

FAERIE MAGAZINE

ISSUE NO.

38

SPRING 2017

Celebrating the Extraordinary

the
**WARRIORS &
GODDESSES**
issue

**GOLDEN
APPLES**
recipes & myth

we talk to
RASPUTINA

fashions of the
WILD HUNT

new fiction from
**ALICE
HOFFMAN**

GEMSTONES
and goddesses

ARTEMIS
of the silver bow

and much more!

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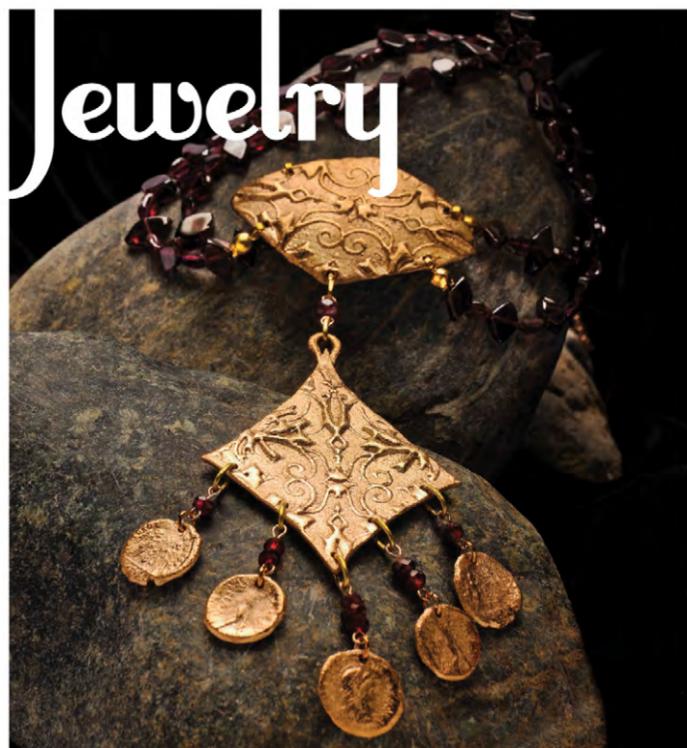


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Jewelry

We started planning this special “Warriors & Goddesses” issue a year ago on a ranch in California, during a photo shoot with Virginia Hankins, who graces our cover and is not only a female knight but an expert archer. Standing on a fallen tree trunk over a ravine, her hair crowned with flowers and a bow and arrow in her hands, she might have been Artemis incarnate. From there the whole issue seemed to plan itself, as we sought out other extraordinary women: Like martial artist, astrophysicist, aerospace engineer, poet, and artist Naziyah Mahmood, photographed with her swords by a Scottish ruin by Jason Dempster. Or artist Stephanie Law, with her shimmering images of bee goddesses and other archetypes. Or the Hindu goddesses Durga, Kali, and Lakshmi, described lovingly by Shveta Thakrar. Or legendary 16th century Irish pirate girl Grainne O’Malley, presented in a fiction piece by Jeanine Cummins and drawn by Guinevere von Sneeden. Or Julie Bell and the women in her fantasy warrior paintings. We look at gemstones that invoke goddess energy, the band Rasputina’s pioneering ferocity, and Artemis herself. Even Alice Hoffman’s fairy tale for this issue features a warrior girl who goes out to save her village.

We didn’t realize at the time how much an issue like this would mean right now, that we would need our warriors and goddesses more than ever, and we’re excited to present such an array of feminine strength and gorgeousness. And we take heart in each of their visions, dazzling and unique as they are. These words from Mahmood feel especially relevant right now:

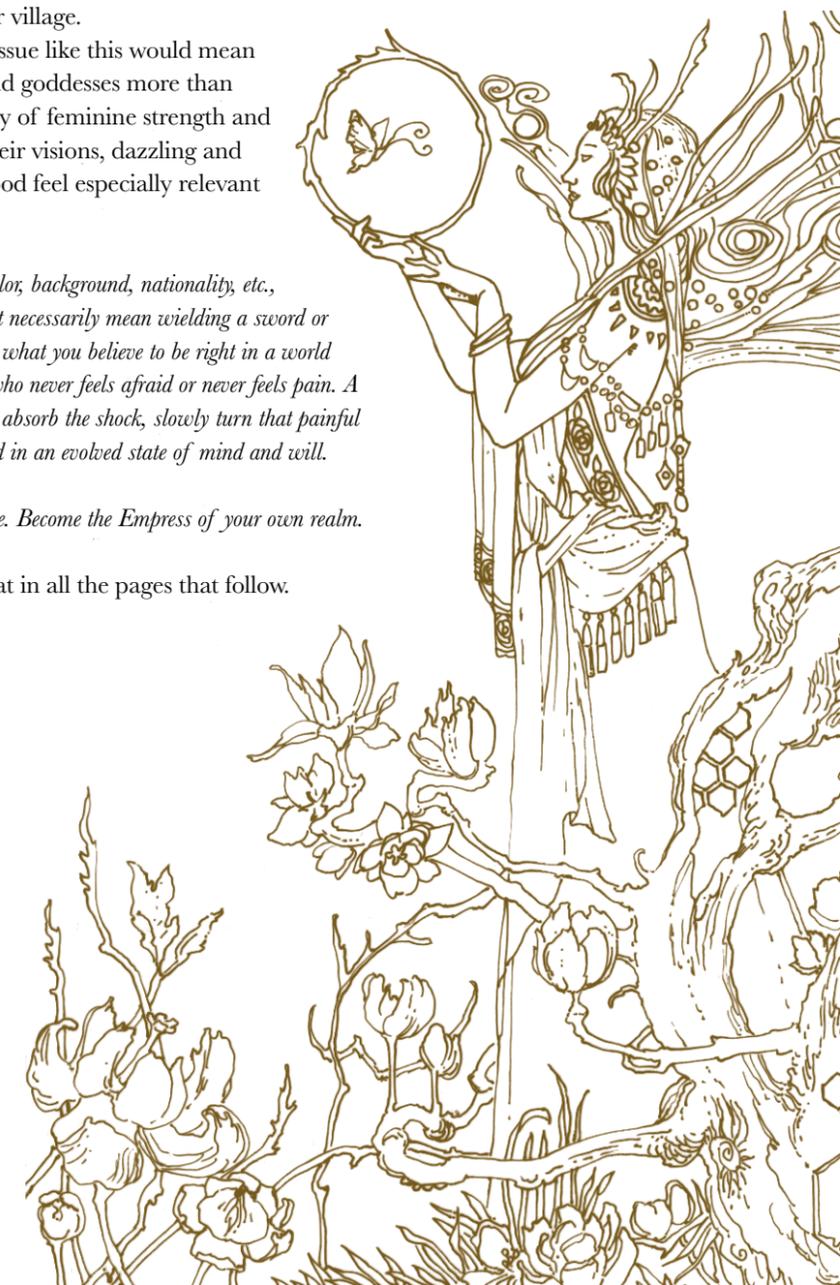
To all my sisters out there, regardless of your age, color, background, nationality, etc., I ask you this: What is strength and courage? It doesn’t necessarily mean wielding a sword or throwing people around in a dojo. It is the ability to do what you believe to be right in a world where you’re told that you can’t. A warrior is not one who never feels afraid or never feels pain. A warrior is someone who, when struck by calamity, will absorb the shock, slowly turn that painful energy into something self-progressive, and then rebound in an evolved state of mind and will. ... All in all?

Don’t become the princess of someone else’s fairy tale. Become the Empress of your own realm.

We hope you’ll find inspiration to do just that in all the pages that follow.

Carolyn Turgeon

Illustration © Stephanie Law



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ON OUR COVER

VIRGINIA HANKINS LADY KNIGHT

You might recognize our cover model—female knight, professional archer, mermaid, and entrepreneur Virginia Hankins—from our Spring 2014 issue, in which we told you all about how she vowed to become a knight after watching a lance-wielding costumed rider race down the USC football field at full gallop atop an Andalusian stallion, and how she sought out enthusiasts to train her, and how she worked closely with Seattle's Black Diamond Metal Arts to design her one-of-a-kind custom armor. We've been in love with her ever since. How can you not love someone who works so hard to make a beautiful fantasy into a reality?

Although we'd already featured her, along with spectacular underwater Joan of Arc images by Brenda Stumpf, we couldn't resist doing a new shoot with Hankins during a trip to California last spring to the enchanted ranch of Tricia Saroya. It was art director Lisa Gill who came up with the idea of re-creating Edward Burne-Jones's 1890 painting *The Briar Wood*, which depicts a group of knights sleeping among the brambles outside Sleeping Beauty's castle, having fallen to the same spell. William Morris composed the verse on the painting's frame:

*The fateful slumber floats and flows
About the tangle of the rose;
But lo! the fated hand and heart
To rend the slumberous curse apart!*



We loved the idea of Hankins being the sleeping knight, with her bright red hair cascading around her. Saroya coated the forest ground with bright petals of belladonna—and even found a perfect little bird's nest to tuck into Hankins's long locks. "I chose that flower because it was pretty and looked good with the dark green of the ivy and against the red of her hair," Saroya says. "But it also means silence in the tradition of the language of flowers and is known as deadly nightshade. I was thinking, too, about the cultural oppression of women and the demand of their silence traditionally, especially in the time of knights and the medieval feudal system. Here we have a beautiful woman, silent and at rest among the deadly nightshade, seemingly vulnerable and innocent—who is also a badass warrior! I love the idea of the nest in her hair. Women are traditionally the nesters, the ones who give birth. Here she shows us that she can be a warrior, beautiful, *and* the one to create the nest." Photographer Steve Parke tiptoed delicately through the petals to get our cover shot—amazed all the while that Hankins could not only lie alluringly in a suit of armor but pose in it too.

"Be your own champion" is, not surprisingly, Hankins's motto. When she showed up to the shoot, she not only brought her sword and armor but a goddess gown and her bow and arrow. So she ended up posing as both a maiden goddess and a warrior knight. Why can't a woman be both at the same time—and, indeed, anything else she dreams of?











ARTEMIS *of the* SILVER BOW

by Paul Himmelein

*In the shadows of mountains and in the wind on mountain-tops
She loves to take her bow
Her bow made all of silver
And shoot off her shafts of woe.
The peaks of great mountains tremble
The forest in its darkness screams ...
The whole earth starts shaking even the sea, the sea-life ...
And when she has hung up this unstrung bow,
When she has put away her arrows,
She puts on over her flesh a beautiful dress
Then she begins the dances ...*

This excerpt from the Homeric Hymn to Artemis shows the goddess's dual nature of terror-inspiring immortal as well as beautiful deity partaking in the refined art of dance, which she does at her twin brother Apollo's house along with the muses and the graces. Artemis is a goddess of contradictions. Indeed, she is much like Apollo. Although born in the shadows of palms and cypress trees, both Artemis and Apollo are bearers of light. Where Apollo carried the sun across the daytime heavens, Artemis (or Diana, according to the ancient Romans) carried the moon across the star-dappled night sky.

As moon goddess, Artemis is often shown wearing a full-length robe and holding a torch; she looks cool, white, and pure with a crescent hornlike diadem upon her veiled head. But in her other role as a goddess of Nature and of the chase, the tall small-hipped huntress wears a short tunic similar to a modern minidress and shows her bare legs.

Artemis is also a goddess of childbirth and is said to have the power to alleviate the pains that come with delivering a new life in the world. This is, in fact, the first task she undertook.

Artemis and Apollo's beautiful mother Leto had to give birth in secret as she was being relentlessly hunted by a giant serpent that Zeus's wife Hera had sent. Zeus had fathered the twins, and Hera's jealousy was inflamed when she discovered this. Shortly after Artemis was born, she became her mother's midwife and helped deliver her twin brother Apollo. This will give you an indication of how quickly a goddess can grow up. Her brother Apollo, renowned for his golden bow and piercing arrows, killed the python that harassed his mother only four days after he was delivered.

Artemis of the Silver Bow

Paul Himmelein

When she was three years old, Artemis asked her father, Zeus, if she too could have a bow and quiver full of arrows. Zeus consented to all that his daughter asked. The three Cyclops were to fashion her bow, quiver, and arrows according to the goddess's specifications. To let the one-eyed brutes know she meant business, she grabbed a fistful of chest hair and yanked it out of one of their breasts—a small foreshadowing of the wrathful temperament this enfant terrible would come to exhibit.

Artemis was a strong female who would not be seduced—a feminist on Mount Olympus. In addition to a silver bow, Artemis asked Zeus that she should remain untouched by men, a virgin forever. Woe to the man or god that wanted to have his way with her. She was deadly serious about her virginity.

Artemis was the patron goddess of the Amazons, the ancient race of women warriors from Asia Minor who mixed with men only to have offspring, keeping the infant girls for themselves and sending the baby boys back to their fathers. Yet Artemis also led an entourage of sixty nine-year-old nymphs and twenty virgin handmaidens to watch her hunting dogs and bow when she needed to rest.

Even as childbirth is sacred to Artemis, she would just as quickly shoot down a young girl or woman with her arrows. The sudden deaths of maidens were said to be a result of her far-reaching arrows just as Apollo's arrows were responsible for the sudden deaths of young boys. Sometimes the fearsome twins would team up and slay together, especially if their dear mother was ever slighted. There is a myth that tells of Leto being disrespected at her very altar by the pompous princess Niobe. She claimed that the goddess Leto could not be so great with merely two children while she herself was fortunate enough to be blessed with seven sons and seven daughters. Even if she lost a few, she said, she would still surpass the pathetic goddess. Niobe should've thought before she spoke. Perhaps she forgot Leto's twins were expert archers. Before Niobe could finish her bragging, Apollo was sending a shower of arrows into all of Niobe's young boys in what amounted to a bloodbath. Artemis then stepped in and did the same to the girls. Niobe pleaded to the moon goddess to save her last, littlest daughter. Unmoved, Artemis let loose a final arrow. Niobe, now childless, turned to stone through her grief. But those who revered Artemis would be healed or given the gift of a long healthy life.

Another request that Zeus granted Artemis was to be ruler of the stormy mountains. She was queen of animals and lady of the wild beasts. The woodlands and forests were sacred to her as well as the creatures that dwelt within, but especially sacred was the stag. She had four of them—all larger than bulls and with antlers of gold—to pull her chariot. She was said to have chased these magical stags down on foot and then harnessed them to her cart herself. But the goddess that was the protector

of animals was also the goddess of the chase and hunted the very animals that were sacred to her. She is even depicted as wearing the pelt of a deer across her body. The goat-footed god Pan, of Arcadia, supplied her with her famous hunting dogs: seven bitches and six hounds.

The goddess dealt harshly with those mortal men who did not revere her or, worse, bragged that they had superior hunting skills. The king of Calydon, Oeneus, forgot to include Artemis in his harvest offerings. All the other gods were given gifts except for her. This filled her with an avenging fury. She sent a giant boar to terrorize the king's countryside, ravaging the farms, ripping up orchards, swallowing the fruits of vineyards, and devouring flocks of sheep and cattle. Even the peasants weren't safe from the beast. Stopping this monstrous boar resulted in the deaths of Oeneus's wife and son. Artemis demands a personal sacrifice from those that dare forget her during religious rites. Only then is the score evened and her wrath assuaged.

While making his matrimonial sacrifices, Admetos, one of the princes of Thessaly and one of the hunters of the Caladonian boar, somehow forgot to include Artemis. The goddess did not take kindly to this omission and left a horrific wedding present in the bedchamber. When Admetos swung the doors open to enter with his bride, he saw that the room was wall to wall with writhing snakes. Artemis's brother, Apollo, finally came to Admetos's aid and told him how to placate his vengeful sister.

Just as it was dangerous to forget Artemis during religious offerings, it was also unwise to go boasting that you were better than her. We already saw what happened to the princess Niobe when she bragged about the number of children she bore; kings were dealt with just as harshly. Agamemnon, a noble Spartan warrior and king, was chosen to lead the Greek forces against the city of Troy. The young Trojan prince, Paris, had stolen the Spartan queen, Helen, the wife of Agamemnon's brother. (See page 21 for this story.) While all the troops and ships were gathering at the Port of Aulis, Agamemnon went hunting and killed a stag with his arrows. He claimed that Artemis herself couldn't have made a better shot.

Just as the thousand-ship fleet was ready to depart and sail to Troy, the wind died and the sails slackened. The sea was like a mirror—not a ripple disturbed the surface for days and weeks. The men became restless, arguments broke out, and spirits waned. The army's food stores were depleted. Some warriors even talked of abandoning the adventure altogether. In desperation, Agamemnon consulted a seer to ask which god had quelled the winds that would carry the Grecian flotilla over the sea. The seer revealed that Agamemnon himself was the cause and that Artemis would not summon the wind again until the Spartan king sacrificed his most beautiful daughter to her. Seeing the Greek alliance and expedition to Troy start to







made her immortal, and in another story Artemis transforms her into the goddess Hecate, a lesser deity who had similar functions as Artemis, such as being the nocturnal goddess of the moon.

Adonis, the handsome lover of Aphrodite, once made the error of announcing that his hunting skills were as good or better than Artemis's. The angered goddess sent a wild boar that ran him down, piercing him with its tusks. His weeping lover Aphrodite turned him into a flower called the anemone so she could gaze upon his beauty forever.

Pity the man, whether pious or humble, that inadvertently happened upon Artemis bathing in the woods. Actaeon, a renowned hunter of a royal family, was deep in the forest concluding the day's hunt when he saw a group of women in a pool in front of an enchanting grotto. What Actaeon stumbled upon was the virgin goddess herself being bathed by several of her nymphs. Never had a mortal's eyes seen her naked in all her Olympian beauty. The nymphs saw Actaeon first and tried to shield their goddess's body with their own, but it was too late and Artemis knew it. She wanted to grab her bow but it was out of reach, so she splashed Actaeon with water, saying, "Now you can tell how you saw the virgin goddess naked ... if you can!" With that curse, antlers started to sprout from Actaeon's forehead. Hooves grew where his hands and feet used to be, fur covered his skin, and pointed ears grew out from his head. Soon his transformation into a stag was complete, and seeing himself reflected in the pool of the grotto he panicked. His hunting dogs saw him sprinting off and started to chase their prey, not realizing that it was their master they were hunting down. It wasn't long before the pack caught up and cornered him, all sinking their sharp teeth into his flesh, tearing the muscle off his bone. Only when Actaeon was finally left lifeless on the leafy forest floor was Artemis satisfied.

The chaste goddess, Artemis, is the antidote to the voluptuous Venus. There are no flirtations in her mythology, though she is depicted as young, beautiful, and athletic. She has fertility aspects as Nature goddess and goddess of the moon yet is herself a virgin. It is easy to provoke her wrath, and she takes swift action against those whom she feels have insulted her in some way. She is a goddess of contradictions that inspired Lord Byron to write:

*"Goddess serene, transcending every star!
Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen afar!
By night Heaven owns thy sway, by day the grove,
When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove"*
—from The Episode of Nisus and Euryalus



Follow Paul Himmelein on Instagram @lordperegrine.

crumble, he directed a messenger to carry word to his wife, Clytemnestra, ordering she send his daughter Iphigenia to Aulis immediately, pretending that she was to be married to the great hero Achilles. Elated, Clytemnestra brought Iphigenia to Aulis herself but learned something was amiss when she ran into Achilles, who knew nothing about this fake wedding.

At this point, the Greek troops were beginning to openly revolt and demand the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter so that Artemis would be appeased and the winds would return so they could begin their heroic journey to Troy. When Iphigenia finally discovered the true reason behind why she was summoned to Aulis, she bravely declared that if Artemis demanded her virgin blood be spilt upon the altar, then she would walk freely to her death. Hearing this, the Greek troops were stunned by the young woman's courage as she walked to the temple and exposed her neck to the priest's blade. Blood splashed everywhere as the deadly sacrificial cut was made. Miraculously, in an instant, Iphigenia had been replaced with a stag. The goddess Artemis took pity on the young virgin and whisked her off to Tauris on the Black Sea to become a priestess at Artemis's temple. Some myths say the goddess

THE FRUIT

THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND SHIPS

Depending on where you live, spring can be a little early to start incorporating local fruit into your cooking and baking. Many trees and bushes are just blossoming, so summer berries and fall fruits are a long time off. California and Florida oranges, however, are consistently ripe from winter through spring and beyond, and they can pack easily and ship anywhere.

The Romans named this sun-kissed citrus *pomum aurantium*, or the "golden apple." In Norse mythology, golden apples are similar to the ancient Greeks' ambrosia and impart perpetual youth and immortality. The orange, it seems, is a fruit worthy of gods. In Greek mythology, there was a famous marriage celebration and all the gods were invited except Eris, the goddess of discord. Eris had been snubbed because she always caused problems. When she discovered this slight, she decided to crash the wedding. On making her entrance, she rolled a golden apple into the center of the room. It was addressed to "the most beautiful." Three goddesses were each quick to argue that it must be meant for her: Hera (queen of the gods and Zeus's wife), Athena (goddess of wisdom and war), and Aphrodite (goddess of love). They

brought their dispute to Zeus, asking him to determine which of them deserved the lustrous fruit. Not wanting to get mixed up in their quarrel, especially since his wife was involved, Zeus appointed as judge one of the most impartial mortals alive, the Trojan prince, Paris.

The three Olympian beauty contestants immediately set out to bribe him. Hera offered to make Paris king of Asia. Athena promised to make him an undefeatable warrior. And Aphrodite swore she would give Paris the most beautiful mortal in the world as his wife. Paris handed the golden apple to Aphrodite. Unfortunately, the most beautiful woman, Helen, was already married to a Spartan king. After Helen was abducted and brought to Troy, her Spartan husband vowed to bring her home, and so began the ten-year Trojan War. It turns out that the face that launched a thousand ships was all due to a "golden apple"—a simple orange.

Whether sweet or savory, appetizer or dessert, any of the dishes here are a good way to add zest (literally) to any spring meal. Just make sure you give all your goddess guests their fair share of the "golden apple" or there could be unwanted repercussions.

Recipes and photos by Sara Ghedina, a.k.a. One Girl in the Kitchen
Introduction by Paul Himmelein





ORANGE CAKE

This moist, fruity cake is surprisingly light and works well for breakfast or a glamorous afternoon tea. And even though every bit of orange is used in the making, it's not bitter at all, but sweet, refreshing, and goddess-approved.



**ORANGE AND FENNEL SALAD
WITH HAZELNUTS AND RAISINS**

A fresh, flavorful salad based on a traditional Sicilian dish that usually features blood oranges, fennel, and black olives. Here the hazelnuts and raisins add crunch and sweetness.



BLOOD ORANGE MARMALADE

Serve this jewel-colored marmalade on scones, English muffins, or regular toast—or use it in a savory appetizer dish, paired with a nice Brie or pecorino. It also goes beautifully with dark chocolate; Ghedina has used it in a tart, layered with dark ganache.



ORANGE AND FENNEL SALAD WITH HAZELNUTS AND RAISINS

serves 4 to 6

1 fennel bulb
3 navel oranges
¼ cup hazelnuts
2 tbsp. raisins
grated peel and juice of 1 orange
1 shallot
1½ tbsp. balsamic vinegar
2 tbsp. extra virgin olive oil
4 tbsp. hazelnut oil
pinch of salt
freshly ground black pepper, to taste

Roast hazelnuts in the oven at 350°F for about 10 minutes. Let cool off, then coarsely chop and set aside.

For the vinaigrette, mince shallot, and combine it with grated orange peel, 4 tablespoons orange juice, balsamic vinegar, and salt. Whisk in the olive and hazelnut oil, add black pepper to taste, and adjust with more vinegar or orange juice if desired.

Wash fennel and remove the outer leaves, reserving the fronds. Cut in quarters, discard the core, and using a mandoline slice it as thin as possible. Dress with 3 tablespoons of vinaigrette and set aside.

Peel the oranges, and with a very sharp knife remove the inner skin and the white pit from each one. Cut them in ½-inch thick rounds and then in smaller sections if you'd like.

Set them on a dish with 2 tablespoons of vinaigrette. Layer with raisins, toasted hazelnuts, fennel slices, and remaining dressing. Garnish with reserved fennel fronds and serve.



BLOOD ORANGE MARMALADE

for 5 medium jars

8 organic blood oranges, small
2 organic lemons
water, as needed
sugar, as needed

Wash citrus fruit thoroughly, cut them in half lengthwise, then cut each half into 1/8-inch thick segments, and then cut each segment into small triangles. Remove any exposed membrane and discard the seeds.

Weigh the cut citrus and pour as much water as 70 percent of the fruit's weight into a large bowl. Add fruit, cover, and let macerate for 24 hours.

Pour the mixture into a large pot, bring to boil, and cook gently for about a half hour, until the citrus peel becomes tender. Remove from heat, cover, and let sit for another 24 hours.

Now weigh the fruit-and-water mixture, add 70 percent of that weight in sugar, and stir to combine. Bring to boil and let simmer over low heat until the marmalade is set, stirring frequently and skimming if necessary. It should take about 30 to 45 minutes. To check if it's ready, spoon a little onto a chilled plate from the freezer. If it looks like jam and does not run through the plate, it's done. When marmalade reaches the desired consistency, pour it while still hot into clean, sterilized glass jars. Close them tightly, place them in a large pot full of boiling water, and leave them on for 20 minutes. Turn off the heat and let the jars cool in the same water to vacuum-seal.



ORANGE CAKE

for a 9-inch-diameter cake pan

1 organic orange, large
1¼ cups sugar
4 large eggs, room temperature
½ cup vegetable oil (such as sunflower seed oil)
¼ cup water
1¾ cups flour
¼ tsp. baking powder
¾ tsp. baking soda
pinch of salt
¼ cup powdered sugar for dusting

Preheat the oven to 350°F.

Puree whole, unpeeled orange in a food processor until smooth. Set aside.

In a large bowl, beat egg yolks with sugar until the mixture is light and fluffy, then add oil, water, pureed orange, and salt. Mix well, then add flour sifted with baking powder and baking soda, and stir well.

In a separate bowl, beat egg whites until stiff and then fold them gently in the yolk mixture.

Grease a 9-inch cake pan and lightly dust it with flour, pour the batter in, and bake for about 45 minutes until the surface is golden brown and a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean.

Let cake rest for about 10 minutes, then remove it from the pan and let it cool off completely.

Dust with powdered sugar and serve.

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

DRAGON

by AKUA LEZLI HOPE

Those portraits of us as winged alligators
are unseemly—I don't chomp raw meat
I'm flexible, articulate, prescient,
my iridescent armor is fish scale soft

Should you touch me
I will shimmer my plates
my eyes are large and slanted
my nose equine and feline

with flared, delicate nostrils
Roman arches that relish
blooms of peonies
as well as milkweed, savor
the intoxication of apple blossom
and fruiting spires of catalpa

My fire, not unlike your own
who can breathe hot
or blow cold, which we do
to tease lace filigrees from ice
moisture sculptures to adorn winter

before we fly south,
unless heart bound by love
for some cause we think just
or enamored by a soft flesh
child we cannot touch,
only covet or guard

When your oldest friends are trees
and you carry seeds of a coupling
made before the river turned east,
you cherish any connection

After you've buried your boulder eggs
apart, having inscribed each
with runes of hope and instruction—
(yes, we're born large and literate)

They're left in quiescent peril
to awaken when and where
the earth heaves again
and bleeds her molten recreation.

Akua Lezli Hope is a creator who uses sound, words, fiber, glass, and metal to create poems, patterns, stories, music, adornments, and peace whenever possible. She has won fellowships from NYFA, Ragdale, and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Learn more about artist Annie Stegg at anniestegg.com.

Annie Stegg 11/2016

GORGEOUS RUIN

THE PHOTOGRAPHY
OF MATT EMMETT

BY JILL GLEESON



If you've ever been blessed to visit Wales, you know it as one of the world's loneliest places, a windswept, verdant landscape where vistas can stretch for miles—sometimes all the way to the cold and furious sea—with nary a person to be found. There's a comforting desolation to the tiny country, a primal splendor to its barren fields and isolated shores. This is the land that inspired the poet Dylan Thomas, who raged so gloriously against the dying of the light, and like much of the rest of Britain, it is populated with castles, some still standing proudly, others falling slowly into ruin. In the very north of Wales, set back from the coastal road, against a forested hillside, is one such structure.

Its name—like so many other Welsh words, a nearly incomprehensible and utterly charming string of consonants—is Gwrych. Built in 1819, it housed countesses and lords and the like until World War II, when 200 Jewish refugees found safety there. Derelict for decades, with only a few wraiths left to wander its halls, it will reportedly be reborn as a luxury hotel. But for now its rubble-strewn interiors whisper in a language of grand decay. Beauty is here, if the right translator appears.

Photographer Matt Emmett speaks the tongue of ruination, transforming locales such as Gwrych that others might see as a blight upon the landscape into transcendent scenes of haunting loveliness. He specializes in urban exploration, infiltrating sites across Northern Europe such as abandoned hospitals, schools, hotels, mines, houses, train yards, factories, churches, military bases, and the odd castle. The structures that have moved him most include a jet-engine testing establishment and a long-shuttered psychiatric facility in Italy that he visited in April 2015, known for conducting some of the continent's first lobotomies. There he discovered an operating room and an electrotherapy suite still intact, as well as caged areas that had once held patients.

Wandering these spaces imbued with an almost tangible sense of tragedy was, Emmett says, “a strange and unsettling experience ... The coexistence of such stunning beauty and a strong sense of sadness in locations such as asylums makes for perfect photographic conditions.”

Probing Gwrych was apparently a far less melancholy experience, though its dilapidation is more advanced. “Like some ancient jungle-bound fortress, exploring her feels like you are re-discovering something that has been lost for centuries,” Emmett says of the castle. “A maze of rubble-strewn basement rooms with high walls stretch above you for several floors. An occasional stone staircase rises up to isolated sections of first-floor rooms, but they don't extend very far before collapse is met. Any floors above the first have given way many years previously, leaving peculiar fireplaces and other features stranded way up high where there was once a room.”

Still, Emmett adds, “despite places like this looking fantastic in an abandoned state, it's always nice to hear that they may be given a second chance. If and when the time comes and it is a

five-star hotel, I shall return and reshoot the images again for comparison.”

Emmett, who lives in Reading, England, with his partner, Melissa, and their two sons, fell for photography at about the same time he fell for travel. His father gave him a Pentax SLR camera for his 19th birthday; a year later he was bushwhacking across Southeast Asia, shooting the crumbling temples, lush jungles, and compelling people of the region, discovering along the way that he had a natural talent for the pursuit. Trips to India, Burma, Laos, Sulawesi, Java, Cambodia, and Argentina followed, as did the development of his photographic abilities. Eventually Emmett picked up a tripod, which he says slowed him down “enough to actually think about what I was doing, to stop and consider what I could see in the viewfinder before pressing it. If the subject allows for it, then I like to work very slowly and ponder the composition.”

Indeed, there is a painterly quality to Emmett's best pieces, a masterful use of light and space that makes you wish you were seeing his work in a bigger format and not on a computer screen or on the page (though his book *Forgotten Heritage*, published late last year, is stunning)—on a wall in a museum, perhaps, where you could sit back and stare and wonder at how something that man built and allowed to fall into disrepair could be so exquisite. This, of course, raises the question, If you weren't witnessing this place through Emmett's eyes, with his sensibilities and sensitivities, would it still make you gasp with pleasure at the sight of it?

Perhaps. After all, the popularity of urban exploration has exploded worldwide in the past few years, thanks to increased attention from the press and on social media. There's an undeniable romance to the secretiveness of it all. Devotees of the pastime zealously guard the locations of abandoned sites from the general public, sharing information online through networks of like-minded individuals. Certainly, urban exploration comes with an adrenaline kick too. Trespassing is almost always required, and with it comes the possibility of stiff fines, if not actual arrest, if caught.

But it's the unique atmosphere of these lost structures that Emmett says draws him and his fellow explorers to them. “When still in use, many of these places, particularly industrial locations, would have been busy and noisy,” he says, “filled with the sounds of work and people moving about. Once humans move on, silence and stillness dominate, and it's this contrast between the before and after states that gives them their power.”

After a pause, Emmett continues, “I have been to a few UNESCO World Heritage sites, places like Angkor Wat, and I would much rather spend the day in a vast abandoned steelworks or the ruins of a stately home lost in the woods. Not sharing a location with hundreds or thousands of other people is a big part of why I like them so much. As a photographer, having all the time you want to ponder a shot, move the tripod around for a better angle and not worry about waiting for the



view to clear, is very satisfying. It's also much easier to connect with the location and start to really see the shots when there aren't any other stimuli to distract you. It's just you and the building, and it's hugely addictive.”

Emmett explored his first abandoned site, a former jet engine research facility, with a friend in 2011. Initially nervous about trespassing, he nonetheless scrambled over the perimeter fences, discovering hanger-size structures he recalls as being “filled with strange, almost alien machinery. I became instantly obsessed. Over the course of eleven trips and almost 100 hours I searched for and photographed the altitude test cells, turbine halls, power plant, and 1950s control rooms. During this time I came to realize that if you break the rules and go to places to capture your images where you are not technically permitted, you can show your audience something new and fairly unique.”

Emmett, who still works days as a designer in the toy industry for the time being, says he has enough photography to fill four books right now, though he has no plans at present to begin work on another one. Instead he is focusing on discovering new locations to shoot and has also teamed up with a videographer to produce a *Forgotten Heritage* channel on YouTube. Emmett intends to ramp up explorations further afield as well, including in India and the United States. America's National Parks interest him, as do what he calls “the old back roads and sleepy towns that got left behind when the big interstates were built.”

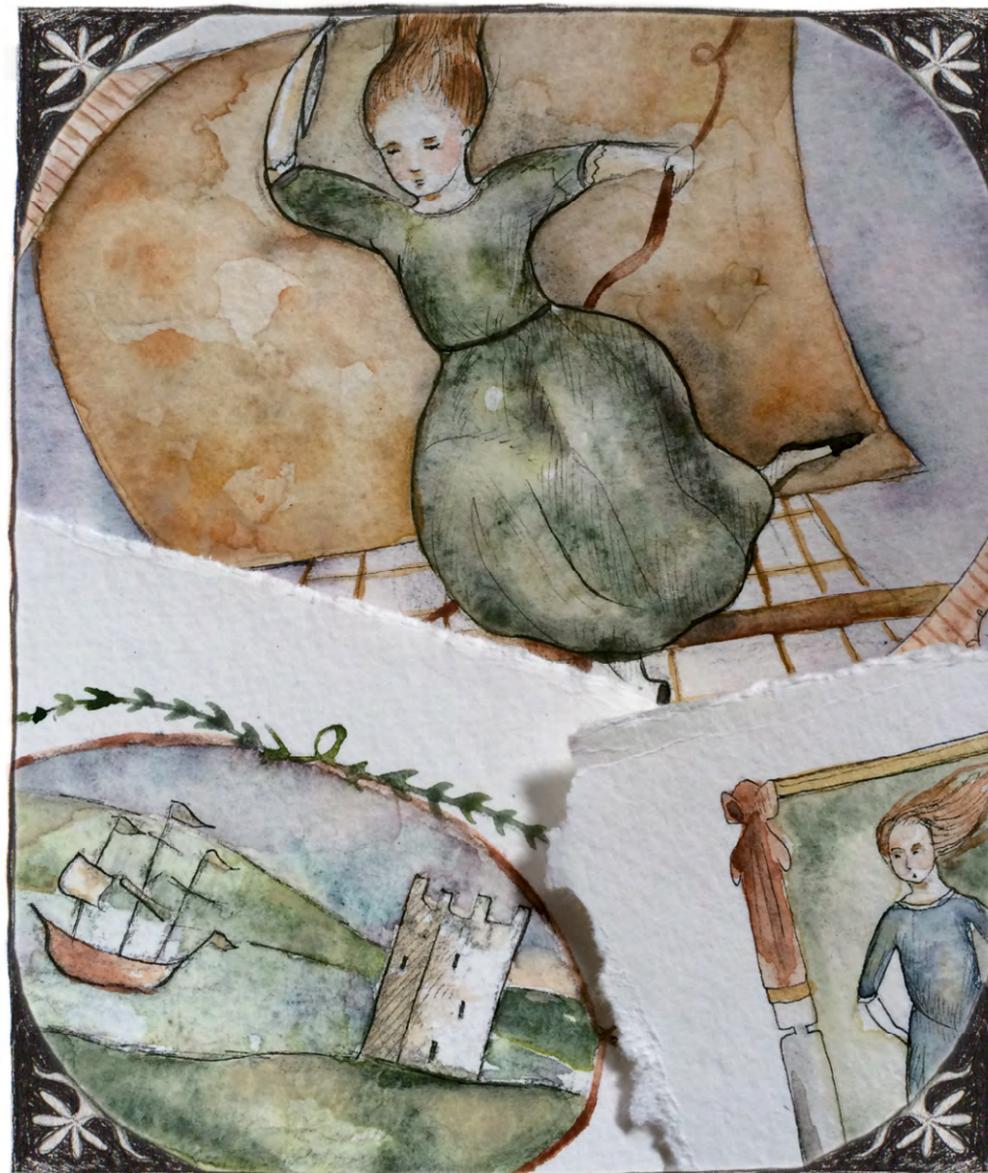
He'd also love to explore some of the old Titan 1 nuclear launch sites that were decommissioned in the 1960s. “A few are still open if you know how to get in,” Emmett explains. “Inside, they're pitch black and frozen in time, quite scary places but also fascinating bits of Cold War history.”

“I make no apologies for finding something positive, an uplifting or beautiful aspect to a situation that others may find distressing,” Emmett adds. “The buildings I'm interested in are uninhabited shells. I'm interested purely in capturing the aesthetics, character, and history of the building, showing the passage of time and the effects of nature on a structure that is no longer being maintained. For me, the final week or months in a building's life cycle are just as valid as the day it was built. To capture it with sensitivity is to pay homage to everything that has gone before. I consider experiencing and photographing these places to be a great privilege.”

For more information about *Forgotten Heritage* and Matt Emmett's work, visit www.forgottenheritage.co.uk.

Faerie travel editor Jill Gleeson is a journalist based in the Appalachians of central Pennsylvania. She is also a columnist for *Woman's Day* online. Find her columns about adventure, love, loss, and healing at womansday.com/author/17246/jill-gleeson.





GRAINNE O'MALLEY THE GIRL PIRATE

by Jeanine Cummins

Illustrated by Guinevere von Sneeden

G In the craggy west coast of Ireland in the 16th century, between the sloping green and misty valleys on one side and the crashing waves of the wild Atlantic on the other, nestled the barony of Murrisk. In those days the O'Malley clan ruled the barony with a spirit that matched the rowdy landscape, and no one was more ferocious or powerful than the daughter of their chieftain. Her name was Grainne O'Malley. And before she destroyed gender barriers through the cult of her personality, before she grew into a feared and famous warrior, before she was mostly forgotten to patriarchal history, before her achievements sank into the murky memory of legend, before all that, she was a brave and defiant girl who stowed away on her father's ship ...

Grainne pushed her whole face out of the sail and looked down at the assembled crew beneath. Every man was on his feet, and many already had their weapons in hand. Suddenly there was a lot of shouting and commotion, but she still couldn't see what was happening. Her stomach swooped with excitement. She pushed her arms out of the sail, held her knife blade between her teeth, and grabbed on to the yardarm above her. She wiggled out of her hiding place, wrapped her arms and legs around the yardarm, and then righted herself, so she was on top looking down at the deck. She clung there like a knife-wielding, seafaring monkey. Everyone's eyes were fixed on the two captains, her father and the English stranger, who were standing chest to chest on the forecastle deck of the *Queen Maeve*. Several English sailors had already boarded the galley, and more were spilling over the gunwale.

Grainne glanced at their visitors' ship. The gunwale stood a good measure of feet higher than their own hull, and she was half again the length. The O'Malley and the visiting captain were standing too close together. Grainne began inching her way backward down the sloping lateen yardarm, making her way closer to the action below. Now she could hear her father's words.

"By what right do you board this vessel?" he demanded.

"By what right?" the English captain smirked. He looked around for encouragement, and his men laughed and jeered. "By the *order!* Of His Royal Majesty the King."

Now the crew of the *Queen Maeve* grew restless and rowdy. The O'Malley men shook their weapons over their heads, but their chieftain raised his hand and the men fell silent. Grainne had reached



the center of the yardarm, where the lateen met the foremast.

"Old Coppernose Henry has his charms, I'm sure," The O'Malley said. "But he is not *my* king!"

The O'Malley men cheered and stomped their feet at their chieftain's words, and the English sailors onboard began to unsheathe their swords. Reaching down, Grainne removed her shoes, tucking them into a loose flap of the lateen sail below. Then she shifted the knife from her mouth, grabbed the mast, and drew herself up slowly, until she was standing barefoot on the yardarm. This time it was the English captain's turn to quell his men.

"All right, all right, very well," he said smiling. "You're a reluctant subject of the crown, I know that. Your reputation precedes you, Captain O'Malley."

"Admiral O'Malley," the chieftain corrected, putting a hand to his own sword hilt, and stepping even closer to the arrogant visitor. "I am descendent of the Irish High Kings, chieftain of these waters, and keeper of the ancient title. You may call me The O'Malley." Grainne could feel her heart beating so strongly in her chest that she was afraid her father might hear it too and look up at her. She hardly dared to breathe, as her father went on.

"*Your* king and his people are subject to a tax in these waters, Captain."

The O'Malley men whooped on deck, clanging their daggers and swords together. A few yelled, "Tax him!" Grainne was so still that her body was like the wood of the mast, like she had been carved and created there. She stared down at her father, his forehead just visible over the back of the English



captain's head. Her palms were damp with sweat, but she turned the handle of the knife in her hand, tightening her grip.

The next moment, the ship erupted into chaos. All at once it happened, that the men were screaming and lunging for one another, their daggers glinting and tearing, their faces contorted with the ferocious thrill of battle. Swords rang out against each other, and men yelled, some in pain, some in brutal victory. Grainne kept her eyes on her father. *Papa*. Over the gunwale and onto the deck of the *Queen Maeve*, ever more English sailors were pouring. The O'Malleys were badly outnumbered. Her father was bleeding from one shoulder, fighting two men at once, and now a third approached. The chieftain leapt down to the main deck as they descended on him.

Grainne couldn't see anything of her papa now. All she could see was a knot of flashing limbs and clanging swords around him. She didn't realize she had let go and left the safety of the mast behind her. She didn't realize she was creeping forward, gripping the rounded beam of the yardarm with her bare toes. She didn't realize that she was wielding



that blunt kitchen knife before her like a warrior girl. In fact, she was aware of nothing until she jumped.

And then Grainne was there: leaping through the air, the knife clutched fearlessly in her hand, the linen of her shift and tunic floating behind her like wings. Her father saw her descend and he thought for a moment that he was dead and that she was his angel come to take him home. But then she landed with brute force on the English captain's back, and he staggered but didn't fall, and Grainne wrapped her legs around him and pulled that blunt kitchen knife in just perfectly against his throat, and then, to make him know the seriousness of her intent, Grainne bit the man's ear until she tasted blood. She watched as his fingers splayed out and he dropped his weapon to the deck, but such was the hammering of the blood in her own ears that she didn't hear him cry out. She didn't hear the silence that fell over the *Queen Maeve* as slow and certain as the sun.

Every man onboard turned to look

at her, but Grainne only stared at her father, who was bleeding in a heap on the deck. The two English sailors with his blood on their blades backed away from the wild-eyed girl who was pressing her knife gravely to their captain's neck. The O'Malley blinked up at Grainne; he still couldn't imagine how this was possible, that his daughter was here on the *Queen Maeve*. He leaned up on his elbows, and Donal Dubh stepped out of the crowd to help him to his feet. The chieftain had a wide, bloody gash on his left shoulder, and his face looked awfully pale, but Grainne could see that only his skin was torn and that nothing vital inside was damaged. With his right hand, The O'Malley lifted his sword to meet Grainne's blade at the captain's throat.

"Now sir," he said. "You will kindly order your men off my ship."

The English captain tried to speak, but he couldn't, from the pressure of Grainne's kitchen knife. She released him and dropped lightly onto the deck behind him. The captain sputtered and coughed,

clearing air into his throat. Grainne circled around to her father's side and watched as humiliation fell across the man's face.

"A girl!" he said, incredulous.

Grainne drew herself up tall. "Grainne O'Malley," she said, dipping into a mock curtsy. "At your service."



Jeanine Cummins is the national bestselling author of *The Outside Boy* and other books. This excerpt is from her in-progress coming-of-age novel about Grainne O'Malley. She lives in New York with her Irish husband and their two daughters (who are just as heroic and ungovernable as Grainne). Learn more at jeaninecummins.com.

Follow Guinevere von Sneeden on Instagram @guineverevonsneeden.

FAERIE KNITTING

with ALICE HOFFMAN
and LISA HOFFMAN

Photography by Steve Parke
Model: Crystal Chandler

Find
Lisa's amulet
pattern on
page 97.

AMULET

A fairy tale by Alice Hoffman



In the village where they lived everyone knew there was only one way for whomever went to meet the beast in the woods to stay safe. Wear an amulet around your neck, and when he comes upon you he will know you are protected, for a spell will be broken and you will speak his language and he will understand yours. But there was more. You must be brave. A map was placed in the center of town that would lead to the home of the beast. All of the men turned away. They had families to look after. None of the boys stepped forward. They had their lessons to think of.

So they stayed behind the walls of their village. This was the season when people shut themselves into their houses, had only soup to eat, and trembled when they heard howling. When the beast came to circle the walls they tossed out what little they had. Crusts of bread, onion skins, a pot of beans. Still, they shivered and lived in fear. They could not go past the village gate to go into the fields to gather more potatoes and onions. Children had nightmares about teeth and claws. Girls saw no future and refused to fall in love. Young men cursed themselves for having so little courage.

They wrote their names on stones and rolled them out on a tabletop to choose their hero. Her name came up. Ada. She was the bravest among them, and the strongest. When she shot an arrow she always met her mark. When she came upon a mountain, she would swing a rope and climb to the top. Everyone knew she was the only one who could save them. The truth was, her name had been written on every stone.

Her grandmother gave her a meager packet of food, mostly crusts of bread. She dressed Ada in layer after layer of clothing, sweaters, jackets, coats, hats, gloves, mittens. Then she slipped a ribbon around Ada's neck. It was the amulet that would allow her to speak the beast's language and enable him to understand her.

Wearing it, Ada felt no different.

You will, her grandmother told her. When peril is near you will hear what you have never heard before, and you will be heard, even by those who have no ears.

Ada left when the snow was patchy. The farther she went into the woods, the deeper the snow became. It was rough going, even for a girl who climbed mountains. She grew exhausted. She was a girl who rarely cried, but she was nearly defeated.

How do I go on? she said. The amulet allowed the oak tree she stood beneath to understand her language. *Take my branches and strap them to your feet.* Ada quickly did so. With her snowshoes she could go forward. To thank the oak, she removed the axe a woodsman had left in its bark, carrying it with her so the tree couldn't be chopped down.

In the forest, night fell like a curtain. Ada slept beneath some hedges until she heard an owl. She understood its language when it called for her to wake. She could see paw prints as large as a man's hand circled all around her. The prints made a path that had tamped down the snow. To thank the owl, she left the snowshoes she no longer needed so that the branches could be of use for the owl's nest. She went on through what she thought was a field of ice, not realizing that she was crossing a pond. She fell through the ice and might have drowned, had a huge fish not come to her. Because Ada could understand its language, she followed beneath the ice, swimming through the cold water until she reached the shallows; she used the axe to break through the ice. Before she went on she reached into her pockets for the crusts her grandmother had given her so she could thank the fish.

At last she came to the deepest part of the forest. She heard the beast that so terrified the village. But when he howled she understood his language. All at once she knew how lonely it was to be a beast. *Save me from myself,* he said. She followed the path and there was the beast, a huge wolf.

I've come for you, Ada said.

You? the beast snarled. *Your kind wants to destroy me.*

Ada placed her bow and arrow on the ground.

The beast laughed. *Leave me be,* he said. *Leave me to the misery of being a beast.*

From the east came a group of hunters who began to fire their weapons. The beast was fearsome when he defended himself, even though he was surrounded. Ada grabbed her bow. When arrows flew, the men scattered, back to where they'd come from.

This is what hatred is like, the beast said. *It never stops.*

He led her to the edge of the forest, past the icy pond where the fish had shown her the way out of the ice, past the hedges where the owl had spoken to her, past the oak tree where they now slept sheltered from a storm. When they reached the outskirts of the town, the beast began to cry. Ada sat down beside him. She thought about her grandmother's advice, how the amulet would make a difference to someone in peril. She slipped it off and strung it around the beast's neck, and from then on they understood each other perfectly, for he was a man who'd been under a spell, ruined by hatred but restored by her love.

Alice Hoffman is the New York Times best-selling author of over twenty books for adults, children, and young adults, including Practical Magic, The Dovekeepers, Nightbird, and The Museum of Extraordinary Things. Her latest novel, Faithful, was published by Simon & Schuster. Her new novel, The Rules of Magic, the prequel to Practical Magic, will be published in October 2017. Find out more at alicehoffman.com.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENTLEMEN

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



AUTOCRATS OF THE TEACUP

Tea, Poison, and the Professional Tea Taster

“Tea, as every lady knows, is a pleasant and exhilarating beverage, yet from the leaves of tea may be extracted a poison so deadly that one drop will kill a dog.”

—from *The Ladies Magazine*, Conducted by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, for 1829



Throughout the 19th century, scientists debated just how many dogs one drop of tea might kill. According to findings recorded in *Tea and Coffee: Their Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Effects on the Human System* by Dr. William A. Alcott (1859), “Most persons who drink tea, use not less than a pound in three months; and yet a pound of hyson tea contains poison enough to kill!”—according to a dentist’s experiments—“more than seventeen thousand rabbits, or nearly two hundred a day! And if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in the same space of time!”

Nonetheless (or perhaps *because* of the sexy, manly dangers of tea sipping), the tea trade was a gentleman’s business, complete with silk hats and walking sticks to twirl during a leisurely stroll. And a gentleman could make a handsome salary as a tea taster, carefully relying on his refined palate to identify and grade foreign teas before they entered the market. *Good Housekeeping* labeled them the “Autocrats of the Teacup” in an 1891 article.

In various profiles of tea tasters, they’re portrayed as having uncanny insights into the tea leaf. They rely on all their senses (even holding the leaves to their ears to pinch them between their fingers and listen for the proper crackle), as well as international travel to tea farms and factories. They fancy themselves capable of identifying a tea’s origins, down to the very garden where it grew, just from a simple sip.

They even judge the tea on how it dances in the cup. In *Scribner’s Magazine* in 1921, under the title “Sipping and Sniffing,” Viola I. Paradise wrote that it’s said that tasters themselves add the hot water (at a “mad, galloping boil”) to “watch the agony of the tea-leaves.”

The tasters quoted in the *Scribner’s* article said they “taste till our lips pucker.” And while tasters might sip from 200 to 1,000 cups a day, they don’t always swallow, keeping a cuspidor among their tea service into which to spit the stuff out. One can picture them lapping at their tea like the thousands of cats who’d be killed by it (if cats drank tea) referenced in the study quoted above.

As ethereal and vaporous, refined and delicate, this gentlemen’s profession was, it was all at odds with anti-tea advocates, from the doctors tasked with pathologizing anything that might be pleasing to temperance unions opposed to even the most subtle of intoxicants.

Part of the tea taster’s job was to reject dangerously “adulterated” teas from entering the market. Some foreign teas might be composed of the sweepings of the factory floor, padded with gypsum and sand, and the leaves dyed green with toxic paint. The dangerous Scheele’s green dye was in the tea merchant’s palette. Ironically, a 1903 “poison table” in *Pearson’s Magazine* would recommend strong tea as a treatment for poisoning by Scheele’s green (and also as an antidote to syrup of poppies, rat paste, match heads, and false mushrooms).

Tea, adulterated or not, was blamed for everything from dyspepsia to “apprehension of evil.” According to Alcott’s

Tea and Coffee, tea caused “formication of the scalp (a sensation as if ants were creeping in it), violent pain in the head, dimness of the sight, unsteadiness in walking, and vertigo ... accompanied by a fluttering, feeble pulse.”

And from an 1801 lecture on diet and regiment: “Did women know the train of diseases induced by debility, and how disagreeable these diseases render them to the other sex, they would shun tea as the most deadly poison. No man can love a woman eaten up with vapours, or washed down with disease arising from relaxation.”

But according to “Tea and Its Adulterations,” published in *The Galaxy* magazine in 1869, it was also considered “an aphrodisiac of considerable power, and the rapid increase of the population in China is, by some, supposed to be due to its universal use by all classes.” But to others, the magazine notes, tea “is highly deleterious, producing headache, and sometimes even causing paralysis and diabetes, especially when used to excess, as in tea tasters.”

What follows are various observations on the tea profession and studies of tea poisoning:



★ Among the methods of adulteration cited by *The Galaxy* magazine in 1869 is mixing foreign leaves in with the tea: “the leaves of the beech, elm, horse-chestnut, plane, oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn, and slow ... these are doctored with rose pink, Dutch pink, catechu, chromate of lead, sulphate of iron, Venetian red, soapstone or French chalk, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of copper, arsenite of copper, chromates of potassa, Prussian blue and indigo, and made to assume the appearance of black or green teas, according to the demand. Here we have a list of poisons that would satisfy a Borgia. Arsenic, copper, lead, etc.”

★ Under “The Effects of Tea” in *Twentieth Century Practice: Occupation Diseases, Drug-Habits, and Poisons* (1895), medical studies are quoted about how “the excessive use of tea induces a peculiar neurasthenic state, characterized by irritability, insomnia, and a permanent erethism of the nervous system.” One study of tea tasters noted “peculiar nervous symptoms, as disinclination to go to business, indecision, anxiety, and insomnia ... small pupils ... have a pallid look.” (The study, however, admits that these symptoms could be caused by overwork and harassment.)

★ Alcott’s 1859 study, *Tea and Coffee*, was thorough in its depiction of “slaves to the teapot”: He writes of “an author and parliamentary reporter” who “was a green tea drinker—sometimes using it strong, as his common drink, for five or six hours together, to keep up his mental strength. He had become so enslaved that two or three times a week, he was found lying in a state of insensibility on the floor.” Alcott provides the research of a Dr. Beddoes, who “applied a strong decoction of tea to hearts just taken from living frogs, which extinguished their vitality almost instantly.”

Alcott also quotes the *London Quarterly Review’s* report of “a manufactory near Canton, in China, where the worst kinds of coarse black tea are converted into green tea ... a composition of turmeric, indigo, and white lead; by which process it acquires a blooming blue colour, not unlike that of plums.”

He mentions some studies, however, that identify tea as a remedy: “The Transylvania Journal of Medicine regards it as an anodyne; as truly, in some cases, as opium.”

★ An 1885 edition of *Good Health: A Journal of Hygiene* features an article about the “class of men who are known as tea tasters, and who, in their way, control the market ... The tasters inhale tea aroma, and pronounce upon the quality of the importation, and gossip most learnedly upon its fineness, tastiness, body, and similar qualities which go to make up tea par excellence.”

But “after perhaps five years of experience they become nervous, are afflicted with insomnia, and are especially liable to zymotic diseases ... oftentimes a tea taster has been compelled to relinquish his employment in order to save his life.”

★ *The Medical Record* (1880) interviewed many late-career tea tasters and determined that the job was not only safe but healthy, as demonstrated by the men’s longevity. “There was a certain sallowness of skin among the older ones,” the doctor reports, “which might, however, have been only a coincidence in livers.”



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

WILDE HUNT CORSETRY

*The Mysterious Creations
of Larissa Boiwka*

by Grace Nuth

Photography by Rachel Lauren

Larissa Boiwka chose a name with a grand and mythic history when she created her bespoke corset company. She first considered the name for her business after she was introduced to the myth of “die Wilde Jagd,” or the Wild Hunt, in a college class. “The core of the story,” she explains, “is the premise that on a certain night of the year, a spectral hunting party passes through the human realm. Some say the ethereal procession is led by Freya or Odin, and others claim the Sidhe, or fairies, are the leaders. While this gathering was feared by some, others said that if one witnessed the Wild Hunt quietly and respectfully, the last passing spirit would give you a blessing in the shape of a coin that would always return to you.”

Boiwka sews a small silver coin into the lining of every couture corset she creates for her clients as an allusion to the name of her company and this legend. “Something about this myth was so vivid and beautiful that the idea of it really stuck with me for years,” she says. “I could picture a host of wild women on horseback, riding through the forest, and the beauty, independence, sisterhood, and mystery of it was exactly the feeling I wanted to capture with my work.”

Like the *corsetière* of a fairy court in a wonder tale, she whips up flattering and stunning creations from 23 karat gold, beetle wings, and delicately intricate beaded embroidery, among other ingredients. A custom corset can take upwards of 250 hours of labor to complete, but it is well worth the wait, as her clients will attest. She has attired actors Hannah James and Tara Summers from the television series *Mercy Street*, La Carmina from the Science Channel series *Oddities*, and an actress in rapper Chamillionaire’s video to name a few.

In an empty Columbus, Ohio, Victorian-era mansion just waiting for a host of fairies, our own version of the Sidhe, some Seelie (good) and some Unseelie (mischievous) lounge about in sweeping ball skirts and Boiwka’s stunning corsets, passing time with a wolf and a fox who may quite possibly be princes in disguise. Together, the fairy women in their antlers and horns, and the canids with an almost human-like wisdom in their eyes, blur the lines between tame and wild, real and illusion.





WARDROBE:

Corsets by Wilde Hunt Corsetry
wildehunt.com

Skirts by Snapdragon Designs
Horns/Antlers: Linden Sidhe Designs

MUA:

Almaz Faces

HAIR:

Strut The Salon, M'lou MacKay
Santilli, Josh MacKay Santilli

MODELS:

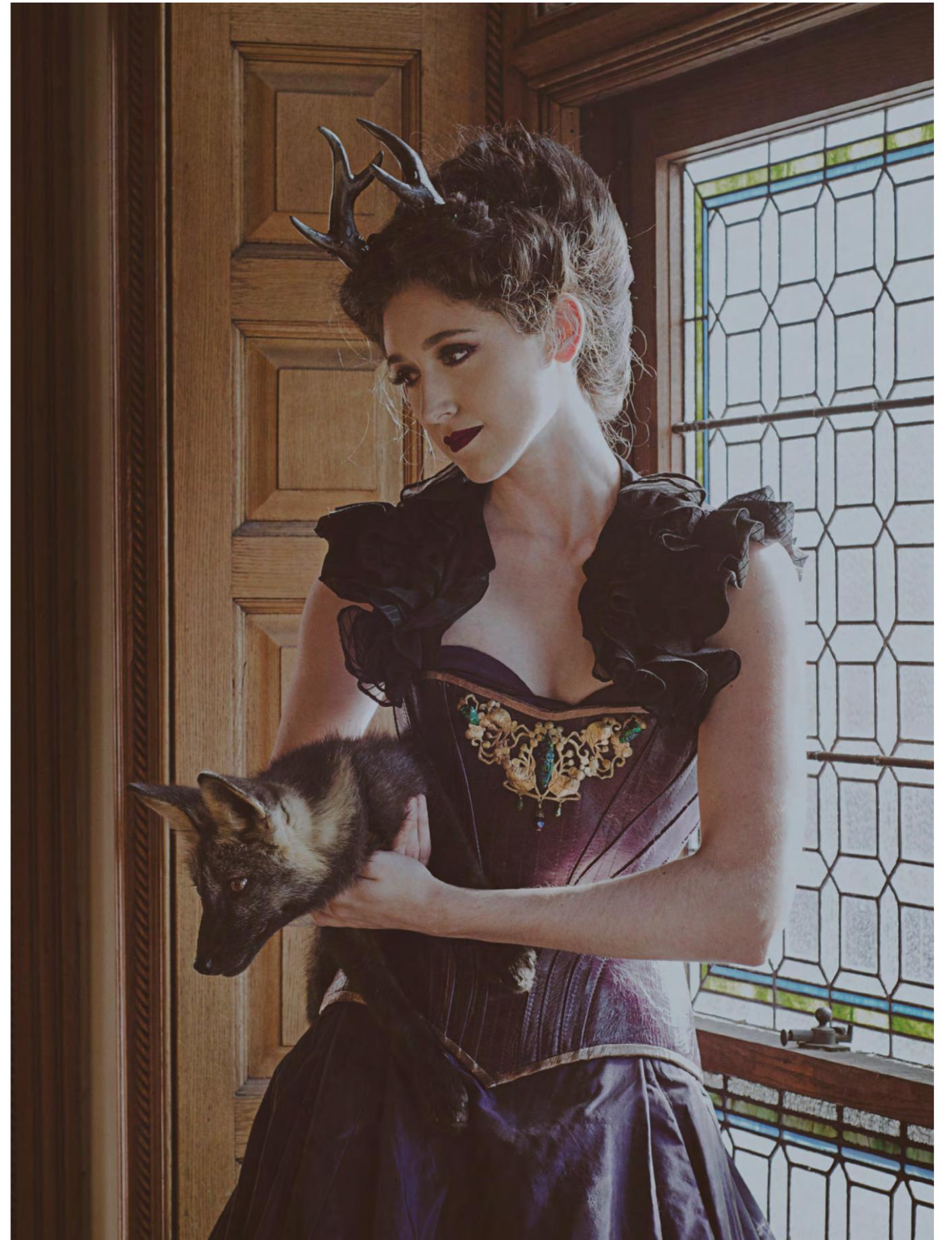
Grace Nuth
Rachel Annah
Amelia Bindofer

ANIMAL AMBASSADORS:

Ironwood Wolves

LOCATION:

The Jones Mansion, Columbus, Ohio
Carriage Trade Realty





JULIE BELL

Three Decades of Painting Powerful Women

by Grace Nuth

Admirers of fantasy and science-fiction art will no doubt already be familiar with Julie Bell's name. She's had over five hundred works of art published for the purposes of illustration and marketing since she began working in 1990, including the cover of Meat Loaf's *Bat Out of Hell III: The Monster Is Loose*, the poster for the *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* movie, and countless video-game covers, advertising campaign images, and book covers (all this in addition to being a former IFBB nationally ranked bodybuilder who still maintains a healthy fitness regimen). We recently asked Bell to talk with us about her work and the strong women depicted therein.

Faerie Magazine: The theme of this issue is "Warriors and Goddesses." Can you give us an example of any artworks you created of a female subject that felt especially strong and goddess-like to you?

Julie Bell: In my painting *Peacock and Firebird*, I was initially inspired by my model. As the concept developed, I began to realize that it was revealing some of my own personal discoveries to me. She is holding onto the peacock, which to me represents the vanities of the self that she once thought were the best thing she had to offer. She is confronted with the firebird's call and, when she touches it, she will release the peacock and zoom into a new path that takes her into a different universe. The truth in allowing that flow that she's finding becomes her ultimate strength.

FM: How would you define a warrior woman? What does strength mean to you?

JB: To me, strength is coming to a point where you suddenly realize that owning and respecting your own truth is an unshakable power. I thought I knew what this meant years ago, but I had no idea what it really meant until a few years ago. I'll probably say the same thing a few years from now!

FM: How has your background in bodybuilding affected your approach to your art subjects, both human and animal? In what ways does your knowledge of musculature and body strength come into play?

JB: I've always been fascinated by the body, both in my art and in a more scientific way. I was a national-level competitor in bodybuilding during the '80s, and my approach was to read everything I could find about nutrition and training. This was before the internet, so I spent a lot of time at libraries reading all the different opinions and theories people had on the subject. Having a firsthand perspective on what creates powerful motions and expresses energy has been enormously valuable to me. Also, I studied ballet as a child and as an adult and have always been exhilarated by the way the body can express energy lines through its directional movements, down to the tiniest details like eye and ear position. We are animals after all, and we see these details even when they're subconscious!

FM: Can you tell us a little bit about your work process? How do your ideas go from concept to execution?

JB: My process of developing a concept for a painting varies. Sometimes I start out with a very clear and precise vision of

what I want to paint. It could have been inspired by a dream or a piece of music, but often it starts because of my slight nearsightedness. I don't wear my glasses all the time, and I see the most amazing world of magical stories and creatures with my naked eyes! Then when I put on my glasses, I realize, Oh, it's just a drain pipe next to an air conditioning unit. But I grab the ideas and sketch some of them down in a sketchbook for future inspiration. Then when I come back to them, they take on a whole different dimension anyway, so you never know.

Then again, sometimes I just start putting paint on a blank canvas and letting the paint speak to me with color and swirls. All my life I've loved to see pictures in the clouds and trees, so I can really use this to my advantage.

And then again, sometimes I just shoot some cool pictures of a model or an animal and become inspired by the photo. The funny thing is that it rarely ends up being what I initially planned for. So often, one tiny aspect of the image will send me off in a completely different direction. I like to think of this as being a partner with my painting, alternating holding the reins and relinquishing control. It's a cooperative process with my mystical self!

FM: We are *Faerie Magazine*, and you are not unfamiliar with the painting of a fairy subject. Can you talk to us about how you approach the creation of an ethereal image vs. a mortal one?

JB: That's actually kind of tough for me to separate. Aside from down-to-earth clothing vs. naked bodies or magical jewels that somehow attach themselves to "areas of interest," I don't see much difference. I can't help but think about how our mortal bodies are created out of swirly vibrations and basically nothing. So if I need to make a point that a person is mortal in a painting, I guess it's mostly in the choice of clothing and lack of wings or scales.

FM: We have noticed your more recent art with human subjects has a more stylized and colorful look, while still using your awareness of human anatomy. Can you tell us more about these recent paintings?

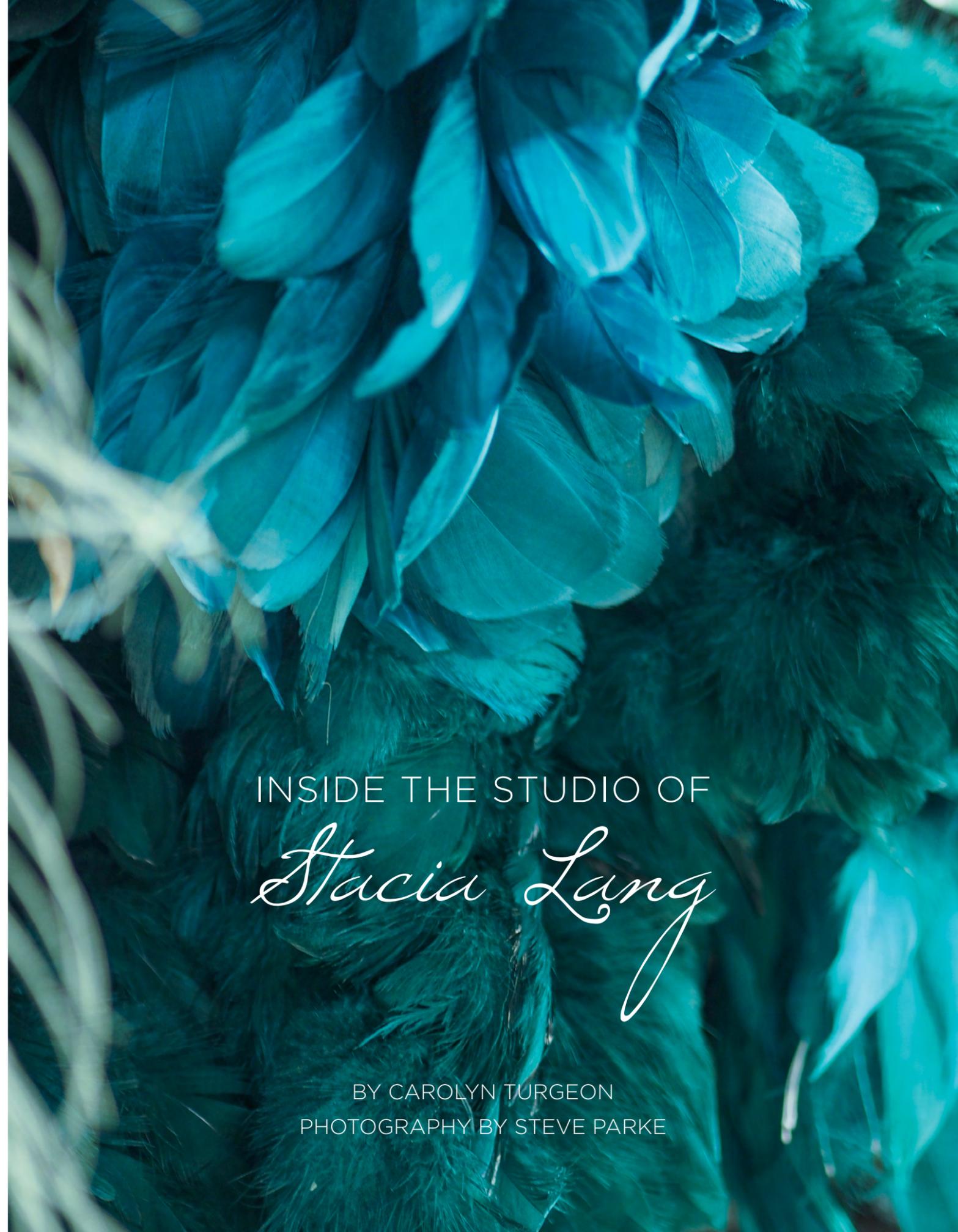
JB: I had previously mostly paired human subjects with dragons and other fantasy creatures, but I started thinking about how cool it would be to put them with real animals instead. But I couldn't escape from my own natural tendencies, and they ended up being very surreal and dreamlike. For example, in the painting *Behind the Veil*, which shows a lady floating with insane zebras, I didn't really start out with all that insanity going on.



But as I went along the path, it became more and more crazy, and I remembered that I used to have a recurring dream when I was a kid about accidentally knocking down the power line that went through the trees in my backyard. When it fell, the power line just went berserk, jumping and forming all kinds of shapes. Then it turned into a really mean zebra that was chasing me through my school. Next thing you knew, the army was chasing me too, for knocking down the power line, etc. etc. Anyway, I'm thinking surreal with these pieces and, as I mentioned before, allowing my more mystical thoughts to emerge. The colors and stylization happen on their own.

FM: One of the artworks you sent us, entitled *Lucinda*, has a different feel from some of your other work and a young woman as a subject. Can you tell us more about the project for which this was created?

JB: Yes! This is an illustration from an upcoming children's novel written by Sherry Lazarus Ross called *The Vinetropes Adventures, Book One: The Return of the Vinetropes*. It comes out in June and I'm very excited about it. The story is so unique and creative, and I can't wait to see how the world reacts to it. Sherry and I have become best friends in the process of creating the book. We recognized an immediate connection in how we think about nature and the universe, and I'm so happy that she chose me to illustrate her book. You're all going to love it!



INSIDE THE STUDIO OF
Stacia Lang

BY CAROLYN TURGEON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PARKE



Although costumer Stacia Lang spends her days on Hollywood film sets crafting intergalactic space suits and unearthly superhero garb, it's in her own home studio that she truly escapes into another world. Imagine two levels filled with jewel-colored feathers, fantastical winged creatures encrusted with Swarovski crystals, endless drawers that open to reveal every kind of antique bauble, button, and bead, not to mention filmy, shimmering fabrics Lang has collected from all over the world. "Whenever I'm traveling," Lang says, "I always make sure to visit the flea markets and antique shops. That never gets old to me, discovering and collecting these beautiful vintage textiles and ribbons and findings. And any time I see vintage feathers from the heyday of millinery, I pick them up."

This studio is where Lang escapes to create her own art, driven only by her own obsessions. It's a dream space and situation for anyone who makes lovely things, and Lang has given it a suitably dreamy name: Stacia Lang Feather Studio. Tables on both levels sprawl out to reveal numerous works in progress, whether it's a sculpture or doll, an elaborate headpiece or garment. While winged creatures provide inspiration in numerous ways—books, art, sumptuous avian ephemera—there are actual live birds too: a chestnut-eared aracari, a pair of red-legged honeycreepers, and a bright yellow singing canary to keep her company.

Why birds? While Lang has always loved them, it was her work on the 2006 movie *Eragon* that sparked her current obsession. Working under costume designer Kym Barrett in Budapest for the film, Lang embellished the leading lady's cloak with a large center back mandala made of turkey and pheasant feathers. "I sorted and trimmed them, and then laid them concentrically from the outside of the motif, inward. While handling the feathers, I experienced their magic and beauty." She goes on to explain: "I think feathers are pure magic. If you find a feather on the ground and pick it up, you're instantly transported. You feel like you've received a rare gift from this bird. And that feeling has roots in many cultures around the world—people using feathers in their dress, their headpieces, or as talismans. Feathers just take you into another realm, into another dimension—you can get lost in the iridescence of a feather."

Her love of old-time films influences her too. She's spent many hours watching Marlene Dietrich and Josephine Baker, with their over-the-top, ultra-glam feathered garments. Movies like *Ziegfeld Follies*, *Moulin Rouge*, and *The Orient Express* were, and still are, favorites. "I was completely drawn to the glamour," Lang says.

In fact, it was those old film stars who made her want to become a costume designer. Lang grew up in small-town Minnesota, but at eighteen headed to New York City to study design at FIT. She got into costuming immediately—and built specialty costumes for Broadway shows all through the '80s, doing craft work (and using materials like foam, leather,





feathers, resins, and latex) rather than regular dressmaking. One of her favorite jobs, she says, was working on the original Broadway production of *Into the Woods*. She was hired to quilt bony, veined effects on gloves and shoes for the witch, played by Bernadette Peters. These rendered old-witch hands and feet that dispensed with the need for grueling makeup applications (the gloves were ultimately replaced with crooked finger extensions). A highlight of the show, she says, was working on the Little Red Riding Hood wolf costume, applying both the fur and the genitalia. “In the previews, the wolf got a little too much attention for his generous endowment, so we had to tone it down a bit!” she says, laughing.

By 1990, Lang was ready to return home to Minnesota and ended up, through a friend of a friend, getting a job at Paisley Park working for Prince. (*Faerie Magazine* photo editor Steve Parke, who was Prince’s art director at the time, was one of her colleagues!) She created numerous over-the-top looks for the Purple One over the next three years. Her most famous creation? His infamous “butt-out” costume. “Prince was full of surprises,” she says, “and this one topped them all. It was an architectural challenge, but we were able to bring his risqué

request to fruition.” One of her favorite looks was “what we called the birthday suit because he wore it on his birthday that year.” Featured in the video “Insatiable,” it was a black jumpsuit with heavy French lace on top, attached to high-waisted trousers. It was featured prominently in the *Vogue* photo shoot by Herb Ritts. “I transitioned him from lightweight, delicate laces to heavier, more graphic and hard-edged laces during this time period.”

She left Paisley Park a few years later and, after a brief design stint in Florida, moved to Hollywood to work in film. “I knew I’d end up here,” she says. “Los Angeles is where movies are made. I’d always wanted to work in film because for me, it’s so immediate. Sometimes I look and I think, I can’t even believe I made this. Making is an experience that, to me, is very, very sacred, really.” Lang has contributed to dozens of films by now, including *Interstellar*, *Star Trek*, *The Amazing Spider-Man*, and *The Cell*, all of which feature her work in what she calls “cinesuits”—spacesuits, superhero suits, and sci-fi suits. She’s also worked on *Tron: Legacy* (Jeff Bridges’s costumes), *Man of Steel*, and *Burlesque*. And she continues to work as a costume designer outside film, most notably for her childhood idol

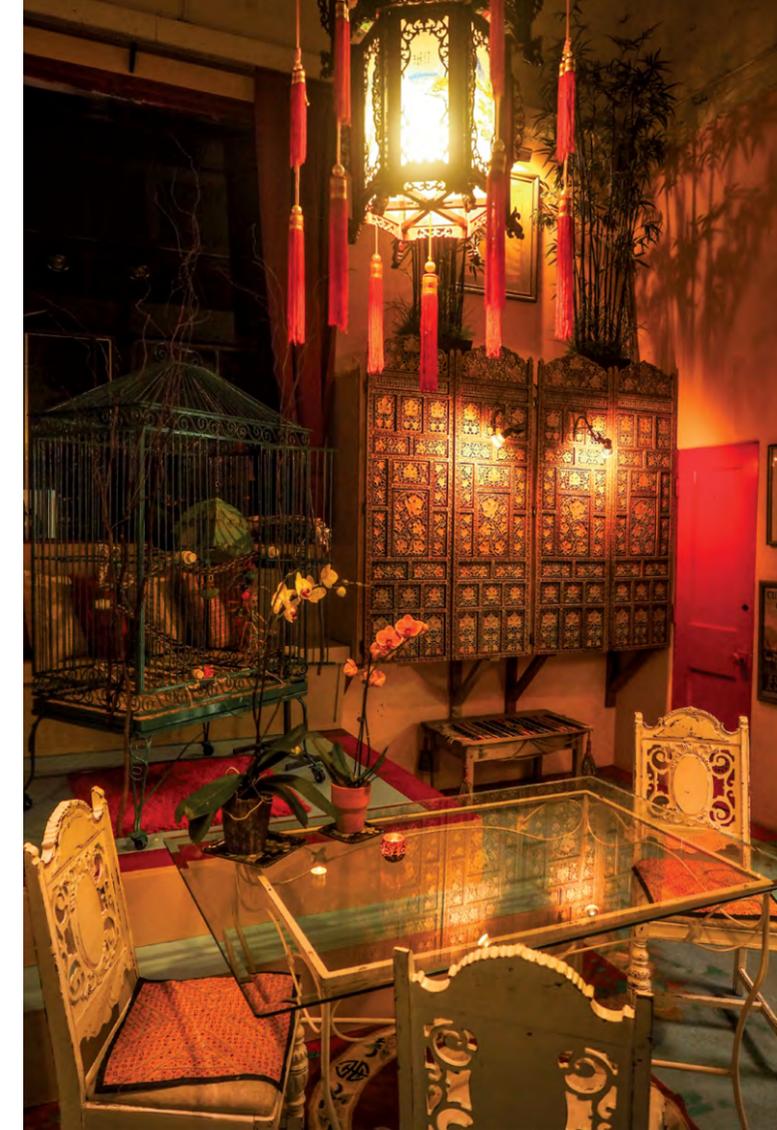


Dolly Parton (“I remember looking at her costumes and just thinking she was like a butterfly or a fairy”) and, more recently, for a famed can’t-be-named fashion designer and his feather-loving muse.

But it’s when she’s off duty, in the Feather Studio, that she can follow her own muse. She says, “I’m not building anyone else’s story, which is what we’re doing when we build films. But when I come into my own sacred space, this is where I can do and create whatever I want to.”

With her love of glamour, winged creatures, vintage textiles, and other worlds, it’s not surprising that Lang is obsessed with crafting fantasy creatures. “I would look at these textiles and beautiful metallics I’ve collected, lovely woven graphics, and think, Wow, this looks like a beetle shell, or a bird of paradise. Why not go beyond reality and make it sort of a fantasy creature? And especially knowing that so many of the species on the planet are poised for extinction, I think to myself, just to create something that doesn’t exist is almost like a counterbalancing of the heartbreaking things going on in the world right now.”

Eventually, Lang says, she’d love to do an installation



where “people could walk into an ornamental aviary that’s a throwback to the 1800s.” She recalls a trip to Brighton, England, and visiting the “old, old aquarium” there. It was filled with incredible Victorian displays, and she dreamed of an aviary with the same sort of ornamentation and detail. She imagines filling it with avian puppetry or automatons—something like the original Enchanted Tiki Room at Disneyland, with its mechanical parrots, toucans, and cockatoos. Or creating a room that’s a jumbo 18th century music box featuring automated fluttering birds ... fantasy creatures, sparkling with crystals and gleaming with iridescent fabrics. “When I create in my studio, I love the possibility of inspiring people,” she says, “I feel that, in my own small way, as an artist, I can create something new and alive, and beautifully powerful.”

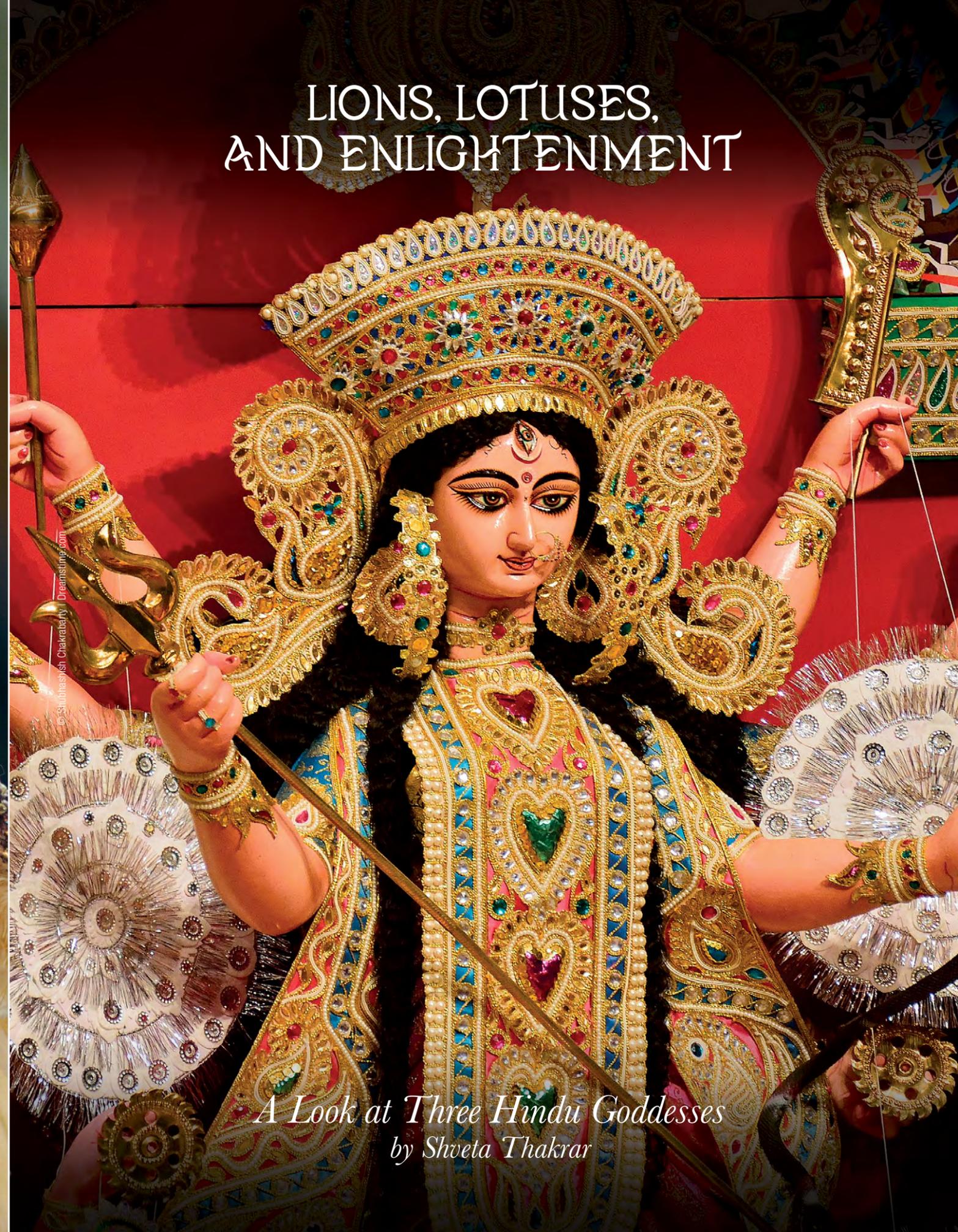


Follow Carolyn Turgeon on Instagram @carolynturgeon.

“To me, it’s kind of a fanciful sort of adventure because I don’t see many people working with feathers. Almost all of the Parisian plumassiers of the last century have closed their doors—but I see feathers everywhere really, of course, in all types of materials.” – Stacia Lang



LIONS, LOTUSES, AND ENLIGHTENMENT



*A Look at Three Hindu Goddesses
by Shweta Thakrar*

In a world always in flux, where great battles are fought both on personal and on public fronts, it's not surprising we have a multitude of powerful deities spread out across diverse religious conventions and practices, all here to help us navigate our struggles. In the South Asian tradition of Vedic/Hindu mythology, these guardians often manifest as the Divine Feminine, a protectress rather than a protector. Strong, capable, and without fear, the goddess nurtures and annihilates. Sometimes she appears beautiful and bright. Sometimes she shows up as disheveled, loud, even horrifying. Depending on what the occasion calls for, she wears many faces and takes many forms, three of which we'll look at below.

Hindu lore is ancient and complex and has shifted through time; stories and depictions vary by era, geographical location, and branch of tradition, and some deities have merged through syncretism and had their status rise and fall through the ages. This article is but a fleeting glance at a trove of very rich and sometimes even paradoxical mythology. If you're curious to learn more, I encourage you to seek out source texts and scholars' work on the subject.

DURGA

Durga is the divine Mother with 108 sacred names (called the Ashtottara Shatanamavali). She is Shakti, the primordial creative power through which the universe came into being. While her consort Shiva represents the formless, the unmanifest, she is the form, all things made manifest: both the universe and the planets and creatures and objects that populate it.

One of Durga's origin stories—yes, there is more than one!—tells us how this aspect of the goddess came into existence. The water-buffalo demon Mahishasura won a boon from the heavens: No hand but that of a woman could slay him. Believing himself invincible—what woman, he thought, could possibly be powerful enough to harm so much as his fingernail?—he began to slaughter the demigods. They, of course, could not retaliate, as they were bound by the terms of his boon. So in their desperation, the besieged demigods turned to the greater gods (Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva) for aid. The three pooled their powers in the form of rays of light to create a female champion, and the gods then offered the newly born goddess a wealth of celestial gifts: clothing, jewelry, lotuses for her hair and hands, armor, and the lion that became her mount, Manashtala. Armed and ready to fight, Durga wasted no time tackling the arrogant demon, who changed shape again and again each time she attacked, until she finally lost patience with his antics and chopped off his head, restoring order to the cosmos.

The lesson here? Never doubt a woman.

Just like any mother, Durga is both fierce and full of compassion. Hindu thought holds that life is suffering and that this material realm we inhabit is a dream that distracts us from knowing who we really are—both conditions Durga would free

us from. She pushes her children to wake from our sleep (that is, belief in and attachment to an illusory and ever-changing world) and to transcend the endless cycle of birth and rebirth (reincarnation based on karma) and seek our ultimate liberation in enlightenment. On our behalf, she battles the demons of ego and illusion that hold us captive so that we might awaken and realize our true nature.

When Durga is depicted in art, it is with the gifts of the gods, visual imagery rife with symbolism. Typically golden-skinned and serene of expression, she often rides a lion (Manashtala) or a tiger. She knows no worry, only patience; she is dauntless, a stable refuge in a chaotic universe. Her multiple arms point in different directions, signifying her protection of all who follow her. Each hand offers a blessing or holds an item: the Sudarshan chakra (a disc that spins around her index finger), with which she cuts down evil and defends righteousness; a conch shell representing the cosmic sound “aum” (ॐ), leading to tranquility; a bow and arrow that remove all hindrances in life; a lotus symbolizing the awakening of consciousness. All these attributes, of course, are qualities Durga bestows on her devotees.

KALI

The goddess Kali is one of the ten Mahavidyas, ten aspects of the great cosmic creative energy Adi-Parashakti, and another facet of Durga. Kali has often been misunderstood in the West, even interpreted as demonic, because her appearance runs counter to the idea of “feminine” beauty and appeal. Yet that is actually the opposite of her temperament.

Kali is depicted as black or dark blue of skin, wearing rags and skull garlands, and with her scarlet tongue hanging out. She dances on cremation grounds, and although this image may at first seem frightening to the uninitiated, we're actually meant to be comforted; she comes to trample the demons of ego that hold us back, to remind us that we are more than our ego—the I, or personality, we believe we are—and that the idea of the body is a transitory one. She's ready to serve up all the tough love we need to grow and never hesitates to shake us by the scruff until we learn our lessons.

A prayer to Kali Mata is an invitation for chaos to enter one's life: She will flip everything upside down. She will rush to turn up the heat until you're broiling. Relationships you'd thought you understood, jobs you'd thought were steady, even the state of your savings account—the upending of all those things is fair game when it's through this chaos that a caterpillar can become a butterfly.

As mother of the universe, Kali is the great void from which everything emerges, the darkness before the moon and sun and stars and planets appeared and the same darkness in which they now swim. Her name stems from the Sanskrit root *kala*, meaning “time,” and indeed, she represents the passing of time and death



and destruction—and transformation. This can be scary; we tend to want stability and to hold onto what we know, especially when it's pleasant but often even when it's not. In short, we want things to stay as they are. Mother Kali, however, will strip away all our illusions of permanence and force us to gaze within. She is the agent of change, and it is both her duty and her joy to extinguish our demons.

For that reason, one of the most famous stories about her recounts her springing into being to do just that. During a great battle, the superiors of two demons, Chanda and Munda, fell for Durga's beauty. They refused to take no for an answer and

instead sent Chanda and Munda to capture Durga and drag her to them by her hair. The goddess, of course, was having none of this. Ferocious Kali emanated from her forehead, emaciated, with long, tangled hair and red eyes, clothed only in animal skins and severed heads. She put a quick end to Chanda and Munda and gleaned their heads for Durga, earning her the name Chamundi.

In fact, says a different tale, Kali enjoys destroying demons so much that one time during a skirmish, she went on a rampage, taking out not only enemies but everyone and everything in sight. It went so far that her consort Shiva became concerned

Three Hindu Goddesses

Shveta Thakrar

she would wipe out the entire world in her battle frenzy. To stop her, he lay down in her path, and as soon as her foot came down on his chest, she realized what she was doing and returned to herself. In portrayals of this scene, her tongue sticks out as a sign of her embarrassment at her excess. But the scene can also be interpreted as Shiva receiving Kali's grace; he is often shown with a blissful smile.

As a couple, Shiva symbolizes *purusha*, or pure consciousness—the aspect of reality that never changes—while Kali stands for *prakriti*, or nature and all things physical. Together, they (like Durga and Shiva) are the two aspects of the supreme reality, the Truth beyond all beliefs, ideas, and illusions.

LAKSHMI

But now we'll meet a different deity, one who is not a warrior but a beacon of abundance. Lakshmi is the Hindu goddess of wealth and prosperity and the consort of Vishnu, the preserver of the universe.

One origin story says that Sri Lakshmi came into being during the churning of the cosmic Ocean of Milk—the Milky Way—when the demigods and the demons both wanted to possess the amrit (nectar) of immortality buried beneath those creamy waters but had to set aside their enmity and cooperate in order to obtain it. So as a group, they arranged for Vasuki, the king of serpents, to be wound around the base of Mount Mandara, itself placed on the back of a great tortoise (an incarnation of Vishnu) amid the Ocean of Milk. They began churning, and the ocean sprayed up a poison so toxic, it threatened to destroy the universe. Shiva swallowed it, containing it in his throat, which turned blue as a result, and in the meantime, the demigods and the demons continued churning, bringing up a host of treasures including a wish-fulfilling cow, the first physician and his book of Ayurveda, the moon, the amrit, and of course, Lakshmi herself, born radiant as the sun and with a lotus in her hand.

Lakshmi then flitted from god to king to god, all who craved her beauty and association with good fortune to satiate their material desires, but settled on none. They deemed her fickle—after all, fortune itself is a fickle thing—but they misread her motives; she was actually searching for someone who cared more for his work than the rewards it promised. He would be the one

NOTE:

What we currently call Hinduism stems from the Vedic tradition and grew out of various practices and texts and customs. Different regions venerated different deities, and rituals and beliefs varied from place to place and time to time—as happens even today!

Also, please note that *myth* as used in this article has the original meaning of “sacred story,” not “fiction” or “lie.”

for her. Once she at last found Vishnu, she chose him as her consort, promising that wherever he went in the cosmos, she would follow. And she did: When Vishnu incarnated on Earth as the avatar Rama, she showed up as Sita (written about in the epic *Ramayana*). When he was Krishna, she was Princess Rukmini (as in the epic *Mahabharata*). The relationship between Lakshmi and Vishnu is invoked even in modern Hindu wedding rites for the depth of its unwavering loyalty and devotion.

In art, Lakshmi is depicted seated or standing on a giant pink lotus pedestal, accompanied by one or two white elephants and sometimes an owl. The lotus is a symbol of illumination: It can grow in both clean and dirty water; muck, like outside negative forces in our lives, cannot stop it from seeking the sun and blossoming, just as we can choose to act for the greater good and for our own liberation no matter what is thrown our way. Her four arms signify the four basic objectives of a Hindu's existence: living a moral life, pursuing a means of living that life (material wealth but without attachment to it), finding emotional fulfillment, and most important, striving for self-knowledge. The hands not holding lotuses are open, offering blessing and compassion.

While people pray to her for money and success, though she is associated with prosperity and plenty, Lakshmi stands for true abundance—that of self-realization. Wealth is a tool, not meant to be worshipped as an end but instead used toward reaching liberation and easing the suffering of others. In this fluctuating world, wealth can disappear as quickly and abruptly as time or fair-weather friends. Companies go out of business; employees are laid off; stocks crash; houses burn down; health fails. Affluence is as ephemeral as any of these, unlike the revelation of one's true nature, and Lakshmi will gladly help those who understand that.

So what does this brief overview of these goddesses mean for us? Well, their myths and symbols show us the power of the feminine, of women, and of fighting back against injustice. We, too, can wear different faces and be both beautiful and ugly, both loud and quiet, both for our own interests and for those of others. The world may be a fearsome place, impermanent and unpredictable, but we are always free to embrace our own power within it. We always have the option of turning inward to see what's truly there and, in the process, finding compassion for others on their journey. Above all, the stories of these goddesses reflect us and our vast potential for growth and betterment back to us, and that is divine indeed.



Shveta Thakrar, a part-time nagini, draws on her heritage, her experience growing up with two cultures, and her love of myth to spin stories about spider silk and shadows, magic and marauders, and courageous girls illuminated by dancing rainbow flames. Learn more at shvetathakrar.com.





THE SEAL WIFE

by Signe Pike

Sometimes when we fight,
I want to slip on my seal skin
and disappear beneath the waves.
I warned you when we married
there are only so many times
I can drink my own tears
before the ocean comes frothing
and roaring to claim me,
because the ocean loves her daughters
and doesn't take kindly to men.

The moon glinted full and fat-bellied
over the sharp steel and spires
the night we first met.
Your kiss was the carbon of earth and of beer,
and I, intoxicated,
could not drink enough.
We spelled each other's names
high above the river
and in the factory far beneath us
in the early morning hours
came the soft smell of yeast and
freshly baked bread.

I followed you south like a snowbird,
body bright with the promise of dunes and bath water,
to a land where mosquitos bit like wildfire,
where haints lingered in front hallways
and bottles decked trees
to keep away the dead.

*Where were my rocks and my mosses,
My shaley-cold waters of green?*

Where there were dunes and bath water,
there were dishes to scour
and laundry to fold.
I tucked my seal skin away
where it moldered and stank
as my body grew old.

One night I'll break free,
and hair streaming behind
I'll race for the beach.
The wind, brackish and thick
will soften the air
and cling to my cheek.
I won't be able to hear you
over the sound of my feet
pounding the wood
the roar of the water
the hot lure of sand.
Around me the sea-brush will twist and sing,
sheltering the boardwalk
in a thousand arches:
a tunnel of green
that will carry me away
back to the sea.



Signe Pike is the author of Faery Tale: One Woman's Search for Enchantment in a Modern World. She lives in Charleston, South Carolina, where she is currently at work on a historical trilogy. Visit her website at signepike.com

Julia Jeffrey is a Scottish artist and illustrator. Her fairy and fantasy-themed work has been featured in numerous international fantasy magazines and her first tarot deck, The Tarot of the Hidden Realm, was published in 2013. Learn more at stonemaiden-art.com.



NAZIYAH MAHMOOD

Empress of Her Own Realm

by Grace Nuth

Photography by Jason Dempster

Naziyah Mahmood stands quietly in the verdant landscape of a rural Scotland morning. Slowly, she dances with her swords in the ruins of Mugdock Castle, with photographer Jason Dempster capturing her graceful and precise movements. Mahmood is not only a beautiful, striking figure in her white and gold cloak, gown, and hijab, but she is also an inspirational and brilliant mind: a martial artist astrophysicist aerospace engineer writer. (Yes, really!) We were eager to ask her about herself and her story.

Faerie Magazine: Can you tell us a little bit about how you came to practice martial arts, what arts you practice, and their challenges?

Naziyah Mahmood: As cliché as it may sound, the arts have been a part of my life since I was a very young child. Rather than beginning as a general interest though, it all began due to a rather painful moment: I witnessed my mother coming home, terribly injured, after being attacked outside. I may only have been around three or four years old, but I still remember that moment so very vividly. I stood there with little clenched fists, promising myself that I'd grow up to become big and strong so that no one could ever harm my mother again.

After this, though, it became more of a passion, one that taught discipline and peace. My father was an army man and had instilled the importance of self-defense in me and my two older siblings. We started with Ninjutsu classes, and I was hooked ever since.

I have been blessed to have had the opportunity to practice many different arts, from Xing Yi and Baguazhang, to European fencing, Hapkido, techniques such as Qi gong, Chin na, Fa jin, and more. Currently, my main art is Haidong Gumdo, a Korean sword art that teaches the practitioner to defend themselves against several attackers and not just one. (More information about Mahmood's martial background can be found here: cmanews.net/naziyah-mahmood.)

FM: What do you feel is the value or benefit of practicing martial arts? What is their draw for you?

NM: Just like any art form, the martial arts are truly a means of self-expression. It's common for people to assume that it teaches brutality or violence. On the contrary, a true art teaches you not to fight but to only use self-defense as a last resort.

As many people have found, learning a martial art—under a good instructor—not only physically benefits the practitioner but also allows them to grow in so many ways. It goes much deeper than just the physical techniques because you begin to mature through the discipline, control, and awareness acquired. A martial art encompasses physical, mental, psychological, emotional, and spiritual growth, as each of these are linked.





I often put a lot of emphasis on the mental preparation, because no matter how skilled someone might be, if they freeze when confronted, which happens very often, then the physical training goes out of the window.

I'm a strong believer that every woman should have at least a basic knowledge of self-defense. It's a shame that this should even have to be a consideration. However, as the saying goes, "I'd rather be a warrior in a garden than a gardener in a war."

FM: What has been the most amusing or memorable reaction you've ever received to practicing martial arts in public or posing with your weapons?

NM: Which one do I choose!

Funnily enough, most of the reactions I get when practicing are almost always very positive. As mentioned before, martial arts teach peacefulness, and when practiced correctly this can be seen even within the movements. So rather than running from the tall, veiled, sword-wielding girl, most people seem to want to come closer. I've been nicknamed Ninja Girl, Samurai Girl, Kill Bill, and more by locals, but I think the most amusing one was Robo-Space-Ninja, by a four-year-old.

FM: You were born and raised in Scotland and live there now. How do you feel about the country—its magic, folklore, legends? Are there any strong female characters in folklore to whom you are especially drawn?

NM: Scotland is truly a place of inexplicable beauty. I have been blessed to be born into several different cultures, and since I can remember, my family would spend quite a lot of time in the Highlands. I grew up on stories of magical creatures, exciting adventures, spirituality, and wonder, so it's only expected that I'd gain a very deep love for these mountain ranges and valleys.

I have always been interested in mythology, for all cultures, and I found myself specifically drawn to the phoenix (not Scottish lore, but found in several cultures). It may sound odd, but it somewhat became my totem spirit animal in a sense, and I often found myself surrounded by stories or moments involving it.

In the web series *Caledonia*, written and directed by my friend Amy Hoff, I play a Middle-Eastern phoenix named Nour-el-ain who helps to solve fairy crimes in Scotland.

FM: We are, of course, *Faerie Magazine*, so we're curious to ask: Have you ever had a memorable encounter with fairies, spirits, or the supernatural?

NM: Being a woman of faith, I am also someone who values spirituality in my everyday life, and I do believe, even as a scientist, that there is much more out there than we as humans know or have discovered to date.

As to whether I've had any encounters, well, all I can say is

that these broken eyes appreciate the specters of light that they experience. Oops, did I say *specter*? I meant spectrum!

FM: Who are your own female heroes or role models?

NM: This is a difficult one as I wouldn't know where to begin! I've worked to empower women in the science, technology, engineering, and mathematics fields through talks and more, and I often mention how we seldom hear about female scientists, and when we do that it's always the few same names.

I find inspiration from so many women, well known and not so well known. I could sit here and speak of famous names such as Marie Curie, Ada Lovelace, Tomoe Gozen, Khadija bint Khuwaylid, Princess Diana, and more, but I must say that most of my inspiration comes from the women I see around me. From my own mother, who has struggled and fought ill health her entire life, to the woman I met on the street yesterday who walked over to me to ask if I was okay after hearing what has been happening on the news lately.

Inspiration can be all around us, but we'll only ever find it if we look hard enough.

FM: This is our "Warriors and Goddesses" issue of *Faerie Magazine*. Do you have anything to say in closing to any young women who might have been falsely told that a woman cannot be a warrior and be feminine?

NM: To all my sisters out there, regardless of your age, color, background, nationality, etc., I ask you this: What is strength and courage? It doesn't necessarily mean wielding a sword or throwing people around in a dojo. It is the ability to do what you believe to be right in a world where you're told that you can't. A warrior is not one who never feels afraid or never feels pain. A warrior is someone who, when struck by calamity, will absorb the shock, slowly turn that painful energy into something self-progressive, and then rebound in an evolved state of mind and will.

Whether it is a woman going through a struggle to find her feet in a male-dominated field of study or career, or maybe a young girl who has been forced by society to see herself as no more than a physical aesthetic to those around her, your struggle, your effort to be you is strength.

You are beautiful in your essence, you are exquisite in your being, but you are also powerful in your efforts and determination to remain yourself during a time when the masses are so easily brainwashed by the latest trends. That, my darlings, is strength in itself.

All in all?

Don't become the princess of someone else's fairy tale. Become the Empress of your own realm.

Grace Nuth is a writer, artist, and model living in central Ohio with her husband, black cat, and a garden full of fairies. To follow her projects, please visit gracenuth.com.

Jason Dempster lives in Scotland where he's often found roaming ancient woodlands, historic ruins, or coastal gardens with his camera. Visit him online at Instagram [@lumix20](https://www.instagram.com/lumix20).



"Don't become the princess of someone else's fairy tale. Become the Empress of your own realm."





THE BEE GODDESSES



of *Stephanie Law*

by JILL GLEESON

They are ethereal. Supple and airy, with an almost Erté-like fluidity and grace. But the goddesses that Stephanie Law paints also have an earthy majesty the father of Art Deco never bestowed upon his creations. These are powerful women, potent women—depictions of the Thriai, a trinity of pre-Hellenic Aegean bee goddesses. Named Melaina, Kleodora, and Daphnis, they were said to be virginal sisters, nymphs, who made their home in the Corycian Cave's sacred springs at Mount Parnassus in central Greece. According to legend they are responsible for giving Apollo the gift of prophecy. They were not to be trifled with, these women.

Law, who lives in Oakland, California, found herself drawn to creating visions of feminine fortitude in part due to her daughter, Claire. "I want her to see her own power and to see that strength," Law says. "I want her to see beyond just the physical-beauty aspect of it, which is difficult sometimes because she's a seven-year-old and she loves all the pageantry. And so there's some element of that, but I also want to reveal to her the other elements, the inner power and strength—the power to realize what we desire and to create the existence that we want, to really manifest it."

The artist loves to play with perception and perspective in her work, examining boundaries like the moments at dawn and dusk when the sun hits the horizon's edge, creating a green flash, and it is neither day nor night but something in between. Exploring other realms, what Law calls "the boundary that separates what we choose to see and don't perceive as important," is another cherished theme. Her daughter's never-dwindling fascination with the tiny creatures that inhabit the space around her led Law into botanical and insect pieces. Initially frustrated with Claire's inability on a walk to "get from point A to point B" without long interludes spent gazing at ants marching down the sidewalk or a pill bug curled on her fingertip, Law soon found herself as drawn to this miniature world as her child was.

Before long Law was noticing things she never would have before—the moment the air above her head filled, as if by enchantment, with iridescent red dragonflies, or the way live oaks in the ravine across from her home flow through the space they inhabit, embodying both growth and decay. But it was her work with the bee goddesses that gave her the opportunity to zero in on the insect world.

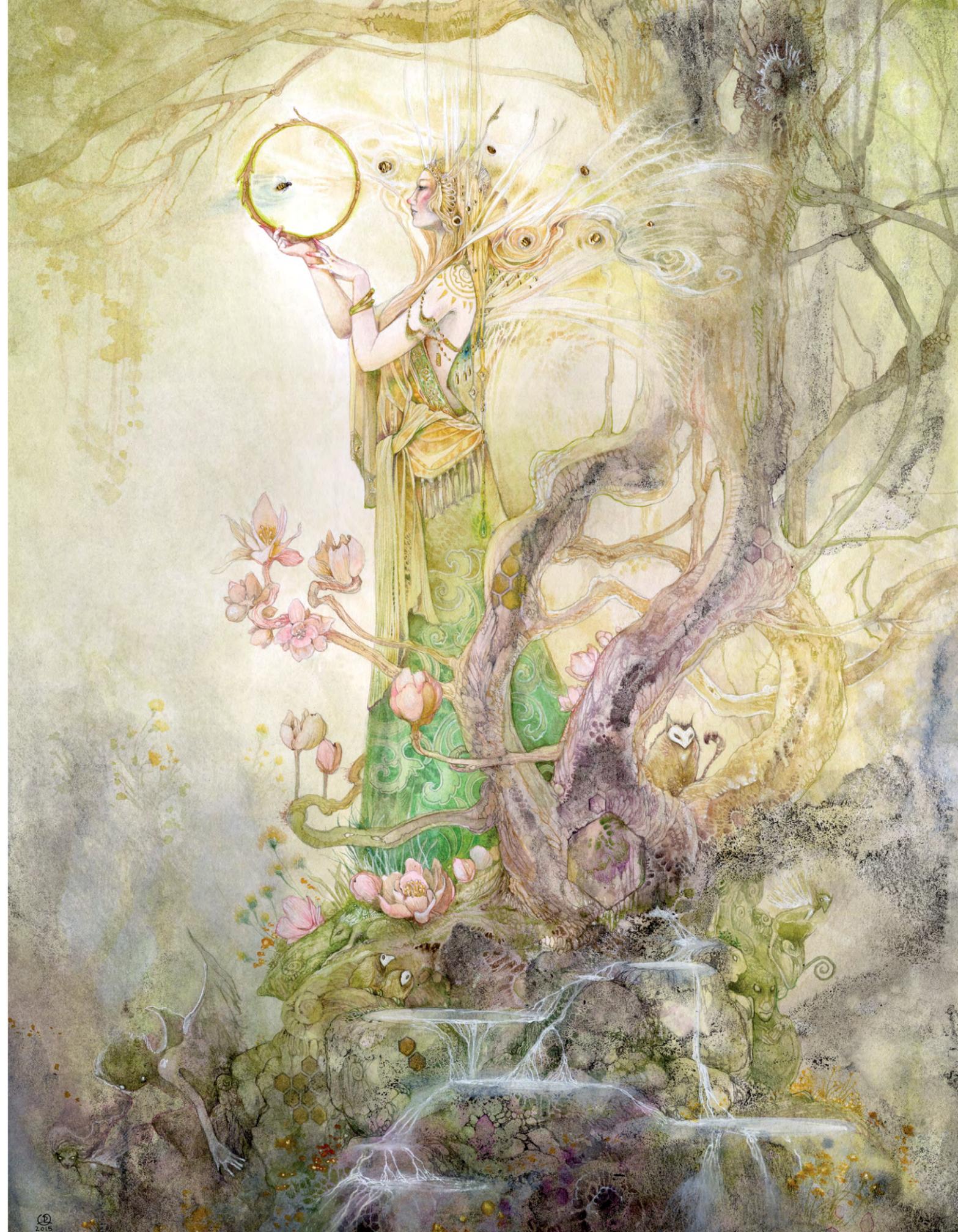
"It really took off when I started doing Daphnis," Law explains. "As I painted her, that little bee started expanding

around her and I thought, What if I made this bee huge? What if I made it even larger, and what is the perspective of that world? I really got drawn into botanical detail as well. Botanical art forces me to take a closer look at things around me that I think I see and appreciate, but once I start painting there are all these tiny details that I never was even aware I was missing, all these little textures and patterns and colors and subtle shifts. It becomes almost this abstracted creation. If I'm holding a fruit, instead of just this fruit I see all these beautiful shapes and forms within it that I never noticed before."

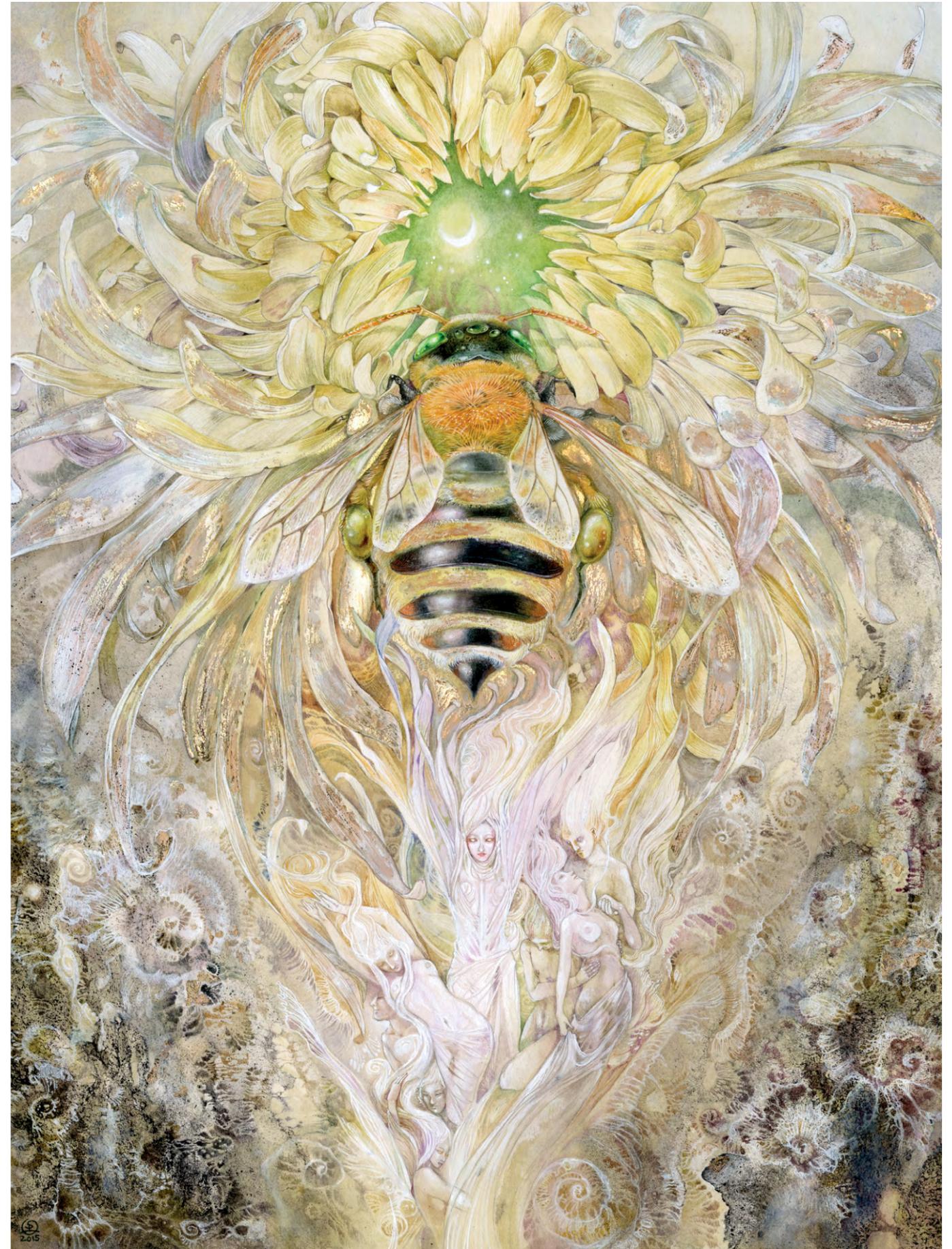
Law is currently at work on two upcoming solo gallery shows. In June she'll be featured at Seattle's Krab Jab Studio; December will find her work at Haven Gallery, in Northport, New York. Fans of her art can also peruse it online at shadowscapes.com, where original drawings, paintings, sketches, lithographs, and her watercolor-technique books, *Dreamscapes*, can be purchased. (Law has also illustrated a tarot deck, an astrological calendar, and an herbal guide for Llewellyn Publishing, and is featured in *Faerie Magazine's Winged Beauty* coloring book.) Alert eyes will no doubt notice another image common to her work: pearls. The artist's fascination with them harkens back to her childhood, when her grandmother crushed one up and fed it to her.

According to Law, "there was some belief that the pearl would imbue its essence to me—the beauty, the luster, the smoothness. So the symbolism of this is now appearing over and over again in my work, but it's become more than just those superficial elements that she was trying to impart to me. It's more this kind of secret inner strength. That's what the pearl itself embodies now."

Magic of one sort or another flows through Law's pieces, including portraits of fairies like Eldritch, a stunning queen bedecked with flowers and feathers. "For me, the fairy realm is everything around me that is unseen," Law says. "It's the energy and possibility that lies hidden. Sometimes something will trigger a shift in my awareness and let me see with new eyes these wonders that are ever present. Painting the fantastical and fairies is a way for me to express this magical exhilaration that I feel when a realization clicks, and I suddenly see a connection that I never noticed before. This connection can be a phrase that catches my fancy, or the way reflection and being merge trees and swimming fish into a single realm. Or it can be the ache of understanding the hole left in the world where something used to exist but now is no longer."









WROUGHT BY
Rasputina

*The pioneer cello rock band describes
the transformative aspects of performance*

BY LAURIE MARJORIE MILLER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE PARKE
HAIR AND MUA:
NIKKI VERDECCHIA, NV SALON COLLECTIVE

Rasputina's formidable back catalog is like an old history library, the tiered kind, with sliding ladders, stained-glass windows, and oiled wood, where gilt-embossed titles catch the late-afternoon sunlight glinting from leather spines. Yet when *these* library books are opened, rather than giving you a straight account, they hold your hands fast, taking you on a wild spin through the human psyche, carried aloft on the music of cellos that saw and roar and murk and shriek and groan and thunder and rock your nerves.

Have you heard of cello rock? Baroque pop? Chamber goth? Well, Rasputina, the brainchild of Melora Creager, invented it: the first rock group to make the venerable cello the main instrument, turning it into something *ferocious* that sounds like thunder and rain, something that can sound by turns gentle and creepy, precious or sinister. By means of distortion pedals and amps, the cellos are untamed.

Creager, who hails from Kansas, is the leader and main vocalist of Rasp (the band's affectionate nickname). She plays more of the bass parts in its songs. The beneficiary of an era when public schools encouraged students to take up instruments in fourth grade, Creager started playing cello at nine years old. But it's a long way from nine to now. How did she cover the distance from being a precocious middle-schooler to becoming a pioneering bandleader?

When she was a teenager, Creager temporarily quit playing cello because, as she confesses, "orchestra was not cool." However, in a different setting, it became *extremely* cool and in demand. Once Creager's friends at Philadelphia College of Art and Parsons School of Design heard that she played, they begged her to take it up again, to accompany them in their projects and performances. So "Rasputina was basically an art-school project come to life," she explains.

Rasputina

Laura Marjorie Miller

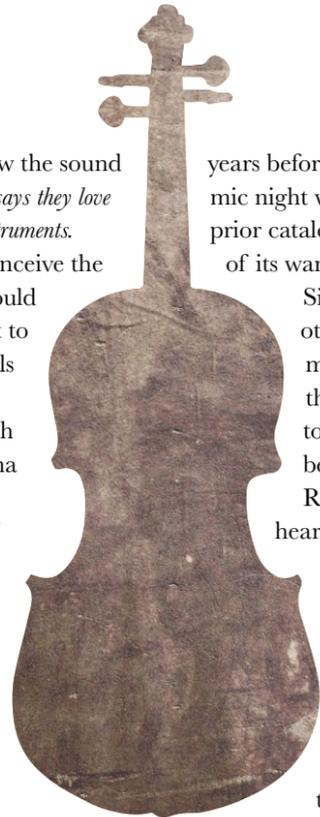
Yet in rock performances, guitars would swallow the sound of the cello. So Creager got to thinking, *Everyone says they love cello, yet it keeps getting drowned out by all these other instruments. What if it was the main instrument?* She began to conceive the idea for an “all-girl electric cello choir,” which would eventually become Rasputina. “I essentially did it to make friends,” she says. “To meet other weird girls who play cello.”

A lifelong student of history and enamored with czarist Russia, Creager named the band Rasputina as a tip of the hat to that love affair. Historical situations and literary subjects inform the bulk of Rasputina’s songs: Topics veer from a global volcanic winter, in “1816, The Year Without a Summer,” to the life of Howard Hughes, to a disquisition on the Donner Party. The lyrics often take up marginalized, archetypal female figures and stories—a feral child kept in a cage (“The Snow-Hen of Austerlitz”), a unicorn horn mounted in a big-game hunter’s trophy room, leechwives, and the working women who perished in the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire. There are songs in which natural history crashes up against speculative flights of the fantastic, like “Holocaust of Giants,” about the prehistoric mound builders of Illinois and Ohio, or “Saline, the Salt Lake Queen,” where a teenage girl conjures green fire in the bed of an ancient, dried-out basin. And there are things that may or may not be fairy tales, like “Stumpsie,” or a black mass incanted around a scary doll that a girl and her friends found in a field (“Gingerbread Coffin”).

Creager’s fascination with historical subjects began earlier in her life than she can rightly remember. Growing up surrounded by her family’s library of history books, she knows that by age seven she was already composing “sad and spooky” songs about old photographs and Lizzie Borden. There is a way of “exploring *ourselves* through historical situations,” says Creager, “of asking, Why do people do what they do?”

Rasputina’s music “feels like a time you can’t place but somewhere close to you,” says the band’s percussionist, Luis Mojica. “It has a sense of ancestry, yet combined with something very modern.” Mojica adds keyboards and an undergirding of percussive effects, such as tambourines and beatboxing, to the multilayered storm of strings supplied by Creager and the band’s newest member, Polly Panic (a.k.a. Jenette Mackie), who joined last August.

Mojica initially joined Creager for her 2014 “Calico Indians” project, and then came onboard as a member of Rasputina for the group’s 2015 tour, which covered 44 cities and culminated in a performance at the Vampire Ball in New Orleans. He was an established fan, moving in the same circles as Creager for



years before the two finally caught up to each other at an open-mic night where they became fast friends. Out of the band’s prior catalog, *Frustration Plantation* is Mojica’s favorite because of its warmth and the clarity of the cellos in the recording.

Similarly, Panic and Creager had admired each other’s work over the years (“There are not that many singing rock cellists!,” says Panic, so of course they knew of each other), making feints and efforts to connect professionally that took several years before the timing was absolutely right. “I had been a Rasputina fan for a long time,” Panic says. When she heard she made the band after her audition, she says,

“I was so thoroughly excited I was vibrating!”

The members of Rasputina, each an accomplished solo performer and composer in their own right, welcome the sharing that ensemble play affords: the way it stimulates the growth of one’s musicianship and leads to choosing from Rasp’s catalog material that suits the skills, abilities, and preferences of the individual players, helping one another carry the night as a team.

“To go in someone else’s rhythm, and to do that in front of hundreds or thousands of people,” says Mojica, “is etheric. Everyone’s tuned in. You’re a *trio*.”

“It’s one of the hardest things I’ve done, playing complex music with two other people,” adds Panic. “But the energy and power that come when you do something right—it takes *everybody*, including the musicians onstage.” The band members laugh about the psychic link they seem to share from traveling so closely. Coming out of dressing rooms in their individually inflected Rasputina regalia of dried flower crowns, corsets and suspenders, pantaloons and bloomers—and in Mojica’s case, Eastern turbans and tunics—they will often find they have done their makeup like one another, sight unseen: “*You put a white stripe down your nose, too?*”

The band’s latest tour, which wrapped this past winter, was a celebration of *Thanks for the Ether*, Rasputina’s debut album of 1996. Revisiting twenty-year-old compositions necessarily throws one’s evolution into high relief: As Creager revisits older songs, she sees her own growth as a bandleader and composer as well as an individual.

Creager realizes in hindsight how technically difficult she made some of her early pieces. (“*Ether* is hard to figure out by ear,” Panic corroborates.) “Rock music is actually really easy!” Creager says, laughing. However, her accompanists found their own potential in the playlist and rose to the occasion: Mojica, by discovering where in the DNA of the songs he could lay in percussion; Panic, accustomed to playing solo, by training herself in the technical, intellectual aspects of musicians’ interaction with one another in performance.



Rasputina

Laura Marjorie Miller

Whether or not the human condition has evolved over the centuries covered by Rasputina's songs, Creager reports with happiness and relief that *she* has evolved over twenty years of performance. Singing early songs has allowed her to reflect on her personal growth. "Those songs were written from the point of view of a poverty-mentality person in her twenties," she relates. "I was depressive, very 'poor me,' embarrassed to write about happy things." She has a more encompassing point of view now, which allows her to perform the songs in a historical mode: "Something I really felt twenty years ago becomes a character," she says.

And the *Ether* tour affords the same for the band's earliest fans—people Creager knows from the message boards of her website in the days before social media—who have been attending shows (called "recitals" by those in the know), tracking their own evolution against music they have known since their youth.

For those looking to connect with the latest from Rasputina, its most recent recording, *Unknown*, exists only in 3-D form, to be sought via mail order or at shows. Creager refuses to release it online, allowing it to enter the world as a physical CD, something very tangible and old school, a clear line between real and alternate reality. After an internet hacking incident, Creager sorted out her identity, recording the songs for *Unknown* solo and raw, channeling narratives and music in a "dank basement." Although *Unknown* speaks through disparate characters, in the style of other Rasputina projects, it is "the most personal thing I've ever made," says Creager. "It's really authentic. That time caused seismic changes in my priorities." In retrospect, she reflects, "it's the best thing that could've happened to me."

Since cello music is played literally *on guts*, that may explain some of its visceral power—especially the way it is performed in Rasputina. Mojica describes its depth as being "in a storm, on a ship, trying to find your way to land." Certainly diving into its timeless friction together has been a transformative experience for the band.

For instance, Panic describes the evolution of her solo persona into someone who could encompass more aspects of performance. "I'd made myself as *hard* as I could, protecting myself in a certain anger or rage," she explains. To protect her sensitivity, Panic had "driven to the hard side. I always wanted to shock people! To say, *See? A cello can be this hard!* I kind of trapped myself by doing that. Playing with the group has inspired me to search those other paths." Panic sees Rasputina as "between light and dark," she says. "It tells stories, an indirect analysis which actually gets to the heart of things

A lifelong student of history and enamored with czarist Russia, Creager named the band Rasputina as a tip of the hat to that love affair.

better." It's a quality that appeals to Panic's strong Southern Gothic sensibility. "I truly value the ability to tell a story, to skip the definition, to describe the human condition, real battles that everybody faces."

This year will be a break for Rasputina, as the members take 2017 off to nurture their solo projects. Creager is working as a therapeutic music practitioner for people in crisis and directing music at a "huge, old, Gothic" Methodist church, where she commands their band and choir and plays her cello. She contributed voices to *Tigstone*, a fantasy parody that will air on Adult Swim in March. She also is scoring the accompanying music to *The Dark Mirror*, a 1920 psychological thriller, for the Library of Congress. "It's not cheesy at all," she says, "as some silent films can be."

As for the reading that informs the vast library of Creager's imagination, she is currently immersed in Tibetan Buddhist texts, for their blend of the practical, the personal, and the "way out there"—the myriad other worlds and levels of reality they describe.

Whatever complicated human themes are carried out in the historical situations Creager writes and sings about, one overarching theme in Rasputina's own story is authenticity: being willing to do the hard work to discern what is really *yourself*. "Melora is always raw," says Mojica. "She is what a lot of people strive for—pure rock and roll, through and through. Playing with her imparts to me the good wisdom of doing for your *own* happiness what it is that you are expressing."

Panic confides that she is "still learning to be myself in someone else's music that has meant so much to me, that I've loved for so long." But after many hours of meticulous practice trying to get her performances from *Ether* note-perfect, she realized, "I won't feel like myself if I copy someone else from the past. And getting it right is not necessarily what Melora is thinking about. It's my interpretation of it that matters."

Discover more about Rasputina at meloracreager.space.

Laura Marjorie Miller writes about travel, magic, myth, ocean conservation, the arts, and other soulful subjects. Her work has appeared in such places as *Parabola*, *Utne Reader*, *Yankee Magazine*, and the *Boston Globe*. Find her on Twitter @bluecowboyyoga.

Visit steveparke.com for more of Steve Parke's photographic work.

Visit *NV Salon Collective* at nvsalonco.com.





PASTORAL NOIR

The scene? Athens, 1010 AD. Nymphs, dryads, gloaming in the misty dawn. Minding their own business... when the goddess Vesta appears, hill-top, 12 o'clock.

Vesta: *Oh say you nectar drinkers, pray, have you seen thy goat-god Pan? Because I am looking for him. For him, for him I have, a couple of quest-i-ons.*

Nymphs: *I see him just down there. He's down there at the bottom of the hill—just down there—He's down there at the bottom of the hill.*

She's Vesta, and she is now from Latmos Hill descending. She puts a candle to his face. The flickering light shines hard. He looks scared!

V: *Pan, what do you know about Shepherd Tony?*

Pan: *Nothing!*

V: *Liar! Liar! Goddamn it Pan! DO you know anything about Shepherd Tony?*

There comes the sound of shifting—Pan shifts on his toadstool seat.

V: *So you do—you do know something about Shepherd Tony. Tell me then—tell me now!*

Pan: *Well Vesta, it goes a little something like this....*

[Pan-flute solo]

V: *Oh my God—that makes me crazy! Do it again! Do it again!*

[more Pan-flute solo]

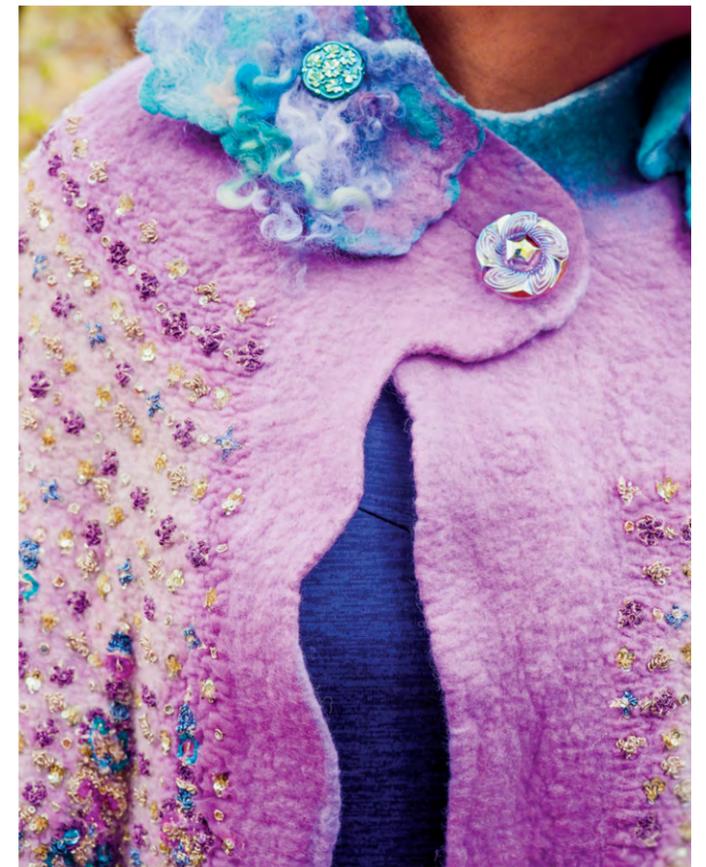
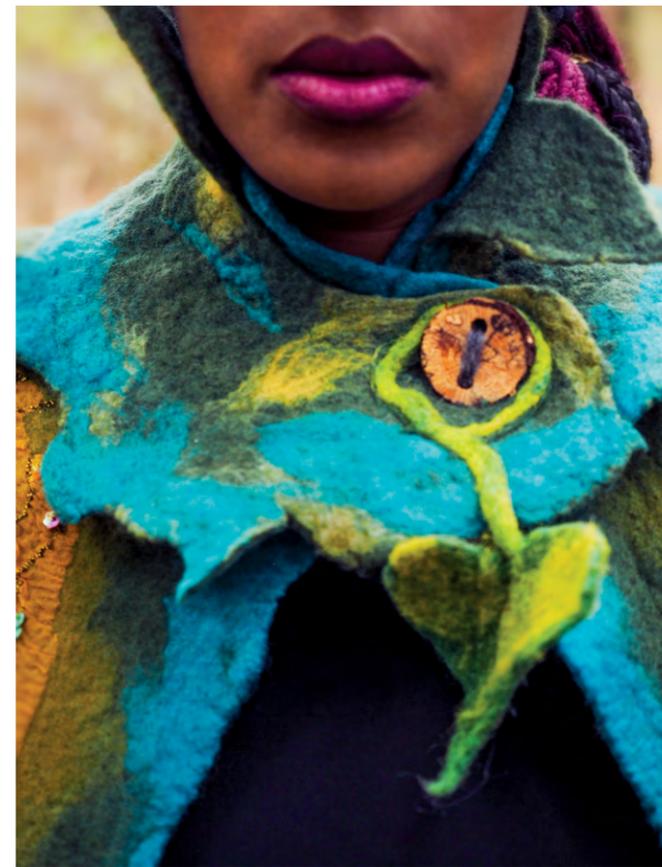
Vesta puts out. She puts out the candle with her fingertips. *Tssst.*

By Melora Creager, ©Filthy Bonnet 2015



The Felted Capes of Moss Hollowe Farms

Written by Carolyn Turgeon. Photography by Steve Parke. Model: Crystal Chandler



When Lynn Hurst of South Carolina's Moss Hollowe Farms isn't tending to her small flock of sheep, dairy goats, chickens, ducks, guineas, and peacocks, or selling eggs and produce and fairy soap at the farmers market, you might find her conjuring magical felt garments from the silver-gray locks of her beloved Gotland sheep. This ancient Swedish breed has a fleece so unique that when J.R.R. Tolkien happened upon a flock in the northern hills of England, he imagined that his elves' cloaks were made from that same wool, as "gray with the hue of twilight under the trees they seemed to be; and yet if they were moved, or set in another light ... dusk-silver as water under the stars."

The process of felting is "magical," Hurst says. "You can take the locks of a beautiful gentle animal, card it into clouds of soft billowing fluff, and then, with a little soap and hot water, transform it into anything you could possibly imagine: thick sturdy shoes, jackets, slippers, mittens, hats, to keep you warm, or light-as-air scarves and gowns, shawls, tunics to adorn you, or even items for the home, like vessels, journals, lampshades, dolls, and toys, even wool paintings and tapestries." It's alchemy, she says. And a felted garment can somehow manage to look like it was made from bits of earth and bark and clumps of mossy leaves scooped up straight from the forest floor.

Hurst's line of one-of-a-kind clothing, Fairy Moon by Moss Hollowe—which she sells exclusively in A Walk in the Woods, a new artisan and heirloom crafts boutique in historic Hendersonville, North Carolina—features enchanting garments

that juxtapose the rustic, earthy qualities of wool with delicate airy silks and sparkling glass beads to create the most stunning fairy finery. "I love to create full-on over-the-top fairy wear," she says, "but I also love to create items that I think of as 'fairy streetwear,' or what a fairy might wear while walking among the humans. These capes are the latter, or at least I think so."

The cape she calls Snow Drift (page 83) was intended to capture the "dazzle of sunlight on crested snow." She says, "I tried to imagine what a Snow Queen might like to wear when out for a morning stroll." Wishing Stars (page 84) is an interpretation of the first stars emerging at twilight, with the constellations appearing as individual twinkling points in the sky (or the asymmetrical bohemian glass buttons on the collar). Titania's Walking Cape (page 86) began as an antique piece of blue and yellow organza/net, but Hurst chose wools of olive and teal to bring the fabric into a more earthy realm—to evoke the "woodlands in which Titania might walk among her fairies" but still allow her to walk among the humans undetected. The fairy tunic Sweet Tomatoes (page 87) was created for a fall fairy wedding, but its inspiration came from Hurst's garden and the anticipation of summer's bounty as the first little tomatoes begin to ripen. "It's the balance of the sparkling gossamer grounded in the earth by the twining felted wool vines which I love," she says.



Learn more about Moss Hollowe Farms at mosshollowe.com.





FAIRY GOLD

SPRING HERBS AND THE GOOD NEIGHBORS

by Ali English

How to start an article about fairy tales and spring's fairy herbs? As it's a discussion rather than an archetypal fairy tale, one cannot exactly begin with the eternal words "Once upon a time." Yet one has to approach this subject somehow. Perhaps it should be done in a similar way to fairy tales themselves—obliquely, sideways, craftily, the way winter slides slowly into a brighter season. Spring itself often seems to be made wholly from the fabric of faerie, with its lengthening days, the slanting sunlight like pure gold, and the gorgeously vivid greens and honey shades that adorn the earth, dotted with the brilliant colors of the first blooms of the season. The flowers, too, are often linked with faerie, with entering Under the Hill, with chancy bargains, forbidden revels, and fabulous feasts.

Here in my native county of Lincolnshire, an old legend speaks of a girl whose life became bound to the cowslips that flowered around her home. She fell ill in the winter, and though her family hoped she would live to see the spring arrive, there was still no sign of it in April. Finally she told her mother that she would be dead by the following day if the green mist heralding spring had not arrived. Fortunately for her, the green mist did indeed arrive the following morning, new buds of brilliant peridot dotting the birch trees, and the girl was able to sit out in the sun and gradually recovered her health, growing more and more beautiful as the days passed. Strangely enough, on the days when the sun did not appear, she became pale and ill again. When the cowslips finally flowered, her beauty became so ethereal and fey that she greatly unnerved her loved ones—probably even more so when she warned them against gathering any cowslips. Unfortunately, one day a young man visiting the cottage picked a cowslip to give her, hoping to woo her. Her family watched her fade all the rest of that day, the cowslip held to her breast, until finally she died the following morning, becoming one with the season.

Other tales gathered from around the world are linked with the primrose, that gorgeous coin of sunny yellow shades. In Germany there's an old tale that features a young girl and a handful of primrose flowers. She stumbled across an old doorway covered with an astonishing array of blooms and touched a primrose to it, after which the door creaked open and a passage to an enchanted castle appeared. One rather has to wonder if she entered the castle or ran as fast as her legs could carry her in the other direction: Enchantment is, after all, a perilous thing, and sometimes the gifts it gives come with rather large burdens attached. Other primrose tales speak of doors opening and a host of fairy folk bearing gifts spilling out, showing the child how to get home and sending her along with heaps of gold for good measure. Some versions of the tale hold that a miser, observing from a distance, tried to do the same thing but had the wrong number of primroses in his hand. He was never seen again. It would seem the Good Neighbors do not care to have their generosity abused.

Another tale that features a gorgeous spring flower and a miser is that of the humble dandelion. Many gardeners lament the presence of this sunny flower; however, it has a rather illustrious origin tale. Many years ago a man was making his way home from market and happened to chance across the end of a rainbow, with the expected cauldron of coins there. He gathered them all up in a sack and carried them home as fast as may be, gloating at his good fortune, but the fairy folk, listening to what he planned to do with the gold and noticing that none of it would go to help his fellow men, decided to prepare a small lesson for him instead. When he took a shovel and the sack of coins out to bury them, they unraveled a corner of his sack. A small enchantment later, and the man in question didn't notice the coins dropping out one at a time as he crossed several meadows. When he realized what had happened and tried to return to collect the coins, they had all been turned into

the sunny gold flowers that adorn verges, meadows, grass, and gardens alike, full of medicine and food for any who needs it. Certainly a fitting reward for gold sickness!

Ground ivy is another spring herb with a beautiful story behind it. This one comes from Ireland originally and features a young woman who, when out collecting water one evening, tripped and fell down a hole that appeared out of nowhere. When she came to, she found herself in Fairyland, surrounded by the host themselves. One of them asked her to dance, which she did with great pleasure. Later there was a great feast with a beautiful array of fruits and breads and nuts and wild-tasting wines of varied hues. Had she accepted these delights, she would have found herself bound Under the Hill at their pleasure. However, a red-haired member of the company wound a band of scented herbs with beautiful purple flowers around her wrist and told her to run for home, the herbs would protect her. So she did, the host running at her heels, and when she arrived home and barred the door behind her, a voice through the door told her that had she not worn the ground-ivy bracelet, she would have been bound to their company for eternity. A guardian and protector indeed!

Still another tale speaks of the hawthorn, that noble tree long associated with faerie. This particular old specimen was growing in gnarly splendor in the middle of a field that two boys had been set to plow. One of them drew a circle around

the tree to mark the ground that should not feel the touch of the iron, and then a table laden with an incredible feast appeared there. The lad who drew the circle partook of the food offered while the second boy ran for home, scared out of his wits. The lad who remained and ate of the fairy food was wise for all the rest of his days, a fit reward indeed, though one has to wonder if he already had some measure of wisdom, choosing to avoid angering the Good Neighbors!

Looking back at the tales covered thus far, what is the one commonality that herbs seem to share with fairy tales? They bring about change. Herbs almost always facilitate a transformation of one kind or another, whether it is from life to death, in the case of the poor lass and the cowslip, or from a mundane existence to a magical one, or even on a more mystical level, a change of perspective and the gaining of wisdom. Herbs and plants are the agents that allow the spells to be spun, the tale told, the web woven.



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



MEET THE ROCK STARS OF THE *Godesses AND Warriors*

GEMISPHERE AND POUND JEWELRY WORK WITH GEMSTONES
IN POWERFUL AND DECORATIVE WAYS *by* LAREN STOVER

According to Michael Katz's book, *Wisdom of the Gemstone Guardians*, late one evening, Katz and his partner were visited by thirty "Gemstone Guardians," the earthly and otherworldly caretakers of gemstones. They inspired not only his first very magically metaphysical book but also his gemstone "pharmacy." Katz worked in the diamond district for years and was familiar with grading stones, which gave him insight when starting his company. Even faceting a stone can alter its energy, and irradiating it might be the worst thing you can do. "Blue topaz comes in a natural, gentle blue," he says. "But they let it sit in a nuclear reactor to brighten it, which literally destroys its essence—the sweetness, its element of patience. Irradiated blue topaz gives me a headache when I pick it up," he says, noting that his stones are untreated. Needless to say, he is meticulous about the grades of stones and gems he uses.

He works with Dr. Sara Hazel, a naturopathic physician, and just this year they introduced a collection of goddess and warrior necklaces using a combination of stones to create a harmony of effects.

Hazel explains: "Our necklaces were given the names of warriors and goddesses because of the archetypal energies that the combinations represented and not so much based on individual gemstones or any opinions on the relationship to individual goddesses.

The goal was to embody the energies of a noble warrior and the Divine Feminine and what those energies can do for us. The Divine Feminine Necklaces—**Brigid** and **Heart's Wisdom**—have a collection of gemstones that in combination provide grace and healing, as if you were receiving the blessings of a goddess. The Noble Warrior necklaces—**Athena** and **Mystic Warrior**—draw on powerful archetypes to give us access to the energies of strength, courage, and a noble warrior spirit.

Before releasing them a process of testing went on with different staff and volunteers to assure an accurately realized necklace that captured the energy formula that was intended.

Brigid was born in response to the many needs of my patients and my students' patients for access to a deeper well of feminine healing. Pink tourmaline transmitted images of the Divine Feminine as a healer, a mother, and a restorer of life. The necklace was designed to support healing efforts that focus

on improved fertility and the rejuvenation of the female form. The archetype of the Celtic goddess Brigid seemed to best capture the essence of these gemstone energies. Although no one gemstone or one necklace or tool will ever fully express all that is the Divine Feminine."

Brigid contains pink tourmaline, red spinel, blue-green fluorite, pink coral, and mother of pearl.

"The Heart's Wisdom necklace was an expression of the Divine Feminine as a kind of healing wisdom of the heart. It provides a gateway to uplifting and releasing false and limiting beliefs about our abilities to love and be loved.

The Noble Warrior collection was created to allow easier access to the vitalizing power of the warrior spirit that helps us all progress on our spiritual path. It also helps us recover from the damage and trauma to our physical body that is the inevitable price of living. Athena is where the Noble Warrior and Goddess energies unite. Athena returns strength to the body, joints and muscles, and physical brain and heart. The Athena archetype embodies pure truth, wisdom, protection, and the warrior who defends. The Athena necklace helps protect you from the energetic projections of others and strengthens the physical and supraphysical aspects of your being."

Athena contains green tourmaline chips, blue lace agate spheres, and white flash moonstone rondels.

"Mystic Warrior challenges us to have the courage of our convictions and be willing to share our truth with the world, regardless of others perceptions or opinions."

Mystic Warrior contains green tourmaline chips, onyx spheres, and blue flash moonstone rondels.

"Initially I felt working with gemstones was a little too New Age, and I found it challenging enough to integrate nutrition, herbal medicine, acupuncture, and hydrotherapy with Western medicine. Nevertheless, a combination of the Inner World and Michael Katz's persistence got me using gemstones cautiously on acupuncture points in my practice. I slowly began using gemstones more and more in clinical practice, applying them to acupuncture points and meridians, as well as using chakras and Ayurvedic theory. The unexpectedly powerful results kept me experimenting and led us to explore stones to evoke our goddess and warrior powers!"

"Gems have called to us in every age and culture," writes Michael Katz, founder of Gemisphere in his book Gemstone Energy Medicine. Rich in power and magic, crystals and minerals have been used for thousands of years to evoke and decorate the divine goddess and the powerful warrior.

Artemis is wearing Heart's Wisdom with pink tourmaline, blue-green fluorite, ruby, and lavender.

Photo by Steve Parke

POUND JEWELRY

We spoke with Becca Kannapell, a founder of Pound Jewelry who creates pendants and pendulums (a divining tool as well as jewelry), about her ten favorite stones for evoking the energetic powers of the divine feminine and mystic warrior. She explains the mystical, strengthening, grounding, calming, and downright magical qualities of those stones. Since there are so many opinions about which stones correlate with which goddess (all except for rose quartz, which is, hands down, the choice for Aphrodite), she advises you to trust your intuition about which stones call to you.

She says, “I wanted to share the history and mystical reasoning behind our deepening love for the stones. Most important, people just feel better when they wear them! We get story after story of people writing us to tell us how little miracles have happened to them and their Pound pieces and how connected they are to their stones. I think based on the way things have been going in the world and how crazy everything is right now, people are more than ever waking up and feeling how disconnected we have become and are craving *more connection*—with ourselves, our cycles, our feelings, our planet, and one another. Crystals and stones are a tangible force that can help remind us of our essence and connection. They serve as a *visible* reminder too. And a pretty one that draws in attention, conversation, and therefore connection.”

◆ **SEKHMET** The lion-headed warrior goddess of Upper Egypt was seen as the vengeful avenger of wrongs, and was also known as the Scarlet Lady, a reference to bloodlust. In ancient Egypt she was dangerous and ferocious, but her archetype has



mellowed over time and she has come to be seen as a special goddess for women, that of a protector and healer. But not too mellow—it was said that her breath created the desert.

TIGER’S EYE: This is a fierce and vigilant stone, reminiscent of feline nature. Felines rest and store energy so they are ready to pounce when they need to with all their force and all their energy. A very powerful and courageous stone, tiger’s eye promotes integrity, strength, willpower, and insight. It was used by Egyptians to express divine vision and also as a protector of the sun and the earth. Note: Other stones associated with her: ruby, red agate, garnets, citrine, orange calcite, and topaz.

◆ **ARTEMIS** Ancient Greek goddess of the moon and the hunt.

AMETHYST: The story goes like this. Dionysus pursued Amethysta, and Artemis intervened and turned her to quartz. Dionysus wept wine-colored tears and transformed the stone to lavender. It’s the stone of sobriety and assists in overcoming addiction and is also a crown chakra stone for higher consciousness, meditation, and peace. Amethyst is also a very calming stone that increases intuition and psychic powers. A stone of “moving forward,” it helps prevent repeating past mistakes and incurring past pains.

◆ **YEMAYA** African goddess of the ocean.

AQUAMARINE: A stone of the sea according to ancient lore, aquamarine was a good luck stone for sailors and a “mermaid stone.” It is named after water and is a calming, gentle, loving,



compassionate stone. Associated with the moon and with the heavens, it’s also a great stone for reflection and self-love. A throat chakra stone, aquamarine helps us use our voices and releases fear of speaking in front of public audiences. It induces a sense of relaxation and inner peace and is excellent for inspiration. It also brings peace to tumultuous situations, relationships, and homes.

Yemaya is also associated also with turquoise—a stone of wisdom and truth that was also used in ancient Egypt, Incan culture, Native American culture, and in Turkey as a stone of luck and wisdom. One of the oldest stones known to man, it was also used as a talisman for warriors, kings, and shamans. Note: Yemaya is also associated with coral and shell.

◆ **TIAMAT** Babylonian mother goddess.

AMAZONITE: Known as the stone of truth and courage, it has an energy as bold and powerful as the Amazon River, after which it is named, and has connections to the Amazon warriors, while also tempering anger and aggression. It empowers us to delve into our deepest truths and to speak our truth but with a deep connection to who we really are without the fear of judgment from others. It awakens compassion, allowing us to see both sides of a problem or argument. *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*—the Egyptian funerary text—was carved into Amazonite and the stone was also prized as jewelry. It was seen as an amulet for prosperity in Mesopotamian culture.

◆ **SOPHIA** The goddess of wisdom.

LABRADORITE: Known as the stone of magic, labradorite has been used by mystics, shamans, and healers who travel the world over seeking alternate levels of consciousness and deep healing. This stone brings out our inner magic, just as labradorite’s layers of minerals bring out flashes of light and luminescence in bluish-green and even reddish highlights. It’s an incredible stone of self-discovery, revealing the importance of navigating the landscapes of our own souls and selves before attempting to heal others. This stone illuminates that which is unseen and brings it to the light so that it can be healed permanently, though the process might be uncomfortable. Labradorite sparks our imagination while calming our overactive, overthinking mentality so that we can see alternate ways of dealing with issues that arise in our lives. It’s a stone that enhances our sensitivity to touch, which is one of the reasons it’s so often used by healers.

◆ **APHRODITE** The goddess of love, beauty, and pleasure, birthed from sea foam.

ROSE QUARTZ: This is a stone of unconditional love and attracting love to oneself. It carries in its essence a tender and compassionate nature, reminding us that love reigns supreme.



Rose quartz reawakens an innate love and opens the heart chakra, which is directly associated with love—romantic, compassionate, and love of self. Used as a token since around the year 600 B.C., it is a talisman for relationships of all kinds, most notably love relationships. This stone stimulates the imagination and inspires beauty in all creative pursuits. It is also known as a nurturing and mothering stone, especially if one has lost their mother or is becoming a mother herself. We love the act of loving, and seeing what can happen when we spread more love in the world. The world does indeed seem to go round, when we act out of love instead of fear. This stone of the heart reminds us of our heart’s deep ability to love and to be loved. A talisman of relationships, it helps us reawaken in ourselves the concept that we deserve love.

◆ **ATHENA** Goddess of wisdom and craft (including weaving and pottery) and war.

CARNELIAN: This is a stone of passion, love, desire, and the fluid change that occurs within each monthly cycle and the captivating beauty of each of the four seasons. A stone of the flesh, carnelian is a reminder to listen to ourselves and to delve into our romantic and personal passions with fervor and delight.

◆ **BRIGID, ALSO BRIGITTE** The Celtic goddess of fire, poetry, healing, and fertility.

LAPIS LAZULI has been a symbol of vision, spirit and royalty since ancient times. Very much a prized stone in ancient Egypt, Rome and Persia, this stone was considered to be one of the “gods” and the gold/silver flecks that sometimes appear in the stone reminded ancient peoples of the stars in the night sky, guiding their way and transforming their lives. Also known as a stone of universal truth, it is a very activating stone for accessing the higher mind and strengthening intellectual activity and deep memory. Lapis lazuli is a loving stone of friendship and helps bring harmony into relationships across the board. Brigid is also associated with green quartz and jade.



◆ **ISIS** The wise goddess, patroness of nature and magic, and according to *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*, she was probably the deity of the dawn. Her mother was Nut, goddess of the sky. She has been associated with the star Sirius (said to be her soul) as well as the moon and the sun.

MOONSTONE: Rainbow moonstone carries within it a deeply feminine energy, as well as a natural predisposition to assist in balancing our feminine and masculine energies. It is known as a goddess stone and is associated with the moon and the many feminine cycles that also correlate to the moon. Rainbow moonstone enhances our psychic abilities, intuition, and inner trust which allow us to better recognize our destiny. This is a very powerful stone for anyone on a journey to reconnect or deepen their awareness of what they truly wish for their lives and supports the courage to go out and seek it.

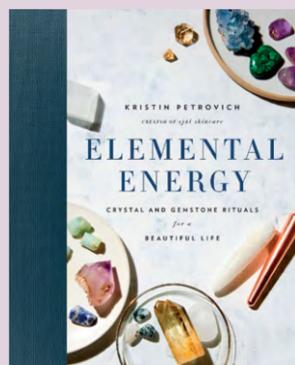
Note: *Sacred Stones of the Goddess* author Galen Gillotte also suggests using moonstone, which is also the stone of the moon goddess Selene.

◆ **KALI** The Hindu goddess of endings and beginnings, the goddess of change and destruction of the ego, Kali is the one who comes and burns everything to the ground that no longer serves us as humans or as a planet so that new life can grow. The ego is very fearful of Kali because she tells it like it is and burns away false perceptions of self.

BLACK TOURMALINE and **SMOKY QUARTZ** come to mind for this goddess. They are both root chakra stones and are incredibly protective against negative energy. They are also reminders that when we look at our ego, our darkneses, our shadows, we get to know ourselves on a much deeper level and our light becomes that much brighter. These stones are some of the more powerful stones for connecting us to our root, to our anchor, to who we really are deep inside while maintaining that connection to the light inside of us.



“Don’t let its pastel hue fool you,” writes Kristin Petrovich, founder of Sjal Skincare in her gorgeous, user-friendly book *Elemental Energy, Crystal and Gemstone Rituals for a Beautiful Life*. “Rose quartz is a powerhouse, subtly soothing body and mind and opening the heart to new experiences.” Her book explains why we resonate with crystals and guides readers through harnessing the energetic powers of crystals and gemstones for beauty and wellness, both physical and emotional. Clear quartz, she writes, “is essential for balance, focus, and clarity and is the single most important stone to have on hand and amplifies the energy of other stones in baths, elixirs, or face and body treatments.” And speaking of baths, our favorite is the **Detoxifer** with a gem elixir (how-to explained in the book) of clear quartz, green moss agate, and/or amethyst along with bentonite clay, Himalayan or black sea salt, and baking soda. This bath works like a magnet to help pull toxins out of the body, and is great for anyone who feels toxic or sluggish or is regularly exposed to heavy metals or EMFs from cell phones, etc.



BEAUTY GEMS: PRECIOUS SKIN ELIXIRS WORTHY OF A GODDESS

If the goddess of the moon, Selene, had an arsenal of beauty products, Moonstone Rejuvenation Elixir—promising luminous and ageless grace—would be on her celestial shelf. There are no actual moonstones in this silky artisan formula by Precious Skin Elixirs, but it’s infused with moonstone energy, attuned to the frequency of the gem in much the way flower essences work. Founder and botanical alchemist Marissa Bethoney explains, “When I’m batching, I use tumbled gemstones in the mixing flask of oils, and I perform a small ceremony to invoke the spirit of moonstone or whatever crystal I’m working with.”

Those oils include evening primrose oil—the primrose flower is said to open to its fullest at night—and beauty ingredients used in ancient Egypt, including boswellia (also known as frankincense) and moringa oil. Even the packaging is something we imagine the Egyptian goddess Isis would love.

“I read that Ancient Egyptians stored precious medicines and essences in violet glass to protect potency and to allow only enhancing rays to pass through, so I searched until I found a

company that made violet glass,” says Bethoney. (There’s only one, and it’s in Switzerland.)

Precious Skin Elixirs’ mission is to “return to the wisdom of the earth’s healing abundance, honoring our sacred beauty.” And Bethoney, who has studied herbal medicine, has read everything from ancient texts detailing beauty rituals to the spiritual guidance of the deities to create her elixirs.

Bethoney, who lives in the woods in Massachusetts where she builds fairy houses on her two acres with her daughters, is inspired by both the mystical and energetic properties of gemstones as well as precious metals. Not surprisingly, she has a gem-studded past. While in college and for twelve years after, she had a jewelry business called Marissa B. and crafted elaborate jewelry with gemstones that were all hand-chosen at the famed Tucson gem show.

“I only work with natural, untreated stones,” she says, noting that blue topaz is almost all “irradiated” to make it brighter.

Of her collections she says, “I want the whole experience to feel like treasure.”

Botanicals, crystals, silver, and gold! What a way to treasure your beauty.

No wonder all her products evoke a goddess or two! Here are a few of our favorites.

Amethyst Harmony Elixir.

Calming and protective, this facial oil using wild-crafted oils (borage seed, jojoba, meadowfoam, and black cumin seed) is attuned to the frequency of amethyst stones. Favored by the goddess Artemis, amethyst enhances meditative states and higher consciousness. According to *Sacred Stones of the Goddess* by Galen Gillette, this is the stone of Kuan Yin, a Chinese Buddhist goddess of fertility, healing, magic, children, health, and compassion. Indeed, the oil makes us feel transported just by smelling it. We love that the elixir contains lavender and blue tansy!

Tourmaline Radiance Elixir.

Formulated with tumbled tourmaline, which is bright magenta pink in hue, this glowing orange formula transforms skin with an exquisite potion of brightening phyto-actives, including prickly pear seed and carrot seed. Tourmaline, for Bethoney, evokes Aine, the Irish goddess of “the spark of life” who is also celebrated as the Fairy Queen.

Peridot Cleansing Balm.

This lichen-green peridot formula smells both enchantingly herbal and uplifting. It contains kokum seed butter, hemp seed oil, blue tansy and lavender, and it envelops skin in a tranquil potion that draws out impurities. The stone peridot, also called olivine, is said to reduce stress, aid tissue regeneration, and act as a tonic to balance body and mind. It’s associated the goddess of abundance, Lakshmi, who emanates golden light, and Ishtar, “the light bringer.”

Rose Quartz Botanical Mist.

Infused with active silver, this cooling spray is dreamily aromatic with organic Damascus rose from Bulgaria. It’s easy to see why Aphrodite, goddess of love (and self care!), is associated with rose quartz. Bethoney makes two dozen batches at a time and swirls the goddess-gorgeous ingredients, including neroli, holy basil, immortelle, and aspen bark, with what she calls “a loving handful of rose quartz stones.”

24 Karat Gold Luxe Restorative Balm.

The Celtic goddess Brigid, associated with a golden flame, comes to mind when we experience this plush golden balm, an indulgent hydrating and nourishing blend of borage, pomegranate seed oil, arnica montana, and colloidal gold. Bethoney calls it the ultimate anointing experience, as it embodies transformation as the solid unguent melts into oil



on your skin. The gold actually catalyzes or carries the other ingredients deeper into the skin. It’s alchemical!

Onyx Purity Mask.

The grounding and purifying blend of minerals infused with antioxidants brightens and quells inflammation. The powder includes Moroccan rhassoul clay, active coconut charcoal, turmeric, cinnamon, and clove, and when mixed with water it smells good enough to eat! The vibration of onyx is protective. “For me, the goddess Cybele correlates to onyx in that she represents a maternal, grounding figure,” says Bethoney. “I think of the Onyx Purity Mask as grounding and earth-connected, and it can be quite authoritative when it comes to drawing away impurities from the skin!” (We love the vegan brush and handmade treatment vessel.)

Sea Pearl Exfoliating Clay.

Don’t worry, no mermaid necklaces were crushed for this healing and detoxifying cleanser. While it doesn’t contain the crushed pearl, each batch is attuned to the pearl’s vibration. “I lay out a crystal grid around the mixing vessel to attune the mixture to the gem frequency,” says Bethoney. “I thought about using pearl but I could not find an ethically harvested sustainable source. Pearl helps release emotional blocks and opens our feminine side of intuition, nurturing, and receptivity.”

The ingredients are worthy of Amphitrite and Thetis, a sea nymph and one of the fifty nereids—sea clay and French green clay as well as arrowroot, calendula, and rosehip seed oil among other wild-crafted and organic ingredients. “It’s soft and feminine and has the vibration of sea pearl,” Bethoney says. “It’s very serene and vast in feeling and smells like the ocean. As a maker and creative, my process is informed by spiritual connection.”

Follow Laren Stover on Instagram @faerie_style.

MATERIALS

1 skein 1.75 oz./50 g, 180 yd./165 m Stacy Charles Fine Yarns Alicia (100% linen)
Or any linen or cotton yarn that meets gauge, see Notes for yarn alternatives
 Size 4 (3.25 mm) needle
 Assorted feathers and beads
 Darning needle
 Sewing thread and needle
 Approximately 1 yd./1 m of ¼-inch black velvet ribbon for necklace

FINISHED MEASUREMENTS

Before finishing: 8-inch width (top of triangle-shaped piece), 5-inch length.
 After finishing: approximately 3 inches at widest point, 5 inches plus desired length of hanging fringe/beads.

GAUGE WITH 2 STRANDS OF ALICIA HELD TOGETHER

18 sts x 28 rows = 4 inches in Seed stitch
Gauge is not critical, as this is a piece of art and each amulet will be unique.

ABBREVIATIONS

K: Knit.
 K2tog: Knit 2 sts together.
 P: Purl.
 St(s): Stitch(es).

STITCH PATTERNS

SEED STITCH

This stitch pattern is made by working 1 knit stitch and 1 purl stitch across a row, and then they are alternated every other row by knitting the purl stitches and purling the knit stitches.

NOTES

- Use a stiff fiber like linen specified for a piece that will maintain its shape and not be too drapy. Alternate options are cotton, hemp, flax, or even an Icelandic or a Shetland wool, or blends of these fibers. Be creative by using a hand-dyed or variegated fiber.
- Leave a long yarn tail at cast on and at bind off to use for finishing.

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

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Find photographer Steve Parke at steveparke.com.



INSTRUCTIONS

Cast on 37 sts (see Notes).
 Set up row: *K1, p1; rep from * to last stitch, k1.
 Decrease row: K1, k2tog, work in seed stitch pattern to last 2 sts, k2.
 1 st decreased.
 Repeat decrease row until 4 sts remain.
 Next row: K1, k2tog, k1. 3 sts remain.
 Slip 1, k2tog, pass slipped stitch over to bind off. Cut yarn, leaving long tail, and pull tail through last stitch.

FINISHING

Block to measurements. Fold cast on edge accordion-style into 3 pleats and with yarn from cast on, use a darning needle to sew tightly together through the pleats. This creates a leaf shape. Make a yarn loop at top of pleat and fasten to top of amulet, or attach a metal ring. Using yarn tails left hanging from bind off, add additional fringe as desired, and string with beads of your choice. Attach feathers to amulet with sewing thread. Thread ribbon through loop or ring at top, and tie a knot for desired necklace length.

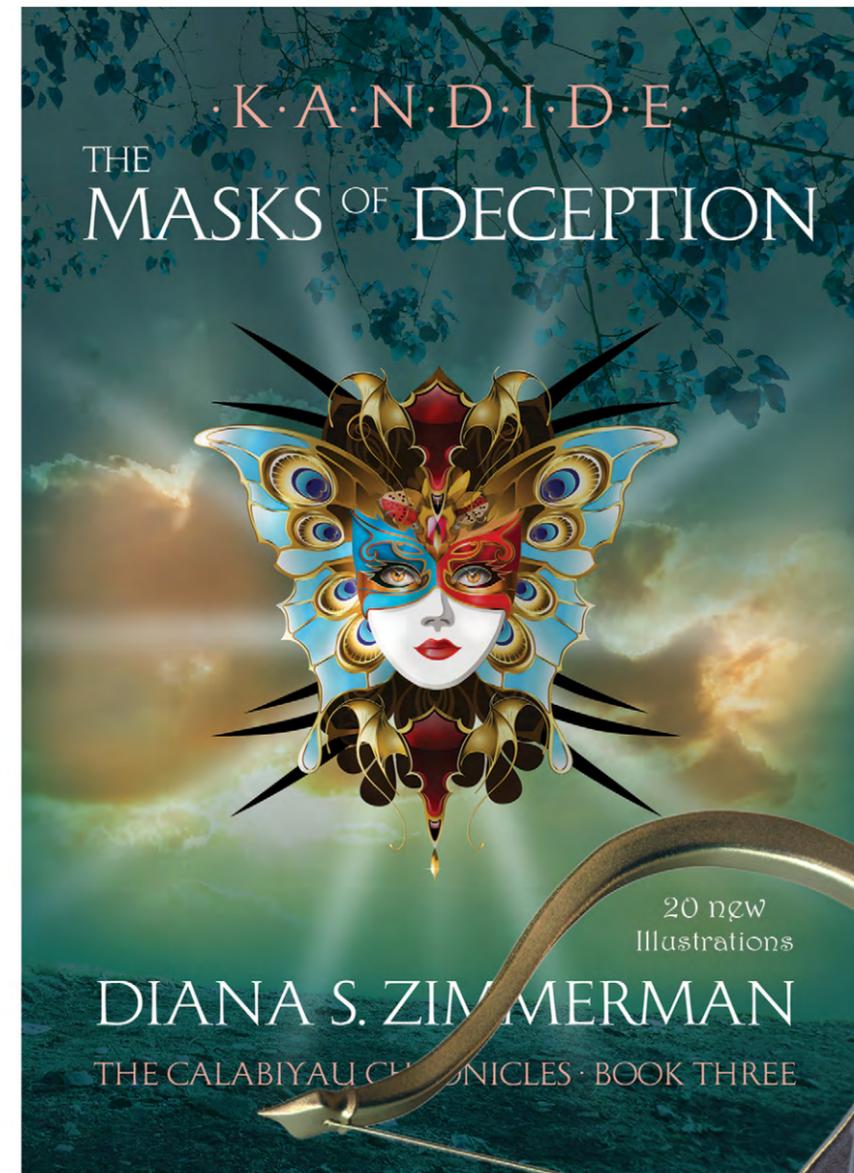


WARRIOR GODDESS

PAPER PUPPET
TRANSFORMS INTO A
WHITE WOLF

*Lupina Wolf protects
ancient forests and
all their creatures like
the magical white bunny
who is her companion*

A Free Printable PDF for *Faerie Magazine* by Melissa Kojima of DarkFairytaleArt.com
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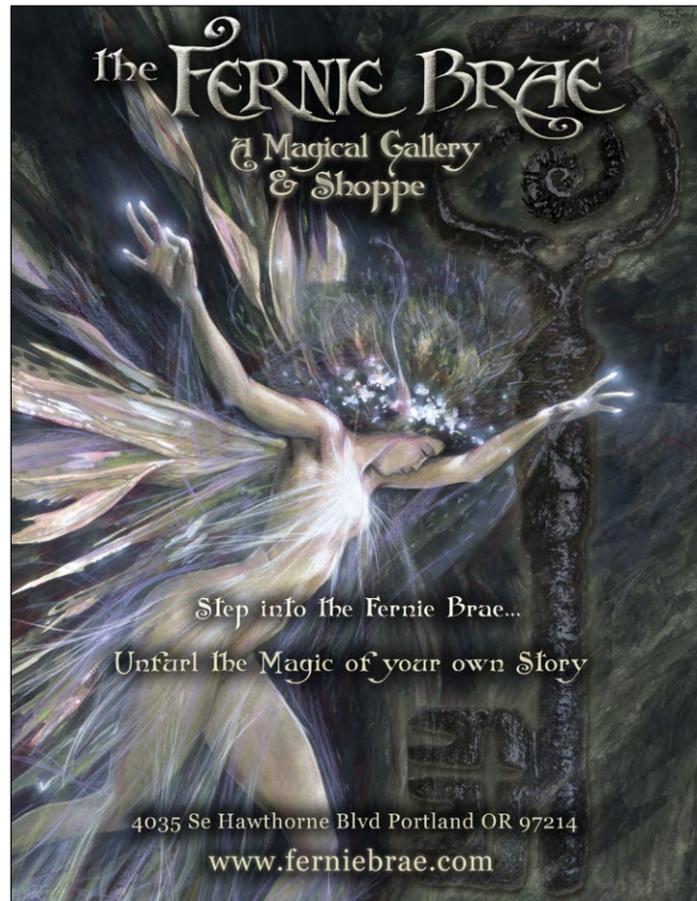
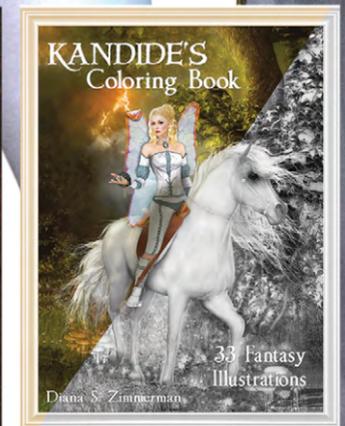
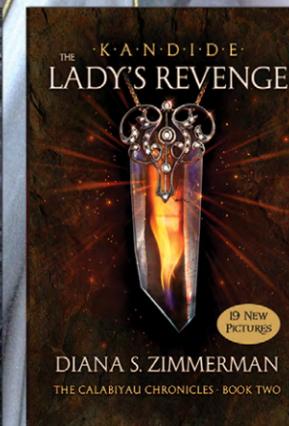
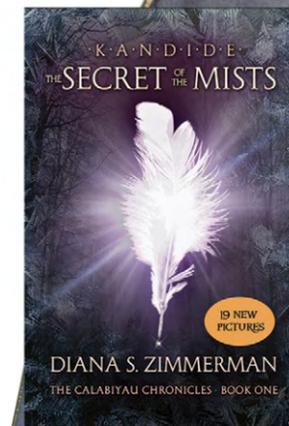
The eagerly awaited 3rd book in the Kandide trilogy is finally here and the critics are raving...

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- Vegas USA

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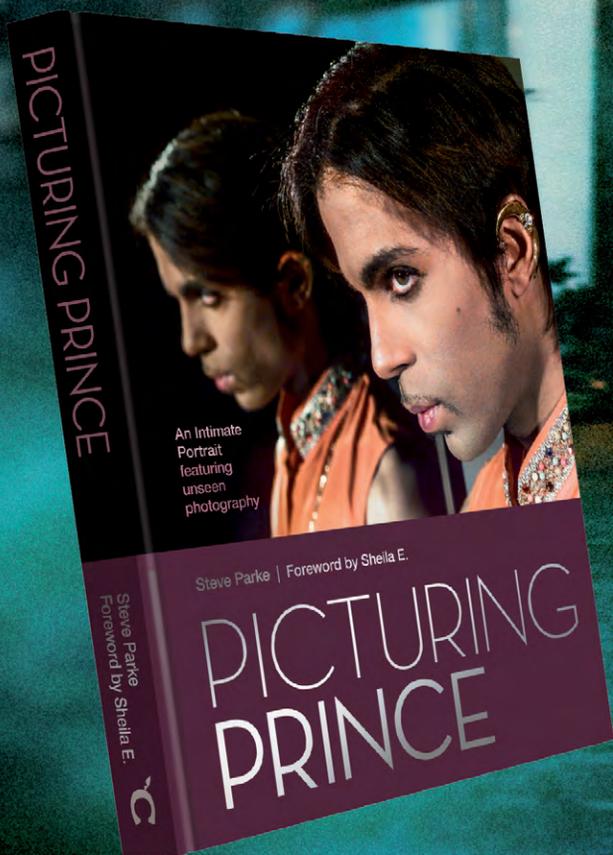
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Model: Cat Marx (Deep Midnight Perfumes)
Photo: Katina Elizabeth Photography

PICTURING PRINCE

An Intimate Portrait



The new book out 6 April 2017 UK
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