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The PRE-RAPHAELITE *Issue*

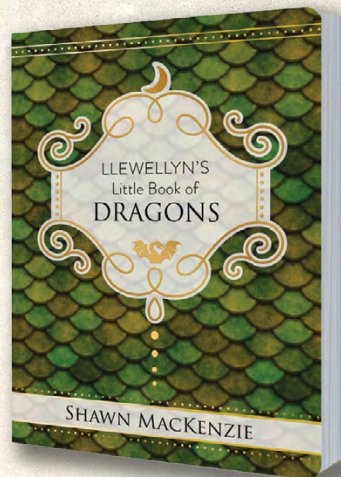
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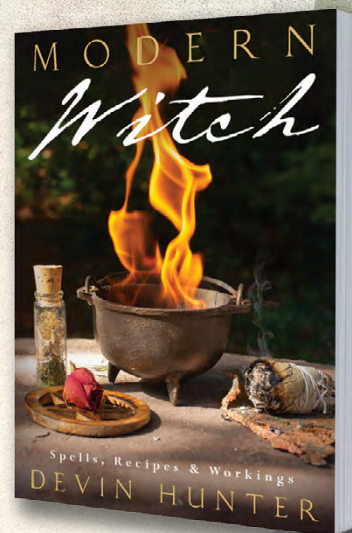
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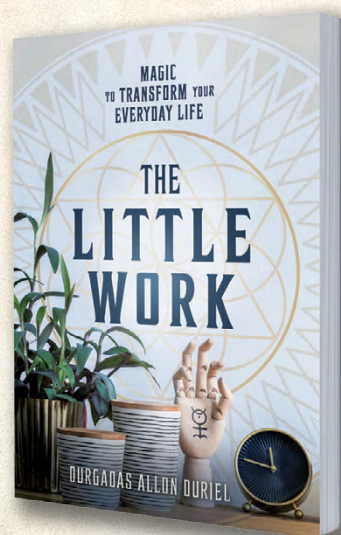
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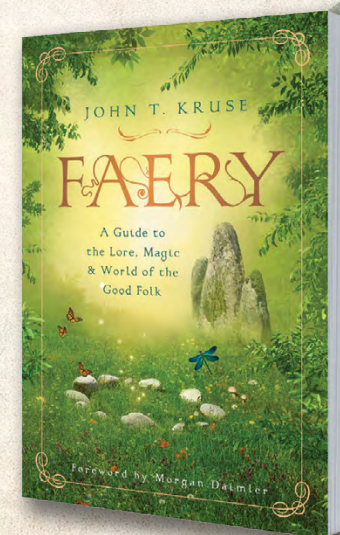
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I first discovered the Pre-Raphaelites in college, with their ultra-romantic, lush images; their obsession with medieval poets and mythology and magic; their hell-bent devotion to all things beautiful. And I was fascinated by the women staring out of their extravagant paintings—those doomed 19th century supermodels; those shivering, dark-eyed Ophelias and laudanum-swilling enchantresses. Who wouldn't be? The first (and last) time I myself modeled for a class of painters, I was thrilled when one of the artists commented on my Pre-Raphaelite looks. Sadly, the instructor corrected her: “No,” he said. “But she would have been a perfect model for Rubens.”

It was only later that I realized that these tragic women had their own inner lives—as all muses do—and created their own glorious art. This issue is in large part a love letter to those ladies who haunt the works of the initial brotherhood and those that came afterward. Our cover shoot is an homage to two of the most well-known, Elizabeth Siddal and Jane Morris. The Seamstress of Rohan partnered with photographer Helena Aguilar Mayans to devote a whole photo series to Siddal, even re-creating her bathtub modeling session and her burial with a tome of poems that her husband Dante Gabriel Rossetti melodramatically threw in the grave with her (only to later exhume her and them). After learning about an abandoned fairy-tale collaboration between Siddal and Georgiana Macdonald Burne-Jones, writers Sara Cleto and Brittany Warman imagine one of the stories they might have told. Stephanie Graham Piña, who has a whole blog devoted to the sisterhood, writes about modern-day Pre-Raphaelite sister Jen Parrish-Hill. And Pre-Raphaelite expert Kirsty Stonell Walker tells us about some of the lesser-known ladies, women she describes in more detail in her book *Pre-Raphaelite Girl Gang*, which kind of says it all.

We have our own Pre-Raphaelite girl gang over here at *Enchanted Living*, as it happens. Unlike yours truly, senior editor Grace Nuth might have stepped straight out of a Rossetti painting and has been so besotted by the movement that she spent years writing a blog devoted to all things Pre-Raphaelite. Art director Lisa Gill discovered her love for the movement in an art class in the early 1980s where she had to do a self-portrait in oil pastel. “At the time, I had over three feet of freshly hennaed hair, which may have helped in getting praise from a usually surly professor for my ‘Rossetti-inspired’ work,” she says. Our cover model Emilie Autumn is all about Victorian-girl-gang gorgeousness, with her Asylum for Wayward Victorian Girls and her Striped Stocking Society and the ferocious questions, like this one, that pepper her songs: “How do we change our world to what we want it to be?”

Love,

Carolyn Turgeon



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Enchanted Living's Pre-Raphaelite Issue



Anna Krusinski

Anna Krusinski is a writer, editor, self-proclaimed “old soul,” and the creative force behind Willow & Birch Apothecary, the Victorian-inspired apothecary and perfumery featuring her botanical bath and beauty creations. She resides in the Catskill Mountains of upstate New York with her husband and mischievous kitties, and spends her days crafting, writing, and generally reveling in the joys of exploring bygone eras. “What I enjoy most about Pre-Raphaelite artwork is the ethereal grace captured in many of its female figures,” she says. “It was such a delight to explore the intersections of beauty, femininity, and symbolism in this fascinating movement!”



Grace Nuth

Grace Nuth is a writer, blogger, artist, and the Senior Editor of *Enchanted Living*. When she’s not in her favorite forests of central Ohio searching for mushrooms or portals to Faerie, she can be found at her cozy cottage, gardening or relaxing with her husband and two black cats, Cinder and Ella. This Pre-Raphaelite issue is especially dear to her. “Part of the reason I got my job at *Enchanted Living* (then *Faerie Magazine*) was on the merit of the posts I wrote at my blog devoted to Pre-Raphaelite art and artists. I’ve archived the blog, but my love for the Brotherhood and all their incredible artworks and personal stories still remains strong.”



Stephanie Graham Piña

Stephanie Graham Piña has been greedily indulging her Pre-Raphaelite passion for more than twenty years. In 2004, she launched lizziesiddal.com, the first online resource dedicated to artist and muse Elizabeth Siddal. Graham Piña’s preraphaelitesisterhood.com website is a labor of love that allows her to share Pre-Raphaelite inspirations from a deeply personal place. She leaped at the chance to celebrate Jen Parrish-Hill’s Parrish Relics. “Jen’s work has such a unique beauty, and her artistry resonates with me on so many levels,” she explains. “It’s quite an honor to highlight the creations of someone who is not only a true talent but a kind and lovely soul as well.”



Briana Saussy

Briana Saussy is a best-selling author and teacher dedicated to the Sacred Arts. Whether she’s reading tarot cards, casting astrology charts, making one-of-a-kind rituals, or teaching about magic and the power of storytelling, Saussy is dedicated to promoting healing, wholeness, and holiness on both a personal and global level. Her first book, *Making Magic*, is available now. “The Pre-Raphaelite artists were the first artists in the modern period to really challenge the accepted notions of what a witch was,” she says, “and what she looked like, what she did. It was a joy to dive deeply into the work and discover the parallels between art and magic.”



Timothy Schaffert

Timothy Schaffert is the author of six novels, most recently *The Perfume Thief*, forthcoming from Doubleday next year. Set mostly in a bordello cabaret in Paris during World War II, the novel is a story of perfume, poison, and espionage, narrated by an expatriate lesbian bandit. A perfume called Ophelia plays a part in the novel’s plot. “A poster of Millais’s *Ophelia* hung on my lit teacher’s wall when I was in high school,” Schaffert says, “and she’s haunted me since. Millais so perfectly captures Gertrude’s description of Ophelia’s death—in the painting you can see her garments growing ‘heavy with their drink’ after having bore her up, ‘mermaid-like.’”



Kirsty Stonell Walker

Kirsty Stonell Walker is a writer and researcher whose passion is bringing forward the stories of women who might have otherwise vanished in history. She has spent twenty-five years championing the cause of Fanny Cornforth, the most notorious muse and mistress of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and wrote the only biography of Cornforth available. In 2018 she published *Pre-Raphaelite Girl Gang*, an accessible and hilarious guide to some of the best and least well-known women in the Pre-Raphaelite movement. “We should defend women in history like they were our best friends,” she says, “because they all have fascinating stories to tell.”

HOW TO BE A 21ST CENTURY *Pre-Raphaelite Woman*

BY GRACE NUTH

- Float confidently above all the muck other people try to involve you in. Just avoid taking a swim in a heavy medieval gown or writing your name on the prow of a boat.
- That little flaw you hate about yourself—your strong chin, your asymmetrical dimple—is what makes you unique, whether an artist ever “discovers” you in a hat shop, as Lizzie Siddal was, or not.
- For that matter, don’t waste your time waiting around to be someone else’s muse: Become your own. Create, express, learn a new skill. Not all of the Pre-Raphaelite painters were men.
 - Wear your hair long and rebelliously loose, at twenty or eighty. Or short and spikily defiant. Express your own style however feels best for you, no matter what society or convention might say.
- Try to add a touch of the luminous and magical to every aspect of your life, whether you’re a shepherdess or a business woman.
- Never stifle your curiosity. Always gaze out windows and wonder what might be out there. Ruffled blouse and pouty lips optional.
- If ruffled blouses aren’t your thing, don’t wear them. Buck all the trends and stay true to yourself. Wear long velvet skirts to do your groceries, a rakish bowler hat and jabot to the local sports bar on Friday night. Be revolutionary by being you.
- Don’t make your life so busy that you haven’t the time to while away the hours on the sofa, plucking idly at a harp or gazing into the distance wistfully.
 - Stop and smell the roses.
- Know your best angles in portraits, and never be afraid or too shy to have your image taken. As Eleanor Roosevelt said, “Today is the oldest you’ve ever been, and the youngest you’ll ever be again.”
 - Lift your head high, exposing a scandalous amount of neck, and be proud of the queen or king that you are.

ON OUR COVER

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS



A Day with Pre-Raphaelite Sisters Emilie Autumn and Veronica Varlow

BY CAROLYN TURGEON

I wish all of you could have been there last summer in Baltimore, when I whisked BFFs Emilie Autumn and Veronica Varlow in all their glittering fabulousness from their hotel to NV Salon in the neighborhood of Hampden, where they got glammed up thoroughly enough to embody the spirits of Victorian supermodels Elizabeth Siddal and Jane Morris in our sumptuous cover shoot. As said glamming took place, Emilie gave us all the “trashy beauty parlor gossip,” as she calls it now, about Lizzie and Jane, “which is, I’m sure, what it was at the time they were living.” She told us about the “open affairs”—that is, the “loads of drug use, burned suicide notes, exhumed poetry (and wives), and glorified overactive thyroid glands.” What better way to spend an August morning?

Of course, Emilie knows plenty about these ladies and their time period, which fuels so much of her own art. And by her art I mean her writing, including her novel, *The Asylum for Wayward Victorian Girls*, and of course her virtuoso violin playing, and the subjects she chooses to sing about—she has released four studio albums, including *Opheliac* (2006) and *Fight Like a Girl* (2012), and her worldwide concert tours have featured handmade Victorian-

influenced costumes and elaborate, over-the-top stage shows including a troupe of corseted dancing girls, of which Varlow was one of the main attractions.

The shoot took place at Baltimore’s Cloisters Castle, where we lugged pots of roses, racks of clothing culled from various designers and vintage dealers, a few historical instruments, and a stack of inspiration photos I’d printed out the night before. While Emilie wasn’t Lizzie in every shot, and Veronica wasn’t only Jane Morris, they channeled those two superpowers while we scrambled to do as many shots as possible within a few hours, racing up and down those spiral stairs with pomegranates and apples, silver mirrors, old books of poetry, and an endless supply of scarves and dresses slung over our arms. The result is on these pages.

Below, we talk to Emilie more about all the above.

Enchanted Living: Can you tell us about your relationship with the 19th century? Why does this period resonate with you so much?

Emilie Autumn: I’ve always felt that the 1800s are around

Photography by
STEVE PARKE



Photography: Steve Parke *Photography Assistant:* Tedd Henn *Location:* Cloisters Castle in Baltimore, Maryland

Hair: Nikki Verdecchia of NV Salon Collective *MUA:* Autumn Shae of NV Salon Collective

Clothing: Edye Sanford; Bullseye Clothiers; Emily Kramer Designs; Angela Gavin from Milk & Ice Vintage; Trinket’s Costume and Sundry; personal items from Emilie Autumn, Veronica Varlow, and Kim Cross *Instruments:* loaned by John DuRant *Box on cover:* Sue Rawley





the point when history becomes real to many of us. We look at Elizabethan or even 18th century portraits and think, This can't possibly have been real—it's like a fantasy world, or an alternate universe. But we can see ourselves in the Victorians. Certainly the fact that photography came into being during that time doesn't hurt. But I think we can relate to that time of incredible social and political upheaval, technological invention, and, of course, industrial revolution, because it hasn't stopped—we're still in it, racing forward, hurtling onward and wondering what is going to become of it all. Essentially, the Western world became recognizable as the one we now inhabit, complete with the daring idea that we didn't just hatch on the planet 6,000 years ago as fully developed humans. So, if you're a lover of history and a seeker of your roots, the 19th century is where you go to find yourself. If you're an out-of-the-closet Anglophile like me—I'm full-blown British in my mind—who sincerely doesn't understand why cravats can't be an everyday thing, then it is Victorian England specifically. It's close enough to identify with but far enough away to fantasize about. And that, I think, is precisely why it's such a great world to tell stories in.

In my novel that really started the association between myself and the Victorian era, the protagonist manifests an alter ego that lives in the Victorian world as a way to process what is going on in her own reality—a sort of therapy through escapism, something I've done since I was a child but taken to a literally psychotic extreme. And finally, I should say that it's a fun world to play in if you have a wicked sensibility because there is a very dark underbelly to the corsets-and-tea-parties culture, as the novel illustrates—London was filthy, diseases were rampant, and women were considered subhuman and treated accordingly. There is little to glamorize, but that won't stop us from trying and enjoying every minute of it.

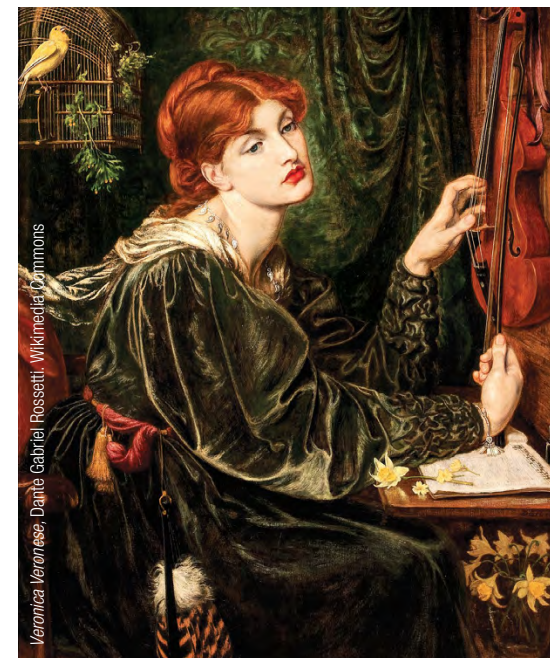
EL: Why is this period relevant today? What overlaps do you see?

EA: I suppose all periods are relevant if there is something still to be learned from them, and I do think there is much to learn, particularly from the areas in which we have not progressed nearly as far as we should have. My iPhone camera is amazing, but we are still a global patriarchy.

EL: Can you talk about this shoot? What did it mean to you?

EA: I was truly honored to be asked to represent these iconic

paintings. I have loved each of these works since childhood and modeled myself after them to a conspicuous degree for most of my teens and into my twenties. Lizzie Siddal is the reason I originally dyed my blonde hair red at sixteen, parted it in the middle, and proceeded to grow it down to my knees. I don't believe that anyone who might know of me now is aware of that, so it's fun to say out loud! This shoot was more than a fantasy come true, it was also a return to a more innocent version of myself, before the corsets and striped stockings and asylums, even if just for a day. It was good to see her again, and I think that a bit of her came back home with me. I am very grateful to *Enchanted Living* for that.



EL: Do you relate to the women of the Pre-Raphaelite movement?

EA: What is so wild is that when I developed my Pre-Raphaelite obsession as a child, I had no inkling of the truly astonishing stories of these very real women—the world's first supermodels, some have said—and what their particular kind of beauty meant. I didn't know that they were very largely ill, extremely poor, and, in Lizzie's case, fatally depressed. Having learned so much more about Lizzie since, I feel an overwhelming compassion for her. An artist and poet herself, she suffered horribly from mental illness, and it was either ignored or misunderstood to the point where she ended her earthly life at

thirty-two. As the subject of mental health is such a dominating theme of most of my music and writing, the connection would be impossible to ignore, and I definitely tried to commune with her the day of our shoot. Not all of the paintings I was a part of re-creating were originally modeled by Lizzie, but she is the one I was channeling.

EL: You've written about poetic figures like the Lady of Shalott and Ophelia. What do they mean to you?

EA: Well, the funny thing is that, in my song "Shalott" as well as "The Art of Suicide," which of course alludes to Ophelia, though not by name, I was writing about Arthurian and Shakespearean characters respectively but was referencing the Victorian painted versions of them in particular. When I was much younger, my passions were medieval history and Shakespeare, and those are actually what drew me to the Pre-Raphaelites in the first place—these Victorian men were painting the women I already loved. Isn't that bizarre? I hadn't even really put that all together until just now. I think that I was always drawn to the tragic stories when I was young



Proserpine, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Wikimedia Commons

because they reflected my own melancholy and mental issues but with flowery language and better hair. I saw myself in these characters—they were my pain beautified, and they gave me a gift, inspiring me to intentionally beautify what adversities would come to me as the years went on and life was lived. That is what I still do—it is the basis of my whole career, and it is also the best advice I can share with anyone struggling with anything. Find a way to turn this into art of any kind, because then it is transformed and nothing is wasted.

EL: Can you describe your relationship with Veronica and how you two worked together on your stage show?

EA: The first time I met Veronica, I ran into her arms. We shared a Kit Kat bar and had a mutual vision of our past life where we had been married. (She was my husband and I was burned in a theatre fire, but that is another interview.) Vevers has taught me so much on stage and off, saved my life a few times, and has been a massive part of the best experiences of my entire recorded memory: singing and dancing together for thousands and thousands of beautiful people all over the world. I don't even know where to go from there. There is love and then there is love. When I learned that we would be working on this

shoot together and becoming Lizzie and Jane, two women who were both powerful muses and in the same tiny artistic circle but not exactly friends—for those who don't know, Jane always had a thing for Lizzie's husband, Rossetti, and after Lizzie killed herself, Jane finally got her man—I had this idea: What if some universal consciousness energy engineered this opportunity for these women to reconcile and to even become friends, knowing that they really were all in the same boat, in a really screwed up era, being told how to look and what to do (*Get in this freezing bathtub, Lizzie!*) just to eat. What if Veronica and I could offer these poor girls a little of our sisterhood? I hope they felt it. And I hope they're friends. I bet they are.

EL: What does sisterhood mean to you?

EA: Everything.

EL: What inspires you?

EA: Theater. Watching people do things live and making an audience cry and plotting all the wicked ways in which I could do it. Sondheim lyrics. Watching people dance and thinking of how I could transform that movement into a sound and what instrument would it be. Backstage at *Phantom of the Opera*



on Broadway. Sequins. The squirrels in Central Park. Untold stories.

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

EA: I do my very best to exist in the present moment, knowing that the present moment is all there is and all there will ever be. When you begin to grasp this truly, every moment becomes precious and valuable and has potential for magic, because you become very, very grateful. And when you become grateful for life, life becomes grateful for you. If you take in the truth that every moment you experience took 13.8 billion years to create, it's almost impossible not to feel the magic in that. Also, I don't go on social media unless I'm posting something positive and then I get right the hell off again, and I don't use my cell phone as an excuse to not look around at the world I am actually in. Oh, and I promise myself to never fall into the trap of believing that what is on the news represents what is important in the world. It almost never does.

EL: Can you tell us what you're working on now?

EA: Yes! First, I've just gotten in the second printing of my

oracle deck called The Asylum Oracle. It is a truly magical spiritual tool that I created to help people (and myself) connect with their own internal wisdom to gain truth and insight, with an emphasis on healing and transformation. What I love most is that each of the fifty cards has a sort of meditation that goes with it, an invitation to really enter another world to bring back the wisdom you need in this one. The Oracle can be found at asylumemporium.com. And second, I am in New York developing the epic musical production of *The Asylum for Wayward Victorian Girls*. I'm in the midst of orchestrations, and I'm about to go write some oboe parts. The show will be glorious and terrifying and magical, and anyone who wants to follow along with the process and peek behind the scenes is invited to join me on Instagram, where I post loads of the music as it comes together and so much more! (@emilieautumnofficial) This musical is the culmination of everything I've done or created up to this point, and I am so excited to share it. It will also be a gift to all the Plague Rats and Inmates who have been with me for so many years and have known and loved the story of the Asylum and made it their own. This show is for them.







LADY LILITH

by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told
 (The witch he loved before the gift of Eve,)
That, ere the snake's, her sweet tongue could deceive,
And her enchanted hair was the first gold.
And still she sits, young while the earth is old,
 And, subtly of herself contemplative,
 Draws men to watch the bright web she can weave,
Till heart and body and life are in its hold.

The rose and poppy are her flowers; for where
 Is he not found, O Lilith, whom shed scent
And soft-shed kisses and soft sleep shall snare?
 Lo! as that youth's eyes burned at thine, so went
 Thy spell through him, and left his straight neck bent
And round his heart one strangling golden hair.







The
CLOISTERS

BY CAROLYN TURGEON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PARKE



One might not imagine Baltimore as home to a fairy-tale castle like the one on these pages, but the world (and this city, home to *Enchanted Living*) is full of surprises and magic, as you well know. The Cloisters is actually technically a Gothic manor house that was built between 1929 and 1932 on a countryside hilltop that reminded its owners of France. The design itself is based on European manor houses and the owners' extensive travels, during which they collected all types of art, artifacts, furniture, and more that they shipped to a waiting Baltimore warehouse. Imagine slowly assembling your dream home as you travel the world, salvaging elaborately carved fireplace mantles from French chateaus and acquiring stained-glass doors from 16th century houses in Verona.

These owners were Sumner Parker and G. Dudrea Parker, Baltimore natives who by all accounts sound more than delightful. He made his fortune producing the ornamental ironwork that still decorates the city while she was a writer and poet—not to mention a home designer so fastidious and beauty-conscious that she occasionally climbed to the Cloisters rooftop to place clumps of moss just so. The Parkers also kept an address in the city's Mount Vernon neighborhood and had three children and a slew of grandchildren, all of whom likely grew up with an especially acute sense of wonder.

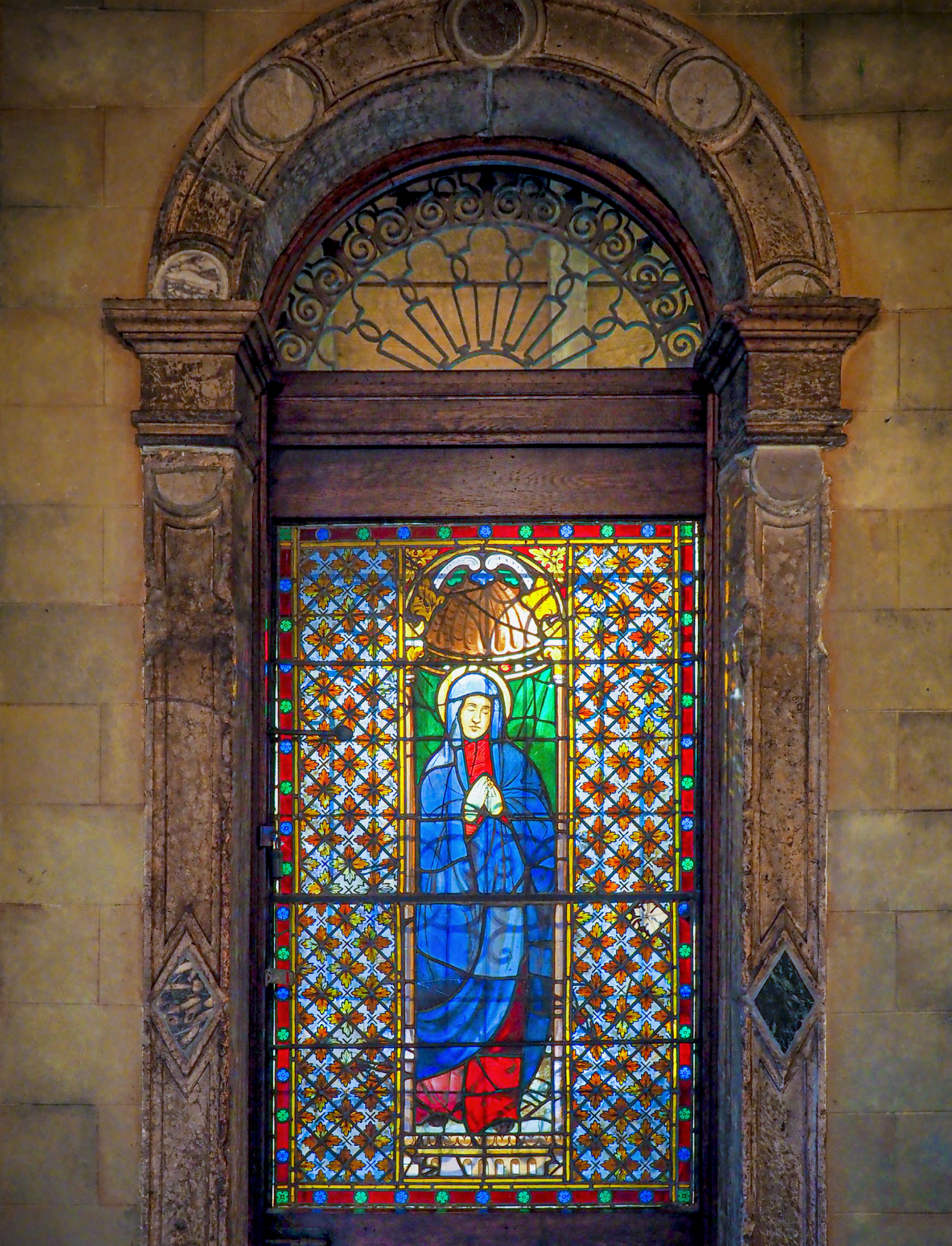
The couple were not stingy with the beautiful objects they collected: They often opened both houses to the public and actually designed the Cloisters so that sections of the house could be accessed by the outside world as a museum. People could enter through the library, which was full of rare

manuscripts, and then visit the gallery with its collection of tapestries, porcelain, paintings, and other wonders before climbing the back staircase to peruse Mrs. Parker's second-floor collection of 18th century dollhouses (!) as well as the Parkers' collection of colonial-era treasures on the third floor.

The castle itself has more than thirty rooms, not to mention a fairy-lit four-story spiral staircase, numerous fireplaces, painted murals, stained-glass windows, and a chapel and cloistered garden. Walking through this space, especially with some willowy chanteuse-like Victorian supermodels and piles of long dresses in tow, one will encounter all manner of secret stairways and nooks and windows and libraries and even a couple of armored knights. Plus there's a windmill. The original apparently burned down, but after the death of her husband in 1945, Mrs. Parker had it rebuilt in his memory, complete with an ultra-romantic, now worn plaque stating so. At one point the windmill pumped water to an outdoor pool, which was destroyed by Hurricane Agnes. Facilities manager Annie Applegarth claims there is no great romantic story behind the original windmill and its subsequent replacement, but we have our theories.

When Mrs. Parker died in 1972, she willed the entire property to the city of Baltimore. At one point it was a children's museum where moppets could try on a mini suit of armor, or dress up as princesses and soldiers in the Alice in Wonderland room, or visit a real beehive in the Bee Room, or make paper masks. Today the Cloisters hosts weddings, retirement parties, and all sorts of other celebratory events, including occasional time-traveling photo shoots for enchanted magazines.







VICTORIAN SPONGE CAKES FOR

FLORA

The Goddess of Flowers

Infused with rose water, filled with primrose custard, topped with a dollop of rose cream, and adorned with candied daisies, pansies, and violas, these classic Victorian Sponge Cakes are my tribute to English artist Evelyn De Morgan's celebrated portrait *Flora* (1894). Recently shown at the National Portrait Gallery in an exhibit titled *The Pre-Raphaelite Sisters*, De Morgan's painting depicts the goddess of flowers in a shimmering gown embroidered with pansies. Roses of every color and description fill her arms and drip from her fingers, while more pansies—along with daisies, primroses, and violas—lie at her feet.

I think it no accident that De Morgan painted these particular flowers. Considering the significant role goddesses, mythic themes, female sexuality, and flowers play in the art of the Pre-Raphaelites, it's likely that De Morgan was well aware that these blooms were sacred to Venus, the goddess of love and beauty. After all, her depiction of Flora evokes Botticelli's iconic paintings *Primavera* and *The Birth of Venus*, both of which feature Venus attended by a figure believed to be Flora. Dressed and adorned with pansies, primroses, violets, and daisies, she too holds an armful of roses that fall from her fingers.

Flora was considered the personification of spring, but like Venus she was all about love, sex, and fertility—allegorical associations De Morgan seems to be drawing from in her use of these flowers. Given the popularity of floriography (the symbolic meaning of flowers) during the era, De Morgan was likely aware that sending these flowers expressed sentiments too improper to state aloud in tightly laced Victorian society. Pansies were delivered in secret courting rituals. Primrose meant "I can't live without you." Viola or violet meant the sender was occupied with "thoughts of love." Pink rose buds were sent to represent new love, and the red rose meant passion.

RECIPES AND PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DANIELLE PROHOM OLSON
(A.K.A. GATHER VICTORIA)



I find it fascinating that not only were these flowers all famously used as aphrodisiacs and included in love and beauty potions through the ages, they played a starring culinary role in that grand Victorian passion—high tea! Invented by Lady Bedford, a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, high society afternoon tea was a canopy of floral sandwiches and sweets. From violet ladyfinger and rosewater tea cakes to primrose creams and candied blossoms, all were served on trays decorated and adorned with even more flowers.

I doubt these floral confections were intended to cast spells of amour, since no references to such carnal purposes can be found. But who knows? The Victorians certainly wouldn't have mentioned it! Nonetheless I'm enchanted by the idea of making and serving a spring cake imbued with the "secret language of flowers."

I've decided to go with the somewhat prim sponge cake, not just because it was especially beloved by Queen Victoria (hence its appellation "Victorian Sponge") and a renowned tea-time classic, but because its airiness and lightness make it the perfect complement for sensual mounds of cream, custard, and candied blossoms. While I created several versions, including a simple single cake and a towering sponge with six layers, I've shared the recipe for mini-sponge cakes as they were just the prettiest! So why not join me in celebrating the floral fertility of spring? I'm pretty sure De Morgan would agree that these floral confections speak a sweet language of love thousands of years old. May they cast a spell on you!

INGREDIENTS

Sponge Cakes (makes approximately 18 mini sponge cakes)

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup butter, room temperature
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
1½ teaspoons rose water
3 large eggs

Primrose Custard

2 cups primrose (*Primula vulgaris*) blossoms, with calyx (the green sheath the flower petals sit in) removed
1 cup heavy whipping cream
1 cup whole milk
4 egg yolks
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon lemon zest

Rose Cream

1 cup cold whipping cream
2 teaspoons rose water
1 tablespoon confectioners or icing sugar

Candied Flowers

½ cup of assorted edible flowers such as pansy (*Viola x wittrockiana*), primrose (*Primula vulgaris*), violet (*Viola odorant*), or daisy (*Bellis perennis*)
1 egg white
½ cup granulated white sugar

DIRECTIONS

Cake

Preheat the oven to 350°F. Lightly grease a nonstick mini cupcake, mini cheesecake, or mini muffin pan.

In a medium bowl, sift the flour, baking powder, and salt together and set aside.

In another large mixing bowl, cream the butter and sugar together for 4 to 5 minutes. Add the vanilla extract. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating after each until incorporated.

Fold the dry flour mixture into the butter mixture, blending gently. Do not overmix!

Spoon the batter into the pans. Fill each cup halfway. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes. You can test with a toothpick inserted into the center. If it comes out clean, it's done!

Allow the cakes to rest in the pan for a few minutes before removing. Transfer to a wire rack to cool completely.

Primrose Custard

Place 1 cup of primrose flower in a bowl of warm cream and place another cup of flowers in a cup of warm milk. Cover and let sit for 24 hours. Sieve off spent blossoms.

Combine infused milk, heavy cream, lemon zest, and vanilla extract in a saucepan over medium heat. Keep stirring continuously for 5 minutes. When mixture is almost boiling, remove from heat.

In a large heat-resistant bowl, whisk together egg yolks, cornstarch, and sugar until well blended. Slowly pour the hot cream mixture over the egg yolk mixture, whisking constantly.

Return custard mixture back to original pan set on low heat. Stir for 8 to 10 minutes or until custard has thickened. Do not boil your custard or it will curdle.

Rose Cream

Pour chilled cream and rose water into a chilled bowl. Beat with an electric mixer on medium-high speed.

Once it thickens, add sugar and beat further until soft peaks form. Don't overbeat or you'll get butter! Use immediately.

Candied Flowers

Whisk egg white until light and frothy. Pour sugar in a shallow bowl.

Hold a flower by stem and with a pastry brush or small paint brush gently coat tops and bottoms of all petals with egg white mixture.

Dip flowers into sugar and coat evenly. Gently shake off any excess sugar and place on wax paper for at least 24 hours to set.

Final Assembly

Slice each cake in half.

Spoon approximately 1 tablespoon of primrose cream over the bottom half.

Place the top cake half in position. Add approximately 1 tablespoon rose cream to the top of the cake.

Adorn with candied flowers and sift powdered sugar over the top of the cakes.

And serve!

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



VERONICA VARLOW

Life of a Love Witch

SPELL OF THE ENCHANTRESS

If you want to truly enchant the world, you must first enchant yourself. Pre-Raphaelite art is lush with images of women with flowers, musical instruments, hair brushes, mirrors, pomegranates, enchanted apples—mystical objects that enrich the story and are like portals, allowing you to see into the soul of each painting. Pre-Raphaelite models were rock stars of their day, and they each had their own allure. And one thing was for certain: They knew the art of enchantment.

What is a true enchantress?

According to Wikipedia, an enchantress is “a powerful sorceress. She appears to possess the ability to manipulate magical energy for any number of effects, from healing to teleportation, and can directly affect any non-living objects with her magic.”

Growing up by the ocean, I was intrigued by the stories of the mermaids who would spellbind the sailors with their songs. Later, I feverishly read about powerful women in history and tried to figure out their magic. One legend that has stuck with me is of Cleopatra, who was said to have had the sails of her ship soaked in rose petals so that the alluring smell of the flower of love would harken her arrival to the land on the winds.

I rely on using the senses to enhance and enchant my personal life. I believe that the beauty of a true enchantress is that she wants to elevate all areas of her life with the magic of the natural world around her. Is this you?

The essence of being an enchantress is the art of slowing everything down.

Here is one of my favorite spells to bring out my own inner enchantress. It involves the power of water, an enchanted candle, and rose petals.

This particular spell is my own personal triple A and then G: Adorn, Adore, Activate, Galore.

Before you begin your spell, it's important to get into a calm mind-set of self-care. I recommend taking a candlelit bath or shower and imagining cleaning your worries away before getting ready

to elevate your vibe with this powerful Enchantress Spell. I've noticed that the spells that work the best always start with the flow of water, whether it's bathing in a river with thirteen other women, taking my own private candlelit bath in my Brooklyn apartment, running through the sprinklers on a patch of grass in Florida, or spraying myself with a garden hose at a music festival.

Water is life and vibrancy. Ask your inner enchantress how she'd like to engage in a water ritual and see if she's the type who craves a bath surrounded by candles, or if she'd rather throw on her cut-up Cramps T-shirt and her bikini bottoms, grab a bucket of warm water and rose petals, and douse herself in it on her fire escape under the full moon.

Once you've performed your water ritual, it's time to ignite your fire. Light a candle. In my Grandma Helen's Roma-Czech beliefs, she would say that the lighting of a candle in spell work is the moment that you start the action. It's like the very instant that you “place the call” to the universe for what you want to manifest.

ADORN

Sit in front of the mirror, brush your hair, and put on something that makes *you* feel powerful. This can be a special necklace, a beautiful flower crown, or even that black hoodie covered in patches. Remember that magic is personal to you.

ADORE

Take a moment to think of five things that you are proud of yourself for. We don't

give ourselves enough credit, and if you're like me, you sometimes achieve a goal and keep going for the next one instead of taking a moment and patting yourself on the back. It is time to *adore* yourself. Write those five things down and take a look at them. Value your accomplishments. Feel your self-love (and enchantment) build!

ACTIVATE

Take the petals of one red rose and hold them in your cupped hands in front of your heart. Imagine your heart is a mailbox, and allow all the good energy from the rose petals to be delivered to your soul. Close your eyes, take a few deep breaths, and imagine your whole spirit being lifted with the beauty of the rose petals.

GALORE

Hold the rose petals in your open palms to the sky and ask to send this energy to all the people around the world who need it. If there are particular people you would like to send blessings to, include them. Then take the petals and put them right over your head and release them, showering yourself in rose petals. Blow out the candle and imagine the words of your power and accomplishments being lifted to the sky with the cursive of smoke. When you enchant yourself, and care for yourself, you show the rest of the world how to treat you. Walk out into this world like the enchantress you were born to be.

Read more about Veronica Varlow's Witch Camp and Love Witch Tarot School on lovewitch.com. Instagram: [@veronicavarlow](https://www.instagram.com/veronicavarlow).

In Search of the Sisterhood

DISCOVERING PRE-RAPHAELITE WOMEN

BY KIRSTY STONELL WALKER

The word *Pre-Raphaelite* almost always conjures up a certain kind of woman. She has a cascade of copper hair, a face filled with mournful longing, and a deep jewel-colored gown. She has found herself locked in a tower, married to the wrong man, or possibly she has just died of love, because these things just happen. Though the models of Pre-Raphaelitism were almost entirely women, up until recently we assumed that the artists were always men: The hand that held the brush was invariably some chap called Rossetti, or Millais, or Holman Hunt. In recent years, however, the world has rediscovered the Pre-Raphaelite movement's bevy of equally talented female artists, who span from its inception until our current day. It's about time we gave them our love.

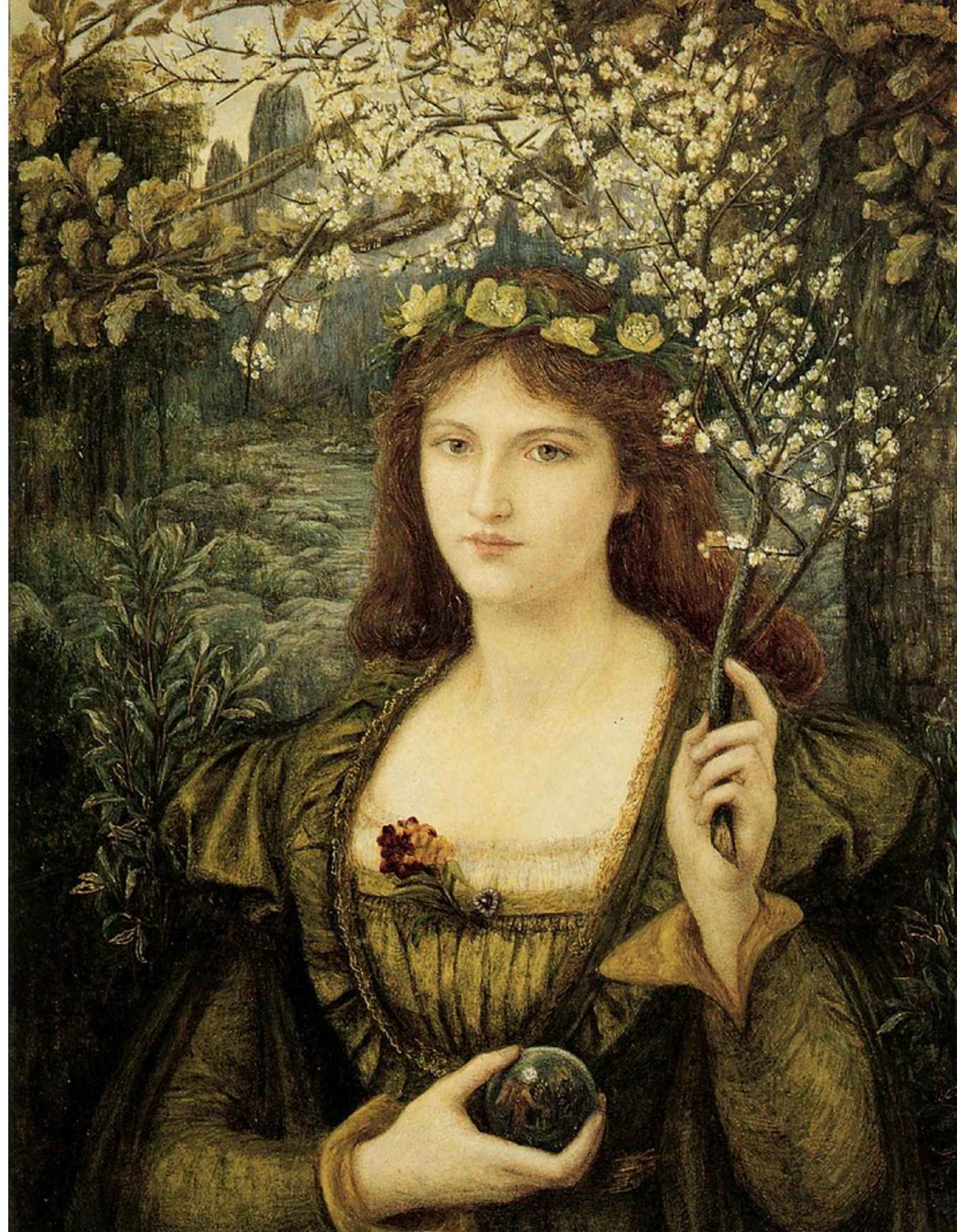
The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, formed in 1848, was a very male establishment, as the name would suggest. John Everett Millais, a child prodigy, joined forces with his friends William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, agreeing that painting had to change from the "sloshy," unrealistic mess it had got itself into. With them were Thomas Woolner, a sculptor; Frederick Stephens, an uncertain painter who gave it all up to write; William Michael Rossetti, the far more sensible brother of Dante Gabriel; and James Collinson, a painter whom no one now remembers. Working at the same time on her influential poetry was the Rossettis' sister, Christina, but the first Pre-Raphaelite painter to wear a dress was Elizabeth Siddal. Like Christina, Siddal was pulled into the Pre-Raphaelite crowd via modeling. Christina posed for her brother's images of the Virgin Mary; Siddal posed most famously for Millais's *Ophelia* and then for Rossetti's obsessive portraits until her death in 1862. Between sittings, Siddal managed to convince Rossetti to help her develop her painting style, and her contemporaries likely knew her equally for her art as for her face. Her watercolors were exhibited alongside the works by the men. She even won the patronage of John Ruskin, the art critic whose writings had inspired the Pre-Raphaelite movement. However, she was from very humble origins, and her reliance on her artwork to survive contributed to her early death from laudanum.



At that point, almost all the women who were artists were the daughters of rich men who could afford to have them tutored with almost no expectation that they would do anything so vulgar as to actually have a career. In the 1850s and '60s, even wealthy female artists probably had a brush with modeling on their way to getting the teaching they needed to follow their dreams. Marie Spartali Stillman's beautiful face appeared in Rossetti's art in the 1870s while she was learning her craft from respected artist Ford Madox Brown. Scandalous poet Algernon Swinburne declared her so beautiful he wanted to "sit down and cry," and the male Pre-Raphaelite artists vied to have her as a model, with Rossetti urging his friend Brown to "box her up" and not let any other painters steal her. But Spartali Stillman refused all their protestations of love and went on to have one of the most successful careers of any of the Pre-Raphaelite women, creating more than a hundred paintings and exhibiting on both sides of the Atlantic.

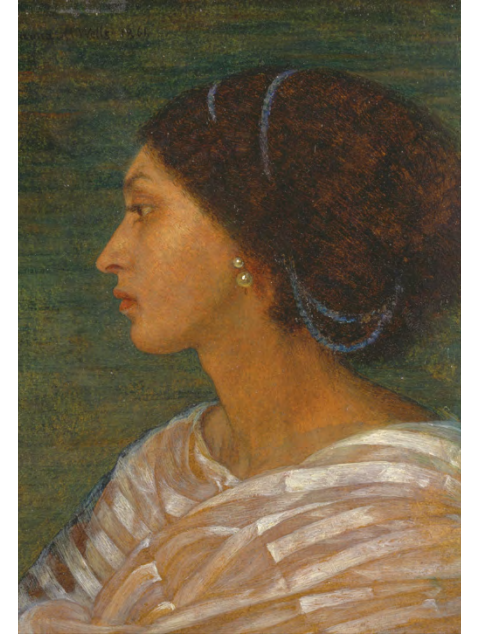
Part of the problem for Pre-Raphaelite women is that some of the ordinary, if unfortunate, incidents that befell them have taken on a very significant slant. When artist Walter Deverell turned up his toes at the tender age of twenty-seven, his death from Bright's disease was seen as tragic but not indicative of anything deeper. But were he a woman, all sorts of meaning would have been drawn from it. Siddal's overdose might have been only a mistake with prescription medication, but an entire legend has since been built on the fragility of her mental health, the cruelty of her lover, and the despair of her final hours. Likewise, Joanna Boyce Wells, whose artistic career was cut short by her death at thirty from complications during childbirth. This has since been viewed as proof that women tread a more fragile and uncertain path than their equally disease-stricken male counterparts.

Not only that, but if you had the misfortune of being related to a male Pre-Raphaelite, your career would always be compared, unfavorably, to your allegedly far more talented relative. Emma Sandys had the indignity to have some of her wonderful paintings ascribed to her brother Frederick. Rosa Brett, sister of artist John, also saw some of her paintings sold



In Search of the Sisterhood

Kirsty Stonell Walker



under her brother's name. No matter how hard she worked, May Morris remained in the shadow of her father, the designer William Morris; her wonderful designs, embroidery, and writing are only now beginning to be recognized.

One of the few early Pre-Raphaelite artists who managed to have a career free of male influence was photographer Julia Margaret Cameron, and that may have been due mainly to the novelty of her medium. When in her late forties, she was given a large, glass-plate camera as a present to keep her amused. This was arguably the perfect moment, since her children were grown, her husband was away on business, and the family was financially stable enough for her to learn her craft and create Pre-Raphaelite photographs.

Luckily a change in culture came, enabling young women to pursue a career in art, or at least have the support of their families to receive formal, communal training at one of the newer art schools that welcomed women. The burgeoning bourgeoisie needed something to do with their talented, motivated daughters until they could get them married off, so women like Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale and Kate Bunce attended schools—Brickdale at the Royal Academy, and Bunce in her native Birmingham. The majority of these young artists probably felt the pressure to give up their career once a ring had been slipped on their finger. Meave O'Byrne Doggett, who attended Dublin School of Art and immersed her Pre-Raphaelitism in the Celtic Revival, gave up art after her husband returned from World War I, retraining as a physiotherapist, possibly inspired by the damage done to her generation of young men. Elfreda Gertrude Beaumont and her sister Marion both trained and worked as artists, but when Marion married in 1924, her career faltered and vanished. Elfreda's flourished, perhaps because, like Fortescue Brickdale

and Bunce, she remained single, and her life and her career, not to mention her earnings, were all her own business. A compromise could be found in the career of Noel Laura Nesbit, who continued making her fairy-tale art into the second half of the 20th century. She married fellow artist Harry Bush and shared studio space and fame with him, if not subject matter. (Bush preferred south London suburban rooftops to enchanted gardens.)

When the history of Pre-Raphaelitism is so jam-packed with women, why then do we think of the movement purely in terms of men painting women? Possibly the problem lies not in the art and artists but in how Pre-Raphaelitism fared during the 20th century. In the late 19th century there was a cultural clique called the Souls: wealthy aristocrats who shared a love of art and culture and who especially adored Pre-Raphaelitism. One of them, Violet Manners, the Duchess of Rutland, was an exquisite artist in her own right, producing portraits of her friends, family, and acquaintances. The children of the Souls formed their own cultural group called the Coterie, who would have carried the love of artists like Edward Burne-Jones through to the 20th century if World War I hadn't intervened, killing many of the young men of the group.

The loss of such champions meant that images of damsels, knights, fairies, and femme fatales fell from favor and were replaced with new harsh realism or abstract tastes. This trend continued as the different priorities and concerns of modernism, such as speed, mass political movements, and convenience, replaced the old ones. After the calamity of World War II ravaged Britain's urban landscape, its cities were filled with blitzed Victorian houses. It was believed that the period's ethos needed to be cleared along with the houses in order for the country to recover and find its way in a changed world. Not only





that, but many paintings by such artists as Joanna Boyce Wells were destroyed in the bombings. A general feeling of “out with the old, in with the new” meant that much that was Victorian, including its artistic achievements, was again rejected by critics, historians, and the public alike.

Victorianism began to creep back into favor during the revivals of the 1960s. Those who sought to bring Pre-Raphaelitism back to the narrative of British art brought forward the movement’s male artists, waving Millais’s *Ophelia* or Rossetti’s pouty-lipped women as proof of beauty. In that way, the women who had forged artistic careers ended up being known only for their faces rather than their canvases, and a taste for biographical scandal portrayed women like Siddal as lovelorn groupies rather than artists and poets.

The idea that Pre-Raphaelitism consisted only of men seemed to be set in stone. Mid-20th century artists such as Noel Laura Nesbit and Elfreda Gertrude Beaumont were never joined to the movement, despite both producing paintings that echoed its sentiment and style. Annie Ovenden produced a contemporary *Ophelia* every bit as striking and moving as Millais’s. She, Jann

Haworth, and Anne Arnold all reached out to nature to inspire them, creating works that resonate with the same inspiration that drove the Pre-Raphaelites from 1848.

Only recently has women’s contribution to not only the birth of Pre-Raphaelitism but also to its long and creative life begun to be fully appreciated. Even now, they are often separated into different galleries or even exhibitions, as with the National Portrait Gallery’s 2019 show *Pre-Raphaelite Sisters*. But slowly the female artists are finding substantial representation, as demonstrated by the many women whose work is featured in the *Victorian Radicals* exhibition currently touring America. There is hope yet that the talented women who contributed to what we understand as Pre-Raphaelite will themselves be appreciated as wholeheartedly as their brothers, lovers, and male colleagues. Maybe in the not too distant future, when we think of a Pre-Raphaelite woman, she will have a pen or brush in her hand rather than a mournful lily.



Follow Kirsty Stonell Walker on Instagram @kstonellwalker.

p38: *Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal*, gouache over a photograph attributed to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Wikimedia Commons.

p39: *Madonna Pietra degli Scrovigni* (1884), Marie Spartali Stillman. History and Art Collection / Alamy Stock Photo.

p40: *Lady Clare* (1854-1857), Elizabeth Siddal. Wikimedia Commons.

p40: *The Deceitfulness of Riches* (1901), Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale. Wikimedia Commons.

p41: *Study of Two Rabbits*, Rosa Brett; *Portrait Fanny Eaton*, Joanna Boyce Wells; *Autumn and Winter*, May Morris. Wikimedia Commons.

p42: *The Rosebud Garden of Girls* (1868), albumen print by Julia Margaret Cameron. Alamy Stock Photo.

p43: *The Court of King Arthur*, Noel Laura Nesbit.

*Hold thou thy heart against her shining hair,
If, by thy fate, she spread it once for thee;
For, when she nets a young man in that snare,
So twines she him he never may be free.
“Lilith” from Goethe, as translated
by Dante Gabriel Rossetti*



Lady Lilith, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. © Delaware Art Museum

THE Enchantments OF Lustrous Locks

BY ANNA KRUSINSKI

The works of Pre-Raphaelite masters like Dante Gabriel Rossetti and John William Waterhouse characteristically feature beautiful women with long, flowing hair. Over and over again, images of lustrous locks appear within this renowned art movement, leading one to wonder what symbolism a woman's hair represents in these masterpieces and how we can infuse a bit of that allure into our own hair care today.

One remarkable example of employing a woman's hair as a symbolic feature can be found in Rossetti's *Lady Lilith*, which was completed in 1868 and depicts the figure Lilith of Judaic literature. Rossetti imbues Lilith with a sense of power and seduction as she combs her long, beautiful mane and admires her own reflection. An expression of tranquility seems to rest on her face, giving the impression that the lady is aware of her influence and perhaps even revels in the enchantment of her own beauty.

This concept of a woman's hair as a symbol of power is again represented in a later piece by John William Waterhouse entitled

A Mermaid (1900). In this ethereal painting we are spectator to an intimate scene of a mermaid perched on the shore as she runs a brush through her long, thick hair. The sinuous nature of the mermaid's expanse of hair mirrors her serpentine tail curled beneath her, hinting at her mysterious and potentially dangerous powers. Unlike Rossetti's Lilith, the mermaid appears unconscious of her own allure, although mythology warns of this sea siren who is notorious for luring men to a dark and deadly fate.

Among many other cultural and historical influences, Pre-Raphaelite art offers an examination of Victorian feminine ideals and the era's characteristic appreciation for the power of idealized female beauty and allure, tinged with a sense of awe and fear of the enchantments such beauty holds.

What charms might your own beautiful locks possess? Let your hair flow free and untamed, healthy and lustrous, with these nourishing botanical recipes you can make at your kitchen table.

LUXURIOUS LENGTHS NOURISHING OIL

Whether curly, straight, or wavy, thin or thick, healthy hair starts at the scalp. Use this nourishing oil before shampooing and your gorgeous locks will thank you! For an added boost, make it a hot oil treatment and luxuriate in the soothing warmth as you soak in the botanical goodness.

Jojoba oil makes a wonderful scalp treatment because it closely resembles the natural oils of the scalp and is easily absorbed into the skin. It also contains lots of beneficial nutrients and is an excellent moisturizer. Lavender essential oil is ideal for all scalp types including normal, dry, and oily. Its anti-inflammatory and antimicrobial properties support scalp health, and lavender oil is touted as being beneficial for those with dandruff.

Ingredients:

2 to 4 tablespoons jojoba oil (adjust depending on length)
15 to 30 drops lavender essential oil

Mix the jojoba oil and lavender essential oil in a small glass bowl. If using as a hot oil treatment, gently warm the mixture by placing the bowl in a pot of hot water and let it sit for a few minutes until the oil is warm to the touch but not hot.

Now you're ready to dress your tresses! Start by dipping your fingertips into the oil and gently massage into your scalp, making sure your fingers reach the skin and not just the top layer of your hair. Moving on to your hair, pour some of the oil into your hand, rub it between your palms and gradually work the oil evenly through to the ends, using your fingers to comb through as needed. Enjoy this relaxing, meditative moment ... perhaps imagine yourself as Waterhouse's mermaid, languidly combing your gorgeous locks as you look out to the vast and beautiful sea beyond the shore.

After applying the oil treatment, cover with a towel and let it sit for 30 minutes (or overnight for maximum effectiveness). Finish with your favorite gentle shampoo and conditioner, or the following conditioning rinse.

LUSTROUS LOCKS CONDITIONING RINSE

Use this conditioning rinse after shampooing and enjoy luxurious locks worthy of a Pre-Raphaelite masterpiece!

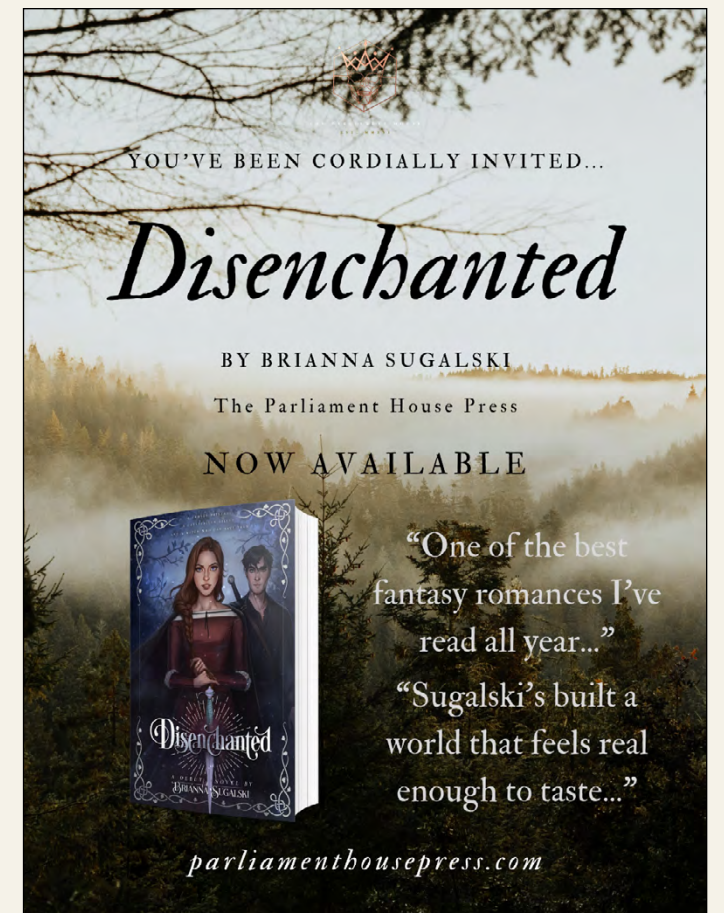
The apple cider vinegar in this recipe balances the pH of your hair and scalp for soft and silky tresses. This rinse is also great for removing shampoo residue for a healthy scalp and will boost thickness and manageability for gorgeous locks you'll revel in brushing, much like Rossetti's Lady Lilith.

Ingredients:

2 tablespoons apple cider vinegar
1 cup water
5 drops lavender essential oil (optional)

In a squeeze bottle, combine the apple cider vinegar, water, and essential oil (if using). Close the top and shake to blend the mixture. After shampooing, use a towel to dry some of the water from your hair before applying the rinse. Starting at your scalp and working down to the ends, apply the rinse by massaging gently into your scalp and combing it through with your fingers. Let it sit for a few minutes to work its nourishing magic before rinsing with cool water. Depending on your hair type, you may want to finish with your favorite natural conditioner. Enjoy your gorgeously silky voluminous tresses and discover what enchantments your own natural beauty may spin!

Anna Krusinski is the creator of Willow & Birch Apothecary, a Victorian-inspired apothecary and perfumery in the Catskill Mountains of upstate New York where she creates natural bath and beauty products. Visit her shop at shopwillowandbirch.com and follow her on Instagram @wbapothecary.



STAMPED *With* IMMORTALITY

*A piece on Elizabeth Siddal (July 25, 1829–February 11, 1862)
by Helena Aguilar Mayans and The Seamstress of Rohan*

To produce any work on Elizabeth Siddal requires a constant struggle between myth and reality, fact and legend. Most people learn about her through her death rather than her life and achievements. They learn about her relations to men as a muse or lover and not about her as a person in her own right or because of her own art. And they learn about her suffering for art while she posed, shivering in a bathtub, for John Everett Millais's famous painting *Ophelia*. Her body of work is small and generally ignored. Her poems have only recently been published without any external (and male) intervention.

These photos are our attempt to reconcile the legend and the person. We aim to show the real working-class woman, the artist, and also the ghostly, immortal beauty of a woman we actually know very little about.

According to some sources, Siddal, known as Lizzie in her circle, was “discovered” while working in a dressmaking and millinery shop in London's dark alleys. Her paternal family has been traced to Sheffield, but by the time she and her siblings were born, the family had already been settled in London for some time. She first sat for Walter Deverell, posing as Viola from *Twelfth Night*. Jan Marsh, author of *The Legend of Elizabeth Siddal*, quotes an interesting obituary from 1862 in the *Sheffield Telegraph*: “Miss Siddall [the original spelling contained two l's] showed some outlines, designs of her own leisure hours to the elder artist Mr. D.”

The elder Mr. D would be Deverell's father, who held a position in the School of Design (which also contained a Female School of Design). So it could be argued that Lizzie had artistic aspirations well before she met either Rossetti or Ruskin. It has also been said that her interest in poetry was prompted when, as a girl, she found a poem by Tennyson in a piece of newspaper used to wrap butter with. Maybe Lizzie always loved art and poetry, and entering the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood's studios was a more direct way to engage in artistic production?

Modeling was definitely not a respectable profession at the time—it was often compared to prostitution—so it's surprising that Lizzie's parents allowed her to work part time as a milliner and model. She went on to model for Millais and Hunt but by 1853 she was mostly modeling for Rossetti in his studio in Chatham Place. (Now, sadly, a Blackfriars station occupies the place of this building.) From that point on, Rossetti compulsively drew “Guggums”—a pet name Lizzie and Rossetti used reciprocally—and perhaps she expressed her desire to create art as well. We might consider that perhaps Lizzie was so keen on becoming an artist and expressing herself at this point that she risked her reputation by becoming a model to enter the art world.













One of the most remarkable achievements in her life was to become sponsored by the leading art critic of the time, John Ruskin. He paid her £150 a year to produce her art, something not many other female artists of this period can claim. Ruskin also expressed preoccupation regarding her health, often funding her travel for health reasons. This professional relationship did not last long, though; perhaps Lizzie longed for more freedom. She travelled to Matlock, Peak District, and the Sheffield area, rekindling that connection with the north and nature. During her time in Sheffield she attended art classes, reaffirming her desire to become an artist in her own right, far from Ruskin or Rossetti.

There are periods of time when her whereabouts are largely unknown. After some years of having an on-and-off relationship with Rossetti, he married her in Hastings in 1860, when she was well enough to make it to church. By this time her ill health is often mentioned, although we don't know what precise ailments afflicted her. After their marriage she suffered a miscarriage, an incident that affected her greatly and allegedly led to her laudanum addiction and depression.

It was the night of February 11, 1862, when she took a fatal overdose of laudanum. Rossetti found her unconscious and could not revive her; several doctors were summoned but she was declared dead at 7:20 a.m. She had planned to dine with Rossetti and poet Algernon Charles Swinburne before, and left home while Rossetti taught night classes at the Working Men's College. There have been many claims about suicide but none have been proven.

Her story does not end with her death, as Rossetti buried

drafts of poems with her corpse and then famously exhumed her body seven years later to recover them for publishing. This prompted many stories of her incorruptible beauty, her ever growing hair and ghostly presence haunting Rossetti, who by this time had suffered several mental breakdowns and was considered psychologically unstable. Rossetti had also been painting *Beata Beatrix*, one of his most famous paintings, as an homage to his late wife. It depicted Lizzie as Dante's Beatrice; she had posed for a sketch study before she died.

In recent years there have been considerable efforts to bring Elizabeth Siddal's artistic work to life, with some exhibitions, books, and plays produced. The series on these pages was shot between London and Catalonia in January 2020, when the Pre-Raphaelite Sisters exhibition featuring her work was taking place in the National Portrait Gallery in Britain. We have aimed to portray iconic and well-known moments of her life but also reinforce her image as a hardworking woman and artist, and show her deep connection with art, literature, and nature. We also chose to depict her addiction and ghostly presence as this legend that has grown around her, a perfect tale of tragic Gothic romance.

Special thanks to Jan Marsh, Serena Trowbridge, Kirsty Stonell Walker, Lucinda Hawksley, Stephanie Graham Piña and many other women who have contributed to academic discussion about Siddal.



Fine art photographer Helena Aguilar Mayans can be found at helenaaguilarmayans.com.

Follow The Seamstress of Rohan on Instagram @theseamstressofrohan.



A SILENT WOOD

by Elizabeth Siddal

O silent wood, I enter thee
With a heart so full of misery
For all the voices from the trees
And the ferns that cling about my knees.

In thy darkest shadow let me sit
When the grey owls about thee flit;
There will I ask of thee a boon,
That I may not faint or die or swoon.

Gazing through the gloom like one
Whose life and hopes are also done,
Frozen like a thing of stone
I sit in thy shadow but not alone.

Can God bring back the day when we two stood
Beneath the clinging trees in that dark wood?



"In writing about Elizabeth Siddal, women are painting collective self-portraits." —Jan Marsh

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St. Catherine wall hanging, designed by William Morris, worked by Jane Morris, 1860-1861. Wikimedia Commons.



Red House, Bexleyheath painted by Walter Crane. Wikimedia Commons.

USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL WILLIAM MORRIS'S RED HOUSE *by Grace Nuth*

Perhaps of all the words ever said by a Pre-Raphaelite, the most frequently repeated are William Morris's: "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." In a brotherhood of artists whose name reflected the lofty goal of returning the art world to the beauty it held centuries earlier—before Raphael—and whose members painted subjects as formidable as ancient myths and biblical epics, Morris argued for the importance of the simple concept of home. And this opinion was respected by his peers, in part because he put his money where his mouth was.

Red House was a red brick building commissioned and co-designed by Morris and architect Phillip Webb that was described by Dante Gabriel Rossetti as being "more of a poem than a house." And in fact, it was designed the way an artist would design a home. Windows were put in where they would let in the most light, not necessarily where they would create symmetry. The actual shapes of the windows were determined more by the purpose of the rooms rather than the impression they would make from outside, and round, rectangular, and

square windows dot the exterior. Medieval turrets and Gothic pointed arches above at least some of the windows were a must, and there was a wishing well in the courtyard. It was an outlandish way to design a home, especially in the Victorian era, when draperies and densely packed interiors took higher precedence than the flow of light. Somehow, through the collaboration of Morris and Webb, it all worked beautifully and pleased the eye. And then the Brotherhood moved in.

Morris and his family and friends filled Red House with joy and laughter ... and no small amount of creative expression. These were imaginative people who wanted to leave their mark on anything and everything; many a guest entering the home was handed a paintbrush and told to get to work. The ceiling was painted, the walls were painted. The furniture was painted. The stained glass windows were inscribed with Morris's motto, "*Si je puis*," or "if I can." Other than the Persian rugs and the Delft china, virtually every other item inside Red House was made to order by trusted artisans, to Morris's specifications, and then decorated by this small but mighty community of artists.



Bildarchiv Monheim GmbH / Alamy Stock Photo

As is so often the case in tales about the Brotherhood, hijinks also ensued. A legendary story tells of a guest (who may or may not have been Rossetti) who snuck around in the night and changed Morris's previously mentioned motto on at least one of the painted wall scrolls to say "as I can't" in Latin. A stunning Burne-Jones mural of Morris and Jane Burden Morris as Sir Degrevant and Melydor in the drawing room features a sleeping wombat under a chair. (Thanks to Rossetti's love of exotic animals, the wombat was a reoccurring image in their visual jokes to one another.) And then there's the hidden smiley face in the intricately repeating medieval pattern on the stairwell ceiling, tucked into a corner between two wooden rafters. These small signs of reality in an otherwise lofty, magical space help prove that none of these now famous artist friends took themselves too seriously. They were often teased or brought back to reality with love whenever they were tempted to.

Red House was often brimming with beloved guests, and the house itself responded gratefully to such attentions. Descriptions of these heady days tell how the apple trees grew so close to the house during the summer and autumn months that the branches would toss apples into the full-skirted laps of visitors. On one occasion, artist Charles Faulkner hid a small artillery of apples in the built-in gallery and lobbed them at other guests in an all-out war until one hit Morris square in the face, giving him a black eye. Of course all that happened a day or two before Morris was scheduled to give one of his sisters away at her wedding, and the group laughed heartily at the impression his shiner would make. Games of hide and seek were not uncommon, as were boisterous wrestling matches and physical pranks like balancing candlesticks on a door frame to fall on an unsuspecting victim.

Sadly, Morris lived in his dream home for only five years, even though he intended it to be his house for life. Health challenges and the cancellation of plans to share the house with Burne-Jones and his family made his "palace of art" unsustainable. But subsequent owners continued his legacy. The second owner used a Morris wallpaper (by then, his firm was well-established in the home decor field) in Red House, and another 19th century owner began the tradition (carried on for decades by future owners) of asking every guest to his house to scratch their names into panes of the glass wall in the hallway. Notable signatures include May Morris (William's daughter) and Georgiana Burne-Jones (Edward's wife). Morris himself never returned to the home, however. He said it would be too emotional a reunion.

Although the story of Morris's experience at Red House might not have had the fairy-tale ending its exterior evoked, the legacy of those five years spill down through time. The youthful exuberance and artistic flair of Morris and his friends' Red House years show that a house does not become a home unless it is filled with not only joy and laughter, imperfections and jokes, but also the specific imprint of the people who live there. Favorite quotes written on walls, murals of the owners as their favorite characters from their favorite stories, furniture so perfectly built for the house that it could never be moved away, paintings by artistically minded friends—these ideas are not just the stuffy and antiquated concepts of a Victorian family home. They are rules we can live by in making our own homes thrum and vibrate with enthusiastic energy. They are how we can show our homes we love them and ensure that they love us back.

Follow Grace Nuth on Instagram @gracesidhe.



Detail from a series depicting the wedding of Sir Degrevant (wall painting), Edward Coley Burne-Jones, National Trust Photographic Library/John Hammond / Bridgeman Images



Red House stained glass window. Wikimedia Commons.



TIPS FOR DECORATING IN PRE-RAPHAELITE STYLE

- Study William Morris's decorative patterns. Official Morris-print home decor and fabric is worth the investment, but sometimes you can find lookalikes by searching generic florals. Knowing his designs will help you spot less expensive options.
- Don't be afraid of color: burnt umber walls and crimson couches, plum velvet throw pillows and emerald green blankets.
- Pre-Raphaelite art tells a story with every symbol and detail. Your home can too. Just bought a new intricate pen set? Display it on a half-written letter from Ophelia to Hamlet. Hang your beautiful velvet capelet on a hook by the door instead of consigning it to the closet on a hanger. Let the romance of your home speak through the objects inside.
- Craigslist and Facebook Marketplace are great sources for finding local used heavy wood furniture that add to that "wandering around an ancient castle" feel.
- Truth to nature—the idea of going out into the wild and re-creating the details of what they saw—was a big part of the Brotherhood's creed. Look to nature for your own home decor as well. Explore, experience, and come back home with respectfully harvested items. If you live in the city and have no way of obtaining such things yourself, big box stores sell bundles of birch logs and bags of pinecones, among other things.
- Even if you're not an artist, be inspired by how the Brotherhood would invite friends over to decorate their homes together, integrating those memories into the mortar and paint.



Detail of Woodpecker tapestry. William Morris. Wikimedia Commons.

"With the arrogance of youth, I determined to do no less than to transform the world with Beauty. If I have succeeded in some small way, if only in one small corner of the world, amongst the men and women I love, then I shall count myself blessed, and blessed, and blessed, and the work goes on." As quoted in William Morris and Red House (2005) by Jan Marsh..

THE THIRTEENTH KEY

by Sara Cleto and Brittany Warman

There once was a girl who lived among her sisters in a fine house. The sisters were well connected in their neighborhood, and they had no shortage of parties and luncheons to attend. The girl smiled correctly (lips closed) and danced prettily (precise as clockwork). She hid her ink-stained fingers under her gloves.

One day, a man noticed the girl. He was young and not as rich as he might be. But his hands were stained too, and he lived in a red house. He wore a red doublet that was almost the color of his hair and beard. He was handsome and a bit bold, with a face as sweet and mischievous as a fox. When he asked her to marry him, he pulled off her glove and kissed the inky map of her palm. His hands left rusty prints on her summer gown.

After they were married, he took his new bride to his red house, which was red from the cellar floor to the dancing weather vane. The bricks were copper warm. The velvet drapes hung in luxurious streams of claret. Even the tea in his vermilion cups winked at the bride like rubies.



Sometime later, just as the novelty of new marriage began to wane, the man told his bride that he had been called away on an urgent errand. He would be gone for several days, and she must begin in earnest to assume the duties of the household. To this end, he gave her an enormous set of brass keys, each glinting in the morning sun as he patiently explained the purpose of each. The thirteenth key, however, was left unexplained. When she asked, a strange look came over his face.

“That is the key to my studio. You shan’t need that one. Indeed you are never to enter that room, my sweet bride. It is not your concern.” Soon after this exchange, he was gone.

The bride wandered the cherry bright halls and climbed rosy spiral stairs, opening door after door. The keys were thin and cool in her hand, like paint brushes. She realized she hadn’t held a brush since her marriage some months ago. The locks clicked open before her, revealing crimson tapestries of knights at war and murals of swaying poppies.

When she returned to her room, she opened her trunk in search of her paints. A blue seascape, dotted clouds and crests, something fresh and bright, that was just the thing. She searched her trunk to its bottom. Her paints were gone, and her hands were perfectly white.

The thirteenth key burned in her pocket.

Perhaps her paints were in his studio. His studio, which was not her concern.

The bride walked down corridors and around corners and through long halls. She ducked into the cellars and climbed stairs that spun tight as spindles. She searched until all she could see was red, all she could breathe was red, and all her thoughts ran red.

And still she searched.

Until, at last, she came to a small round door the color of blood. The thirteenth key turned with a sharp, perfect click. The doorknob was hot and left a splash of crimson paint on her palm. The bride pushed the door open.

The room was filled with a muse. She smiled or sighed from every wall, her face echoing across the canvases. Her long hair hung past her waist. Sometimes, it was a halo around her porcelain face. Sometimes, a man pulled it while she tried not to grimace. Sometimes, it wound round and round her head in a crown.

There were so many of her that the bride didn’t notice the girl, not at first. The flesh and blood original sat at a table by the single window. Her fingers were dusted with charcoal, but her eyes were hollow. She wrung her hands, nervous and empty. Before her were sheets and sheets of half-finished drawings, none quite complete.

“My husband forbade his studio to me,” the bride whispered.

“He forbade me everything but his studio and never permitted me my own,” replied the muse.

The bride slowly picked up one of the muse’s own drawings, just begun. In the image were two women, their backs facing the viewer, their long hair flowing down as they sat before an easel. Both held brushes in their hands. The sketch was good but needed more. The bride’s fingers ached.



When the master of the red house returned, he searched for his bride everywhere. The house echoed as he called for her. Finally, he turned to the studio door. The bloody handprint on the doorknob told the story plain as day. His face became the color of the walls, and he burst into the studio.

But the room was empty. There were no paints, no drawings, no bride, and no muse. The sun shown brightly on a single painting, expertly rendered: two women painting together, their hair flowing down their backs, their expressions a mystery. The painting was stunningly lifelike, as true as a mirror. The bride’s husband, the muse’s artist, reached out to touch his wife’s hair and found only hard canvas. Though the painting shone with hundreds of colors, not a drop of red paint could be found.



Fatima, Edward Burne-Jones, 1862. Wikimedia Commons.

Elizabeth Siddal Rossetti and Georgiana Macdonald Burne-Jones married into the Pre-Raphaelite world, but both were talented artists and writers in their own right. Industrious and imaginative, Lizzie composed scenes with highly charged emotional drama, like *Lady MacBeth* and her husband with the knife that slew King Duncan. Georgie studied fine art with the renowned Ford Madox Brown, who praised her ink drawings as showing “real intellect.” The two women became close friends and, eventually, collaborators.

Lizzie and Georgie embarked on a wonderful project: to write and illustrate their own book of fairy tales. Inspired by the collections of Perrault and the Grimms, they planned to weave their own enchantments in pen and ink. To our eternal dismay, the fairy-tale book never grew beyond a few sketches, as the two women were repeatedly thwarted in their artistic pursuits by the times they lived in and, at times, their husbands. Georgie was barred from her husband’s studio after their marriage. She once wrote memorably and hauntingly about being excluded, describing “the feeling of exile with which I now heard through its closed doors the well-known voices of friends together while I sat with my little son on my knee and dropped selfish tears upon him.”

We wish we could read Lizzie and Georgie’s collection of tales, a ghost book that never came to be. In their honor, we offer our own fairy tale, one in which their magic is seen and celebrated.

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.

STOKING THE FIRES OF BELTANE

Through Art, Ritual, and Feasting

BY WHISPER IN THE WOOD

Paintings born of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, as well as later works in the medieval stylistic vein, inspire me and often inform my own witchy-flavored still-life photo art, especially the ones I create in spring and summertime with the vibrant flora from my gardens and the woods and fields that surround my home. I'm particularly drawn to the work of John William Waterhouse, a successor of the original Pre-Raphaelites, as his work often leans toward mystical subject matter. His painting *The Magic Circle* comes to mind; it depicts a beautifully tousled and barefoot woman who's casting a protective circle around her ritual space with a staff while hovering a potion bottle over a smoking, bubbling cauldron. She's deeply entranced in her magic, surrounded by a stand of crows, birds of a distinct mythological character often associated with witches in medieval times.

I'm not only drawn to and enchanted by the Pre-Raphaelites' elegant, natural compositions and portraiture of long-haired beauties with their soulful gazes, but also moved by the supporting elements and details in these paintings, which, when combined, can make for compelling still-life scenes: the luscious fruits, delicate flowers, animal bones, tarnished brass goblets and candlesticks, string instruments with richly colored patinas, layers and folds of luxuriant, patterned fabrics, smoking incense, luminous pearls and sparkling gems, heavy books, and fae creatures rendered as little points of light. I adorn my personal witch altar with similar items and

enjoy crafting images of these types of scenes almost daily, sharing them on my Instagram feed. If you are interested in creating a similar altar, or adding touches to an existing one, these items are more accessible than you may think. I find all my treasures for pennies at yard sales, thrift stores, antique stores (for a little more than pennies there), and often for free at our town's recycling barn.

Pre-Raphaelite paintings often feature the outdoors, with natural, pastoral, and lush green environments. The subjects are adorned for springtime weather, with flowing robes, ribbons, and flowers in their hair. To me, the scenes echo aspects of Beltane (also known as May Day), a pagan sabbat with Gaelic roots, that falls between the winter and summer solstices. It is a time to celebrate the awakening of the earth once more—growing seeds, abundance, fertility, and the union of masculine and feminine energies to create new life (represented by the May Queen and the Green Man). Beltane is known as a pagan fire festival where celebrations include bonfires, decorating homes with May flowers, making May bushes, having a communal Maypole ritual, and feasting. My family and I enjoy observing this sabbat in similar ways, but on a smaller, simpler scale, and within our home. Our festivities vary from year to year but always involve building a Beltane altar and crafting drinks and food dishes with the first wild edibles and garden flora of the season—gifts from the Earth's rebirth—which we enjoy incorporating into our Beltane feast in a variety of creative culinary ways ...

Beltane Altar

Construct an altar that honors the Beltane season, decorating it with hues of green and colors that reflect spring flowers, like pinks and yellows. Represent the Beltane fire with a candle, a small fire in your cast-iron cauldron, or burn incense in a heatproof vessel. Incorporate fertility symbols like flowers (roses and lilacs are often associated with this sabbat), seeds, fruit, and a mother goddess figurine. Ribbons to represent maypole and handfasting rituals. A dish of salt to represent clearing away the old to make room for the new. Offerings to Beltane gods and goddesses like Artemis (animal bones, honey), Apollo (wine, incense), Flora (flowers), Bacchus (wine, grapes, honey), Hera (pomegranates, flowers, incense), Cernunnos (fruit). Feel free to add any magical tools that are near and dear to you. For me that may include my besom, a cauldron, crystals, a crystal ball, a bell, key, and so on.





Lilac Syrup

I'll spend quite a bit of time with my head in our blooming lilac bush, which is actually more the size of a small tree. The fragrance of the purple clustered blossoms is distinct, sweet, intoxicating, and otherworldly. I'll revel in their glorious return in a number of ways, adorning our home with vasesful of the blooms, infusing some in coconut oil for future herbal concoctions, and—one of my most favorite uses—making lilac syrup, which is the perfect addition to lemony cocktails and mocktails for your Beltane feast.

Here's the syrup recipe:

1 cup blossoms

1 cup sugar

1 cup water

To make:

Dissolve sugar in water over a low flame. Add blossoms and simmer on low for 10 minutes. Strain.

I add a small handful of blueberries during the simmering stage, to create a purplish pink color. Don't worry about it altering the taste, as the blueberry's flavoring is extremely mild compared with the lilac's strong, dominating flavor.

If you'd like to use this syrup in a cocktail, here is my favorite creation, what I call the Lilac Lemon Drop. Makes two drinks:

Dip the tops of martini glasses in lemon and then sugar to create a sugared rim. Squeeze the juice from one large lemon and combine it with 2.5 ounces of vodka and 1 ounce of syrup. Shake and serve cold over the rocks.

If creating a mocktail, add the syrup to lemonade.

First Greens Salad

Made from the first greens of the season—both foraged wild edibles and first picks from the garden. **Safety Note:** Only include wild edibles in your salad that you can positively identify without a doubt. If you're not experienced with foraging, store-bought salad greens topped with a couple of familiar wild edibles would be a wonderful alternative.

My Beltane salad includes plantain leaves (not the little banana kind), wild sedum, dandelion greens and blossoms, sheep sorrel, wild daisy leaves, violet leaves and blossoms, and creeping charlie (ground ivy). I toss these foraged greens into a salad and top with fresh oregano, garlic chives, and forsythia and pansy blossoms from our garden. A simple, colorful, beautiful "first greens" salad resplendent with mingling layers of interesting, sophisticated, and delicious flavor—perfect for your special Beltane feast. Plantain provides a mild nutty flavor, wild daisy leaves taste much like sweet apples, sheep sorrel leaves add a pleasing lemony-tart addition, and a pinch of creeping charlie adds an accent similar to that of rosemary with a dash of lemon.



Susan Tuttle is a green witch living in the woods of Maine. You can visit her natural botanicals shop at inthewoodbotanicals.com and follow her on Instagram @whisper_in_the_wood.





hey thought of her as mad, the ones who lived in town, as she was the dark-haired girl who wrapped herself in a gauzy gray shawl to shield herself from the wind's melancholy call. She lived quietly on the edge of town where Boreas, the north wind, asserted his surly howl—blowing wildly in mad swirls around her cottage and seeping through cracks in the panes, breathing desperately of lost dreams never to materialize, projects left unfinished and plans left forgotten. She would wake tired and weary in the knowledge that her life was somehow escaping her.

Even on those days when summer lay golden across the rippling fields, she would see anxious clouds roll above the northern hills and know that the wind accompanying the oncoming storm would be scented with rain and remind her of dark days of introspection yet to come.

One day, as spring set the fields aglow with a green fire that ignited her spirits so much that she picked the sunniest daffodil from the field and placed it in her hair, she set out into the calm to gather the new spring nettles for tea. But as she gathered her greens, the north wind once again began to stir. She pulled her gray wrap around her as a ward of protection. "Please go away and bother me no more," she cried into the wind, which responded with gusts that threatened to send her wrap billowing into the surrounding hills.

It was the old beggar man who always wore a ragged purple sweater and who sometimes scavenged the fields for tender greens that saw her. "There is something in the wind, you know," he said, his face drawn upward toward the sky, gray tufts of hair caught up in the wind's play.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Well, if you listen, the air speaks. The words can be very gentle and kind, or sometimes they can be shrill and scolding, but it always tells you what you need to hear. You have to listen very close." He paused. "Can you hear it, the words?"

"I hear nothing but its tumultuous noise." She pulled her wrap tighter. "It fills my head with nothing but dread."

"Old Boreas can be demanding." He chuckled. "But if you listen past the noise, my dear, you will hear his message for you." He tugged at her silky, gray wrap. "Don't be afraid to set yourself free."

She leaned into the breeze and perked her ears, trying desperately to receive the message she was so afraid of. But as the last of winter's dried leaves tumbled in the wind's wake, all she heard was Boreas's howl and the murmuring of branches that trembled in the trees around her. She looked to the old man, who smiled and nodded his head.

"Be open, my dear. That's all the wind asks of you."

That is when she released her wrap, watching as it was caught up in the north wind's chill breath and taken swiftly across the field. With her own breath sucked in, she closed her eyes and raised her arms to the sky.

"That a girl." The old man clapped his hands.

She released her breath and cried into the wind, "Boreas, tell

me what I need to know!"

The wind picked up, blowing circles around the girl, but instead of running and hiding, she stood steadfast. That is when the howl subsided and in its place were words. "There, there," cried the wind. "Now you understand there is no growth without challenge and no light without darkness. Heed these lessons well, my dear, so you may thrive."

She felt a lightness of spirit as a soothing breath from the west enveloped her. It danced around her and played in her hair, intoxicating her with the scent of fresh earth. And carried on this breeze was reassurance and hope for a better tomorrow, promises of greener days and the words that with each new dawn there is joy. She turned to thank the old beggar man, but he was nowhere to be seen. Only his voice could be heard riding one last breath of cold wind that struck her from the north.

"You're welcome, my dear," he said.

The Winds of Change

As one of the most influential factors in the earth's geography, the wind was thought of as the work of fickle deities by ancient cultures the world over. Whether it was the Chinese goddess Feng Popo, who rode through the sky on the back of a tiger with the winds held in a bag, or the Hindu god Vayu, who was represented riding a deer and carrying a white flag or moving about noisily in a shining chariot drawn by horses, wind deities had the power to release soothing breezes or violent storms as their tempers saw fit.

Our ancestors who relied heavily on maritime trade depended on the wind to fill the sails of the vessels that kept goods moving and defended their cities. The wind blew in the rain that sustained fields and filled the rivers and wells that provided clean water. The Greeks worshiped wind deities collectively known as the Anemoi, which were the children of Astraeus, the Titan god of the dusk, and Eos, goddess of the dawn, and are depicted as winged beings with loose and blowing mantles or sometimes as mystical horses who grazed upon the shore of the cosmic river that was said to encircle the earth.

Among the Anemoi was Boreas, the north wind, who was often depicted with purple wings. He was the god of winter who swept down from the northern mountains and chilled the land with his icy breath; his was the chill that challenged one to dig deep and face personal obstacles head on.

Notus, often depicted as the last Olympian, ruled the south. His fiery summer gales sometimes caught fire to the fields and reminded one to have passion and strength.

Zephyrus, the god of the west wind, heralded spring. He was sometimes depicted as a young man with a basket of unripe fruit, and his gentle healing breeze brought with it hope for a new dawn.

Euros was sometimes depicted as carrying an inverted vase. He was the wind of the east, whose breath brought with it the warm autumn rain and was known to carry bad luck.



Boreas: John William Waterhouse, Alamy Stock Photo

Something in the Wind

BY MONICA CROSSON

Something in the Wind

Monica Crosson

And though we long ago gave up the idea of gods controlling the weather, late 19th and early 20th century fantasists such as Yeats and Tolkien and modern Pre-Raphaelites, including John William Waterhouse, brought with their work a love of mysticism, mythology, and romance—influencing generations of artists to this day and giving the rest of us a chance to escape

to places where the wind speaks and the power of magic is tangible.

If you like the idea that there is “something in the wind,” then you will love these magical chimes that were created to send your wishes to the gods.

Magical Wind Chimes

It's believed that you invoke the power of air when you sing, chant, or yell words into the sky. The air's power breathes life into your intentions, infuses the music that gets your feet moving, awakens your wanderlust, and lifts the veil from the otherworld that pricks your ears, longing to be heard. These magical wind chimes are a fun way to bring back the romance and mystic power associated with the wind.



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

You will need:

- Bells (as many as you like, of varying sizes and styles)
- Several sheets of parchment paper
- Twine
- Driftwood or branch approximately 12 inches long
- Small 1/16-inch hole punch
- Hot glue and glue gun or sealing wax and seal (optional)

Directions:

On each of the parchments carefully list new possibilities or goals you would like to accomplish in the future. Roll the parchments and use a dab of hot glue or a seal and sealing wax to secure each scroll. At the top of each scroll, use a 1/16-inch hole punch to create a hole to secure the scroll to the end of each length of twine.

Cut varying lengths of twine, plus another 24-inch piece for a hanger.

Tie bells along the lengths ending with a scroll tied at the bottom of each length.

Tie each length around the branch so that when it is held up the bells and parchments are not touching. Tie the 24-inch length of twine to each end of the branch as a hanger.

Hang your magical wind chime outdoors where you can comfortably watch it—on a porch, balcony, gazebo, patio, etc.

Now go outside on breezy nights when the stars are twinkling and gaze at your magical chime. As the night air moves the parchments around, listen to the tinkling of the bells and know that your words are being heard by the gods.

Enhance Your Witchcraft

by putting needle & thread to fabric



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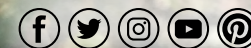
Raechel Henderson

Part sewing manual and part grimoire, this fun and easy guide turns every craft project into a magical ritual. Packed with easy-to-follow instructions and photographs, *Sew Witchy* presents a wide variety of projects that complement and improve your practice, from dream pillows and spell bags to cords and altar cloths. Perfect for any skill level or magical path, this enjoyable and colorful book explores the historical and cultural uses of magic and sewing from all over the world.

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After Millais's Ophelia

by Grace Nightingale
Photography by Francis A. Willey

The water feels like the silk
of a borrowed dress on my skin.

I left them flowers
to remember me by
before I left
for the mouth of the river.

I began with rosemary,
sweet pansies in inarticulate bunches,
desires intermixed
with daisies and fennel—
I took great care to curate my chaos.

I kept the rue in the folds of my skirt
when I heard the river's call.

Perhaps they'll think of me,
perhaps they won't,
when the flowers come into bloom
and the river sings its spring song.

When I wake from this bed of reeds,
I will journey home.

Grace Nightingale is an emerging poet and artist. She is a nomad from the forests of the Pacific Northwest who can often be found among nature. She is currently working to earn her B.A. in English and creative writing. Follow her on Twitter @lemonwedgefae and Instagram @razzlydazzlybee.

Francis A. Willey is a Neopictorialist from Canada. He's a self-taught 35mm film photographer, poet, and pianist. The opposite image, Lady Iliad, was inspired by John Everett Millais's Ophelia and the story behind it: Elizabeth Siddal posed for the piece in a bathtub in winter and was subsequently hospitalized for pneumonia. "After reading this story in art history," Willey says, "I decided to create an image that would be the resurrection of Ophelia. It's dedicated to all the women who have sacrificed their health and time for great art." See more of Willey's work at franciswilley.com.



CASTING GARDEN SPELLS

*Building a Pre-Raphaelite medieval
cottage garden in modern suburbia*

*by Stephanie Stewart-Howard
Photography by Tea & Morphine*

“My mom sent this,” my friend Jessica says, eyes gleaming. “I think I kept it alive.” In her hands is a garden pot with a fledgling rose bush, red tinging its winter leaves. It’s a Tuscan rose, a species dating to the late Middle Ages, that’s come from Karen, her mother, who is the closest thing you’ll ever find to a real medieval lady of the manor. It’s come from the garden on her South Georgia horse farm to Middle Tennessee, and I will baby it through the winter. In spring, I reciprocate by taking her one of my Pomme de Bourgogne, a tiny deep pink rose dating to at least 1660. These old garden roses send up suckers regularly, making propagation for those of us who long for medieval gardens a marvelous possibility.

Loving medieval gardens isn’t a new thing. The Pre-Raphaelites included a garden obsession in their own vision of medievalism. You’ll see it reflected in their art. The language of flowers is prominent in the work of Rossetti, Millais, Burne-Jones, and Waterhouse. Indeed, nature and the outdoors are so much a part of the Pre-Raphaelite oeuvre that they appear in the tapestry work and interior design of William Morris and Co. and the Edinburgh school, for example. Morris has always been my personal touchstone for both gardens and décor, and I share the passion he had for all of it, I hope.

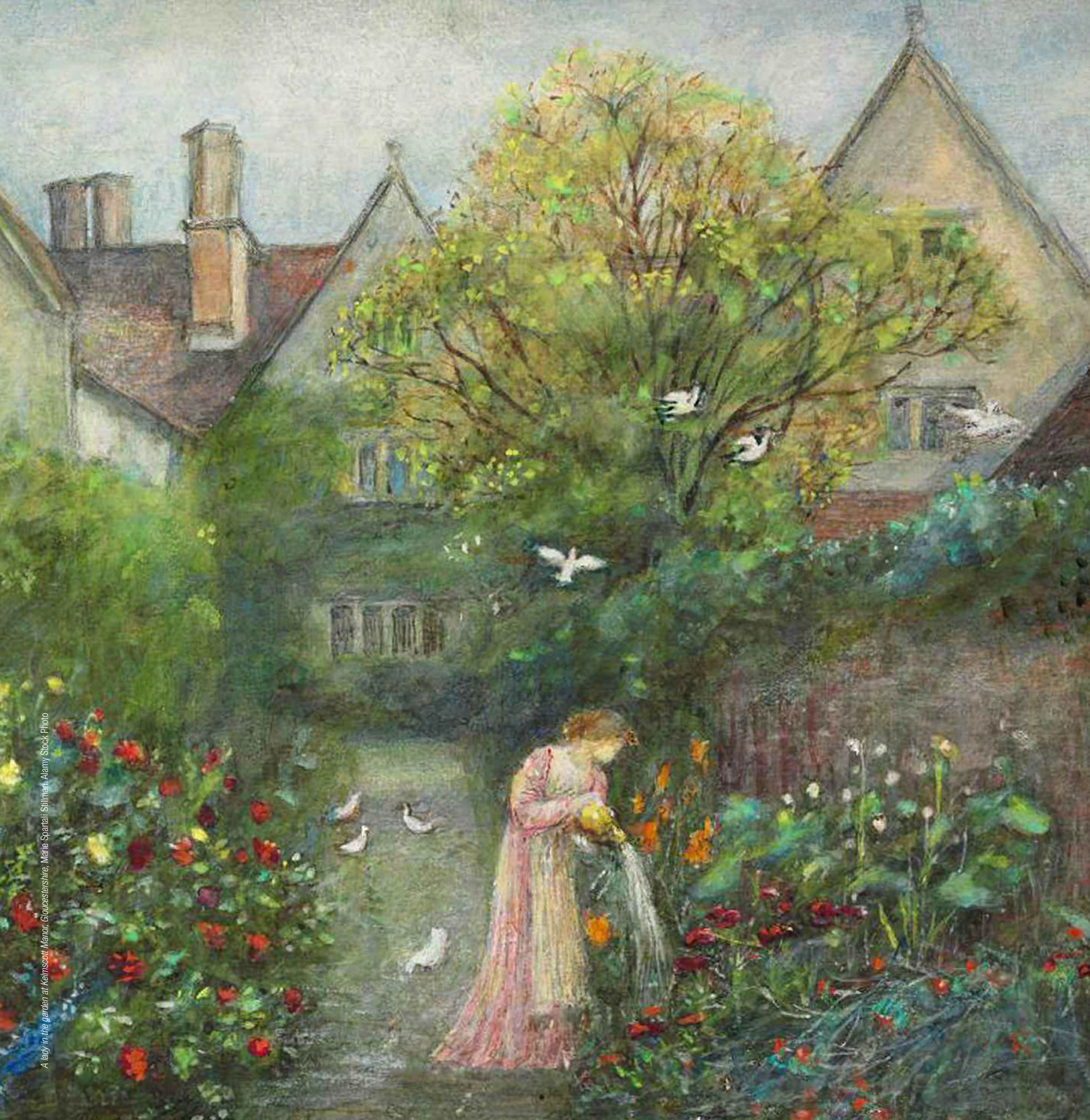
Reading medieval literature, I always longed for a medieval garden of the sort where clever, beautiful humans and mythic animals could adventure through deep-scented foliage. I suspect Morris felt the same way as he, Janey, and his artist friends planned Red House. (Read more about Red

House on page 61.) Then, quite by accident, one day I made my own, just as Morris did.

Eight years ago, I married and moved to a tiny ranch-style farmhouse in the suburban country outside Nashville. The property was rather a mess, but it had land and a barn where Seth, my husband, could practice his metalsmithing hobby. We stayed for five years, barely fitting. There I discovered I had a “thing” for gardening. The hedge witch in me flourished. The semi-wild environment worked with my attempts at cultivation; I blended local flora with things I imported from home stores and farmers’ markets. I rambled in the adjoining fairy woods. Then we passed on purchasing the property and bought a bigger house in the suburbs. Everything changed.

We settled in on Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day, in biting cold, I began to dig up the awful front garden bed, putting out my transferred treasures in front of the Craftsman-style home: sprouting daffodil bulbs from a 150-year-old farm, wild double tiger lilies, and sage and rosemary bushes imported in tubs. (I also dragged along stray violets.) I left huge planters of herbs by the concrete back porch and hoarded my paper bags of saved seeds: marigolds, cosmos, zinnias, basil, bachelor’s buttons.

Everything survived the ice. I spoke to my friend Charlotte (of Nightshade Handmade), whom I’d met through an herbal guild in our medieval re-enactment group. I layered mulch on the weak garden bed to limit the Bermuda grass. I relegated bland, sad nandina to the compost. By spring, I’d ordered roses and currant bushes, planted my treasured seeds, and started extending the garden.



A lady in the garden at Kainscott Manor, Gloucestershire, Marie Spartali Stillman, Albany Stock Photo

Charlotte brought me a beautiful little rosebush and sweet *viola odorata*. Other friends brought offerings—tiny pink daylilies, a potted rose of Sharon, irises. My parents bought the yard's second tree, a Japanese maple to go with the holly. Seth helped me edge with local rocks and didn't grumble when I built the first back garden using cardboard layered under mulch. Then came side gardens, slowly and slyly, rich with new hellebores, foxgloves, lupines, peonies, hollyhocks, and dahlias, then gooseberries, strawberries, flame-orange cherry tomatoes, Chesapeake fish peppers, buttery lettuces, lavender, and five kinds of thyme. Dye plants, hibiscus, heirloom geraniums, eight more roses, blueberries, and herbs by the potful.

My lovely neighbors to the east admired my roguish efforts. There was no suburbia as I went wild, adding more color, with little thought of the careful organization. (I'd eventually have to justify this to the homeowners association, but it turns out that my lovely neighbors are on it.)

I saved all my seeds, passing on bags of mixed full gardens to friends and family across the country—a little of my own personal magic, as close to love as you can put in a small cotton bag.

At Halloween this year, as teeny witchies and monsters roamed my neighborhood, I heard someone say through my window, "I love this house, it's like a Utopia for flowers."

In winter, as dead annuals still stand, my front yard is cat TV, a haven for songbirds braving the cold to eat zinnia seeds, and the neighbor's cat, taunting my leash-only trio through the window, rolling in the catnip and lemon balm. In the other seasons, it's a safe space for pollinators, moths, butterflies, and visiting wildlife, tangled enchantment.

And somehow, I found myself caught up reading a book on Brother Cadfael's gardens in the popular novels and TV series and heard an unfamiliar term: *potager urbain*. And I realized exactly what spells I'd been casting all along.

Properly, the French *potager urbain*, like the English cottage garden, descends from ancient world and medieval counterparts. It's a garden of useful plants: a riotous mixture of fruits, vegetables, herbs, flowers, plants for dyeing and cloth production, medicines, and pest repelling.

Such gardens derived from the villa gardens of the Roman Empire, which inspired monastery gardens under Benedictine Rule and the gardens of medieval and Renaissance households in cities and towns across Europe. I dug in, reading about the previously unimagined gardens of medieval cities, with each householder keeping their own allotment.

As I write, I'm literally digging in for spring. Intuitively, I'd already added plenty of medieval and heirloom species. But with the true urban household garden, placement is personal and fearless: garlic with verbena and marigolds, lettuces with saffron crocuses, figs with carrots and nasturtiums.

I learned location tactics based on what space I had, discovering that mixing varieties together provides a plethora of benefits, from rebuilding soil nutrients naturally to repelling pests.

Suburban gardens lost their magic long ago. They've become

an exercise in dullness: the same plants, given little care, only there for show. But it is entirely possible to build a garden that is beautiful and useful. Walk out your front door to cut lettuce for a salad, thyme and sage for the chicken, and flowers to decorate the table—much like Morris, Brother Cadfael, and every garden witch in every novel ever written has done. A little effort in watering, mulching, and weeding is all you need. Incredible results come from thinking like a Pre-Raphaelite gardener with a medieval eye.

SOURCES FOR VICTORIAN, MEDIEVAL AND FANCIFUL PLANTS:

High Country Roses – Modern and historic rose species, highly recommended. highcountryroses.com

Baker's Creek Heirloom Seeds – Older species and rare vegetables, fruits, herbs, and flowers. rareseeds.com

White Flower Farm – On the pricier side, gorgeous floral options, and also some domestic accessories like wreaths. Fantastic spring bulbs. whiteflowerfarm.com

Stark Brothers – Fruit trees and bushes, gardening supplies. I got currants and gooseberries here. starkbros.com

Pine Knot Farms – Hellebores galore. pineknotfarms.com

Burpee Seeds – Forget the ones you buy at big box stores. Ordering directly will make you happier. Wide selection, good prices, better coupons. Vegetables, fruits, flowers, herbs, you name it. burpee.com

Select Seeds – Older and heirloom varieties. I got medieval rose geranium and Victorian species here. selectseeds.com

How do you tell your varieties are truly the medieval ones? A good place to start is with this book: *Sweet Herbs and Sundry Flowers: Medieval Gardens and the Gardens of the Cloisters* by Tania Bayard. It's out of print, but you can find cheap used copies on Amazon.

MORE WORTHWHILE READING:

William Morris: Artist, Craftsman, Pioneer, R. Ormiston and N.M. Wells

Brother Cadfael's Herb Garden: An Illustrated Companion to Medieval Plants and Their Uses, Robin Whiteman

The Medieval Flower Book, Celia Fisher

Gardens of Pompeii, Annamaria Ciarallo

Botanical Shakespeare: An Illustrated Compendium of All the Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, Trees, Seeds, and Grasses Cited by the World's Greatest Playwright, Gerit Quealy

Culpeper's Complete Herbal: Over 400 Herbs and Their Uses, Nicholas Culpeper

Medieval English Gardens, Teresa McLean

The Pre-Raphaelite Language of Flowers, Debra N. Mancoff

Follow Stephanie Stewart-Howard on Instagram @stephaniogwen13.

Find Tea & Morphine on Instagram @teaandmorphine.



Photos this page © Tea & Morphine

Bohemian Beauty

by Alise Marie, *The Beauty Witch*

She enters her private quarters hurriedly, whirling in full-skirted layers to fasten shut the oaken door as silently as its brass fastenings will allow. With a firm and final turn of an iron key, her secrets are now locked inside. With a heaving sigh, she glides along a Persian carpet, stopping to discard the too-tight shoes she's been tolerating all evening—first one, then the other, each time arching her foot into the carpet with a feline stretch that reaches all the way up through her spine. Ah, but still too tight for that. The dress, heavier than she, must first be untethered. As its great confectionary folds tumble to the floor, she feels another wave passing through her. She turns to face her mirror, staring at her reflection with a look of defiance that only a woman's eyes can emanate. With a tilt of her head and a little wicked smile, she unfastens her corset, this time with force, each hook unhinged representing a piece of a former self.

Now she is laughing, the low growl of one who has suddenly found courage and wonders where it had been all along. Defiantly flinging the corset across the room, she tears away the rest of the underpinnings that veil her true nature and stands alone in the flesh. Freedom! But something still isn't quite right.

One glance back in the mirror reveals only half the wild creature she feels burning within; the face is still rouged and caked in white powder, the hair still elaborately pinned. Seating herself at her dressing table, she removes the layers to reveal skin that is dewy, alive with the willful, vibrant glow of her internal fire. Suddenly quite impatient, she unpins her hair, furiously trying to deconstruct something that had been so painstakingly created only hours ago. Or had it been years, really? *Finally*, she can shake her hair loose, run fingers through its waves with abandon, leave it to fall wherever it pleases.

Now it's time to don an entirely new kind of garment, one to caress her skin in its simplicity, one to drape her form as sensually as her hair trails its vines across her shoulders. Her feet eagerly embrace a velvet pair of poet's slippers and silently descend the tree boughs that climb to her window to meet her escape. Off into the night, where a lover awaits, she disappears. Unleashed. Unbound. Unbridled.

Evoke her feral beauty that is at once passionate, sensual, and strong—a glamour without artifice, if you

will—and one that honors your artist's spirit, your poet's heart, and your fierce intellect. A beauty that speaks its mind and lives its heart's desire.

I have conjured for spring, my darlings, three potions that capture the spirit of this bohemian beauty—each filled with beautifying nutrients, rapturous scent, and powerful magic. The Triple Goddess of Beauty this season brings together some of the sexiest among earthly delights:

Neroli The precious nectar of bitter orange tree blossoms is an ancient beauty potion for balancing oil on the skin, so it can be used effectively on all skin types. It calms redness and acts as an anti-inflammatory but also promotes cell regeneration, reduces scarring, smooths wrinkles, and adds lustre to the hair. Neroli's exotic scent calms and soothes, all the while secretly infusing you with fire and love magic.

Jasmine The Queen of the Night rules over bohemian beauty with her delicate but oh-so-heady flowers that exude an aphrodisiac scent. Ruled by the moon, she graces us with love, abundance, and protection magic. Used topically, jasmine is a moisturizer that won't clog pores and has golden power of promoting new collagen production. When applied to the hair, jasmine promotes new hair growth, smooths and detangles, imparts shine, and leaves a silky softness. These enchanted little flowers can be sipped, too, for a boost of energy, protection against degenerative disease, aid in weight loss, and a slowing of the aging process on your skin.

Rose The high priestess of beauty flowers joins us here once again. Who can ever get enough of her sorcery? Rose holds the secrets of ancient love and beauty magic and will always guide you back to your heart. Sacred to Aphrodite and Freya, she gives us cellular regeneration, antioxidants, firming, moisturizing, and fighting wrinkles.

Now let's get to peeling away the layers that dim our light, shall we? Beautiful, healthy skin shines with radiant light, and the best way to get there in springtime is by nibbling an abundant array of fresh plants, hydrating sleepy cells with pure spring water, and sloughing away tired, old skin. This masque doubles as a gentle but potent exfoliant that not only reveals fresh new skin but also *feeds* it.

Wild Child Elixir

BW Secret: It is said that red roses contain the blood of Venus. Use them liberally in your potions and rituals to charge them with her passion!



A sensual sip that will transport you to another time and place. From its lusty perfume to its exotic taste, this potion can be enjoyed warm or cold, and by all means, spike it if you like! It works well with subtly flavored spirits that won't interfere with its enchanted vibe. Here, orange flower water is used in place of neroli; it is the actual water of the bitter orange as opposed to the extract.

Wild Child Elixir

Per serving
2 tablespoons jasmine flowers, dried
1 tablespoon rose petals, dried
1 tablespoon Lapsang Souchong tea
¼ teaspoon orange flower water

First make your tea by either heating a kettle to the point of near boiling, or using room-temperature water to make an infusion, then straining. Either way, combine jasmine, rose, and Lapsang Souchong with a strong visualization of drinking in their magic, while feeling your great inner wild spirit coming alive. Imagine all the adventures to be had! Add the orange flower water last, and stir clockwise. Strain and pour into a gorgeous vessel and enjoy. Larger batches can, of course, be made ahead of time for a uniquely bohemian cocktail to serve guests, or as a welcome reprieve from your workday. *À votre santé!*

Your loose tumble of wild tendrils get an instant lift from this simple potion, infused with sorcery and shine!

Cheveux Bohème Hair mist

Yields approximately 2.5 ounces
2 ounces rose water
8 drops neroli essential oil
8 drops jasmine essential oil

Fill a 3-ounce spray bottle with rose water, then add in the essential oils one at a time. As with your facial treatment, focus on each ingredient and what it brings to the potion. See and feel beautiful, soft hair that moves sensually and smells intoxicating! Cap the spray bottle and swirl it in a clockwise motion 13 times to mingle the ingredients. To use, lightly spray your hair when wet to detangle after a wash and seal in the benefits of the oils. Use on dry hair as a refresher to tame flyaways and impart shine. I love this as a styling tool too. You can section your hair, mist each piece, and then curl with your fingers and clip to set, or braid it and allow the potion to work its magic overnight. Either way, you have gorgeous, soft, shiny waves that beckon and bewitch!



BW Secret: No time for a full beauty ritual? Not to worry. Apply your masque, then saunter into the shower. Even if it's only on for a few minutes, the steam will help it work its magic in no time at all—as if you just waved your wand!

Naked Usage Facial Masque and Exfoliant

Yields two treatments
1 teaspoon Moroccan red clay
4 drops neroli essential oil
1 to 2 teaspoons organic rose water
1 teaspoon millet flour
3 drops jasmine essential oil

Begin by mixing the red clay and millet flour together in a small bowl. Slowly add in the rose water until the consistency becomes a medium-thick paste, then drop in the essential oils, one at a time. As you add each ingredient, feel its vibration, giving thanks for the unique properties it holds. Conjure your vision of bright, glowing skin (and all the confidence that comes with it) allowing yourself to really *feel* it as you stir the potion clockwise. Apply to clean skin, massaging in a circular motion to lift away dead skin cells and stimulate fresh circulation. Moisten your fingertips with rose water if needed to make the masque glide along your skin with ease. You can add another layer of masque if you like and let it set for 15 to 20 minutes while you lie back and dream of fantastic creations! Remove by first pressing a warm, wet face cloth onto skin to loosen, then gently wipe away the masque. Rinse well and pat dry. Follow with a spritz of rose water and a few drops of rose-hip oil for maximum wattage.

Aiding and abetting out Triple Goddess here is one of my favorite masque bases, **Moroccan red clay**. This lovely gift of the earth not only draws out impurities with more strength than other clays, but it also firms skin and smooths fine lines. Joining us is the oft-forgotten **millet** flour, a humble spring grain that actually does wonders for the complexion: Loaded with vitamin E, millet heals the skin (this includes fine lines!) and acts as a protective barrier, while increasing elasticity and rejuvenating cells.

The amazing thing about this masque is how expertly it polishes the skin! You don't really feel the exfoliation due to the gentle nature of the millet, but once you rinse your skin you really see it. Pores are fine, skin is silky smooth, and your glow cannot go unnoticed. It works equally well as a pre-event ritual to dazzle, or before bedtime—you'll awaken to impeccable skin either way.



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.



Pre-Raphaelite beauty is an aesthetic that is loose and flowing: long, tendrilled wisps of hair; pallid, pink, flushed skin; elegant, unrestrained, loose-fitting gowns; lush, untamed brows. Like a garden of hothouse flowers, the beauties of the day were liberally doused with fragrant creams and unguents crafted with neroli, jasmine, and rose. Here are some modern products we love.

Odacite Marula Neroli Serum Concentrates

Neroli is renowned for relaxing the mind, an added benefit to this skin-soothing serum, which helps with elasticity, hydration, and healing. Also contains rose to regenerate skin cells and soothe broken capillaries. odacite.com

Naturopathica Neroli Clarifying Facial Oil

A fast-absorbing, purifying blend of botanical oils that help control oil and balance blemish-prone skin. With bearberry and juniper to brighten and balance combination skin. naturopathica.com

Ranavat Organic Jasmine Tonique

One of the most exquisite jasmine scents we've ever inhaled, this moisturizing hydrosol is made to refresh the skin and hair. Crafted from certified organic and steam-distilled Indian jasmine flowers, the lovely scent is calming and uplifting, guaranteed to make you feel like royalty. ranavatbotanics.com

*"He feeds upon her face by day and night,
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him,
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream."*

—Christina Rossetti

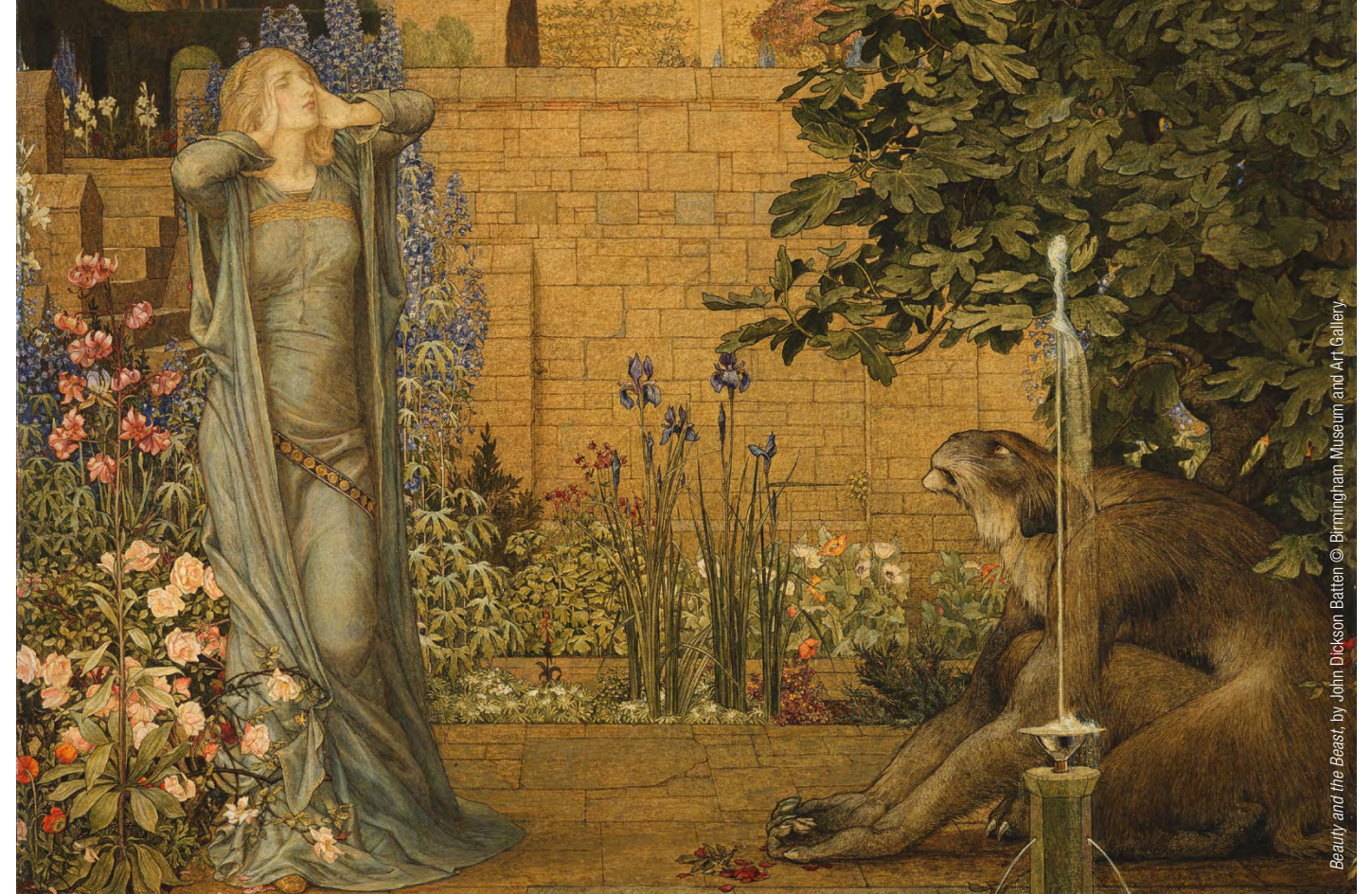
Kenza International Prickly Pear Seed Oil Rose Oil Otto Night Serum

With ingredients sourced in the Moroccan desert, this delicious organic serum is packed with antioxidants and essential fatty acids that soften lines and wrinkles, brighten dark spots, plump up and replenish the skin, and seal in moisture. It's intended as a night serum, but we use it all the time—can't get enough of this gorgeous stuff! Perfect for all skin types. kenza-international-beauty.com

Jurlique Softening Body Lotion Rose

Packed with organic botanicals grown in South Australia, with natural fragrance that smells like a bouquet of roses. This lightweight lotion also features macadamia seed and avocado oils from the Jurlique biodynamic farm, and absorbs quickly to keep skin velvety soft. jurlique.com

—Rosie Shannon



Beauty and the Beast, by John Dickson Batten © Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery

REBELLION, NATURE, AND, ABOVE ALL, BEAUTY

Where to see the world's most stunning Pre-Raphaelite works

BY JILL GLEESON

With a passion for nature and real rather than idealized notions of beauty, Britain's Pre-Raphaelites were the rebels of the cultural world in the mid-19th century. Drawing inspiration from the artistic styles and techniques of the medieval period rather than the Renaissance, the seven young men who formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood would greatly influence the upcoming Arts and Crafts and Art Nouveau movements. But their impact extended beyond the cultural, according to the curators of Harvard Art Museums' division of European and American art.

"The Pre-Raphaelite movement emerged in 1848, a year of political upheaval and revolution across Europe," the curators note. "The Brotherhood proposed radical aesthetic change that had ramifications not only in their sphere of art and culture, but also in politics and religion. Rejecting the artistic status quo, they sought to return to the ideals and collaborative practices of the Middle Ages. Within painting, they aspired to revive the techniques seen in the work of Italian artists before Raphael. Pre-Raphaelite paintings are characterized by their rejection of academic compositional structure and their embrace of vividly chromatic palettes and a compression of space within the picture plane."

Renouncing the Victorian era's conservatism, and the British Royal Academy's preference for the period's aesthetics and its teaching methods, the Brotherhood was also responding to "the industrialization of Great Britain in the 19th century," says Nevada Museum of Art senior curator and deputy director Ann M. Wolfe. "In response to those new industrial technologies, artists of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were asking, 'How do we return beauty, honesty, and the handmade to the fine arts?'"

For five decades, until the movement fell out of fashion around the turn of the century, the Pre-Raphaelites managed to do just that, creating moody, introspective art rendered in a hyper-realistic style, filled with romance, sexual longing, and an obsession with female beauty. The finest examples of their work are found primarily in England, foremost at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery, as well as London's Victoria and Albert Museum. The Delaware Art Museum owns the finest Pre-Raphaelite collection in the U.S.; the Museum of Fine Art in Boston and Harvard's Fogg Museum also boast notable examples from the movement. All are worth a long, lingering visit, as is the "Victorian Radicals" show touring the country, featuring art on loan from Birmingham's collection.

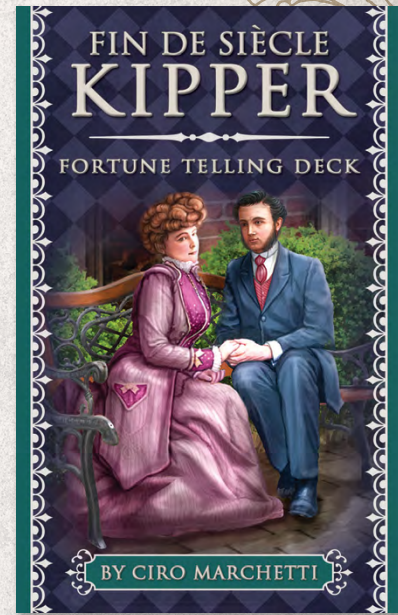
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Delaware Art Museum

Wilmington, Delaware

For Americans, any serious look at the Pre-Raphaelites must begin at the Delaware Art Museum in Wilmington. It's home to the largest collection of such art outside Britain: a magnificent mix of paintings, drawings, decorative arts, and photographs totaling more than 150 works.

"The collection was the result of the passion of Samuel Bancroft, a Wilmingtonian, who ... traveled back and forth to the U.K. for business and fell in love with the art of the Pre-Raphaelites," says Margaretta S. Frederick, the Annette Woolard-Provine curator of the Bancroft Collection. "He purchased his first Pre-Raphaelite painting, Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Water Willow*, in 1890 and continued to collect until his death in 1915."

Some of the museum's more stunning pieces include Rossetti's *La Bella Mano*, a richly rendered portrait of a young woman—perhaps Venus, the personification of love—washing her hands with two Cupids in attendance. The Brotherhood's devotion to vivid, vibrant colors is very much in evidence, as is their use of intricate detail, seen especially in the depiction of the woman's jewelry. Other notable works at the museum include Edward Burne-Jones's rich, dense *The Council Chamber*, painted over the course of two decades and inspired by the tale of Sleeping Beauty.

There's much more to see from the Pre-Raphaelites at the Delaware Art Museum, and art lovers flock there to do so, says the institution's chief operating officer Molly Giordano. "Visitor favorites include *Found* and *Lady Lilith* by Dante Gabriel Rossetti—both of which are frequently featured in international exhibitions—and *Love's Messenger* by Marie Spartali Stillman," she says. "Visitors from all over the world travel here to catch a glimpse of this stunning collection in person."

Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery

Birmingham, England

Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery holds the globe's most important collection of Pre-Raphaelite art, boasting some 3,000 pieces ranging from paintings to decorative art and design, drawings, and prints. Rossetti's protégé, Edward Burne-Jones, who was born in Birmingham, gets the museum's royal treatment; it holds more of his work than any other institution, including both recent acquisitions as well as the epic watercolor *The Star of Bethlehem*, which was commissioned by the city of Birmingham for the museum in 1887.

The Star of Bethlehem, along with Ford Madox Brown's *The Last of England*, which depicts emigrants leaving the country for Australia, represent a few of the favorite Pre-Raphaelite works currently in residence at Birmingham. About 200 pieces of the institution's collection are touring the U.S. through early 2021. While there is still much worthy art to see there, fans of the Brotherhood would do better visiting after the heart of the museum's collection returns home.

Victorian Radicals: From the Pre-Raphaelites to the Arts & Crafts Movement

Yale Center for British Art, New Haven, CT

February 13–May 10, 2020

Nevada Museum of Art, Reno, NV

June 20–September 13, 2020

The Frick Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, PA

October 29, 2020–January 24, 2021

This show-stopping exhibit from Birmingham Museums Trust, in partnership with the American Federation of Arts, give audiences a look at the work of "Victorian rebels who overturned every convention about how to paint and how to live," says guest curator Tim Barringer, Paul Mellon professor and chair of the history of art at Yale University. "Their works are vibrant in color, and often challenging in subject matter; they deal with issues from modern life and from ancient mythology that horrified mainstream Victorian taste. Their visual appeal has never been stronger than it is today—especially to a generation growing up with Tolkien movies and *Game of Thrones*."

According to Sarah Hall, chief curator and director of collections for The Frick Pittsburgh, exhibit visitors should especially keep an eye open for "iconic" paintings like John Everett Millais's *The Blind Girl*, Brown's *The Pretty Baa-Lambs and Work*, Arthur Hughes's *The Long Engagement*, and Rossetti's *Beata Beatrix*. Art from "just about every major practitioner in the style" makes an appearance, she says, with contributions from Burne-Jones, Frederick Sandys, William Holman Hunt, and William Morris.

"There are examples of decorative arts, clothing, stained glass, and other items from the development and spread of the movement's aesthetics and ideals," Hall says. "What visitors will experience is a real immersion in this time period: major, beautiful and thought-provoking paintings, and complementary examples of metalwork, ceramics, jewelry, and other items that help give a better understanding of why these artists were radicals and what their legacy is today."

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Boston, Massachusetts

Along with the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, home to the exceptional Rossetti panel *Love's Greeting*, the Museum of Fine Arts is a crucial stop in any Brotherhood-based tour of the Boston area. While Harvard's Fogg Museum offers a far deeper collection, MFA's small but exquisite assemblage of Pre-Raphaelite art is nonetheless breathtaking. Among the more crucial works is Rossetti's *Bocca Baciata*. It was the first of his paintings featuring a seated, deeply sensuous female figure, a style which would come to define his work. Less voluptuous but more whimsical is William J. Webb's charming *Rabbit Amid Ferns and Flowering Plants*. The museum also features a number of Burne-Jones's pieces, including *Hope*, which depicts Virtue in chains, reaching for the sky.



Above and clockwise: *Cinderella*, 1863, Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, Museum of Fine Arts Boston. *The Chamberlain Casket*, 1903, Henry Wilson. *Peacock vase*, 1885, designed by William Frend De Morgan, manufactured by Merton Abbey Pottery. *Garden of the Hesperides* chest, 1887–88, Edward Burne-Jones, built by Charles Lumley, molded and gilded by Osmund Weeks. Courtesy American Federation of Arts, © Birmingham Museums Trust.

Victoria and Albert Museum

London, England

The V&A is chock full of fine Pre-Raphaelite paintings and decorative arts, including furniture, book illustrations, and more. It also contains numerous rare sketches and photographs, like preparatory drawings for Burne-Jones's *Cupid's Hunting*. One of the most prominent paintings is Rossetti's haunting oil on canvas, *The Day Dream*, originally named *Monna Primavera*. It features frequent Rossetti subject Jane Morris seated in a sycamore tree and holding honeysuckle. A Victorian love token, the honeysuckle was rumored to be a nod to their secret affair.

Fogg Museum

Cambridge, Massachusetts

The blockbuster collection of Pre-Raphaelite art at Harvard University's Fogg Museum comes courtesy of Grenville Winthrop, who began amassing paintings and works on paper from Rossetti, Millais, Hunt, Burne-Jones, Brown, Simeon Solomon, Albert Moore, and George Frederick Watts at the beginning of the 20th century. Despite pressure to bequeath his

collection to the National Gallery of Art, Winthrop left it to his alma mater in 1943.

The curators of Harvard Art Museums' division of European and American art recommend visitors pay special attention to Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel* and *A Sea Spell*, two paintings they note are "based on the artist's own poems and featuring the model Alexa Wilding. Ford Madox Brown's *Self-Portrait*, one of only two self-portraits in oil that the artist completed, is among the most arresting portraits to emerge from the period."

And, they add, "a highlight of the collection includes the works on paper—watercolor, charcoal, chalk, and ink drawings—some of which were made as preparatory studies for well-known oils. While these light-sensitive works are not always on view in the galleries, visitors may see these drawings by appointment."

In November 2020, the museum will open a small installation of rarely exhibited drawings by Simeon Solomon, which will run through April 2021.



Follow Jill Gleeson at gleesonreboots.com.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENTLEMEN

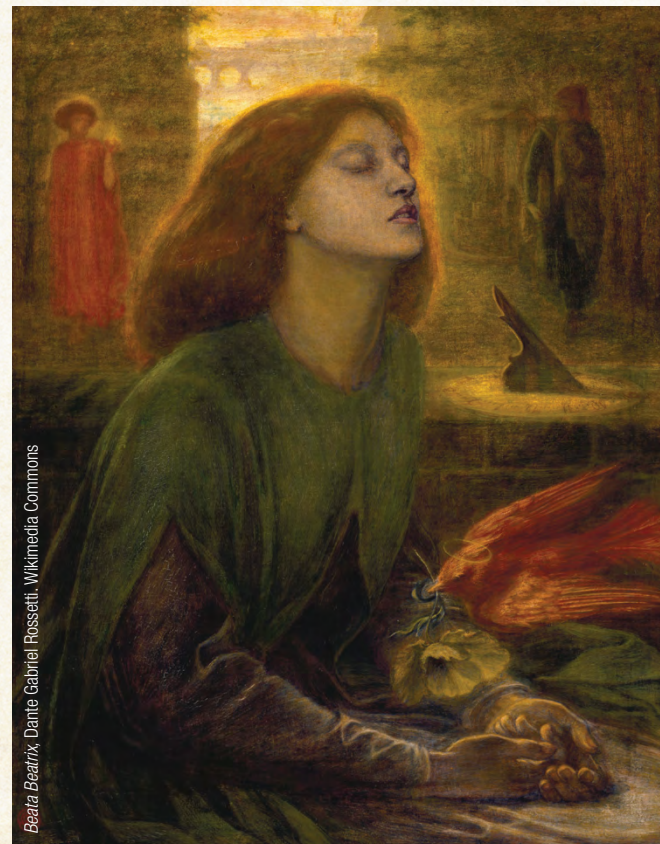
EPHEMERA AND APOCRYPHA FROM THE NOTES OF TIMOTHY SCHAFFERT, ESQ.

MADDER AND WOAD: COLOR AND THE VICTORIANS

“Down with the pretty ladies of the old school! Down with the old masters! Away with the pretty ladies!”

Ken Russell’s *Dante’s Inferno* (1967), a BBC biopic of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, features rebels building a bonfire of classical paintings, prancing among the flames with torches, shouting their dismissal of the elegant women who modeled for the masters. But the film opens with the exhumation of Rossetti’s own pretty lady, his dead wife and fellow artist, Lizzie Siddal, a hand reaching in among the skeleton’s wild locks of hair to retrieve the pages of Rossetti’s poetry he’d had buried with her in his time of mourning. (Seven years after Rossetti abandoned his poems thusly, he allowed his literary agent to secretly dig her up to pluck the manuscript from the pillow of Siddal’s coffin; to Rossetti’s disappointment, the pages were decayed and falling apart, worms having devoured some of his favorite lines from his poem “Jenny,” about a prostitute.)

While *Dante’s Inferno* was filmed in black and white, the history of the Pre-Raphaelites, and so much of Victorian-era artistry,



Beata Beatriz, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Wikimedia Commons

seems to me steeped in color. It seems also steeped in death and romance (preoccupied, especially, with the romantic decline of women). Arsenic, lead, earth, ash, poison—all of it a palette for portraits of beauty by mortals summoning spirits with paint and pigment.

By some accounts, Siddal was addicted not only to laudanum (the drug that killed her) but to an arsenical face powder she used cosmetically. And arsenical paints were irresistible to not only Victorian artists but anyone seeking to commune with the extremities of color. One of the most comprehensive books on color from the era, *Chromatography; Or, a Treatise on Colours and Pigments*, by George Field, includes a warning with its recommendation of Arsenic Yellow: “It must not be forgotten

that it is poisonous.”

Arsenic as a Domestic Poison, by Edward S. Wood, M.D. (1885) explores the medical statutes of various countries in its approach to arsenical paints. In Russia: “The employment of substances

injurious to health for coloring articles of food and sweetmeats, such as comfits and gingerbread, marmalade, pastille ices, etc., shall be entirely prohibited.” However, it does allow for some industrial uses of arsenic paint, when beautification is of high necessity: “exception to these rules shall only be made in favor of wall-paper, and for tissues in which the patterns, flowers, leaves, moths, stripes, etc., are alone traced in arsenical paint on a more extensive ground of non-arsenical coloring matter.”

A prolific author of parenting guides, Pye Henry Chavasse, makes sure to repeat his warnings about arsenical paint in many of his books, including *Wife and Mother; or, Information for Every Woman*, and *Advice to a Wife on the Management of Her Own Health and on the Treatment of Some of the Complaints Incidental to Pregnancy, Labour, and Suckling*. In his *The Physical Training of Children* (1875), he writes of the dangers of these sucklings sucking paint:

“Children’s paint-boxes are very dangerous toys for a child to play with: many of the paints are poisonous, containing arsenic, lead, gamboge, etc., and a child, when painting, is apt to put the brush into his mouth, to absorb the superabundant fluid. Of all the colors, the green paint is the most dangerous, as it is frequently composed of arsenite of copper—arsenic and copper—two deadly poisons.” He concludes the section with this helpful advice: “There are some paint-boxes warranted not to contain a particle of poison of any kind: these ought, for a child, to be chosen by a mother.”

The lead in paint even led to a common diagnosis, something called “painter’s colic,” a deathly condition affecting artists, trapped in their musty garrets, breathing in the toxic fumes of their paints. Pre-Raphaelite hanger-on James McNeill Whistler is said to have suffered from painter’s colic for a time, which certainly didn’t subdue his *Harmony in Blue and Gold*, otherwise known as the “Peacock Room,” an extravagant, richly imagined interior design and mural project.

The writer Lord Ronald Gower (who is believed to be Oscar Wilde’s inspiration for the character Lord Henry Wotton in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*) wrote about the Peacock Room for *Vanity Fair*, under the pen name Talon Rouge, while Whistler was still at work on the project in 1877: “I pity those who may have to look forward to a long succession of meals in this room of harmony. One could not feed on ordinary food in such a room. Perhaps locusts and wild honey might be allowed, but then comes the question of the apparel to be worn on these solemn occasions. I know only of one ladies’ costume which would not interfere with the gold and blue around and above, and that dress (including a hat) is composed entirely of peacock feathers, but I fear it has moulted long ago.”

But color in the 19th century wasn’t always fatalistic and melodramatic; it was often quite quiet, and even poetical. Artists’ manuals of the day describe paints and pigments derived from such things as “the inspissated juice of buckthorn berries,” from volcano ash dug up from the earth, from cuttlefish, horse

chestnuts, the juice of the leek, from rue, parsley, columbine, and black nightshade, from the bones of pigs, stags, and oxen, and the stones of peaches.

“A pigment known as ‘purree’ or Indian yellow is produced in Monghyr from the urine of horned cattle fed on decayed and yellow mango leaves,” according to *Animal Products: Their Preparation, Commercial Uses, and Value* (1877).

A writer credited as Mrs. Merrifield, author of *Original Treatises Dating from the XIIth to XVIIth Centuries, on the Arts of Painting* (1849), describes the pigment kermes as derived from “the dead bodies of the female insect of the coccus ilicis, which lives upon the leaves of the prickly oak.”

Mrs. Merrifield seems to perfectly capture the Pre-Raphaelite inspiration to marry art and environment in this cityscape: “The colour called *Venetian red* is procured from Verona. Besides its use in painting, this earth was formerly much employed in making the bricks of which many of the old buildings of Venice are constructed. The fine colour of these bricks, heightened perhaps by their contrast with the green waters of the narrow canals, can scarcely have escaped the observation of travellers.”



Find Timothy Schaffert at timothyschaffert.com.



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Persephone's
MIRROR GLAZE CAKE

Few Ancient Greek characters capture my imagination quite so much as Persephone, a goddess of springtime and fertility and growth. As the tales go, the god of the underworld, Hades, was stuck by Persephone's beauty as she was out gathering flowers one day and picked her up on his chariot to carry her down into his world of darkness. Her mother Demeter was so distraught at her daughter's disappearance that she stopped the land from growing in her daughter's absence. Eventually, the gods released Persephone back into the upper world, but not before clever Hades had placed a flavorful kernel of a pomegranate in her mouth, knowing its divine taste would compel her to return to him. So she does, for about one third of the year, leaving the world above her in winter until her return in the spring.

This tale has been interpreted in many different ways over the years. Perhaps Persephone was kidnapped and held in the underworld against her will, following only the instructions of the gods that held her fate. Perhaps she chose the unknown of the underworld over the world she'd come to know above, leaving her innocence behind for a grand adventure. But I like to believe that Hades and Persephone had a complex but beautiful relationship—she knowing not to lose herself in it, and he allowing her the freedom not to. It's a bit like the long-distance relationships of today, balancing career and purpose with love and time together. Every individual relationship is different; perhaps these two ancient lovers just found the balance that worked best for them. Lucky for us that they did, and we can rely on Persephone's annual return to the upper world to signal the start of our springtime!

But before she goes, I bet she and Hades have one last sumptuous feast in their underworld home, filled with the fruit that tempted her to stay. Pomegranate-glazed roasts, bright salads with the glistening seeds on top, and, of course, some elegant and delicious dessert to give her a taste of what she'll be missing. There's only one way to finish a lavish goodbye feast on such a sweet note, and that is with this gorgeous glisteningly red mirror-glaze cake. It's filled with a rich chocolate pomegranate cake and a light and floral pomegranate rose mousse with a bit of tartness to counteract its floral and rich flavors. Total contrasts, married perfectly ... just like the relationship of a couple of Greek gods we know.

Did you know that we perceive red foods as tasting sweeter? According to studies by the researcher Charles Spence, foods served on red plates taste sweeter than the same things served on, say, green plates. Or white ones. It's likely an evolutionary trait leftover from the days that our hunter-gatherer ancestors looked for the sweetest berries, at that perfect scarlet red that indicates ripeness, as opposed to the smaller, harder, and sour unripe berries next to them. Exchanging red cards during the month of love really does show someone you are "sweet" on them. And with that note, this is what I think Hades would write on his goodbye valentine to Persephone:

*I miss you when you leave, my dear
I eat the fruit that kept you here
And dream of your scarlet lips
This room still carries your scent of rose
The perfume of flowers soaking into my clothes
Though spring is a foreign thing, to me
In this damp I wait eagerly
For you to return home to me
With stories of the light*



Please visit enchantedivingmagazine.com and/or thewondersmith.com/blog/persephone to find the recipe to make your own mirror-glaze cake.

by The Wondersmith

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 gives through invites hidden in public places!). Visit her online at thewondersmith.com.

*Pre-Raphaelite Romance
and Refined Revelry*

THE GOWNS OF JOANNE FLEMING

by Jill Gleeson

Photography by Jo Bradbury Photography



*When the
faded shades float
and glow
Without the touch of
the light
I've felt the faded
and the best
We need the shadows
with you*

Joanne Fleming's sensibilities are not a surprise. The British designer's sumptuous, sensual wedding and evening gowns appear nothing so much as the costumes created in the mind eye's during a particular lush and fanciful fever dream. Perhaps even the kind of vision experienced under an enchanted slumber, like that of Sleeping Beauty's—filtered through the imagination of Pre-Raphaelite painter Edward Burne-Jones. His *Legend of Briar Rose* series helped inspire the recent shoot of Fleming's work seen on these pages. Fleming communicates like she designs, in a rich panoply of evocative images, ethereal and lovely. Her words betray a way of seeing the world both poetic and a bit archaic, informed by a devotion to beauty and chivalric love.

To wit: asked when her fondness for the work of the Pre-Raphaelites began, she answers in language as delicious as the cakes by Elizabeth Solaru featured in these *Briar Rose* images must taste. "I date my early enthrallment to the Pre-Raphaelites right back to infant school days when I used to gaze at the print of Waterhouse's *The Lady of Shalott* on the hall wall during interminable school assemblies," she replies. "And I've found them a recurring inspiration to varying degrees in the intervening years. At first it was just the paintings themselves that I found entrancing, but during my late teens I remember picking up a book in the library, a biography of Algernon Swinburne prompted by the extremely flattering cover portrait of Swinburne by Rossetti."

Swinburne, she goes on to explain, "was really one of the earliest proponents of the idea of 'art for art's sake,' and was right at the center of the new ideas and philosophies swirling around the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. As is the way with early love affairs, we drifted apart for a while, but the passion was reignited by a visit to 'The Cult of Beauty' exhibition at the V&A Museum ten years ago, a major exploration of the Aesthetic Movement of the 1890s in which of course the Pre-Raphaelites played a starring role. Seeing those jewel-bright romantic visions again in the flesh brought all the old feelings flooding back, and I've remained smitten ever since."

How wonderful it must be to take tea with Fleming—or simply to sit clarifying wedding-gown concepts with her in her studio showroom in Brighton, a city on England's south coast, which she calls a "fashionable Georgian watering hole ... with the glorious early 19th century Royal Pavilion, which sits in the center like an exotic Taj Mahal-themed wedding cake, all domes and turrets and gilded interiors. It is an inspiring place to live ... Clifford Musgrave, director of the Royal Pavilion Estate said of the city in 1951, 'But the atmosphere of Brighton is, more than any other English town, like that of a continental city, with a spirit of elegance and gaiety, and the promise of delight.' "

Much like, it can be assumed, Fleming herself. The designer came of age in England's West Country, attending a girls' school in Bath, famed for its historic Roman baths and Georgian architecture. Fleming credits the school uniform's purple cloak with a pixie hood for encouraging her "early delight in dressing up and looking different," a proclivity no doubt furthered by afternoons spent wandering the city's Fashion Museum. Despite a brief "flirtation" with biochemistry during her studies at Bristol University, Fleming says "a growing fascination with making extravagant clothes in which to swagger around town from whatever fabrics I could salvage (there was not a pair of velvet curtains in the city safe from my appraising eye) led me to abandon the academic life for the uncertain vagaries of the fashionable life."

Velvet remains a favored fabric for Fleming, along with oceans of gauzy, graceful chiffon and embroidered silk organza, the most delicate of lace sourced from French purveyors, and great, frothy clouds of tulle. To these decadent fabrics Fleming may hand-sew embellishments on as luxurious as ostrich feathers, Swarovski crystals, or even freshwater pearls. Each gown produced by Fleming's label—which she founded in 2006, in a tiny garret studio in Brighton's back streets—is made by Fleming herself, occasionally with a local artisan adding ornamentation. Despite this pedigree, Fleming's work is surprisingly affordable, with some of her most popular styles (though no two gowns are ever alike) beginning at just £1,500 to £2,000. While a number of in-house fittings are usually part of the process, she will happily work with clients from the U.S. who can't make it to her studio.

Of course, clients benefit from meeting with Fleming in the flesh, not only for the opportunity to have the designer take measurements herself but simply for the pleasure of her singular company. "I love working with all my clients," she says, "and am fortunate that these days people have done their research and tend to approach me as they share a similar aesthetic and are not looking for a very traditional wedding gown. They are predisposed to like my signature style, so I get to indulge my natural inclinations toward the romantic. I have a very detailed approach toward working with them to create something that will make them feel like the most beautiful version of themselves and also that they are connected to a long tradition of craftsmanship stretching back through the years. It is my hope that their gown will in its turn get passed onto future generations and will become a precious heirloom."



To see more of Joanne Fleming's work, visit joaneflemingdesign.com.
Follow Jill Gleeson at gleesonreboots.com.



Planning, Styling, and Props: *Joanne Fleming and Elizabeth Solaru* Venue: *Michelham Priory* Photography: *Jo Bradbury Photography*
Cakes: *Elizabeth's Cake Emporium* Floral Design: *Alice Calcasola-van der List, All in One Season* Candelabras, Gold Glass Bowls, and Cherub Holders: *Wedding Day Hire*
Hair: *Simply Beautiful Wedding Hair* Makeup: *Harriet Rainbow* Stationery: *Crimson Letters* Shoes: *Coast and Koi* Accessories: *HF Couture*
Gemstone Rings: *London Victorian Ring Co.* Gold Rings: *Lotta Djossou* Tablecloths: *Over the Top Rentals* Models: *Emily, Isabella, Selina from MK Model Management*







Edward Burne-Jones
The Briar Wood from the *Legend of Briar Rose*
Photography by Jen Parrish-Hill

THE ALCHEMY OF *Parrish Relics*

by Stephanie Graham Piña

“Go to nature in all singleness of heart ... rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth.” —John Ruskin, *Modern Painters Vol. II* (1846)

Jen Parrish-Hill lives in accordance with Ruskin’s advice, going to nature in all singleness of heart. Her home, Frog Hollow, sits nestled within a lush green forest where her particular brand of alchemy is conjured and spells are woven, creating Parrish Relics, jewelry that speaks to the soul.

During the Industrial Revolution, the Pre-Raphaelite artists urged society to look to the past, to emulate craftsmanship of an age prior to mass commercial production. This led to the Arts and Crafts movement, most notably seen in the formation of Morris & Co. by artist William Morris and such associates as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, and Charles Faulkner. Morris also helmed Kelmscott Press, where he pursued his vision to create exquisitely crafted books.

One of those books, the *Kelmscott Chaucer*, was famously described by Burne-Jones as a “pocket cathedral.” It’s an apt description, given the painstaking devotion Morris gave to each element of his books. As the architect of these “cathedrals,” Morris constructed each Kelmscott Press book as an example of harmonious typography and illustration. His choice of typeface, balanced margins, and woodcut illustrations all work in tandem to create his signature ornamental pages. In those volumes, appreciative bibliophiles discover the majesty and inspiration of a Gothic cathedral.

A Parrish Relic has the same sacred feel to me as the purity of Morris’s pocket cathedral. It’s more than a mere ornament; it’s the genesis of an heirloom. Parrish-Hill’s research, technique, and her chosen motifs all encapsulate the spirit of Arts and Crafts innovation and handiwork.

Like the jewelry of the 19th century that absorbed inspiration from multiple periods, Parrish Relics has a stylistic eclecticism. Yet there is a continuity to it, an instantly recognizable fingerprint, unmistakably forged from the essence of Parrish-Hill’s signature magic. Parrish-Hill is a modern Pre-Raphaelite, painstakingly handcrafting her jewelry, paying as

much attention to detail as John Everett Millais did in his iconic depiction of Shakespeare’s Ophelia, crafting each petal and leaf with exacting botanical faithfulness.

Her aesthetic evokes an air of otherworldly magic and fantasy. The fact that one of her necklaces was used in the film *Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix* is a true artistic marriage of perfection. A shop filled with Parrish Relics creations is exactly what I’d expect to find if I could window-shop my way through Diagon Alley. Beyond Harry Potter, Parrish Relics have also adorned the likes of celebrities Cher and Alyssa Milano, two women known for charting unique courses when it comes to fashion.

Parrish-Hill’s historical chops were center stage on the hit ABC television series *Ugly Betty*, via the replica she created of Anne Boleyn’s famous initial *B* necklace. That necklace has long been synonymous with the slain queen consort of King Henry VIII, but it became a pop culture symbol when worn by the quirky and delightful misfit Betty Suarez. The bold *B*, with its cascade of three perfect pearls, is now as recognizable a symbol of a spunky female-driven television classic as Mary Richards’s *M* on her apartment wall in *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*.

For Tate Britain’s recent Burne-Jones exhibition, Parrish-Hill created limited-edition stained-glass amulets, pictorial pendants, and earrings that were sold exclusively in its gift shop and,

unsurprisingly, sold out before the exhibition’s end. Drawing inspiration from the *Spes* and *Fides* (Hope and Faith) windows designed by Burne-Jones for Oxford’s Christ Church Cathedral, Parrish-Hill crafted stained-glass pendants honoring the same richness of hue and tone. The shape of each pendant mirrors the Oxford windows precisely, allowing wearers to drape themselves with a Pre-Raphaelite work.

The word *shrine* denotes something sacred and set apart. It is perfect for Parrish-Hill’s Pictorial Shrine Amulets that celebrate the beautiful women in Burne-Jones’s painting *The Golden Stairs*. These were also featured at the



Jewelry Photography
by Jen Parrish-Hill





*Photography by Joy Marshall
The Witching Hour Photography*



*Model: Tatiana Pimentel
Location: Frog Hollow*



Tate. The compelling and enigmatic painting is a masterpiece of color and mood but presents no particular narrative; it's an image of eighteen young women descending a spiral staircase, dressed in diaphanous gowns and carrying musical instruments.

With her limited-edition pieces, Parrish-Hill shone a light on the atmospheric beauty and captivating faces depicted in *The Golden Stairs*. The painting portrays a mixture of poses; some women look down, while others gaze to the left or right. Parrish-Hill's Shrine pieces allow individual wearers to identify with different aspects of these women, liberating them from the canvas and allowing them to move about in our world.

The jewelry with which we choose to embellish ourselves speaks volumes. To embrace a Parrish Relics piece is to gravitate toward meaning and sentiment, reflecting our innermost feelings, special memories, or symbols that resonate within us.

Following Parrish Relics on social media is a charming experience. Intricately crafted works are displayed on parchment or historically themed images. A stained-glass amulet the color of a crystalline sky sways in the wind. It's a rhythmic dance that hypnotizes, sending the message that this piece is no mere bauble. A carefully placed medallion on an emerald bed of moss appears infused with some vibrant sense of the forest that birthed it: the green world of Frog Hollow, willed into existence by a modern Pre-Raphaelite mind, crafted into a prize of bohemian elegance.

Parrish-Hill's jewelry is often posted with lines of poetry, similar to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's penchant for writing sonnets to accompany his paintings. The thoughtful presentation creates a synthesis of nature and art. That's when you realize that Parrish-Hill isn't merely peddling product. She's sharing herself.

In a recent post, she introduced part of her new collection, the Lapin, Renard et Fleur amulet. It's a sweet and poignant pendant featuring a fox from *The Lady and the Unicorn* tapestries at the Musée de Cluny in Paris. A portion of the proceeds goes to the group The Fur-Bearers, whose aim is to end the commercial fur trade and promote co-existence with wildlife.

Seeing the fox as a kindred spirit, Parrish-Hill gave him a shy rabbit as a companion. In describing the design, she shares an inner struggle: "Maybe it is because I deal with social anxiety that I looked at the fox from that medieval tapestry with such deep emotion and brought him a friend." There is strength in that kind of vulnerability.

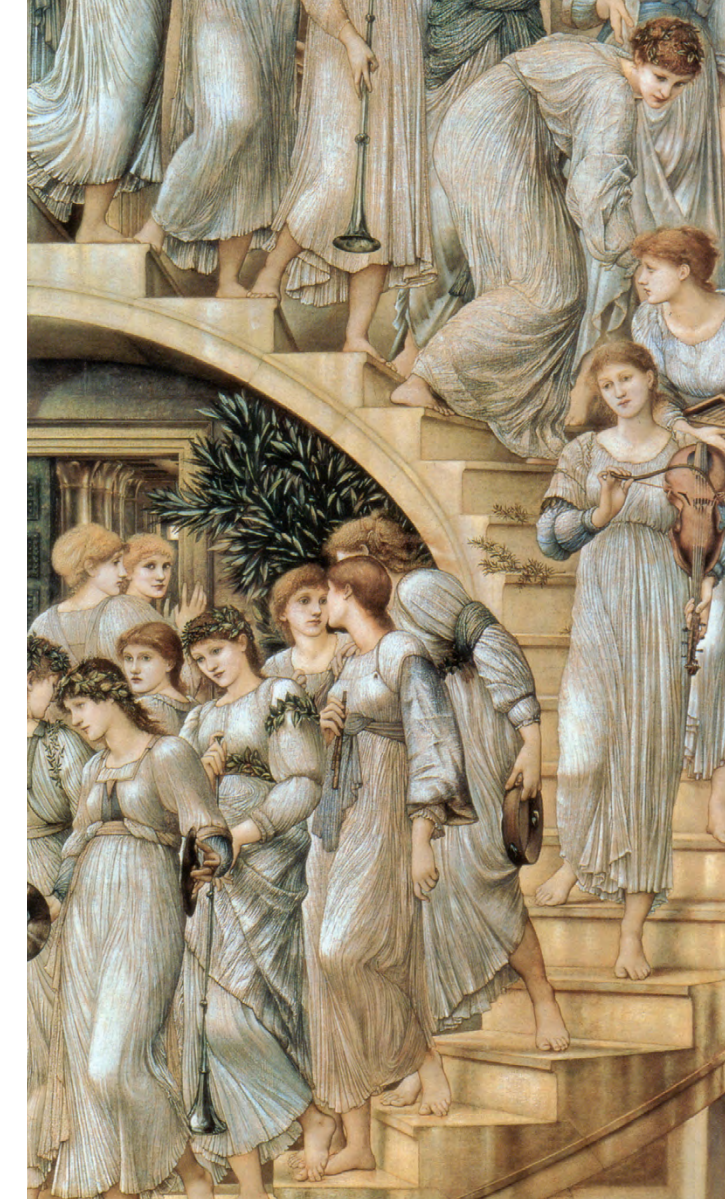
Devotion to nature and animals is seamlessly integrated into her work and how she chooses to run her company. Her ethics are as important to the existence of Parrish Relics as her choice of materials or subject matter.

Parrish-Hill shares not only her work with the world but also her heart.



Find Parrish Relics jewelry online at parrishrelics.com.

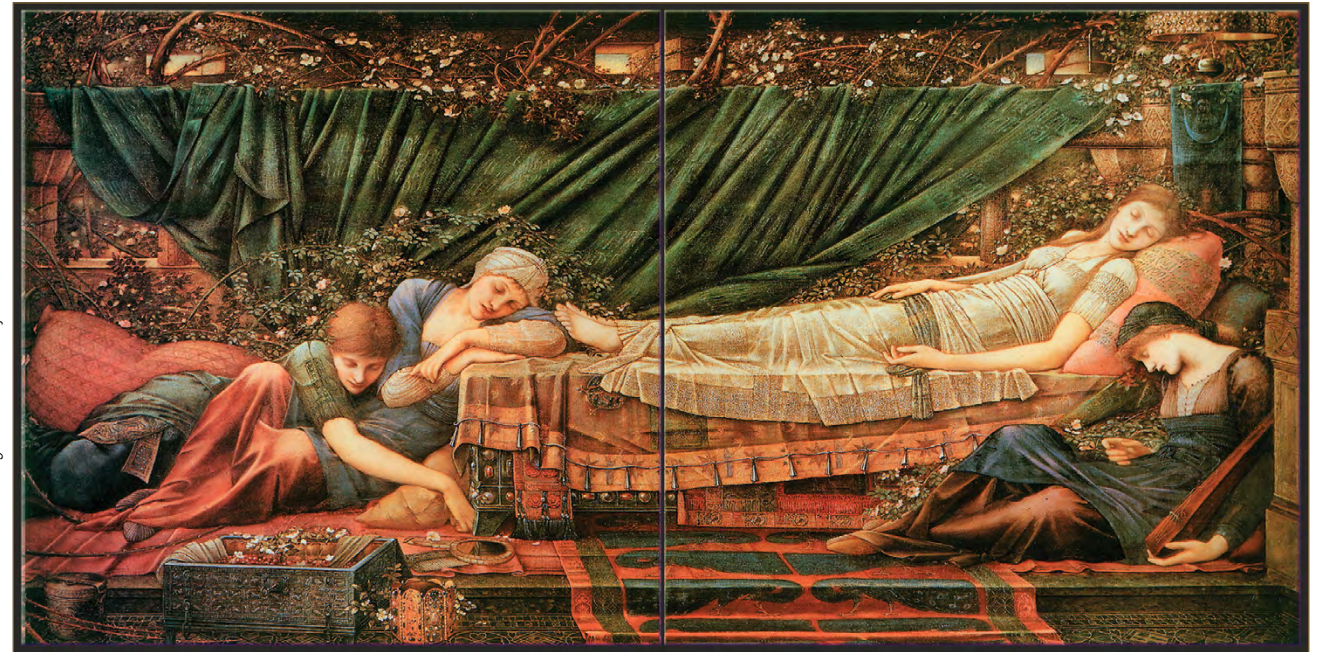
Follow Stephanie Graham Piña on Instagram @preraphaelitesisterhood.
Joy Marshall can be found on Instagram @thewitchinghourphotography.





PRE-RAPHAELITE HOME DESIGN *by Rona Berg*

The Rose Bower from *The Legend of Briar Rose* by Edward Burne-Jones



“HAVE NOTHING IN YOUR HOUSE THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW TO BE USEFUL,
OR BELIEVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL.” —WILLIAM MORRIS

In the second half of the 19th century, the group of British artists known as the Pre-Raphaelites breathed new life into the art and design world with their paintings, tapestries, drawings, furniture, ceramics, stained glass, textiles, and book illustrations. They started out as a small, secret society that chafed against the artistic constraints of the day and went on to gain fame and adulation—and legions of acolytes—for their gorgeously detailed aesthetic.

Many Pre-Raphaelite works were imbued with a strong sense of movement and flow and were influenced by nature and natural surroundings. Artists like Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti created exquisitely detailed, vivid, refined designs, inspired by medieval and early Renaissance art from before the time of Raphael—hence the name. Here are some of our favorite finds that will bring a Pre-Raphaelite flair into your home.

William Morris Tile

This U.S. tile company specializes in British Arts & Crafts, also known as “the Decorative Arts Wing of the Pre-Raphaelite movement,” with designs by William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William De Morgan, and Edward Burne-Jones, whose *Rose Bower* from his *Briar Rose* painting series appears above. Each panel is available as a single two-tile panel, or the complete series on a set of four two-tile panels. williammorristile.com

Spoonflower Wallpaper

Wallpaper is having a comeback, and it is rare to find any as lovely as these made-to-order patterns inspired by William Morris’s designs such as *Pimpernel*, *Honeysuckle*, and, of course, the *Strawberry Thief*. This water-activated, easy-to-apply removable wallpaper adds a gorgeously intricate pop of color and interest to any room. spoonflower.com

Edward Burne-Jones Merlin Floor Pillow

Designed by Alexandra Dahl and featuring famous works by Burne-Jones, like *Merlin*, these floor pillows are not only lovely to look at; they are commodious and comfortable. Custom-printed, with a concealed zip opening for a clean look and easy care, they add a great option for extra seating—and a touch of gorgeousness—to any room. redbubble.com

The William Morris Society Shop

The U.K.-based William Morris Society shop is one-stop shopping for anyone who adores William Morris and Pre-Raphaelite design. Here you can bury yourself in books, bags, jewelry, embroidery kits, and art based on the Pre-Raphaelite master. Plus, purchases go toward supporting educational programs, exhibits, events, and curation of the Society’s collection. The shop also carries other handmade crafts made by British artisans. williammorrisocietyshop.com

Woodpecker Tapestry Footstool

Scully and Scully features a wide range of gorgeous tapestry footstools with William Morris patterns, but our favorite is the *Woodpecker*. It’s the perfect size, and features a solid beech frame and round legs with antiqued brass studding. scullyandscully.com

Wentworth Puzzles

For anyone who is addicted to puzzles—and the Arts & Crafts movement—these exquisitely detailed, top-quality, laser-cut jigsaw puzzles, drawn from famous William Morris tapestries, are a great gift. We love *The Hare*, set in a scenic background and made from sustainably sourced wood. wentworthpuzzles.com



Follow Rona Berg on Instagram @ronaberg

ON THE EDGES NO MORE— WOMEN, MAGIC, AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES

by Briana Saussy

They say she was then struck with feverish madness.

If she was, it was an odd sort of madness, for she knew exactly what she needed to do, with an unearthly clarity of mind and steadiness of hand. After Jason left, she ordered the servants to gather plants and herbs that she needed for the project. Working the night away, she wove a resplendent gift for the new bride, a lovely brightly colored gown, with the most intricate of patterns, something to rival the most divine of weavers.

By the break of dawn, the textile had been finished, and a messenger along with her two boys ran swiftly to the new bride with the bright gifts. No one in Medea's household suspected what was to come...

So goes my telling of the story of Medea in my year-long course on magic and story, Spinning Gold. I tell it from the point of view of the sword she uses for her fateful act, an approach that helps open some avenues of interpretation ordinarily hidden from view. But that lovely gown? Threaded with a deadly flesh-eating poison and just as deadly as the sword if not more so. It's a story I tell again and again each year to my students and one that never loses its verve, for me or for them.

I've long been captivated by the story of Medea, first encountering it in my studies in classics during my college years. The tragedy by Euripides is my primary source material. The story most powerfully represents an injustice that women through the ages have experienced at the hands of men—but all too often have not had the power to amend.

The tale of Medea is one of a woman spurned who also happens to be a witch. And because she is a sorceress of not inconsiderable magic, she refuses to go quietly into the dark night, refuses to be casually cast aside, demurely exit stage left, never to be heard from again. Medea's heroism is that she refuses to back down in her quest for justice and resorts to the



most extreme lengths to right the wrong done to her. And like other heroes of old—Achilles, for example—she goes too far and crosses necessary boundaries, and that crossing teaches us something important about our own humanity and our own power.

All these things were on my mind and in my heart when I stepped into a gallery to view the original painting by Pre-Raphaelite painter Frederick Sandys depicting *Medea*. His image captures the famous heroine/villainess right after Jason of the Argonauts tells her he's abandoning her for a younger and richer princess.

I had seen a digital reproduction of the painting, so I had some idea what to expect. But to confront the original, its size and its

silent power, was something I was not prepared for.

The most prominent feature of the image is Medea's physicality: Suspended in time, you can see her fury and her anguish as she tears at the blood-red coral beads strung about her neck. The beads are the brightest color on the canvas, the focal point.

But look closer, and you'll notice some strange things: A three-eyed frog sits on the table below her! Incense swirls around

an altar, and to the left sits a little figurine of the Egyptian goddess Bastet. With such things, Sandys calls to mind Medea's anguished recourse to witchcraft to solve her "Jason problem."

Standing there in the hushed gallery, I saw many people milling about, and I could almost hear the assumptions exploding, the old categories dissolving like sugar in water. Art could be beautiful *and* powerful.

As I look at Sandys's *Medea* and other paintings as well, I wonder, Why were the Pre-Raphaelites drawn to depict these magical characters? The seers and sorceresses, enchanters and witches?

Practitioners of the sacred and magical arts have, the story goes, always occupied the boundaries. They're found in the hedgerows where the town and wilder countryside meet. They exist on the margins. They survive on the circumference of the circle, not the center, and they stake their claim to the threshold as opposed to the heart and hearth of the home. This "betwixt and between" vantage point gives the magic makers a unique perspective, as well as particular obligations.

Existing on the edge, in the liminal, they have one foot firmly in the Otherworld and as such are tasked with translation. From the city to the country, from man to animal, from human to divine ... or demonic ... and back again. The wise woman, witch, mystic, and magician were all looked to and sought out for both the building and the preservation of culture. At the same time they were seen—with their beliefs, odd talismans, and strange actions and associations—as implicit threats to the very cultures and civilizations that they helped build.

There is, of course, another group that falls into the same category and has inherited the same story line: artists. While the witch gazes into her rock crystal, the painter does the same with his palette, the sculptor with a block of marble, clay, or wax. In all cases they're moving into the imaginal, liminal realm to find something, behold something, and then, piece by piece, bring it back to the world here and now so that it may confer benefit, so that it may bring its medicine forward.

Both magic maker and artist are absolutely essential to growth, refinement, and culture. One will emerge with a spell, a rite, a ceremony. One with a drawing, a painting, a statue, or a poem. Both will be sought after. And then, once their presence starts making others less comfortable, they are asked to return to the village edge; their energy is too hot to handle, their bright moments and dark shadows borrowing from a palette with too many extreme hues.

But every now and then you get a *Medea*: the witch who is not going to return to the edges of vision until her services are needed once more. Every now and then you get a Circe or a Morgana Le Fey. They refuse to exit stage left, refuse to have their stories muted or muzzled. Rather they stay stubbornly in the center; they crop up like mushrooms after storms in art and story, poetry and liturgy; they cheat death and somehow remain

utterly alive in the imaginations of generation after generation. Perhaps this is the ultimate magic. These rare cases remind the world at large that no box is big enough, no forest edge wide enough to contain their essence. They break rules, command armies, show humans their deepest desires and secrets and usually cause a great deal of general mayhem. Something about their characters and stories rings true on a belly-deep level for us. As I wrote in my book *Making Magic*, once we start looking we will find the footprints of magic tracking up and down across our lives and our stories; magic never really did keep itself to the edges.

So in this way a Pre-Raphaelite painter such as Sandys found an affinity in a figure such as *Medea*. He was among a group of artists and artisans who refused to occupy only the edges or buy into the overly rigid hierarchies of their day that determined in large part what did and did not constitute art. Like the magical women whose stories they told with pen and paper, paint and brush, the Pre-Raphaelites were radical in the truest sense of the world—they were returning to the roots of things.

Nature and creating authentic works became hallmark elements in their work, but they went further and broader than that, claiming that art of all kinds, from painting to design to jewelry making, could and should be seen not in the categories of an artificial hierarchy but rather as a unified whole—a jewel with many facets. These artisans reached back to ancient sources such as the Greek myths and Arthurian ballads, and from them they highlighted the numinous, liminal, and magical. The witch especially, in their hands, ceased to be the expected hideous crone and instead had her beauty, allure, sexuality, and, perhaps most important of all, mystical power fully expressed. No longer found on the margins, these magical women were their spokeswomen, their muses, and so were placed front and center. I find that it is a position we have never really retreated from and, if anything, are now staking a stronger claim to than ever before.

Witches had good stories to tell as well as bad, and magic might, just might, be more real than we think. This is one part of the legacy the Pre-Raphaelites bequeathed to us. No, I don't see the witches and magic makers and artists going back to their unseen glades. I see them at the center of towns and cities—making plans, raising children, supporting causes that matter, and usually, most of the time, holding hands with an artist. The Pre-Raphaelites did not make this possible, but they invited us to see that it *was* possible, which may be an even greater achievement. Our world has been made not only richer but more magical by their efforts. And we, especially we who love magic, owe them our deepest gratitude.



See more of Briana Saussy's work at brianasaussy.com.



FROM OUR READERS

This month we asked our readers:
How do you incorporate beauty into your everyday life?



Illustrations © Guinevere von Sneeden

A walk before work always shows me something beautiful, whether it's the morning light hitting the river, someone's breath in the cold air, a perfect leaf, a bright summer dress, or the look of adoration on a dog walker's face. I soak up all those beautiful moments and feel grateful for the opportunity to notice them.
—*Holly Taylor-Parnell*

I'm working on replacing most useful objects with prettier, better quality versions. Back in the day, even radiator heaters could be painted nicely, and many kitchen items could be hung up on the wall. I also try to pick clothes and accessories that are timeless rather than just trendy.
—*Hannah Rogers Robertson*

For me, beauty is movement, be it creating a costume with my hands or dancing. It can be as simple as my moody daughter looking at me unexpectedly with a smile on her face, telling me she loves me, or a hug from my son. I'm also a visual person, so looking at magical dresses or period costumes is a special treat. Creating them is even better! Someday, I hope to be featured in your magazine.
—*Jamie Cristali*

I begin my day with tea and silence, looking out of my windows at the trees and the horizon (I am lucky enough to have a view of beautiful mountains). I watch the birds, observe the clouds if there are any, and rejoice in the beauty of the natural world.
—*Pati Nagle*

I find beauty in most handcrafted things. I love to take a beautiful piece of fabric and make it into something stunning (even if I'm the only one that thinks so). My magical friend calls it my "shapeshifting."
—*Wendy Moon*

Beauty is integral to my mental health. I watch for moments of beauty throughout the day and then before bed draw at least one moment in my beauty journal. This keeps me watchful for beauty all day. And later I can remember both visually and kinetically.
—*Charysse Reaser*

I take a few minutes each morning and evening to reflect on all that I'm grateful for. Then, no matter how I was feeling when I started or ended my day, I'm uplifted by the reminder of what a blessed and beautiful life I already have.
—*Julie Butters*

Lately I've been making an effort to surround myself with beautiful things, to bring beauty out of my head and into my environment. It's a way of letting myself know that I matter, that I'm worth making an effort for, and that I'm worthy of joy.
—*splendorandstory*

I like to utilize and surround myself with everyday items that are functional as well as beautiful, especially if the items reflect the natural world around us—like a teapot shaped to look like a thistle or a shelf with beautiful scroll work. Sumptuous linens with beautiful embroidery detail of wild flowers that keeps my family ever so cozy.
—*Traci Denny*

In the fall I bring in my geraniums and put them in my large bay window. They continue to bloom all winter long. I added some fairy lights, and they are both beautiful and magical!
—*Karen B. VanEtten*

I hang prisms in my kitchen windows. They fill my house with rainbows from late summer to early spring, when the sun moves to that side of the house. Every year I look forward to the beauty that Rainbow Season brings!
—*Alethea Kontis*

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