glammers are often traditionally placed into an object of jewelry. The ritual art of dressing and preparing has a profound effect on how we approach the world around us, and neglecting it can have an equally forceful result, one in which we are dragged down into an abyss of low vibrations.

And, of course, enhancement comes in many forms. In this modern world, all kinds of actual modifications are available, from the relatively tame visits to your colorist to the more drastic measures of a dermatologist or surgeon. Whichever road you choose, it all comes down to this: What makes you *feel* beautiful, desirable, powerful? How the world perceives you is really in your graceful hands.

Because what, my loves, *really* gives the witch her magic? *Her own strength.* How she lives is how she casts her spells. Which brings us inward once again. A healthy, balanced witch wields a million times the firepower of one who is fatigued, filled with stress, and has barely the will to get dressed, let alone raise energy. Of course, we all go there sometimes—but the real magic lies in pulling yourself back up.

I want you to try something. Each morning, reserve five minutes for yourself. (Yes, you have five minutes—steal it from the time you might otherwise be glued to your phone.) After you've washed your face, sit down in front of your mirror. If you usually get ready in the bathroom, change it up: Grab a fluffy pillow and settle down in front of a floor mirror, or employ a chair in front of a mirror hanging on the wall. Get into this petite ritual from the new moon to the full moon and see what happens.

Bewitching Glamour

By Alise Marie, *The Beauty Witch*

GLAMOURY RITUAL

You will need:

3-ounce bottle of organic flower water (rose, jasmine, or lavender)

3-ounce colored glass bottle, with cap or cork

2½ ounces pumpkinseed oil

½ ounce pure vitamin E

Rose quartz facial roller

A simple concoction of two oils is delivered deeply into your skin to provide a gorgeous, supple luminosity. **Pumpkinseed oil**, with its powers of renewing the ravages of summer, is a delightful way to greet autumn: It brilliantly lightens sunspots, increases collagen production, encourages cellular turnover, and deeply nourishes your delicate skin. **Vitamin E** heals damaged skin, including fine lines and wrinkles, making it one of the most effective oils to add to any potion—and it won't stress your wallet.

Beauty Witch Secret: If you have never used a crystal facial roller before, prepare for a truly pleasurable ritual! Most rollers are made with jade, which of course has its own invaluable magic, but I particularly like the rose quartz. It has a certain energetic lightness that increases the magic here, as well as the bright, heart-opening love it brings.

Prepare the Potion

Pour the pumpkinseed oil into the empty glass bottle, then carefully add the vitamin E. Swirl it gently eight times clockwise, bringing in the energy of the new moon, the stirring air of autumn, the magic of the witches' season, and pure love.

Anoint Yourself

Lightly mist your face and neck with the flower water. Pour a small amount of potion—about the size of a quarter—onto your fingertips, rubbing them together to create a warming effect. Lightly apply to your face and neck using a combination of circular and upward strokes to conjure gentle massaging motions. (Don't forget your earlobes!) Really get into it and enjoy how it feels: Close your eyes and see everyone you meet taking notice of your radiance. This not only feels *amazing* and begins your day on a beautiful note, but it actually raises the energy needed to get your glamour going.

Conjure Glamour

Look at your face in the mirror. Take three deep breaths and begin to chant:

Everyone see, the light in me

Keep chanting as you take the larger end of the rose quartz roller and, beginning at the base of your neck, roll it in upward strokes to your jawline. Then move upward along your face,

rolling each section all the way to the top of your forehead. Use the smaller end of the quartz roller for around your eyes (be gentle!), your nose, above your top lip, and other sensitive areas.

Be Gracious

When you have finished, ground the energy with three more breaths. Take a good look in the mirror and give thanks for your unique beauty, inside and out. Smile. Now *there's* a gorgeous witch!

Beauty Witch Secret: Storing the rose quartz facial roller in the freezer amplifies its ability to help de-puff and firm your skin, and it feels fabulous.

You will find that a similar ritual does wonders for the entire body. You can do it as you apply your body oil or as you are getting dressed. And before the mere idea of this exhausts you, remember that there is no need for pom-poms or loud cheers. A soft, even voice states fact. Should you feel inclined to whisper sweet nothings to yourself, all the better! But if not, just approach your mirror, and your body, with certainty.

To amp your wattage even higher, I've conjured a few more delights as magical helpers to your glamour workings. One promotes beauty and glow from the inside; the other expertly polishes your outer layer. Both are endowed with the riches of treasured autumnal offerings. Though they fare quite well by themselves, I do recommend enjoying this pair together, beneath the glow of the full moon, as a celebratory and sensual way to top off the glamoury ritual you have just aced!

Chrysanthemum An age-old witches' flower of protection, this fall favorite is also a beauty powerhouse. It expertly smooths wrinkles and reduces puffiness while lightening discoloration and redness. Its vitamin A and antioxidant content works both internally and topically, and is found to soothe and calm fears.

Clove Fiery clove protects, brings love, increases abundance, and has been known to banish negativity. It firms, reduces redness, and keeps skin clear with a deliciously spicy scent while internally fighting off illness and increasing circulation.

Sage Velvety sage brings health and longevity, along with antioxidant and anti-inflammatory benefits. It strengthens both the immune system and the skeletal structure, and fights the visible signs of aging when used on the skin.

Star Anise The potent compounds of star anise help reduce fine lines by repairing the skin, firming, and keeping breakouts at bay. Magically, star anise protects, purifies, and restores youth—no necklace needed.

Apple Another autumnal star, the apple is sacred to Freya and Venus, and revered for its ability to give perpetual youth to the ancient gods. Filled with love and beauty magic, apples cleanse and nourish with abundant fiber, vitamins, and minerals, and have natural alpha hydroxy acids that exfoliate both mature and acne-prone skin with aplomb.



CHARMED SORCERY

Facial Exfoliant and Masque

Per treatment

- 2 tablespoons ground flaxseed meal
- 3 tablespoons The Fire Within elixir
- 3 drops clove essential oil

Adding to the beautifying sorcery of our elixir, **flaxseed** is a skin-loving delight. Rich in nutrients and good fats, it makes a wonderful gentle exfoliant and feeds vitamins to the skin, leaving it soft, dewy, revitalized, and entirely glowing.

In a small bowl, combine the elixir slowly with the flaxseed meal, stirring clockwise until it becomes a smooth, thin paste. Add in the clove oil, all the while keeping the vision and feel of your inner beauty radiating outward for all to see. Holding that energy, apply a layer of masque to a clean face. Massage gently in circular motions. Now apply a second layer carefully—it will be a little messy—and relax for 10 to 15 minutes. (You can even repeat your chant if you like while the potion absorbs into your skin.) To remove, first soak a washcloth in warm water. Wring it out and apply to your face, allowing the heat to soften the potion. Remove most of the masque with the cloth, then rinse well with cool water. Pat your face dry, and follow with a toning mist and serum or crème.

Now, my loves, pour the elixir into a fetching vessel and toast your unstoppable charisma! Beauty rituals and potions have a cumulative effect, just as any focused, repetitive magic will. Time spent building your confidence, tending your beauty, and harnessing your own strength is invaluable and necessary for a wise witch. And much like Melisandre's necklace, it holds a power that the world can see. Claim it. It is yours.

THE FIRE WITHIN

Elixir

4 servings

- 32 ounces pure spring water
- 1 cup organic or wild chrysanthemum flowers
- 1 tablespoon whole cloves
- 5 whole star anise
- 8 leaves sage
- 1 red apple, finely chopped

Begin by preparing a tea infusion. In a mortar, slightly crush the star anise pods to release the oils in the seeds. Next, fill a large glass bottle or decanter with spring water, then drop in each of the herbs and flowers, one at a time. As you do so, connect to them, feeling their magic create the essence of your potion. Cap or cork the bottle, and let it rest for several hours. Then strain the liquid into a high-speed blender, reserving three tablespoons of tea for use with the companion potion. Add the chopped apples and pulse until smooth. Add stevia or coconut nectar if you like, and set aside while you create its sexy companion.



Alise Marie is an actress, writer, and certified holistic nutritionist. Potions and rituals like these will be brewing in her upcoming book, *The Beauty Witch Grimoire*. She can be found at thebeautywitch.com and on Instagram @thebeautywitchofficial.



“Autumn is a second spring when every leaf becomes a flower.” —Albert Camus

As the days lengthen and the big, beautiful harvest moon casts its spell on you, it's time to enjoy the flowering of autumn, with its rich cornucopia of apple, quince, pumpkin, and sage, which provide replenishing nutrients and bring your autumn beauty into focus.

Bluh Alchemy Cleansing Oil

This lovely cleansing oil is designed to balance and decongest the skin, and it delivers. With astringent elderberry, nourishing pumpkinseed oil, and black cumin, it fills the senses and calms the skin. bluhalchemy.com

Intelligent Nutrients Gentle Cleansing Lotion

Using food-grade ingredients and plant oils, this creamy cleanser melts away dirt, oil, and makeup, with apple juice as its natural exfoliating ingredient. It's made by a USDA-certified organic company founded by Horst Rechelbacher, the creator of Aveda. intelligentnutrients.com

Dr. Alkaitis Organic Eye Creme

A tiny dab'll do ya! This lovely organic eye cream—with ethically wild-crafted linden blossoms and quince—will last a long time. It soothes and smooths fine lines and wrinkles around the eyes, and it's also loaded with skin-saving vitamins A, C, and E. capbeauty.com

Ilike Organic Skincare Pumpkin & Orange Mask

Made with fruit pulp from organic pumpkins and oranges, plus herbal oils and honey, this luscious mask revives tired skin and helps deliver an added dose of moisture to skin on the face and neck. szepelet.com

Innersense Organic Beauty Hydrating Cream Hairbath Shampoo

With beautiful moisturizing plant extracts like monoi and tamanu and replenishing herbs like sage and lavender, this shampoo is perfect for enhancing waves and curls. Your hair will look like a mermaid's! innersensebeauty.com

Ilia Beauty Illuminator

This chubby stick is packed with shea butter, avocado, orange-peel wax, and more, and it's as portable as could be. If your skin is feeling lackluster or peaked, just glide it across the face and you'll look bathed in moonlight. iliabeauty.com

—Rosie Shannon



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANGELA MEDLIN

WITCH HANDS

A PALMISTRY GUIDE TO MARKS OF INTUITION IN THE HANDS

BY HELENE SAUCEDO

It's a common misconception, that palmistry is about telling fortunes by interpreting the lines on the palm. Modern palmistry instead looks to the marks and characteristics of hands to gather information about an individual's personality and life path. Hands can tell us about the level of emotional sensitivity of a person, if a person is rational or open-minded, a realist or a spiritualist. Palms also describe one's innate archetypes and record formative life events. Anyone can learn to read palms. It's a visual art, learned through practice and play. I recommend making a print of your dominant hand, the hand that you write with, in order to clearly explore its design. That's the inspiration for my book *Handful of Stars Guidebook and Hand-Printing Kit*, to make the process of printing and reading your own palm accessible and easy.

I myself am a self-taught palm reader. I've been reading palms for two years out of a vintage camper, at festivals, shops, and pop-up markets in my hometown of Atlanta and around the United States. Atlanta has a wonderful and close-knit metaphysical community, so I regularly read the hands of

mediums, psychics, astrologists, and witches. Over time I noticed patterns I hadn't read about in my palmistry books. For example, lines on the outside of the hand in the few centimeters directly underneath the pointer finger represent spirit guides. Typically, a hand will have two or three lines living in this location, signifying a handful of spirit guides—angels, people who have passed, fairies, or whatever your interpretation of Spirit. One day I read the palms of two mediums and noticed both of their hands held a forked line in this area, resembling the letter y laying on its side. I interpreted this forked line as a marker of an opening to the spirit world, and now call it the *mark of a medium*. I've validated the meaning of this mark in many palm readings since.

More recently, I've coined the term *witch hands* after reading the hands of many magic-practicing friends whose hands broke the mold of what I would have expected to see knowing their personalities. Witch hands exude multiple markings of intuition, healing gifts, and a spiritual life purpose. The handprint shown here is of a good friend, Leah Tioxon. An esteemed tarot reader, Reiki practitioner, astrologer, herbalist, healer, and empowered

The Mojo Lab and Miss Wondersmith cordially invite you to join us in

CREATING MEANINGFUL GIFTS WITH SLOW MAGIC & SELF-CARE

Online class runs Oct. 12–Nov. 8, 2019

With Guest Instructors: Artist Amy Won & Lauren Dodge of Fruits to the Roots

Your invitation awaits at themojolab.com/wondermaking

Wondermaking

woman—Leah is a fine example of a modern-day witch with witch hands. Use this guide and the handprint to uncover the mystic marks held in your own hands!

SHAPE OF THE HAND

When most people think of palm reading, they envision a study of the lines on the hand, but a hand analyst may begin a reading by observing the shape of the hand as a whole. The shape of the hand can be categorized as representing one of the four elements—earth, air, fire, or water—dependent on the proportion of the fingers to the palm. The elemental shape of the hand often aligns with the weight of one's astrological chart toward one of these four elements. Earth hands have square palms with fingers of similar proportion, representative of someone with a grounded nature. Fire hands have short fingers and a rectangular palm, belonging to one who is active or restless. Water hands have a square palm and long fingers, communicating an emotional and sensitive person. Air hands are the longest type, with a rectangular-shaped palm and long fingers, representative of an intellectual and adaptable person. Leah's hand is a great example of how a witch hand breaks the mold. Leah is a loud and proud Leo, a fire sign, so we would expect to see a long palm and short fingers, but notice how long her hands are in the print. It is believed that the longer the hand, the more empathetic and energetically sensitive the person, which also explains why water and air hands are the longest hands of the elemental shapes, as they are the most sensitive signs in the zodiac. Some hand analysts believe the lines flowing vertically up the fingers represent the energy in a hand connecting to its surroundings.

QUALITY OF THE LINES

The visual quality of the lines on the palm indicate the overall energy of a person. Lines that are deeply etched suggest someone with a grounded and intentional approach to life. Alternately,

a multitude of light lines that web across a palm indicate a person driven by emotion, one who is sensitive. The lines on Leah's hand are a unique combination of both types. The lines are deep but move in interesting ways. Her lines seem to snake across the hand, resembling knotty branches of an old tree, growing and exploring. This type of energy appears as both of the world and out of this world.



MARKS OF THE HAND

Marks of the hand that relate to intuitive ability include the Mystic Cross, Healers Marks, and the Mounts of Luna and Apollo.

★ Mystic Cross ★

The Mystic Cross is the most common mark of intuition. Resembling an X, this mark sits between the top two major lines on the hand, the heart line and the head line. A Mystic Cross represents an interest in the unseen and intuitive gifts. Some hands will have more than one cross. If you have many Mystic Crosses in this area, this suggests extremely active intuitive energy.

★ Healers Marks ★

Four or more vertical marks on the mount of Mercury, the padding located directly underneath the pinky finger, are called a Medical Stigmata, or Healers Marks. These marks can be on the hands of doctors or nurses, but more commonly they belong on a person who simply holds space for the healing process of others.

Often career healers will have a double set of Healers Marks.

★ Mount of Luna ★

Mounts in palmistry refer to the fleshy pieces located just below the fingers and on the sides of the palm. The mounts represent the various archetypes inspired by their namesake mythological gods and goddesses: Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, Mars, Venus, and Luna. The most magical of the mounts is Luna, which occupies the bottom two thirds of the palm on the pinky side. The fleshier this mount, the more intuitive its owner. To discover how developed the mount of Luna is in your hand, push down on its surface with one finger. If the area appears fairly flat, it may be challenging for you to tap into and trust your intuition. However, if there is noticeable bounce back after pushing downward on Luna, that demonstrates deep connection to intuition.

★ Mount of Apollo ★

The mount of Apollo is located underneath the fourth finger. Apollo is the Greek god of the sun, music, poetry, and medicine; accordingly, this mount embodies the archetype of a creative person or a healer. To see if this mount is developed in your hand, hold your palm facing upward at eye level, like you're balancing a tray, your fingers facing away from your face. If you notice two small bumps underneath your fourth finger, this is the mount of Apollo, and the talents associated with Apollo are yours, whether they have been realized or not. What I love most about Leah's handprint is the heart shape on her mount of Apollo, a happenstance occurrence.



Helene Saucedo is the owner and reader of *Handful of Stars Readings* and the author of *Handful of Stars Palmistry Guidebook* and *Hand-Printing Kit*, which comes out in October 2019 from HarperCollins. Follow Helene on Instagram @handfulofstars_readings.



VERONICA VARLOW

Life of a Love Witch

In this moment, the sun stretches over the open sky, glowing golden before its descent into night. The wind sways the high grass on this hidden hill in a dance. The barn swallows sing their last songs of the day, as the monarch butterflies follow their own curving invisible paths on the breeze.

We walk together in silent reverence of the spectacle of nature around us, the bare soles of our feet touching the earth. Identical woven circlets of hemlock branch adorn our necks. Our fingers intertwine as we journey further up the sloping hill. I look to the horizon, and at that moment I see it, the true purpose of our sunset adventure. In the wide-stretching field before us, a fifty-foot entity stands alone. Ancient and regal, the tree curls its gnarled branches like spell-casting wands aiming skyward. This wooden giant has been struck by lightning more than any other tree on the hidden hill of Ashfield, and the power of those electric bolts run through the rings of its core. We walk to its

feet, roots curving beneath the ground, when we both notice a large severed branch before us, at our feet, a magical gift.

As a couple, as best friends and lovers, we connect through magic, through creativity and imagination. These elements, entwined through our days, are the foundations of our bond. David is an alchemist, a raconteur, and a mystical visionary. His imagination moves quickly to manifest his thoughts into actual treasures in reality. He hoists the seven-foot blue lichen-crusted branch over his shoulder, and we journey back to the farm, laughing and sharing visions of hand-cutting the branch into small discs and burning runic symbols on them.

By morning, he is leaning over a crosscut bow saw and slicing the discs from the knotty branch, and I am on the porch in the sunshine, sanding the tiny circles smooth. Our first rune appears a few hours later, a deep brown X, the sign for unity and true partnership connected.



Photography by Steve Parke

While doing solitary magic is powerful and beautiful, it can be endlessly enriching to work magic with your romantic partner. For this special witch issue, David and I share stories, secret spells, and enchantments so that you too can create your own hot, wild romance with magic.

~ Water Spell, Veronica ~

Have you ever been on a date and found your heart pounding in your chest? Or perhaps you've found yourself having feelings for someone and wanted to create a deeper connection? Or maybe you've been in a relationship for a while and you want to reconnect and spice things up? Come a little closer, and let me whisper the old Czech Romani spells of my ancestors into your ear.

This water spell is one of my very favorites of my Grandma Helen's love rituals, and all you need is a bowl of water, a citrus oil (orange, lemon, lime, or grapefruit), and rose petals. According to the Czech Romani tradition, the story of our lives is held within the lines of our palms. So when you gently submerge your love's hands in the waters of citrus and rose and massage the lines of their palms, it is a love and connection spell to bring "sweetness" into their life story.

Here's how to create your own water ritual:

Fill a bowl of warm soothing water and add nine drops of your choice of any one of the citrus oils listed above. Peel off petals from a red rose to add to the water. Take your ring finger of your left hand and use it to stir the water. Our fingers are our own versions of magic wands (which is why I love to decorate them with crystal rings and black glitter nail polish). Your ring finger is your "fire" finger and stirs up the passion and action in your life in spellcraft. In old myths, it was believed that it was the only finger that had a vein connected directly to the heart (which is why we wear engagement and wedding rings on that finger). Stir with your ring (or fire) finger eight times *deosil* (clockwise) and whisper words of sweetness and love into the water so the breath of your words causes ripples. Then stir one time *widdershins* (counterclockwise) to put an enchantment on the water.

Place the bowl between you and your partner and gently take their hands in

yours to submerge them into the fragrant water. Encourage them to close their eyes and relax to receive the full calming and powerful properties of this spell. Then, slowly, with intention, massage the lines of their palm. Take your time. Imagine them vibrant, happy, and filled with love. Lastly, bring the open palm of their dominant hand to your mouth to kiss at the end. The sweet love spell is sealed! Then switch and have your partner do the blessing for you.

~ Earth Spell, David ~

My form of magic is deeply connected to my relationship to the earth, the natural world, and the power of creativity. There is power all around us, life and energy, messages and meanings ... and within these forces you can, with your partner or alone, harness and use that power. Here is a spell to grow your bond and create a deeper sensual connection. It does require that you set aside a bit of time together, but it will create a magic that will last quite a while and can always be repeated.

This spell can be started at any time of day, but make sure you and your partner are as relaxed as possible. You might light a candle together or burn some incense before beginning. Embrace, look each other in the eyes, and acknowledge that you are taking a journey together. The intention is to bring more magic into your lives and your relationship.

Sit cross-legged on the floor across from your partner. Your knees should be touching. Reach out and hold each other's hands, and let them rest comfortably on your knees. Tell your partner to think of a natural place that they love that is close by, and you'll do the same. Close your eyes and feel the energy slowly become more powerful between you. After a few minutes, you will feel each other's pulses. Enjoy the feeling of the energy flowing between you. When it feels like it has been a while, open your eyes and instruct your partner to do the same.

Once your eyes are open, reveal the

places you were imagining. Discuss them both and decide which one you'd like to visit this time. Next time, you will visit the other person's choice.

Now for the adventure. Visit that place and find an object (a stone, a stick, a leaf, etc.) that feels special to you both, something that will fit easily in your two hands. Take your time, but this is not a quest for a magical object, merely something that you both agree is special. Then bring that object home.

Once you are home, take a piece of cloth, sit in the cross-legged position again, eyes closed, and hold the cloth together. Repeat these words slowly and quietly three times: "Creation together brings us closer to the wonder of nature and the power of love." When done, lean forward, touch forehead to forehead, and take three deep breaths. Wrap your object back in the cloth, bind it with twine, and place it near or under your bed. Every night, just before sleep, look into each other's eyes and visualize your creation. The spell will strengthen your creativity, your connection to nature, and your sensual and loving bond.

~ Fire Spell, Veronica ~

In magic, it is the element of fire that drives the passion in love spells. Is it any wonder why simply striking a match and lighting candles really does set that sensual mood?

Here is a fiery love spell that David and I worked together:

Get two red candles for love. Write your name on the back of one with any kind of carving tool and have your partner carve their own name in the back of the other one. Place the two red candles in the center of a pie plate, side by side, and sprinkle this love spell herbal-blend mixture both on and around the candles: honeysuckle (creativity and protection), jasmine flowers (wild passion), orange peels (happiness and joy), and rosebuds (deep connected love). Then strike one



match to light both of the candles at the same time.

As the candles melt into each other in hot red wax, kiss your partner, sensually and slow. Take your time and brush your lips across theirs. Now take a red silk ribbon that is six feet long and each of you hold one end. Take turns whispering words of the past, present, and future to each other. Speak to each other of shared memories, gratitude for your relationship today in this moment, and also the dreamings of future manifestations. With every wish or gratitude, the speaker ties a knot seven inches from the end of their ribbon. Do this four times each, sharing and then tying knots seven inches away from the last one, so there are eight knots. Then in the middle for the ninth and final knot, make a wish for your union together. Tie a loose knot in the center, blow life into it, and then simultaneously pull the ends to tighten the knot and pull each other in for a kiss. Afterward, in the glow

of our candles melting into each other, you can also seal the spell with kissing or love making.

— Air Spell, David —

Scent is the most powerfully evocative of our senses and, when combined with magical intention, can offer exciting possibilities. Some of my first practices in traditional magic included lighting cauldrons, incense, resins and other spirited scented elements, and woods, and to this day I use air and scent magic more than any other for my daily needs and desires. When I need to reset my day or a fresh start, I light a cauldron with herbs and incense and let the smoke and smells wash over me. Often I walk it throughout my home. Veronica and I even started creating our own organic wood powdered incense blends to offer personalized options designed to honor the various moon cycles.

Here is a simple magical air spell that

will fire up the passion and attraction between you and your partner:

Write short love notes to each other on small pieces of paper. Make sure to put your partner's name on your piece of paper, as names are very powerful. Fold each paper five times, once for each of the directions and once for the cosmic direction. In a small cauldron, light a piece of charcoal and wait until it is glowing red. Add frankincense and myrrh until smoke billows out. Drop in your notes and with each add a pinch of rose petals, and when that is smoldering repeat together five times, "The air we breathe, these words manifest," as you let the smoke fill your faces and bodies. Give each other a long kiss as the smoke pours over you. The next part is up to you, but I promise, what happens next will be made more magical for the ritual you've just shared.



Read more about Veronica and David's worldwide coven and see all of their handmade magical incense, oils, and amulets at lovetwitch.com.
Instagram: [@veronicavarlow](https://www.instagram.com/veronicavarlow). Find David Garfinkel at [@david_garfinkel](https://www.instagram.com/david_garfinkel).

THIS YEAR'S ENCHANTED LIVING AWARD WINNERS

The Enchanted Living Magazine Awards are a new annual set of honors presented by the Art Renewal Center as part of its yearly International ARC Salon Competition. This year the Art Renewal Center received more than 4,300 entries from over seventy countries. The Enchanted Living Magazine Awards, juried by our (very esteemed and enchantment-loving) editors, celebrate art that captures a love of fantasy and creativity. The exhibition associated with the competition will open first at the European Museum of Modern Art in Barcelona on December 6, 2019, and run until February 2, 2020. The show will then travel to Sotheby's in New York, where it will be on view from July 17 to July 27, 2020. This year's winning artworks are below. Read more about each winner and their dazzling work at enchantedlivingmagazine.com, and more about the other awards at artrenewal.org.

(top)

Julie Bell,
Sacred

2018. Oil on wood.
30 by 40 in.

(bottom left)

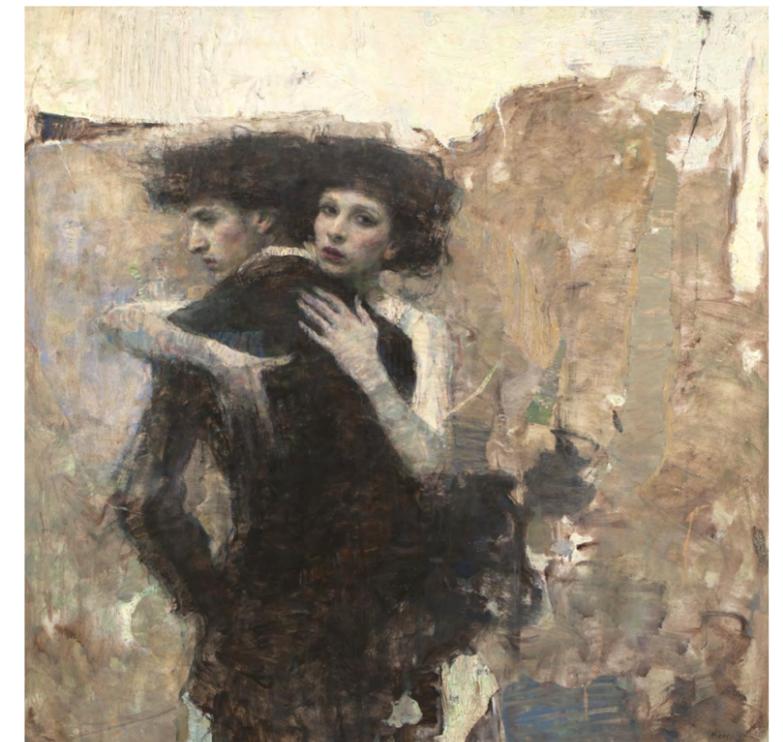
Vanessa Lemen,
The Mage of Candor

2018. Oil on panel.
12 by 9 in.

(bottom right)

Ron Hicks,
The Covering

2017. Oil on birch.
48 by 48 in.



New Album Hooray Beret



Available Worldwide

Apple Music
Spotify
Amazon
Bandcamp
CDBaby
Google Play
and most digital platforms



10% Discount on CDs and shirts at
Batfogs Online Music and Art Shop
with coupon code: ENCHANTED10

www.frenchyandthepunk.com

FRENCHY AND THE PUNK

"Hooray Beret's message of independence and the shedding of socially imposed identities is well-earned. For more than a decade, Frenchy and the Punk have been refining their own voice in many quadrants of the Balkanized post-punk world. They have essentially invented their own genre in which punk vitality and drive meets an evocative, cinematic way with exotic melodies and European-inflected percussive textures."



MELISSA LYNN HEROLD'S
DEBUT FANTASY NOVEL

HEAVEN'S SILHOUETTE

TYARRI CHRONICLES BOOK 1

In my artistic studies, there were hundreds of depictions of angels.

Islamic pottery, where they wore Persian kaftans and had multicolored wings; Enochian-inspired woodcuts, where each angel had hundreds of wings that opened and closed to reveal everwatching eyes; and cathedral ceilings depicting skies full of cute putti and white-robed seraphim with pale, serene faces.

The winged man looming over us with inhuman feet and delicate features was none of those things

IT LOOKED LIKE ME.

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 17, 2019

Preorder now & watch the book trailer
melissalynnherold.com

Hardcovers include a metal feather bookmark and handmade character-inspired perfume sample when you purchase directly from Melissa.



AUTUMNAL MAGIC

BY THE WONDERSMITH

After the heat and stagnancy of late summer, the crisp evenings of autumn are a welcome reprieve. The winds carry a beautiful magic, one that feels both nostalgic and refreshing. Perhaps you can feel it too, that shift in the light that filters down through autumn skies, the palpable change in energy that permeates the landscape.

As I admire the sparkles of frosted leaves in the morning before the sun rays reach them, I'm reminded of the beauty of this quickly changing season. All around me the world transforms—leaves blaze in their autumn colors, late season fruits and vegetables proliferate, and the world hums with the energy of transition. The beauty of these bright warm colors lies in their ephemerality; we know that all too soon, the world will be barren and blanketed in snow.

These are the days of preservation and harvest, of gathering the last bounty of the year and putting it away in jams, pickles, and jars of dried herbs, and storing vegetables in the root cellar to enjoy in the dead of winter. We celebrate the bounty of the season while simultaneously acknowledging the sense of urgency that now accompanies harvest preparations. The smell of frost is in the air. The winter snows are coming. Like our ancestors before us, we prepare for the long, cold days ahead by stocking up on more than just produce. Coming together in community to enjoy the bounty also reminds us that we are part of a larger system and that should disaster strike, our neighbors will help us through barren times, just as we will help them. Our sense of community bolsters us and gives us the security we need to face the seasonal changes ahead of us.

The wheel of the year corresponds with the energy of life. If spring is the energetic innocence of youth, fall is the contemplative gentleness of old age. It's a reminder that we're all part of a cycle and that new life can only come after death. The reminder of mortality is around us with every dropped leaf and every fallen acorn. Perhaps because of those reminders, our minds often go to reflection and remembrance. Fall holds



a nostalgia that no other season seems to capture quite as strongly. It's a beautiful sort of melancholy, a soft bittersweet pleasure as we remember days gone by and loved ones missed. It makes sense that occasions associated with remembrance blossom at this time of year, from Dia de Los Muertos to All Soul's Day.

Many call this time of year "the thinning of the veil," and indeed, it seems as though there is less space between us and the magic of the beyond. We notice spirits in a way we don't during other parts of the year. Up float ghosts, memories, magic, and wonder. The more in tune with the energy of the seasons you are, the more you will notice the glimmer of other worlds around the edges and hidden just beyond your reach. Some ancient cultures believed

that the Otherworld or Land of the Fae exists on another plane layered onto the world we know. Something as simple as walking under an elderflower bush could be a hidden entrance to this mysterious realm. And when the veil is thin, more and more doors appear between the two worlds—more opportunities to accidentally stumble from your path and land in a place of mystery.

The recipes I'm sharing in this season are in honor of that thinning veil. Barmbrack, a sweet yeasted cake, is a traditional offering to the dead and a means of divination. It's a bread that opens doors and hearts. A luscious fondue served in baked mini pumpkins carries with it the magic of the herb thyme, which has been associated with being a guide to the fairy realm—once again a doorway through that ever-thinning veil.

Can you see the glimmers at the edges, the spaces between? Have you ever stumbled upon a doorway to a realm beyond the ordinary? Have you ever wanted to step into a space of magic, if only for a day? Let these recipes transport you. They will guide you to ancestral wisdom and natural cycles. They will help you tap into something ancient and primal. And finally, they can show you just how beautiful the season of transition can be.

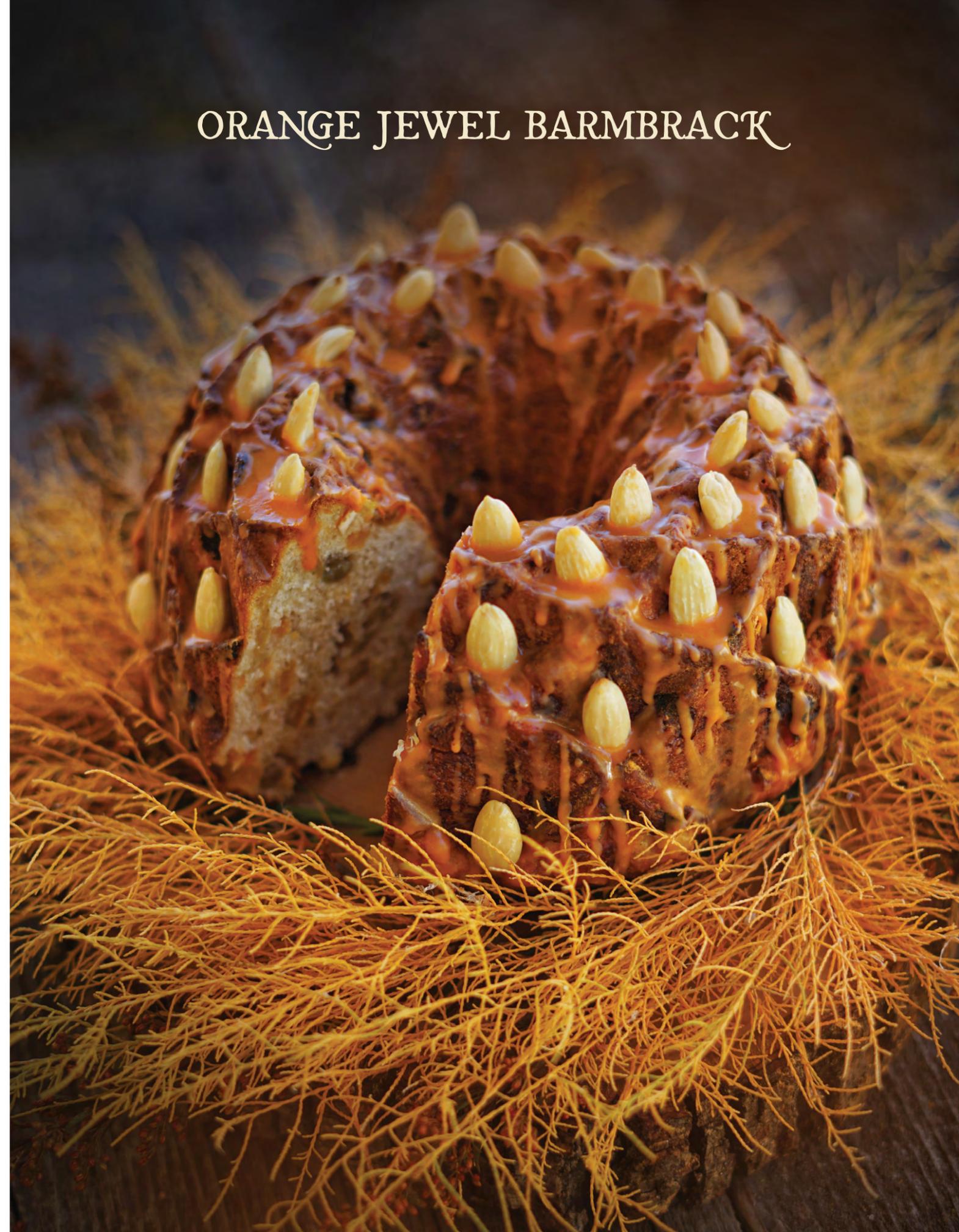
Barmbrack appeals to what we tend to crave in mid-fall: tradition, comfort, warmth, and sweetness. Is there anything quite so cozy as a slice of warm sweet bread lathered with butter and eaten with a cup of hot tea? Is there any better way to showcase the flavorful dried fruits left over from summer's bounties than studding a rich dough with them?

Barmbrack speaks to many mid-fall traditions, such as setting out offerings for ancestors or spirits. Some spiritual traditions include hosting "dumb suppers"—setting a place at your table for each departed loved one and eating in reflective silence. Traditionally, many of these feasts take place on a black-clothed table, with symbolic foods (particularly apples, root vegetables, and wild game) served on black dishes, illuminated only by candlelight. Some write notes to their deceased loved ones, while others simply sit in the silence, communicating with or remembering them. Sometimes little tokens wrapped in cloth

or paper were baked into the bread as a form of divination. Different symbols meant different things for the finders. For example, a ring meant you'd soon be married, while a coin indicated riches or prosperity.

While barmbrack is usually baked as a round loaf or in a loaf pan, my version dresses it up a little bit by using a Bundt cake pan to take it from side dish to centerpiece. A goji berry glaze gives it a gorgeous orange hue and slightly zingy flavor, while amaretto adds extra flavor and bring out the vivaciousness of dried apricots and candied orange peel. This dough is prepared in the traditional way, using yeast instead of baking powder. Make sure to give it plenty of time to rise properly, as enriched doughs take longer than normal bread. (And be sure to plan ahead so your dried fruits can soak overnight and become nice and juicy!) This bread tastes amazing, and is moist from the dried fruits that bejewel it.

ORANGE JEWEL BARMBRACK



ORANGE JEWEL BARMBRACK

Ingredients

1 cup cooled strongly brewed tea of choice

½ cup amaretto

1 cup chopped dried apricots

¾ cup chopped candied orange peel

½ cup golden raisins

3½ cups plain flour

½ teaspoon ground cinnamon

½ teaspoon ground nutmeg

½ teaspoon salt

2 teaspoons (1 sachet) dried yeast

4 tablespoons butter

½ cup granulated sugar

1 cup milk or almond milk

1 beaten egg

1 teaspoon vanilla

1 teaspoon almond extract

A bit of melted butter, for greasing

Place the fruits in a bowl and cover with the tea and amaretto and let sit overnight to plump up. Strain, reserving the liquid.

Warm the milk just a little until it is tepid but not hot, then melt the butter into it. Add 1 tablespoon of the sugar and the yeast and stir gently. Stir in the egg.

Sift the spices with the flour into a bowl. Make a well in the center and pour the yeast mixture into it. Sprinkle a little flour over the liquid and leave it in a warm place for about 20 minutes or until the yeast starts to froth up.

Add in the remainder of the liquid and the vanilla and almond extract and mix the whole lot into a dough. Turn it out onto a floured board, sprinkle with the sugar, raisins, currants, and chopped peel, and knead them into the dough.

Place the dough into a butter-greased large bowl, cover with cling wrap, and leave in a warm place until doubled in size.

Knead it back again, then shape into your greased bread tin. Brush the top with melted butter and cover until doubled in bulk again.

Bake for 40 minutes in a hot oven at 400°F, or until a skewer inserted into the center comes out clean.

Let cool in the pan for 10 minutes, then gently turn out onto a wire rack to cool completely. Drizzle with the goji berry glaze (below) and decorate with blanched almonds.

GOJI BERRY GLAZE

This lovely light orange glaze adds just a hint of sweetness and a lovely color to your barmbrack.

Ingredients:

2 tablespoons goji berry powder

1½ cups powdered sugar

1 tablespoon whiskey

About ¼ cup milk or almond milk

Mix together the goji berry powder and powdered sugar. Stir in the whiskey and add a little milk, a teaspoon at a time, to make a thick consistency. Stir until smooth.

Gradually add more milk until your icing is a pourable consistency (similar to white glue). If you'd like a deeper orange color, add more goji berry powder.

Wishing you all peace and sweetness during this season of remembrance.

FAERIE FONDUE WITH THYME

IN MINI PUMPKINS

The common and spicy herb thyme has a surprisingly colorful history of magical and mystical uses. Dating back to ancient Rome, thyme has long been associated with strength and bravery. Roman soldiers were said to have bathed in thyme or pinned it to their garments before heading into battle to give them courage. In ancient Egypt, thyme was used as an embalming aid to help the dead make their passage into the next life or the afterlife. Both cultures also burned thyme as a purification aid in both sick houses and temples. This practice still makes sense today, since thyme is potentially antiviral and antibacterial (and can even be found in many cold medicines, mouthwashes, and acne creams for that very reason!).

In the medieval era, thyme's mystical uses were no less potent. It was often included in bundles of herbs meant to prevent the Black Plague or as an antidote to poison, but its uses didn't end there—it was seen as a powerful protection from the supernatural as well. (Though it should be mentioned here that often illness and witchcraft were seen as one and the same.) Medieval witches and wizards used thyme in all manner of potions, including a beverage that would transport them to other worlds to fight off curses or hexes. Similarly, it was the key ingredient in potions designed to help one to see fairies or other mythological beings.

During the Victorian era, thyme was reimagined as a guide to the fairy realms. Perhaps inspired by Shakespeare's newly popularized *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in which Titania, queen of the fairies, sleeps on "a bank where the wild thyme

blows," Victorians viewed this spicy herb through the lens of romanticism. A patch of wild thyme in the woods was a sign that fairies had danced the night away on that spot. It was said that fairies slept in patches of thyme, so gardeners would plant a patch of thyme in their garden to serve as a resting place for ethereal visitors. Some myths also tell of potions or amulets containing thyme being used to glimpse into the fairy realms or that a sprig of thyme in one's pocket would allow one to see fairies on walks in the woods. It was even said that a sprinkling of fresh thyme would invite fairies into homes or gardens—though with the rather sordid mythology of fairies and their penchant for mischief, that may have been inadvisable.

Lastly, thyme has long been associated with vivid dreams and mystical apparitions. You know what else has been associated with vivid dreams? Cheese. The myth of "cheese dreams" has been around for the past 150 years or so and appears in numerous works of literature, including Charles Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*:

"You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!" Scrooge declares while speaking to—surprise!—an apparition.

So if you're looking for a subconscious ticket into the fairy realms, try eating thyme or cheese before bed. Even better, eat both ... melted into a mouthwateringly gooey fondue, served out of seasonally festive mini pumpkins and enjoyed with some special guests.

This fondue is rich, creamy, buttery, and cheesy with the perfect complement of fragrant thyme leaves. It's especially delicious served in baked mini-pumpkins, whose sweet, nutty, and earthy flesh tastes absolutely wonderful with the cheese. They're the perfect size to serve as a main course per person or to split between couples as an appetizer. My friend described them as "late fall in a spoonful of cheesy heaven."

THYME CHEESE FONDUE

Ingredients:

3 to 4 small pumpkins
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon minced shallots
2 tablespoons flour
4 ounces white wine
2 teaspoons fresh thyme leaves
8 ounces heavy cream
3 ounces Gruyère cheese, grated
3 ounces raclette cheese, grated
3 ounces white cheddar cheese, grated
Freshly grated pepper and nutmeg, to flavor (optional)
Chunks of artisan bread, apples,
or dried fruit, to serve

Preheat oven to 350°F. Cut the top off the pumpkins and hollow out the seeds. Place the pumpkins on a nonstick baking mat and roast in the oven for 20 to 30 minutes, or until softened.

Mix together the three cheeses in a small bowl and set aside.

Heat the butter in a small saucepan and add the shallots. Cook until slightly translucent and fragrant. Add the flour and cook for another two minutes, whisking constantly to keep smooth.

Add the white wine and stir until smooth. Add the thyme leaves.

Add the cream and cheeses and reduce the heat to low. Stir until the cheese has melted completely and the mixture is gooey and smooth. Season with pepper and nutmeg if desired.

Pour the hot cheese into the roasted pumpkins. Serve with fondue forks. When the pumpkins are nearly empty, they can be cut into wedges and enjoyed as well!

Miss Wondersmith highlights the beauty of her Pacific Northwest home through her handcrafted glass and ceramic artwork, recipes featuring foraged foods, and carefully curated experiences for strangers (which she gifts through invites hidden in public places!). Visit her online at thewondersmith.com.



Have you ever wanted to host a gathering that could have walked right out of the pages of your favorite fairy tale? Have you ever wandered the woods hoping to discover an elven feast or a secret scroll? Do you want the ability to design meaningful gatherings for any purpose? Welcome to *Fairytale Gatherings!* In this book, you'll be guided through the steps of using storytelling structure to design your own personalized and magical gathering. Miss Wondersmith leads the way with her sketched ideas, easy-to-understand text, and real-life examples of the magical gatherings she creates and shares with strangers.

Now you too can create gatherings infused with deeper meaning and beautiful craftsmanship. Part sketchbook and part portfolio, the book will make you feel as if you're peering over her shoulder to watch all the components come together before your eyes. It's a great resource for party planners or event coordinators of any faith background, as her approach is not tied to any specific spiritual or religious traditions, unlike the vast majority of books about ceremony and ritual. And it's especially helpful for atypical events, such as a nontraditional wedding ceremonies, pet memorials, or full moon celebrations. Finally, it's a fun dive into the imagination of a woman who thinks decidedly outside the box. Sixty-plus pages of magic await you. *Learn more about this book at thewondersmith.com/bookemporium.*



Crystal decor by Sarah Sparkles for ENVY installation at Bonnet Bash: Carnival of Capital Sins

ENCHANTED PARTY PLANNING

Casting a spell on all of your guests

BY SARAH SPARKLES

On a cool spring night you stroll down the iconic tree-lined streets alongside Gramercy Park and enter a bastion of glamorous old New York: the National Arts Club. You are greeted by a nymph-like demon who invites you inside to explore your sins. She hands you a card that says ENVY and tells you to find the crystal red velvet rope. Upon entering the party space, you are greeted by SLOTH, a glittering goddess lounging languidly on a bed of jewel-toned velvet fabrics and fur pillows.

There is a shrine to the goddess Venus behind her, a tray of grapes and delectable berries beside her. She invites you to join. You lie beside her, and she strokes your hair, fans you gently with feathers, and feeds you fruit. You feel relaxed and welcomed. You thank her and continue exploring the space. The sensuous rock-and-roll sound of Billy Idol's "Flesh for Fantasy" fills your ears, and you see a bleach-blond young man gyrating onstage, clad in custom leather straps amid the featured LUST fashion

Enchanted Party Planning

Sarah Sparkles

display by designer Veritee Hill. You remember the card in your pocket, ENVY, and head for the most sparkly pocket of the room, where you hand your card to a masked maven with a gold crystal clipboard, step behind the red crystal rope, and take a seat. She pours you a glass of champagne into a golden crystal-encrusted flute. Your table is adorned with crystal-covered roses and cherries and a plate of ornate chocolate. You watch as the sea of opulently adorned revelers begins to cluster around the stage as the hat contest begins. You sit back, titillated and sated, immersed in the decadent world of Bonnet Bash: Carnival of Capital Sins.

The journey that took me down the road to designing a sold-out immersive art party at an exclusive old New York social club started nearly twenty years ago while I was scavenging for art materials out of recycling dumpsters to create installations for underground Brooklyn warehouse parties. Over the years I've taken on numerous event-production roles; my favorites include assisting set designer Douglas Little for seven years on Bette Midler's Hulaween party decor, working as an interactive host and performer at Abby Hertz's LUST sensual dinner parties, and doing commissioned costumes and art pieces for the private events of her company, AHZ Concepts.

After many years of contributing to other people's visions, it is a special treat when I get to design my own event! I was very excited when I received a message from Nina Urban, my friend on the fashion committee at the National Arts Club, inviting me to design an interactive environment for their spring gala Bonnet Bash. A few years prior, I designed enchanted-forest-themed decor for the party. This year they wanted to do an immersive seven-deadly-sins-themed event. The first thing that crossed my mind was "there will be sparkle gluttony!!" And off to the drawing board I went.

Like any ritual, a good party is a liminal space to turn dreams into reality, to inspire new pathways with the beauty and power of a shared experience with kindred folk or lovely strangers. The power of enchanted party planning can take your guests on a journey to another place and time where expansion can happen and fantasies come true. And so, as with any ritual, you have to think first about what spell you're going to cast. You set your intention, collect the desired ingredients, and invite your circle. Whether your event is public or private, on a luxury budget or DIY, spiritually themed or an aesthetically glamorous fete, you can, with clear intention and attention to detail, create the ultimate space to enchant your guests.

SENSUAL STORYTELLING

First, you need to clarify your theme and intention. What spell are you casting? What story are you telling? What journey will your guests be taking? What energy do you want to imbue upon them? Make the theme or intention very clear in the invite. Include a suggested dress code. Next, focus on the engaging the

five senses. With the theme in mind, what do you want your guests to see, smell, taste, touch, and hear? What characters live in this world you are inviting people into? Curate the performances, the interactive characters, the musicians, the activities, the playlist, the food and beverages and decor to tell the story of the spell you are casting.

SPELLCRAFT

For the metaphysically inclined, there tends to be an animistic belief that there is energy in everything in the natural world. Throughout human history, entire schools of thought have been devoted to the knowledge of color vibrations, stones, flower essences, and astrology. Harnessing this ancient school of thought can assist in casting the spell of your event. The date you set will be the astrological signature of your event. I always pay attention to whether the moon is waxing or waning. High-energy parties are more aligned with a waxing or full moon, a more low-key event or one that gravitates toward seeking closure should be held during a waning moon, and an event that involves intention setting should occur at a new moon. I will do my best to avoid planning an event of great significance during a Mercury or Venus retrograde. Mercury rules communication, transportation, and technology; Venus rules love, pleasure, and creativity.

My favorite element of event design is the spellcraft woven into the decor. You can enhance the desired energy through choices of color (pink for love, red for passion), candles, flowers, and fragrance. There should be at least one altar that celebrates whatever energy you are honoring or drawing in. You can also use the altar concept when envisioning table centerpieces or displays for the food. For Bonnet Bash, I created a shrine to Venus because I wanted the guests to have a sensual experience that was inspiring to the senses—generous, decadent, pleasurable. The altar at the head of the SLOTH space was laden with grapes, pink roses, butterflies, trays of fruit, glittering wine bottles, fur pillows, and sensual fabrics. The performer hosting the space was Libra goddess Katherine Crockett. Libra is ruled by Venus.

You cast the spell on your event through the choice of performers and music. Curate dancers and live musicians who can interact and perform with deep resonance to the energy you are trying to cultivate. Create costumes that align with each character's or performer's essence, and plan a communal activity that brings everyone together for a shared, focused intention. At Abby Hertz's Lust parties, there was a signature "sex magic ritual" in which four sensual women called in the directions by enacting their own embodiments of their chosen elements—earth, air, fire, or water.

SIGNATURE

As a designer, what is your personal signature, your energetic



Katherine Crockett lounging in the shrine to Venus SLOTH chill space



Darrell Thorne cavorting with Samara and Doug Nightwine in the ENVY VIP booth

branding in the art of your event? Imbuing the event with your personal signature plants the seed of intention for the art path you wish to cultivate and the gift you specifically wish to share with the world. My signature is sparkles, and my favorite technique is custom embellishment with Swarovski crystals. Crystals add a luxury bling to all things. The handcrafted objects I make serve to elevate the aesthetic of any event. I was able to really flex my crystal muscle with the design of the ENVY VIP booth at Bonnet Bash. Every element of the decor was encrusted with crystal, from the red velvet rope down to the door girl's golden crystal clipboard. If you're doing ongoing events, make sure to elaborate on your signature and continue to add new elements so you and your guests continue to be inspired.

SUSTAINABLE

When you're aware of the devastating toll of excess consumption and pollution on our environment, it is crushing to bear witness to the amount of waste that often happens at the end of a one-night event. As designers we can make empowered choices that minimize waste while also creating generous experiences for your guests. Use decor that people can win as prizes or be given as keepsakes at the end of the night, or that can be rented, repurposed, or donated. If there are flowers at your event, assign characters to give them to guests as they are leaving. If you're working with decor you intend to throw in the garbage, you're probably not excited about those items and your guests won't be either. One of my favorite designers to work with is Ellen Robin of Flower Culttt, who is committed to minimizing her environmental impact. For the past year, she has eliminated foam from her flower installations and has found less wasteful alternatives that keep her flowers robust. Flower Culttt has also

turned numerous installations into interactive gift giving events with a bodega flower-cart display for Swarovski's Times Square launch party and bouquets for guests picked from a hanging garden for St. Germain.

SOURCING

When working with a DIY budget, putting all the elements together can be approached as a treasure hunt. You can scavenge in nature for elements that represent the season, from wild flowers to branches, shells, and stones. Enchantments NYC sells affordable incenses, oils, and other tools for ritual purposes. Ask friends for unwanted art supplies, plan a potluck menu, make a list of characters and ask friends to dress up, design a playlist, ask friends to perform or help run the event, and offer a trade. Create a cabaret or open mic structure. Ask everyone to bring an item from home for the altar. What a DIY event lacks in financial resources can be made up for with a strong feeling of communal bonding.

For ticketed public events or a luxury gala, take advantage of the budget to hire specialty artists to create highly customized art installations, costumes, performances, food, and drink that will amplify the essence of the theme of your event. Do your homework on industry rates and be prepared to pay performers and staff what they are worth. Treat your staff with respect, and they will make magic! Whether a lavish gala or intimate gathering of friends, your ability to curate with a clarity of intention and attention to detail will cast a spell that will turn imagination into reality.

For more info on Sarah Sparkles please visit her on Instagram @sarahsparkles218 or visit her website sarahsparkles.com.



FROM OUR READERS

*This month we asked our readers:
What does being a witch mean to you?*



Illustrations © Guinevere von Sneedden

For me, witchcraft is all about observing, embracing, and relishing in the beauty of the natural world, with a bit of whimsy tossed in to spark unbridled joy. In my home and surrounding gardens especially, I strive to create a haven of serenity and comfort which celebrates the unprocessed and beautifully wild. —*Lynell Tobler*

I believe that a witch is somebody who lives the enchanted life to the fullest. They find magic everywhere and in everything. They are survivors too because they have survived for thousands of years even with all the persecution they have felt. They deserve our admiration and respect to the fullest!! —*Jeffrey Habicht*

Witches are, to me, women with a strong connection to nature, with a deep understanding of life and how life works, and with great knowledge of the many mysteries hiding in plain sight in herbs, wildflowers, roots, and rocks. She is the real hero of our folk tales, the one who carries the solutions and freely gives of her wisdom to help good prevail over evil. —*Lise Herikstad*

Being a witch means honoring one's night side, casting spells of beauty and magic at twilight and at midnight. It means lighting candles and waiting; it means wandering dark forest paths in velvet dresses the hue of an evening sky before a storm; it means a secret rendezvous with enchantment amid ancient stones. —*Deborah Sage*

I have been titled the Witch of Walkerton (my hometown) simply by being odd, living loud, and being true. So if I am a witch, I am a witch because I am irrevocably and unapologetically me. —*Alexandria Drzewiecki*

Full moon skies and dark starlit skies. Crows who come for breakfast and hummingbirds who stop by for an evening's libation. Candles lit with love and intention flickering in the dark. Feeling the wild riders' wave in the night as they ride by. Knowing your connection to the Earth is all. —*Lady Elestial*

For me, being a witch is tapping into a lineage of women before me who believed in the strength of their own wills and the power of nature. —*Jasmin Buckalew*

Appreciating (and sometimes rejoicing in) weather changes instead of complaining about them, enjoying fleeting eye contact with wild animals, seeing magical potential in the ordinary. —*Beth Collett*

To be a witch one must be comfortable from within and love all forms of life in our world and beyond. This is quite an enchanting power to possess. Have you ever seen a cluster of fallen leaves lift themselves up from a cobblestone street and twirl around in unison and then quickly fly away as if they have somewhere else to be? It is such a beautiful thing to see, perhaps, you may even say, magical. —*Maria Green*

To me, being a witch means honoring the elements, honoring your ancestors, honoring your power, and creating, creating, creating mischief and magic. —*@mama.goddess*

Being a witch means there is no such thing as the mundane. —*Jane George*

I don't think of myself as particularly witchy, but I am the 10th-great-granddaughter of convicted witch Mary Perkins Bradbury, who escaped death in Salem. I like to imagine that she was autistic like me. —*Chelsea McCracken*

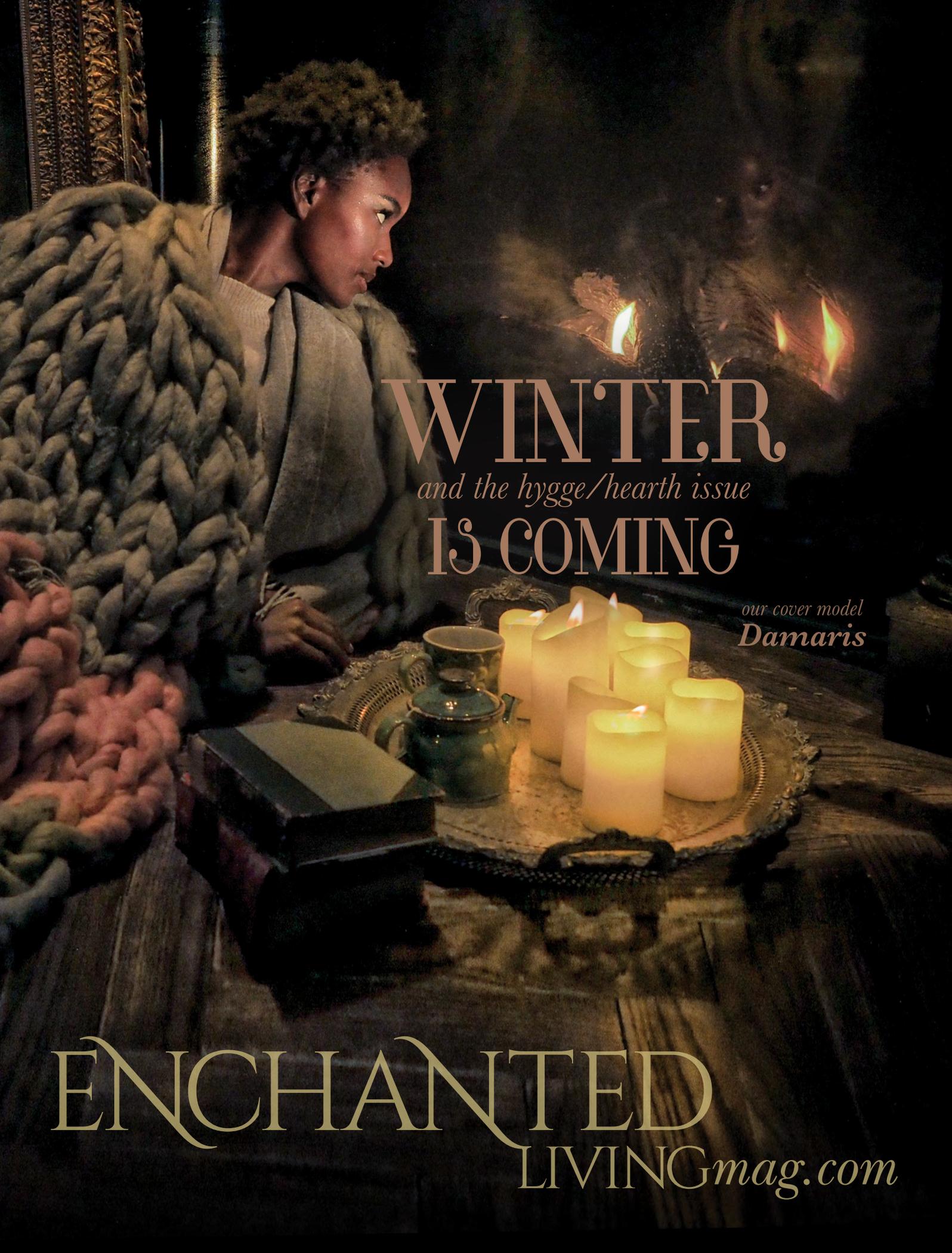
Deep Midnight Perfumes

Artisan Perfume Oils
Inspired by fantasy, history,
legends and lore.™



vegan - cruelty free - preservative free
[deepmidnightperfumes.etsy.com](https://www.etsy.com/shop/deepmidnightperfumes)

Model: Cat Marx (Deep Midnight Perfumes)
Photo: Katina Elizabeth Photography

A woman with curly hair, wearing a light-colored sweater, is sitting in a room with a fireplace. She is looking towards the right. In front of her is a wooden table with a typewriter, a teapot, and several lit candles on a silver tray. The room is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the fire in the fireplace and the candles. The overall mood is cozy and intimate.

WINTER
and the hygge/hearth issue
IS COMING

our cover model
Damaris

ENCHANTED
LIVINGmag.com