

FAERIE MAGAZINE

ISSUE NO.
32
AUTUMN 2015

Celebrating the Extraordinary

fairy tales (and knits!) from
**ALICE HOFFMAN
& LISA HOFFMAN**

the magic of
**BEEKEEPING
& AMBER**

the **POISON
GARDEN**
at alnwick castle

glamour spinning with
**OBSESSIVE
COMPULSIVE
COSMETICS**

pan and the
GREEN MAN

+ celebrate with
**ENCHANTING
AUTUMN
DISHES**

\$10.95 USA | \$12.95 CAN



FAIRIES

THE BOOK OF SECRETS

FAIRIES

THE BOOK OF SECRETS

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED
BY RUSSELL INC.

★ The Magical Family
Reading Experience

It is Time to
Believe Again

Explore The Magic At

www.fairiesthebook.com

Some weeks back, we asked our Facebook fans a question the way we always do before each new issue (and season): what's your favorite thing to do on an autumn afternoon? Their sensory-laden responses—conjuring the scents of wood smoke and baking pies and apples turning into cider, the crackle of leaves scattered on the forest path, the feel of the still-warm sun and crisp air against the skin—made us swoon with anticipation.

We've tried to put together an issue as jam-packed with autumn wonders as those Facebook responses were, with all their lightness and darkness. "Cozy fall magic," as contributor Alice Hoffman puts it, "which carries a darkness but also a feeling of a journey home." We have squash soup and forest reveries, crows and ravens, beekeeping and honey harvests (and marmalade!), red mushrooms and poison gardens, the tarot deck and fairy tales in the dark wood... even an homage to the Green Man and his predecessor Pan, who lead us from season to season.

And, of course, we have magic and transformation, which this season is all about. We're excited to present our first beauty shoot, "Glamour Spinning: Faerie Beauty with Obsessive Compulsive Cosmetics," which shows you (with the help of a band of faerie artists) how to use real-world cosmetics to achieve three different otherworldly looks, each more spellbinding than the next. We're thrilled, too, to present a new regular feature in *Faerie Magazine*: the "Faerie Knitting" column by cousins Alice Hoffman and Lisa Hoffman, for which Lisa creates an enchanted knit, like the blue heron shawl on page twelve (the pattern is at the end of the issue), and Alice weaves a fairy tale around it. When, in "Blue Heron," a young woman dons the shawl, "she felt a freedom inside her, the taste of the salt of the marsh. Afterwards people said she rose up and left through the window..." It's everything we love at *Faerie*, the magic of a fairy tale woven into everyday life and then back out again. A shawl you can knit yourself; magic you can hold in your hands. Real-world enchantment.

Thank you for being part of it!

Carolyn Turgeon

FAERIE magazine

VOLUME 32 | Autumn 2015

FOUNDER AND PUBLISHER
Kim Cross

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Carolyn Turgeon

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Paul Himmelein

ART DIRECTOR
Lisa Gill

DEPUTY EDITOR
Grace Nuth

EDITOR-AT-LARGE
Laren Stover

POETRY EDITOR
Mary McMyne

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Maria Landschoot, Hannah Squires

OFFICE MANAGER
Lisa "Trinket" Oberg

CONTRIBUTORS

Gwen Burton, Janne Eikeblad, Brian Froud, Wendy Froud, Sara Ghedina, Jill Gleeson, Alice Hoffman, Lisa Hoffman, Sally Rosen Kindred, Roger Repohl, Tricia Saroya

ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

*Bradley Anderson
Grant Brummett
Vince Chafin
Corvids
Jace Delgado
Jason Dempster
Ksenuya-Ksenuya
DividingME
Toni Fogarty
Nadya Lev
Rick Lieder
Steven Parke
Charles Vess
Visioluxus
WAXenVINE
Anna Williams
Andreas Womisch
Herman de Vries
Gale Zucker*

contact us:

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

Faerie Magazine Copyright ©2015. No portion of Faerie Magazine may be reproduced, duplicated, or reprinted without prior written permission from the Publisher. ISSN: 1554-9267, recorded with the U.S. Library of Congress. Faerie Magazine is published in the United States of America.

ISSUE 32 | Autumn

FICTION, POETRY, & ESSAYS

6 FOREST REVERIE: ROSE RED IN THE ALDERS & GHAZAL FOR SNOW WHITE'S EVER-AFTERS
by Sally Rosen Kindred
photography by Steve Parke

47 TEA
by Ravinder Bhogal

92 RHAPSODY IN RED
Kathy Gjeller and photographer Grant Brummett create magic

HOME, FASHION, & BEAUTY

21 ORANGE HONEY MARMALADE
by One Girl in the Kitchen

78 ENCHANTED KITCHEN
by Dawn-Marie deLara

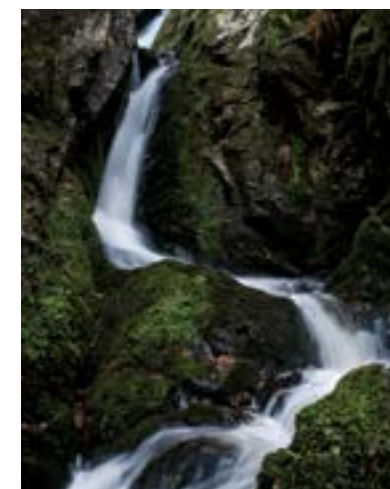
88 THROWING A MAGICAL PARTY FOR KIDS
by Tricia Saroya
photography by Vince Chafin

94 BLUE HERON SHAWL PATTERN
by Lisa Hoffman

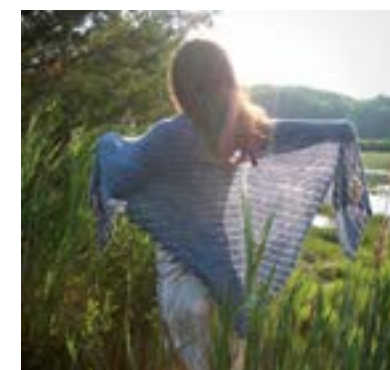
98 FROM OUR READERS
We recently asked our Facebook fans: what's your favorite thing to do on an autumn afternoon?



81 RICH, BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DISHES *by Gwen Burton*



67 IN THE FOREST, DARK AND DEEP *by Jill Gleeson*



12 FAERIE KNITTING WITH ALICE AND LISA HOFFMAN

SPECIAL FEATURES

14 THE MYSTIC BEE
by Roger F. Repohl

22 FROM PAN TO GREEN MAN
by Paul Himmelein
Art by Charles Vess

38 THE ECOLOGICAL WONDERLAND OF DUTCH ARTIST HERMAN DE VRIES
by Laren Stover

43 THE OTHER GREEN FAERIE
by Laren Stover

52 VISUAL ALCHEMY: THE ART AND TAROT OF DIVIDINGME
by Grace Nuth

64 RED MUSHROOMS: TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT
by Janne Eikeblad

72 WOMEN WHO FLY WITH CORVIDS
by Grace Nuth

75 AMBER: HEALING AND HISTORY IN ONE GOLDEN GEM
by Grace Nuth

COLUMNS

87 AUTUMN KISS
by Wendy and Brian Froud



28 GLAMOUR SPINNING: FAERIE BEAUTY WITH OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE COSMETICS
by Laren Stover & photography by WAXenVINE



58 THESE PLANTS CAN KILL: ALNWICK POISON GARDEN
by Grace Nuth & photography by Jason Dempster



48 KAMBRIEL



Visit us online at
FAERIEMAG.COM

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



Forest Reverie



Poetry by SALLY ROSEN KINDRED

Photography by STEVE PARKE

ROSE RED IN THE ALDERS

Because my mother slid me whole
from a hive, made me
from honey and singing thorns,

the trees will tell me their story.
The tongue of the forest
curls under my dress.

Alone. And I should be sleeping.
My sister's hand—sweet ash—is not in mine.
Waking's wrong: wet pines dim

the path
with blue breath. I touch bark—
black summer my season—

and the woods press back
with their seven shades
of dread.

They give me gray light like a cradle.
They bring me a wren made of lace.
It unwinds through the branches

saying *This*
is our body. Listen.
My sister's hand—white birch—is not in mine.

Saying *Yours*,
blood-honey,
and *Come inside*. And saying, skin-saying

It's time: so I lie down in the loam. Moss-cries
ring my bones, make me sing.
I know now

I wanted this, world
without a sister:
alone, my body hived in the woods' own song.

There is no bear in the door, no hearthstone
hand, no prince.
Only moss, the green

that cries like a jewel,
pools beneath the alders,
sings water and stars through my hair.



GHAZAL FOR SNOW WHITE'S EVER-AFTERS

You'd think my prince—my waking's price—would be desire.
Not desire. Not only. Story is the dark fruit that undoes me.

In this After, winter's walls, white against the castle bells, charm my cheek.
I'm absence, now. I'm Snow, the only thing that loves me.

My heart's sapphire bees crowd outside the cave I once made home.
I want back their stuttered blues, the gem-song mouths that buzz me.

In some Other, I find no dwarves, bite no fruit. I stay up late.
I marry no one. Jazz. I sing and spin: my own air haloes me.

To bite, to spin, to bind—to curse the fairest. I hate my face.
Justice? I hate what's fair. Why spurn a mother's mirror? Because: me.

In this night's snow, the ghosts I dread rise and turn to moons,
seven stone holes in the sky. And near, white-hot, untold, a star that was me.

Sally Rosen Kindred is the author of two books of poetry, No Eden and Book of Asters, both from Mayapple Press, and a chapbook of poems about the girls of Neverland, Darling Hands, Darling Tongue, from Hyacinth Girl Press. Visit her online at Sallyrosenkindred.com.

Steve Parke is an award-winning artist, illustrator, and photographer based in Baltimore. His clients include Warner Brothers, NBC, HBO, the Discovery Channel, and entertainers such as Prince, David Bowie, Bob Dylan, Victor Wooten, Vertigo/DC Comics, and AC/DC. Learn more at Steveparke.com.

About the Woodland Tiara

Arizona artist Julia Blankenship sent us this exquisite tiara she made entirely by hand, so we sent photographer Steve Parke and harpist Lily Neill into the woods to take some fairy tale photos. The pair ended up spending a Sunday afternoon behind the sprawling, magical Virginia house of musicians Barbara Tressider Ryan and Bernard Argent (of Celtic band Iona). Poetry editor Mary McMyne selected these stunning pieces by Sally Rosen Kindred to accompany the images.

To make the tiara, Julia collected oak leaves, then cut a copper sheet into sections a bit larger than the leaves and used a steel mill to impress their intricate details onto the metal. She hand sawed each leaf out of the sheet metal, filing and sanding

them to smooth. She hammered the form, shaped and curved the leaves, and added patina to bring out the details in the metal. She shaped heavier copper wire to create the headband and attached the leaves, then added Herkimer diamonds of various sizes and clarity to the entire design.

“I wanted this piece to look like it was made with found objects from the forest—rustic leaves, crystals from the earth, and small vines for wrapping,” she says. “I envisioned a forest tiara with leaves, crystals, and vines across it. The Herkimer diamonds really seemed such a natural option since they come from the earth, a perfect pairing with the oak leaves.”

Read more about Julia at Wearartbyjulie.etsy.com and Wearartbyjulie.blogspot.com.

Lily Neill, who modelled the tiara, is an internationally acclaimed harp player and composer who performs around the world, enthraling audiences with her original compositions and the Irish jigs and reels, Finnish tangos, and Lithuanian dances she has collected on her travels. Visit Lilyneill.com to learn more.

Skirt by Brigitte Singh of Jaipur, India. Earrings and bracelet by Cinnamoncatdesigns.com.



Find
Lisa's shawl
pattern on
page 94.

FAERIE KNITTING

with
Alice and Lisa Hoffman

Photography by Gale Zucker

BLUE HERON

A fairy tale by Alice Hoffman

She was the youngest daughter and no one noticed her. She was not beautiful, but she was quiet and kind. She excelled at quiet things: cooking, fishing, walking through the marsh at dusk. She spent her evenings knitting, using two twigs she'd found in the woods as her needles, spinning the wool she was given from a neighbor's sheep in exchange for chores. She helped her six sisters in all things and did as her father told. But there was one thing about her no one who knew her would have guessed.

She had a secret.

From the time her mother died, when she was eight years old, she had journeyed into the marsh in the evenings.

She had run off crying after her mother's funeral. No one had noticed her. They'd left her behind. She was devastated; without her mother, there was no one who loved her and knew her for the person she was. She ran until she was lost. To see where she was, she climbed high into a tree. But the night was too dark to see the path she had taken, and she soon fell asleep. When she awoke she discovered that she was in the nest of a heron, surrounded by heron fledglings. When the mother heron arrived home she felt compassion for the strange girl fledgling, perhaps because she was featherless and defenseless. She let the girl full of sorrow sleep under her wing. Every night the girl came to the heron's nest, and even when the chicks grew up and flew away she slept there. Until the weather turned chilly and the time came when all herons must leave for warmer climates.

The girl knitted a shawl of feathers, from the ones her sisters and brothers had left behind. She wanted to make certain that her heron mother would not worry for her because her skin was bare. There was now ice on the water, and her mother had no choice but to fly away. They both cried when they parted, for herons have hearts that allow them to love what is quiet and kind.

Every spring the girl waited for her heron mother's return. She helped to raise the new fledglings. Each time a new group left, she stood on the edge of the huge nest woven of twigs and moss and wished she could fly away with them. In her human life, each of her six sisters was married by now, and her father was old, a hundred at least. Years passed and she was now a woman, one who carried her secret of the other life she led close to her heart.

One morning when she came home her father confronted her. Where had she been? Why were there feathers in her hair? Mud on her feet? A string of fish she'd caught on a string, ready for cooking?

She could not explain, so he decided she was up to no good and it was time for her to be wed. He arranged a marriage for her, with a man who ran the lumber mill that cut down trees in the marsh. She hated him before she met him, for she had the emotions of a heron. The mill owner came to supper, looked her up and down, felt her leg, and said he'd have her. She cried all that night in the nest on the marsh. Over all these years her heron mother had learned bits of her language. She knew certain human words: love, sorrow, kindness, comfort, fish, feather, fan.

Before you marry, she told her human daughter, *slip on the shawl*.

The wedding was at a hall in town made of stone and bricks. Her six sisters who had always ignored her were there with their husbands and children. The mill owner looked older and meaner in the bright daylight. The girl who had lived with herons wore a plain blue dress. She asked that all the windows be left open, for it was a warm day. She wanted sunlight, blue sky, escape. There was a wedding cake on the table. The girl had made it herself, knowing she would never taste a bite. When she and the mill owner stood before the reverend she wrapped her shawl of feathers around. She felt a freedom inside her, the taste of the salt of the marsh. Afterwards people said she rose up and left through the window; some even said she had become a bird, a beautiful blue bird as large as a woman. Her nieces and nephews swore they found feathers on the floor.

She went back to the marsh. She knew the way by heart. A fisherman saw her take off her shawl and thought she was beautiful and kind and quiet. She lives with him now in a cottage right next to the water, so they can catch fish from their front porch. There is sunlight and blue sky and freedom. In the dusk of evening, she kisses her fisherman before she throws her shawl over her shoulders and goes to visit her heron mother. Her husband trusts her to come back by morning, and she always does. Some people say that if you walk through the marsh at midnight you may spy two blue herons, a mother and a daughter, mending their nest of twigs, and if you're fortunate enough to find one of their feathers, you can weave it into your own shawl. Then, every night, you will dream the same dream the herons do.



Alice Hoffman is the New York Times bestselling author of over twenty books for adults, children, and young adults, including Practical Magic, The Dovekeepers, Nightbird, and The Museum of Extraordinary Things. Her latest novel The Marriage of Opposites was published in August by Simon & Schuster. Find out more at Alicehoffman.com.



The
Mystic
BEE

by ROGER F. REPOHL

Bee photography by RICK LIEDER

Often, when working in my beehives, I catch myself wondering if the bees know what I'm doing to them, or even if they know *me*. "You're anthropomorphizing," I tell myself. "They're just insects."

Everyone who's ever worked with honeybees has probably harbored the same questions. Yes, they're insects. And yet their society parallels our own—surpasses it, in fact, in so many ways that the temptation to imbue them with human qualities is inevitable. Despite our now-vast scientific knowledge about honeybees, something about them transcends science. For us, as for the earliest peoples, the bee is a creature of mystery.

The Food of the Gods

Once upon a time, humans discovered the food of the gods and stole it from above.

In the Araña Caves in eastern Spain, an ochre painting, variously estimated to be between six thousand and fifteen thousand years old, depicts a human figure carrying a basket and ascending by ropes to a cavity high in a rock face while enormous bees swirl nearby. Far below, another figure with a basket is climbing to retrieve the first one's load and supply an empty replacement.

This is one of the oldest representations of honey hunting among ancient peoples. The method is adversarial—find a nest of honeybees, scoop out their honey and the wax it is stored in, and endure any resulting stings as the price to be paid. Interestingly, in this painting the figures appear to be naked and the bees just flying about, not attacking; like the many other neolithic scenes found in the caves of Europe, the image may have been used in a magical ritual projecting a successful hunt—baskets and baskets of coveted honey, gladly surrendered by friendly bees.

From the beginning, honey was considered to be far more than a sweetener. In the ancient writings of Indo-European peoples, from the Vedas of India to the hieroglyphs of Egypt, honey plays a central role in ritual practice. It was lavishly used in religious sacrifices, marriage and funeral rites, and the sanctification of temples, tombs, and other monuments. Fermented into wine, it was consumed as a vehicle to spiritual ecstasy. It was a sacred substance bestowed on the human race by the divine beings, a bridge between earth and heaven.

Honey also figures significantly in the primordial myths and traditions of these peoples. Among the Greeks, for example, the father-god Zeus was as an infant fed on honey brought to him either by sacred bees or by nymphs called *melissae*, the "honey maidens." It was a common belief that honey fell from heaven upon certain plants for the bees to collect, or even that bees, in Promethean fashion, raided heaven itself to bring this treasure to humans. Though it is not clear from the ancient texts, some scholars believe that the Greeks identified ambrosia (the food of the gods) with honey and nectar (their drink) with honey-wine.

Today, our knowledge of the origin of honey is less ethereal but no less magical. The nectar of myth has become the name of that sweet liquid produced by flowering plants to induce insects and other animals to do their sexual bidding. Moving from flower to flower, honeybees get grains of pollen—the flower's sperm—caught on their hairy bodies and inadvertently transfer them to the female organs of like flowers, completing the sex act. Over thirty-five percent of the fruits and vegetables we eat come to us as the result of, in the phrase of the aptly named writer Michael Pollan, this "botany of desire."

Bees ingest nectar into their "honey stomachs," where it mixes with nourishing enzymes, and deposit the mix in the cells of the comb to be "cured"—or fanned by the bees' wings to reduce the moisture content. When they determine it ready, they cover it with a thin coating of wax to seal it. There is nothing more pleasing to a beekeeper's eyes than the sight of "capped honey," translucent through the honeycomb, begging to be taken. Fortunately for us, in a good season honeybees produce much more honey than they can possibly eat themselves; in that sense, honey is indeed a gift from above.

Palaces of Wax

Also in the caves of eastern Spain, as well as in the prehistoric rock-art of southern Africa, there are drawings of sets of concentric curves that may represent the natural homes honeybees construct out of wax—precisely spaced semicircles that serve as nurseries for developing bees and storage for honey and pollen, the bees' food. Interspersed among the curves are random dots and grub-like shapes, perhaps depicting adult and larval bees. These stylized pictures of the honeybee nest may have been an early community's attempt to understand and even to acquire for themselves the intelligence of these insects—architects and builders, employing a substance so unique in the world and so useful to humans for light, for soothing balms, and for works of art, that it must surely come from the world beyond. The almost universal use of candles in religious ceremonies past and present attests to the belief in the divine origin of beeswax and its spiritual potency.

Many of the ancients believed that wax, like honey, fell from the skies onto certain plants with waxy leaves and was gathered by the bees for their building material. We now know that it comes from the bee's own body, secreted from glands in tiny scales that the bee chews and shapes and lays down, the way a carpenter lays flooring, to form the hexagonal cells comprising the honeycomb. It is a massive cooperative effort, with hundreds of bees hanging off one another in daisy-chains—"festooning," beekeepers call it—each taking her turn to lay a piece of cell. They build the combs parallel to each other, with precisely three eighths of an inch (9.5 mm) between them, a space exactly suited to the size of bees, thus maximizing the usable area in the enclosure. The now-typical rectangular-box beehive mimics



nature, encouraging the bees to construct their combs on frames of wood or plastic with this “bee space” between them so that the beekeeper can easily pull out the frames to inspect the bees and take their honey.

The Society of Bees

How is this miracle of organization and cooperation accomplished? From the earliest days of civilization, people have speculated that the honeybee colony has some kind of government, usually resembling their own.

When humans discovered that honeybees could prosper in artificial hives of clay, wicker, or wood—there is evidence of large-scale beekeeping operations in Egypt as early as 2600 BCE—they had the opportunity to observe the activities of these insects at close range. What they found was something as familiar as it was unexpected: a *city*. A workforce of laborers, numbering in the tens of thousands, built and maintained the combs, raised the young grubs, guarded the entrance against intruders, dragged debris and the dead outside, and took to the skies to forage. In their midst were a few hundred hefty bees with enormous eyes, the drones, that appeared to do nothing all summer and were mercilessly expelled from the hive by the workers in autumn to die. Different from them all was one unique bee, long and elegant, moving among the combs with a cadre of attendants that groomed and fed it. Surely this bee must be the monarch, the mastermind of the colony. The

philosopher Aristotle in the fourth century BCE called it the king bee; four centuries later the poet Virgil, himself the son of a beekeeper, called it the *dux*, or leader. In 1609, the English polymath Charles Butler, writing six years after the death of Queen Elizabeth I, published a book on apiculture called *The Feminine Monarchie*, identifying not only the ruler of the colony as female but all the workers as well, a society of Amazons. Most often throughout history, the industrious workers were thought to be males and the lazy drones, females.

A related question was how honeybees reproduced. Unlike every other animal, bees were never observed copulating, though the cells in the comb were full of tiny eggs and developing larvae. In keeping with the common Greco-Roman belief that bees were of heavenly origin, Virgil wrote in his lyrical but practical guide to agriculture, *The Georgics* (ca. 29 BCE), that bees “collect the newborns in their mouths from leaves and sweet herbs” and bring them back to the hive for nurturing; a few would be placed in special elongated cells to develop into new rulers. Though he does not explain how the nascent bees originated, he affirmed that honey was “a celestial gift from the air”; we can assume that the bees were, too.

That bees reproduced without sexual intercourse (“parthenogenesis”) was a quality highly esteemed by many peoples, especially those of the European Middle Ages. To the richly symbolic medieval mind, the bees’ parthenogenesis was linked to the Virgin Mary’s birth of Jesus and seen as a model





for the monastic life, a self-sufficient community of virgins governed by a sole authority (the abbot or abbess).

These mysteries of the bees were not solved until the late seventeenth century in Europe, when dissection and examination under the newly developed microscope proved that the so-called ruler of the bees was a female and, indeed, the mother of the colony: after mating in the air with a number of drones over several days, the now-deflowered virgin queen returns to the hive with sperm enough to lay a thousand eggs a day for three or more years.

Another aspect of honeybee reproduction is *swarming*, a collective form of cell-division in which a strong colony divides in two, with half of the bees flying off with their queen to establish a new colony, and the other half staying put to raise a new queen and rebuild their numbers.

The honeybee swarm is one of the most exciting events in nature. In the apiary, the usual peaceful pattern of bees methodically coming and going on their foraging flights is completely disrupted. With a mighty roar, a myriad of bees issues from a hive, darkening the sky in a cloud of apparent chaos and confusion. Within a few minutes, however, the cloud condenses into a dark mass of bees the size of a volleyball, settling on a nearby fence or tree branch. There it will stay, often for several days. Suddenly, as if on signal, it takes off for its new home. If the beekeeper is vigilant, he or she may be able to cut or shake the resting swarm from its moorings into a box and hive it as a new addition to the apiary.

Entomologist Thomas Seeley recently published *Honeybee Democracy*, a study finding that when the swarm gathers itself,

it will send out hundreds of “scout bees” to survey the area for acceptable dwellings—apartment-hunting, more or less. Returning to the swarm, the scouts perform a “waggle-dance” that describes not only the location but also the dimensions of each prospective site. Arriving at a collective decision—not a command decision by the queen, as was often previously thought—the swarm leaves for its new home.

What Seeley was unable to determine was how individual bees decide whether to join the swarm or to stay behind. So, despite our scientific knowledge, and in some ways because of it, the mystery of the bees only deepens.

Do the Bees Know Us?

From earliest times, people have believed that honeybees are sentient beings like ourselves; they know us, and invite us to know them.

Even today, it is sometimes impossible not to believe it.

Opening a hive on a pleasant summer day to look for honey, I often get the feeling that I’m only there with their permission; unbothered by the intrusion, they peacefully continue their work. Perhaps they’re simply unaware that I’m taking their honey or are they like their ancestor-bees in the cave painting, happily allowing me a share in their delectable food?

I don’t try to communicate with the bees, other than by entering their home with a peaceful attitude and working slowly and deliberately. Other beekeepers will talk to them. There is an old ritual, still practiced in Britain and elsewhere in Europe, of “telling the bees,” going out to the family beehives to inform them of significant events—a birth, a wedding, a death—

and leaving them a symbolic gift or adorning the hives with ribbons or crêpe, believing that the bees understand and are eager to share the family’s joys and sorrows and would be offended and even abscond if they were not told.

In German, the word for beekeeper is *Bienenwater*—“bee-father,” evoking a tradition of a relationship so intimate that if their keeper dies, the bees will fly away in despair, or perhaps to follow their keeper’s soul.

Many cultures worldwide have maintained that honeybees are emissaries from and to the spirit realm. Watching the bees shoot skyward from their hive, disappearing into the heavens on their foraging flights, even we might sometimes wonder if they are carrying with them the souls of the dead and bringing back new souls to be embodied and born.

Visiting the beehive is, for me as for many others, an experience of transport to another world. A world so alien and yet so familiar that it changes our relationship to nature and our place in it. We stand before the bees in wonder, aware of our connectedness with all living things, and the wonder endures long after we close the hive, leave the bees to their world, and return to our own.

As Emily Dickinson wrote:

*To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee,
One clover, and a bee.
And revery.
The revery alone will do,
If bees are few.*

Rick Lieder, who shot all the bees in this spread, is a painter and photographer whose art has appeared in numerous books, including the upcoming *Among a Thousand Fireflies* (with Helen Frost). His wildlife filmmaking will appear in the PBS *NOVA* documentary “Creatures of Light,” produced by National Geographic Television, in spring 2016. “I never tire of watching bees,” he says. “They’re the most social of insects, alchemists using flowers to transmute sunlight into golden honey. From them I learn patience, their endless search for pollen a model for my own quest for inspiration.” Learn more at Bugdreams.com.

Roger Repohl is a teacher, writer, and beekeeper in the South Bronx, New York.



ORANGE HONEY MARMALADE

*A homespun honey-celebrating recipe
from One Girl in the Kitchen*

For 4 medium jars

3 pounds organic oranges

1½ pounds of honey (orange blossom, acacia, millefiori)

With a potato peeler or a sharp knife, remove the outer part of the orange rind, discarding the white portion. Cut into thin slices and blanch in boiling water for 10 minutes. Drain and repeat two more times, always changing the water.

Peel the oranges to the flesh, remove seeds and thin membrane and cut them into pieces. Cook for about 10 minutes in a large pot, then add the softened rinds and honey. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until jam reaches the desired consistency. Pour it in sterilized glass jars, close tightly, place the jars in a large pot full of water, and boil for 20 minutes. Let them cool down in the same water to seal.

by Sara Ghedina aka One Girl in the Kitchen

When she's not at farmers' markets, or stirring yet another jam, or photographing an artichoke, she might be running in Golden Gate Park or in warrior pose. Find out more at [Facebook.com/onegirlinthekitchen](https://www.facebook.com/onegirlinthekitchen).





from **PAN** to
**GREEN
MAN**

by **Paul Himmelein**

Art by **Charles Vess**

The color green brings to mind safety, healing, growth, freshness, and, according to the familiar “as green as” simile, grass. We think of fields and gardens, leafy trees and hillsides, shady groves and grottos, forests and woodlands; it’s the color we’ve ascribed to nature. It only makes sense that green should be associated with the color of the faerie, nature’s supernatural inhabitants. There was a time when donning green garb wasn’t taken lightly. Many people in Scotland would shun wearing the color green as it would put them in the power of the faerie or perhaps anger the wee folk or greenies and greencoats as they were sometimes known in Britain. The Christian church came to see green as a color associated with paganism and therefore evil. They connected green with the dead (the color medieval and Renaissance artists used to depict corpses in religious paintings), witches (*The Wizard of Oz’s* Wicked Witch of the West follows this tradition), and lust (even today there’s the urban myth that the green M&M is an aphrodisiac). It seems only natural then that the male face of Nature should be called the Green Man when he embodies all of these qualities.

Recognized by his foliate head of spreading oak or acanthus leaves, hair, and beard of ivy, and sometimes disgorging vines or branches from his mouth, the Green Man is the masculine spirit that represents the mysteries of nature’s cycle of life; that is, fertility, birth, growth, death, and renewal. The feminine spirit found in Gaia, Mother Earth, Rhea, Demeter, etc., is more obviously associated with this cycle as are the female moon deities. Diana and Artemis in addition to being moon goddesses are also goddesses of the woodlands and forests where

the Green Man makes his home. He is the counterbalance that completes the whole. When we invoke him we also invoke the goddess and vice versa. Together these masculine and feminine spirits express all of nature’s qualities: the nurturing and the aggressive, the weak and the strong, the mother and the father, man and woman.

But where did the Green Man come from? From which forest did he emerge? To answer these questions we have to look to the past, long before the Green Man, as we understand him, came into being. We know the Green Man today from the resurgence in Celtic traditions that began during the rise of the New Age era, and Neopagan and Wiccan movements of the 1960s and ’70s. We’re familiar with the Green Man’s haunting leafy heads that vacillate between an expression of beneficence and one that borderlines on the demonic. We know his foliate mask from the strange anachronistic, antithetical stone carvings on early church architecture throughout Britain and Europe, pagan images used to help convert the local pagan population to Christianity. In fact, it’s after viewing these carvings that, in 1939, British aristocrat Julia Hamilton, better known as Lady Raglan, wife of the 4th Baron Raglan, was credited with coining the term “the Green Man.” She may have brought the term into popular usage but she was not the first to use it. Dion Fortune, penname of British occultist, psychologist, and mystic Violet May Firth, used it in her 1936 novel *The Goat-Foot God* and there is written documentation in early seventeenth-century theatre history of leafy, ivy-laden costumes for pageant characters called “Green-men.”

No well-defined mythology surrounds the Green Man. He grew as an amalgamation of several other male nature deities from lesser vegetation gods of Babylonia like the young Adonis and Attis who were ritualistically sacrificed to major deities of Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

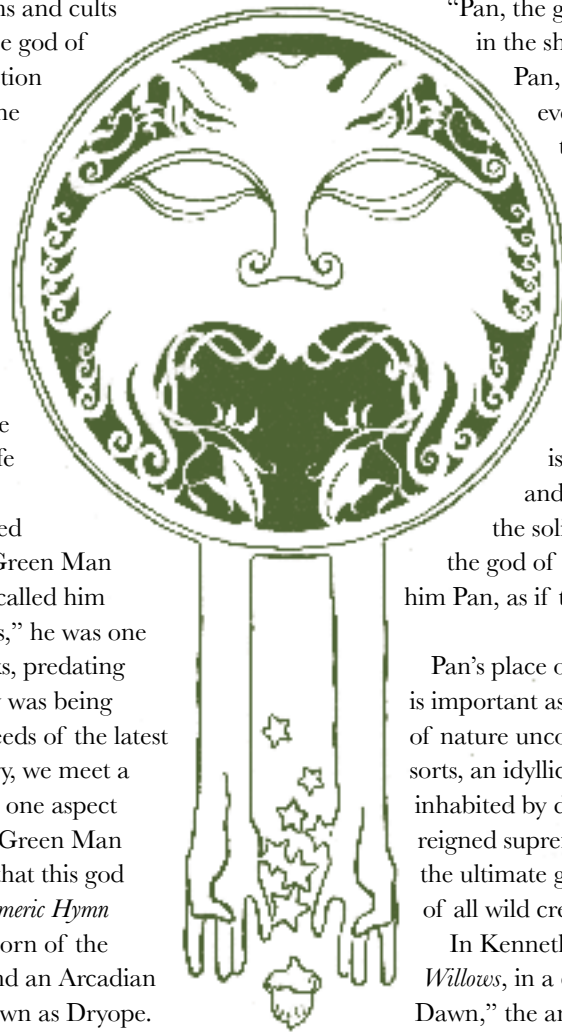
Before the Green Man, there were spirits that ruled over particular trees and flowers, springs and rivers, mountains, and meadows. Faeries, sprites, nymphs, and gods represented nature, the elements, and the cyclical essence of life and the life force. These gods and goddesses created the pantheons in the ancient world out of which many other religions and cults grew. In ancient Egypt, for example, the god of vegetation, fertility, death, and resurrection was Osiris, also known as the God of the Nile River. His green-black skin was said to be symbolic of rebirth and the fertility of the Nile floodplain—he ruled the cycle of flooding so vital to the region’s agriculture. In his mythology he is torn by his brother Set into fourteen pieces, the number of days of the waning moon. His sister Isis, the Great Mother, gathers the pieces together and restores Osiris to life again and bears him a son.

The ancient deity that most influenced future nature gods and ultimately the Green Man was the Great God Pan. The Romans called him Faunus. Known as “Lord of the Woods,” he was one of the oldest gods of the ancient Greeks, predating the twelve Olympians, though his story was being constantly reimagined to fit with the needs of the latest generation. In ancient Greek mythology, we meet a deity that represents all nature, not just one aspect of it. Pan is the source from which the Green Man draws his life. It’s not really surprising that this god is part man and part animal. In the *Homeric Hymn to Pan* (fifth century BCE), he is a god born of the Greek Olympian Hermes (Mercury) and an Arcadian wood nymph with “beautiful hair” known as Dryope. According to the *Hymn*, the newborn Pan is “fantastic to look at, with goat-feet and two horns, very noisy but laughing sweetly.” His mother, terrified by his brutal appearance complete with heavy beard, abandons the child without nursing it. Pan’s father, on the other hand, is overjoyed. He wraps him in rabbit skins and brings him directly to Mount Olympus, laying him down at Zeus’ side. All the immortal gods of Olympus are delighted by Hermes’ child and name him Pan because he has amused them all. Indeed, the Greek word for *all* is Pan.

Pan’s origins strengthen the masculine essence in this nature god. Pan’s mother flees after he’s born, yet his father embraces

him and presents him to Zeus, the patriarch of the gods who is heartily pleased by the goat god. The Green Man has retained this strictly masculine character.

Over time, Pan came to represent all of nature and even the entire universe. The paradox of Pan—half-goat, half-god—is central to his nature. Pan’s own anatomy becomes an allegory for himself and “all,” or universal nature. Isadore of Seville, an archbishop and scholar of the classical world (seventh century CE), articulates this allegory rather poetically:



“Pan, the god of the rustics whom they have formed in the shape of nature; wherefore he is called Pan, that is, All. For they form him out of every kind of element. For he has horns in the shape of the rays of the sun and the moon. He has skin marked with spots because of the stars of the sky. His face is red in the likeness of the upper air. He carries a pipe with seven reeds because of the harmony of heaven in which there are seven distinct tones. He is hairy, since the earth is clothed and stirred by the winds. His lower part is filthy, because of trees and wild beasts and herds. He has goat hooves to show forth the solidity of the earth, he whom they desire as the god of things and of all nature: whence they call him Pan, as if to say everything.”

Pan’s place of birth and home in the wilds of Arcadia is important as it roots him in the unspoiled wilderness of nature uncorrupted by civilization. It’s a utopia of sorts, an idyllic paradise of virgin forests and mountains inhabited by dryads and nymphs and satyrs. Pan reigned supreme over this realm and was identified as the ultimate god of the forest, protector of herds and of all wild creatures.

In Kenneth Grahame’s 1908 novel *The Wind in The Willows*, in a chapter titled “The Piper at the Gates of Dawn,” the animal protagonists, Mole and Rat, search all night for their friend Otter’s lost baby. As the sun rises, nature takes on a golden hue and is transformed into a tranquil, harmonious, idyllic version of itself. This is because the larger-than-life Pan is sweetly piping downstream. As Mole and Rat approach, they find Otter’s lost baby quietly sleeping between Pan’s hooves, having been protected throughout the night by the great god of nature.

Pan was sacred to the shepherd, and responsible for the fertility of his flock as well as their protection. Out of respect and a certain amount of anxiety, shepherds dared not pipe at noonday for they knew that was the time Pan liked to nap after

his hunt and feared his anger if they should awaken him. They knew he was capable of instilling a terrific fright. The god Pan lends his name to this specific kind of terror: panic fear. It’s an irrational fear and those who traveled through the woods alone at night were keenly aware of this power of Pan.

There is the famous story told by the ancient Greek historian Herodotus (ca. 484-425 BCE) that in the year of 490 BCE, Pan appeared before the lone Athenian foot messenger Phidippides who was racing to Sparta to ask for military help against the invading Persians at Marathon. Pan asks the messenger, “Why is it that ye take no thought of me, that am your friend, and ere now have oft been serviceable to you and will be so again?” It was said that by instilling panic fear in the Persians, Pan helped the greatly outnumbered Athenians defeat the invaders by causing them to flee for their ships and sail home. The grateful Athenians built a temple to Pan below the Acropolis and one Athenian general even erected a statue of the goat god at his own expense and dedicated it with an inscription of thanks.

The fertility aspects of Pan are present in his almost constant state of sexual excitement. He and his retinue of satyrs are forever chasing and making love with the nymphs of the forests, meadows, mountains, and streams. He and his satyrs have an insatiable sexual appetite and are depicted on ancient Greek vases with erect phallus and outstretched arms, ready to grab whichever dryad or naiad is nearest.

But be that as it may, Pan does not always get his lady. A number of myths tell of Pan’s falling in love with various nymphs only to lose them just as he reaches out to touch them. There is the well-known myth of Syrinx, a woodland nymph and follower of Artemis who, being pursued by Pan, runs to the banks of a river and prays for help. Just as Pan wraps his arms around her, her prayer is answered and she is transformed into water reeds. As Pan sighs at his loss, his breath plays over the reeds creating a haunting sound. He takes the reeds and with a little wax and twine fashions them into what we now call panpipes.

In another myth Pan falls in love with Echo, forever chasing her sweet voice yet never finding her. In other versions he catches up to her and teaches her his songs that she faithfully repeats. Echo bears Pan a child named Inyx and in some recountings a second daughter named Iambe, the goddess of humor and poetry who, making Demeter laugh, pulls her out of her depression while she searches for her stolen daughter Persephone.

Then there is Pitys, an Oread or nymph of mountains and ravines. Pan falls in love with her as well, but to no avail. Just as he’s ready to take her in his arms the gods turn her into a pine tree. In a different story, Pan wins her but Boreas, the god of the north wind, is also in love with her and out of jealousy blows her off a cliff. Gaea, mother earth, takes pity and turns her into a pine tree. In mythology, the pine becomes sacred to Pan and

he begins to wear a chaplet or pine wreath about his head. Pan even made a go at Aphrodite, according to a Hellenistic sculpture (ca. 100 BCE) from the island of Delos. In this case, beauty, as represented by the goddess of love, rejects the beast, even while Eros (Cupid) urges the randy goat-god forward by pulling on his horns. The goddess of love remains composed, but poised to repel the nature god with a raised sandal.

Pan fares much better with the moon goddess Selene. To seduce her he dresses in white sheepskins, which symbolically represent the whiteness and purity of the goddess’s light. A goddess of unsurpassed beauty, Selene allows Pan to carry her off and do as he pleases. In this myth, we have two powerful fertility gods creating a union. Perhaps this is why Pan has always been vulnerable to the moon and attracted to it, for he is associated with lunacy and madness. It’s been said that the worship of Pan continued into the early nineteenth century in certain places amongst Italy’s rural peasants. Anyone requiring his help would walk out at night into a moonlit field, kneel, and pray to Pan while they were bathed in the glow of Selene’s moonbeams.





Pan was also a god of prophecy and taught the art to Apollo. He was a god of healing as well and would visit those in need in their dreams and tell them how to cure themselves, which suggests that Pan was familiar with botanicals and their medicinal uses. Pan tells Psyche how to remedy her despair when she washes up on the banks of a river after a failed suicide because her husband Eros left her. In very ancient myths, Pan helps to bring Persephone back from the underworld to her mother Demeter, thus playing a part in the reawakening of spring and renewal of nature, promising the continuation of the cycle of the seasons.

Another foundation for the Green Man was the Greek god of wine and agriculture Dionysus, or Bacchus as he's known in Roman mythology. He's another fertility deity in the male vegetation god tradition and indeed, many contend that Pan and Dionysus are the same. There is even an ancient tradition that claims that when Dionysus was born, Pan disappeared, suggesting the goat-god's mythology was assimilated by the god of wine. It's true these gods of nature have much in common: Pan came from the mountains of Arcadia, a virgin utopian wilderness. Dionysus was raised in the mythical land of Nysa (Dionysus means god from Nysa), which was described as a divine mountain country in a distant fairyland. Pan was surrounded by a retinue of wood nymphs while

Dionysus was surrounded by the maenads or bacchai, his ecstatic female followers.

Dionysus's origin is interesting as there are two myths that explain his birth. One myth has his parents as Zeus and a mortal woman named Semele. To show his love for Semele, Zeus grants her one wish. Unfortunately, she wishes to see Zeus in his full glory as the other gods of Olympus see him, not realizing that this is something no mortal can withstand. Zeus tries to dissuade her but Semele will not be put off. He is forced to comply, and his godly appearance consumes Semele in flame with their child, Dionysus, in her womb. Zeus takes the infant god from the flames and stitches him up in his thigh so the fetus can continue to develop. When the time is right Dionysus is removed from Zeus's thigh and handed over to a trio of nymphs in Nysa.

In another myth, Zeus, in the guise of a serpent, seduces Persephone, queen of the underworld. When Persephone delivers the young god Dionysus, Zeus's jealous wife Hera sends some Titans to kill the newborn. They succeed by ripping the infant Dionysus to pieces (think of Osiris) and then devouring everything but his heart. Zeus retrieves the heart and from it remakes his son, then implants the child into Semele's womb from which the god is eventually reborn. These myths are why Dionysus is often called the "twice-born" god and link him with rebirth and resurrection in a more direct way than Pan ever was.

As Pan ruled over lunacy through his connection to the moon goddess Selene, Dionysus ruled madness through intoxication, which comes from the vine that was sacred to him. The ancients believed that when drinking the fruit of the vine in the form of wine you were bringing the god into your body. This is not dissimilar to the Christian church's communion in which one takes in the blood of Christ in the form of wine. There are other parallels between Dionysus and Jesus Christ; both are resurrection deities that originated in the east, Dionysus and Jesus could both turn water into wine, and there is the Sacred Heart of Christ and the sacred heart of Dionysus that was the essence from which he could be made whole again.

As a male vegetation god, Dionysus was ritually sacrificed each year when his female followers, the maenads, tore him apart. His resurrection in the spring awakened the life force of procreation and growth; this is the covenant between the god and his followers. It is the same covenant that other savior gods such as Osiris, Attis, Adonis, and Jesus have promised their followers.

The bearded Dionysus with his crown of ivy and vine-entwined staff or thyrsus topped with a pine cone begins to come closer to the traditional look of the Green Man. Roman soldiers brought this god with them to the far borders of the Empire in Britain, where he became quite popular. A temple to Dionysus was even built near Glastonbury. Soon the Romans' nature god mingled with the indigenous nature god and created another Green Man deity.

As Pan's cult expanded, his image and role in nature morphed to fit in with prevailing practices of each region. Other horned gods sprung up across Europe and Britain, all of them fertility gods and protectors of the forest or wild. Horns have always represented power and divinity; this is why Michelangelo's marble sculpture of Moses (ca. 1513-1515 CE) was "glorified" with horns. They also represent virility, fertility, and abundance. In the Celtic world, Pan was worshipped as the god Cernunnos, which literally means horned one. Another inspiration for the Green Man, Cernunnos is represented as a bearded man with the horns or antlers of a stag. Like Pan he is the protector of woodland creatures yet also a hunter. He is a god of fertility, abundance, wealth, and the regeneration of life. Some say that, like Pan, he had a Celtic moon goddess consort who was associated with the deer in the same way the Roman Diana and Greek Artemis were. He is also a god of sacrifice, as the hunter becomes the hunted only to die and be reborn the following spring. In England, the Green Man spirit can be found in Herne the Hunter, a protector of the forests of the county of Berkshire. Little is written about him, but in Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" he's said to be a frightening spirit found in the Windsor forest with "great ragged horns." He most probably merged with the French Cernunnos who was brought across the channel in 1066 at the time of the Norman invasion.

We've seen that the underlying symbolism in all the Green Man vegetation/fertility god myths is death followed by resurrection, the renewal of life, and establishment of greenness once again. The Green Man, as we've discovered, is found in Osiris in Egypt, Pan in Greece, Bacchus in Rome, and Cernunnos in France. The Green Man even reveals himself in the British John Barleycorn, a personification of the barley plant that dies and returns each spring. In Scottish Romantic poet Robert Burns's 1782 poem, "John Barleycorn: A Ballad," he writes:

*They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.*

*But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.*

The Green Man is also associated with St. George, Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, and the merry prankster of folklore Robin Goodfellow, otherwise known as the mischievous nature sprite Puck from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." An illustration of Robin Goodfellow from the early seventeenth century shows the direct anatomical influence of Pan with his thick legs, cloven hooves, and goat horns.

The Green Man is also present in the Muslim world where he is known as Khezr or Al-Khidr, the "Green One" or "Verdant One," representing an eternal liveliness and renewal of spirit. Flowers and plants grow in his footsteps.

Even advertising has used the iconic Green Man for its own ends. The Minnesota Valley Canning Company tapped into the idea of a lush vegetation spirit in the 1930s with the still-familiar mascot the Jolly Green Giant to suggest the freshness and natural, healthy goodness of their vegetables despite the fact that they sit on shelves for numerous months in tin cans.

We see the leafy foliate mask that environmentalist groups, British pubs, craft breweries, and gardening and landscaping concerns have co-opted for their mascots or logos. The Green Man is everywhere if you only look for him. In the 1936 novel *The Goat-Foot God*, Welsh author Dion Fortune writes: "I suppose you know who the Green Man is? He's Pan ... He's Jack-in-the-green, the wood-spirit—the fairy man who runs after the maidens on midsummer eve—what's that but Pan? ... Pan is the same everywhere. He's elemental force."

Follow Paul Himmelein at [Instagram.com/lordperegrine](https://www.instagram.com/lordperegrine).

Read more about Charles Vess at Greenmanpress.com.



Glamour

Spinning

Faerie Beauty with Obsessive Compulsive Cosmetics
by Laren Stover

“Of all the minor creatures of mythology, fairies are the most beautiful, the most numerous, the most memorable.”

—Andrew Lang, editor of the twelve-volume collection titled
Andrew Lang’s Fairy Books of Many Colors (1889-1910)

Faeries. They appear to us as our archetypal consciousness envisions them to be ... always otherworldly and far more glamorous than humans. We can thank William Shakespeare, mostly because of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” (1594), for popularizing and romanticizing these ethereal, supernatural beings and influencing Victorian and Romantic faerie painting, music, literature, and ballet.

Faeries, wood nymphs, sprites, etc. are famous for their mystical beauty; humans were constantly falling under their spell. In the 1932 romantic, neo-gothic ballet *La Sylphide*, a mortal man is torn between his betrothed and a faerie, played by the ballerina Marie Taglioni. Captivated by the ethereal beauty of the sylph—her unearthly beauty gives him the hope of transcendent, superhuman love—he finally forsakes his fiancée for her. And who can blame him? Of the lead dancer, a critic wrote: “To describe Marie Taglioni one would have to dip a hummingbird quill into the colours of the rainbow and inscribe it on the gauze wings of a butterfly.” And another wrote: “she resembles a happy angel who scarcely bends the petals of celestial flowers with the tips of her pink toes.”

So for our first-ever beauty shoot, we needed a muse just as magical, someone who could channel more than one kind of faerie. As soon as we saw Yaris we all fell in love—everyone at *Faerie Magazine*, the photography team of Scott Irvine and Kim Meinelt, and especially David Klasfeld, founder, CEO, and creative director of Obsessive Compulsive Cosmetics, who put his artistry to work on set.

PHOTOGRAPHY: *WAXenVINE.com*

MODEL: *Yaris @ Marilyn Model Management*

BEAUTY: *David Klasfeld @ Obsessive Compulsive Cosmetics*

HAIR: *Meg Cost for Oribe @ Jump*

GOWNS: *Gilles Montezin*

FASHION STYLING: *Stella Rose Saint Clair*

PROPS: *Olde Good Things, Jamali Garden*



DAVID KLASFELD, FOUNDER, CEO,
AND CREATIVE DIRECTOR OF OCC

THE ARTISTS

With a rainbow of satiny, luminous colors (and glitters as shimmering as hummingbirds) in his arsenal, we asked OCC's David Klasfeld to create three supernatural looks for us, and to tell us how he did it. Mr. Klasfeld got his start as a makeup artist after studying filmmaking (creating a sort of theatrical, cinematic drama comes naturally to him) and ultimately started his own collection with an iconic product called Lip Tar, which he whipped up—kind of like a mad scientist or wizard—in his kitchen. That was just the beginning. Unable to find the quality of cosmetics he desired, which he wanted to be entirely vegan in keeping with his life philosophy, he created a collection for lip, face, and eyes and of course, there is lots and lots of glitter. (There's even a shade called Fae.) And one more reason to love him—even his brushes are

vegan down to the vegan glue. And of course it's all cruelty free.

Since faeries invented glamour, we dressed our muse in couture gowns by Gilles Montezin, who has designed for the Paris Opera and Christian Lacroix Couture. In case you're wondering about the wings, they're from the personal collection of publisher and founder Kim Cross and were embellished with tulle by our stylist Stella Rose Saint Clair. Tress-master Meg Cost worked her magic with Yaris's hair but we promised not to reveal her secrets.

We shot with photography team Scott Irvine and Kim Meinelt (together they are WAXenVINE) in their natural-light studio in Brooklyn, surrounded by shelves of vintage glass (including that large crystal ball), curious antique objects, and twinkling treasures like golden ribbons, glittering birds, and strands of stars.



Hand-blown glass bulb: Olde Good Things, New York

THE DRYAD

That twinkling sound of leaves swooshing ... that would be the sound of the dryad (or wood nymph) whispering or sighing. These faeries are tree-dwelling woodland spirits, and the guardians of trees, groves, and forests. First celebrated in ancient Greece as woodland nymphs and followers of Artemis, goddess of the moon, they're acknowledged worldwide as nature spirits. These particular faeries are active all year but are most likely to be out during full moons.

GET THE LOOK

Tap and blend **Trick** Crème Colour Concentrate onto the lower half of lid as close to lash line as possible and smooth upward into the crease of the lid with the #006 Short Shader Brush. Apply **Atmosphere** Loose Colour Concentrate onto inner lids and blend over **Trick**, outward toward brow bones, using the #005 Angled Blending Brush. Apply **Black Metal Dahlia** Lip Tar with the #010 Professional Lip Brush. Dust **Lemarchand** over top using the #012 Large Blending Brush. Finish the look by buffing **Terra Firma** onto cheeks for a subtle contour and bronzing effect with the #011 Brush. Finish with **Tarred** Mascara.

THE PRODUCTS

Eyes: **Atmosphere** Loose Colour Concentrate over **Trick** Crème Colour Concentrate

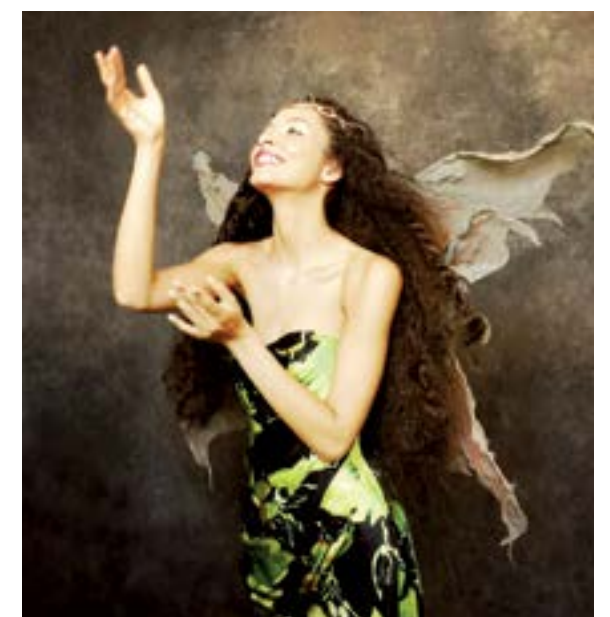
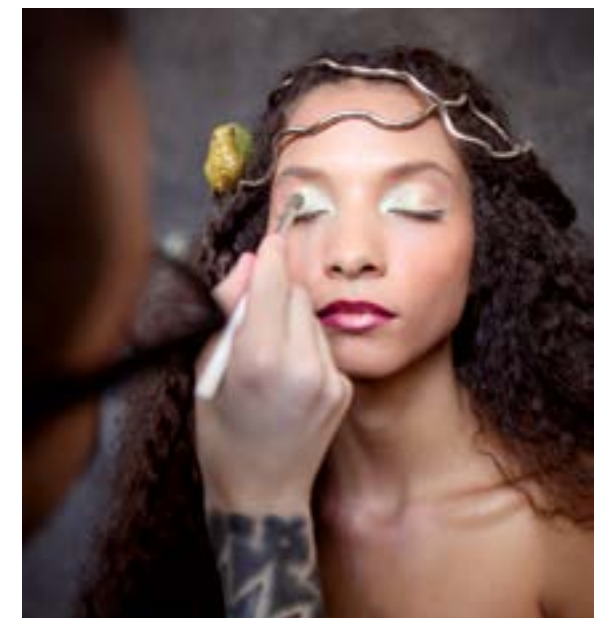
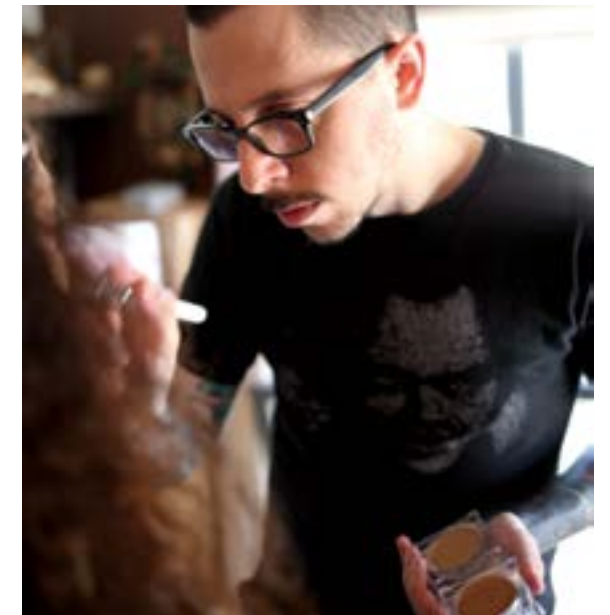
Lashes: **Tarred** 100% Vegan Mascara (launching Spring 2016)

Cheeks: **Terra Firma** Crème Colour Concentrate with Brush #011

Lips: **Lemarchand** Loose Colour Concentrate over **Black Metal Dahlia** Lip Tar

COMPLEXION (all three looks):

Begin by prepping skin with moisturizer and allowing it to absorb before applying OCC Skin: Primer with the #002 Foundation Brush. After giving that a few seconds to dry, buff OCC Skin: Conceal onto skin with the #011 Small Powder Brush to create customizable coverage while blending in this crème formula foundation.





THE FLOWER FAERIE

Some of the most beautiful and delicate of the fae realm, they create the colors and perfumes of flowers. They're said to be some of the easiest faeries to learn to commune with, the faeries most inspiring to poets and to healers guided to use their essences or essential oils. Some flowers are famously used in spells, especially the dangerous ones! There are faeries for every flower, of course, from the romantic rose to the toxic foxglove—a fact everyone knows from the Cicely Mary Barker poems and her drawings from nature. A word of caution: it's bad luck to pick bluebells—the blue flowers are said to ring to call the fae to galas—or cowslips as they reveal faerie secrets, mainly where fae gold is buried. Our flower faerie is dressed in the soft hues of an English garden.

GET THE LOOK

Brush **Pleasure Mode** Crème Colour Concentrate from lash to brow bone with the #006 Short Shader Brush, and over top apply **Glisten** Loose Colour Concentrate onto inner lids and blend outward toward brow bones, using the #005 Angled Blending Brush. Apply a mix of **Grandma** and **Hollywood** Lip Tar with the #010 Professional Lip Brush. Create a blush shade with a blend of **Grandma** and **Terra Firma** Crème Colour Concentrate using the #011 Brush. Dust **Datura** Loose Colour over shoulders and collarbones. Complete the look with **Dangerous** Mascara.

THE PRODUCTS

Eyes: **Glisten** Loose Colour Concentrate over **Pleasure Mode** Crème Colour Concentrate with Brush #006 and #005

Lashes: **Dangerous** 100% Vegan Mascara (launching Spring 2016)

Cheeks: **Terra Firma** and **Grandma** Crème Colour Concentrate with Brush #011

Lips: **Grandma** & **Hollywood** Lip Tar with Brush #010

Body: **Datura** Loose Colour





THE FAERIE OF THE WILD GRAPE

Also known as Ampelos; her mother was a Hamadryad nymph called Hamadryas. Ampelos has seven sisters including the acorn faerie, the fig faerie, and the mulberry faerie. She has connections with Dionysus, the great god of wine, but he rules over cultivated vines while our faerie presides over the wild ones. She is not a popular faerie as wine grapes and vineyards have superseded the uncultivated fruit. She is quite esoteric and not usually found in traditional faerie encyclopedias but that doesn't make her any less real. We just couldn't resist a wild grape nymph. We dressed her in a jade brocade opera coat embroidered with mythological songbirds since she enjoys their fantastical concerts in the wild. Her colors are green, grapey-plum, and gold.

GET THE LOOK

Tap and blend **District** Crème Colour Concentrate onto the lower lid as close to the lash line as possible and blend upward and into the crease of the lid with the #006 Short Shader Brush. Apply **Cherry Bomb** Loose Colour Concentrate over it with the #005 Angled Blending Brush to intensify the color and for added longevity. Apply **John Doe** Lip Tar with the #010 Professional Lip Brush. Tap **Gold** Cosmetic Glitter over top using the same lip brush. Finish by using the #011 Brush again, this time to contour cheeks in a blend of two Crème Colour shades, **John Doe** and **Terra Firma**. **Tarred** Mascara completes the look.

THE PRODUCTS

Eyes: **Cherry Bomb** Loose Colour Concentrate over **District** Crème Colour Concentrate

Lashes: **Tarred** 100% Vegan Mascara (launching Spring 2016)

Cheeks: **John Doe** and **Terra Firma** Crème Colour Concentrate with Brush #011

Lips: **Gold** Cosmetic Glitter over **John Doe** Lip Tar

Body: **Fae** Cosmetic Glitter



Follow Laren Stover at [Instagram.com/faerie_style](https://www.instagram.com/faerie_style).

Interior of the Dutch Pavilion: 'from earth: everywhere' — eighty-four earth rubbings on paper, twelve stones presented on tall wooden plinths, and one hundred and eight pounds of rosa damascene.



artist **herman de vries** collects and catalogues elements from nature to create an ecological wonderland inside the dutch pavilion at the venice art biennale. **laren stover** steps around his carpet of rosebuds to explore his poetic and perfumed work.

Rocks balanced on wooden posts, flowers, leaves, and seaweed pressed under glass, colorful earth rubbed onto paper, a circle of scent created with one hundred and eight pounds of Damascus rosebuds—all coming together to create a sensorial and poetic experience.

Had we wandered into a nature wonderland imagined by elves, gnomes, and faeries?

Well. Kind of. Dutch artist herman de vries (his name is all lowercase, because he respects all letters equally) shared his walks in meadows, forests, small islands, and along the rarely travelled Venetian lagoons in his show of sculptures, objects, works on paper, and photography at The Dutch Pavilion at the 2015 Biennale in Venice. There is a nude portrait on exhibit of eighty-four-year-old de vries crouching over a stream to drink, looking the part of the wizard or forest dweller with a long white beard. He has spent a lot of time seeking streams; he has written about drinking the various waters at Digneles-Bains in the Bléone Valley in France and made a film called “Searching for the Source,” where he wanders into a brook in a gorge in search of the spring. “*The source and the stream are metaphors for life,*” he says. “*I drink from every stream and every source just to experience the taste of it and it’s always different.*” Like faeries (Victorians called them hopelessly underclothed) or a true child of nature, he often takes such walks in the wilderness without the hindrance of clothing. His work is all about the natural world, respect for that world and its unifying diversity. “I show essential things: vegetation, earth, stones. That’s basic and I like to be basic,” he wrote in his book *to be all ways to be*, available at the exhibition of the same name.

He was born in Alkmaar in the Netherlands and was introduced to plants on walks with his sister. When he was twelve he joined a youth society for nature studies, followed by garden school in Hoorn at the age of eighteen.

Educated as a horticulturist and natural scientist, de vries, who says he became an artist in 1953 when he was twenty-two, collects and displays objects from nature, things others might walk right past. He shows his work in galleries and museums around the world and manages to find time to create a book here and there.

He explains that his stones are what he calls “*sculptures trouvées,*” or found sculptures. At the exhibit, viewers were so intrigued by the stones that a guard was stationed nearby to keep people from tipping over the posts they were balanced upon.

Influenced by Aboriginal artists, de vries finds natural pigments more beautiful than acrylic paints. If you look at the wall of his earth—as in dirt—rubblings (the raw and natural pigments were collected, from Africa, Tibet, India, Vietnam Norway, Cuba, and Russia to name a few places), you’ll see the colors range from celadon green to fleshy pinks and umbers to creamy yellows and marigolds.

A blue flax flower becomes a specimen under glass (we can’t help but think of *Lady Cottington’s Pressed Fairy Book*) and creates the sense of having once been a precious living thing, like a butterfly. Only de vries would never harm a butterfly. A vegetarian, he has purchased a meadow in Germany to see it grow wild and free of pesticides, with no intention of interfering with the natural hierarchy of plants. He is the ultimate conceptual, ecological hipster. “Nature is art,” he writes, adding “But it doesn’t need this label.”

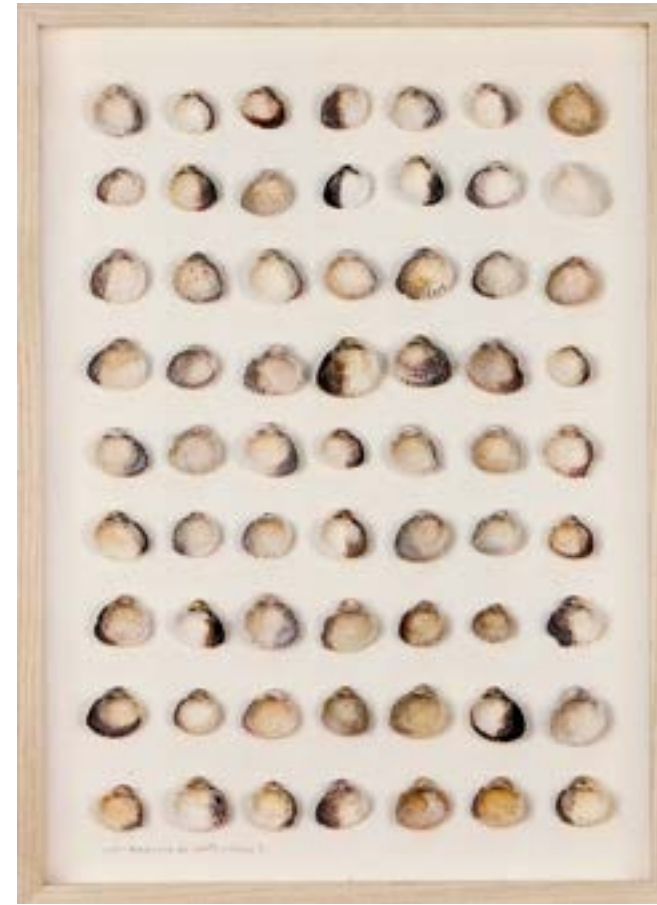
Looking at his work, the diversity of sources, one gets the impression he is a restless and curious person. In fact, it was on his way to relocate to Ireland that he discovered the agricultural

hamlet of Eschenau in northern Bavaria, where by chance he found the romantic and remote forest of Steigerwald. It is here that he lives and works with his partner and close collaborator, Susanne.

Outside the Dutch Pavilion, the publicity team handed out natural cotton *to be all ways to be* tote bags to people waiting patiently in line. (Only journalists were lucky enough to get his book.) Inside the Pavilion, almost no one could resist taking photos of the carpet of rosebuds, and people posed in front of his botanical “journals,” as de vries calls them. Although rather crowded, there was a reverent quiet throughout, as viewers snapped away on cameras and phones.

We watched Lauren Beeching, a young blonde writer from England, take pictures of a tall, striking international model named Yotam Shwartz as he took off his shirt and struck a pose with Turkish social-media star, Mehmet Kirali, also shirtless, in front of de vries’s naked stream photo. The artist may be eighty-four but his message has hit a chord that’s timely and in many eyes, cool.

“I love the smell of roses. it’s real poetry.”
herman de vries



top and bottom: herman de vries, from the laguna of venice – a journal, 2014 (details)



herman de vries, rasenstück (phalaris arundinacea), 1998. 198x69 cm, private collection



herman de vries, rasenstück, 1989
170x125 cm, private collection



The Other
**GREEN
FAERIE**

...just the thing if you're
melancholy
or merry

by Laren Stover

ANJI BAI CHA FROM BELLOCO—Elegant Chinese green tea from Northern Zhejiang; fine, slender tips and prominent notes of fresh snow pea.

There is something meditative and quietly energizing about green tea. Never jolting, overtly bold, or highly charged, green tea enhances and clarifies almost any mood, whether it's a merry one or even melancholic. In fact, if you wish to indulge in a cloudy mood, there are many green tea options, from rich, buttery, almost oceanic sencha to pan-roasted dragonwell, but two Chinese greens in particular—green thunder (strong vegetal notes and hints of smokiness) and pearl tea (full-bodied and buttery with sweet notes

of malt, fresh grass, and smoke)—are excellent choices. Here's why. The leaves are rolled and look like tightly curled knots, or pearls. If you have a glass teapot, you can watch the pearls release and open like magical tendrils, mermaid's hair or seaweed unfurling, deepening the water to emerald green. (If you have a porcelain pot just peek!) Watching tea leaves unfurl is a meditation of sorts, just the thing to go with the pace of a drizzly day or an overcast mood, but it's just as charming if you're joyful.

A tea bag is fine in a pinch, but it deprives you of experiencing the true beauty of tea: its poetic, fluid movement, its undulating ballet in your teapot.

Do green teas really have a magical or mystical quality? We asked Heidi Johannsen Stewart, cofounder of Bellocq Tea Atelier, a brand of some ninety teas that's housed in a jewel box of a shop in a quiet corner of Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

"Occasionally it feels that way," she said. "The right tea, the right setting, the person preparing the tea ... When we're selecting our teas, we ask ourselves how the tea makes us feel. A tea with an excellent 'chi,' or energy, can profoundly affect the drinker, whether it's green or white, or an oolong, or black." She, too, feels tea helps one to experience the grace of melancholy, as it requires reflection.

When Ms. Stewart says she selects teas, she means that she and her

partners sip them at the source. They travel the world to gardens, farms, and agricultural heritage sites to find single-origin offerings originating from the finest estates in China, Japan, India, Nepal, Taiwan, Sri Lanka, Vietnam, and Malawi. The teas are exclusively full leaf, almost entirely organic, and sourced from high-elevation gardens.

She and her partners are not only devoted tea curators and connoisseurs, but also artists, hand blending the teas and botanicals (think lush rose, mint, and marigold) in their Brooklyn atelier.

"One could become a student of green tea and I believe the course of study would continue throughout one's lifetime," she said. "There is so much to learn. Whenever you enjoy a cup of tea, you're partaking in thousands of years of human and botanical interaction." Indeed the descriptions of Bellocq teas—nuanced, poetic, and sometimes

complex—read like fine wines.

"For people who are serious about tea, it is as nuanced and distinctive as any fine wine because it's all about terroir," said author and chef Ravinder Bhogal, whose sensual poem on tea appears at the end of this article. "Where it's grown, the climate, affects the taste of it. It's actually got sexy, tea, particularly Laini and Co. I'm a massive fan of their sencha tea and I like that you can go to the modern pantry at the Hyatt Regency in London and have a glass of their tea served in a pinot noir, stemless glass. You can swirl it around like a cognac."

The most formal and historical of all teas is matcha, a bright, jade-green tea powder made exclusively from shade-grown leaves. Matcha, and the tea ceremony, or ritual of whisking the tea into a froth and serving it in a particular way, survives today thanks to a twelfth-century Buddhist monk named Eisai who

brought the ritual and tea seeds to Japan from China where the vibrant powdered tea flourished first in monasteries and later became a luxury item. Like fine wine, a small tin of matcha can sell for hundreds of dollars. The tencha (tea leaves used for matcha) are milled between stones to form the smooth, bright green powder; when you drink matcha, you consume the entire leaf and all of the benefits. And unlike coffee, a (good) matcha leaves you feeling quietly alert. The combination of caffeine and l-theanine contributes to this effect. "Our aoarashi matcha is excellent: smooth, fresh, uplifting with mellow notes of cocoa and fresh grass," said Ms. Stewart. "It's considered a ceremonial grade (there are ten grades, with the lowest used for cooking). The matcha/genmaicha is really lovely as well: roasted rice lends an earthy note which pairs beautifully with the matcha. We drink this around the office rather often."

PANATEA, a New York based brand founded by Jessica Lloyd and David Mandelbaum, has given matcha a modern makeover with a matcha green tea "set" that includes a tin of tea, a spoon that holds precisely the amount you need, a whisk, and a bowl. "We fell in love with matcha not only because of how it makes us feel—we noticed a shift in our health and our energy level—but, more importantly, it's giving ourselves this moment to set an intention and sip," said Mr. Mandelbaum. The brand's philosophy is printed on the packaging: sip up & zen out.

Is the ancient beverage that requires whisking catching on? Models, actors, and fashionistas are often the first to catch on to a trend, explained PANATEA's founders, who visited Japan with tea master Souheki Mori, COO of Tea-Whisk, Inc. (she often works with the private New York City tea house Globus Chashitsu KeiSui-An) to select its "ceremonial grade" matcha from the city of Nishio, and whisked up matcha back stage at fashion shows in New York and



MATCHA AOARASHI FROM BELLOCQ—

A ceremonial-grade, lightly astringent tea with rich notes of cocoa and fresh, sweet grass.

©Bellocq Tea Atelier



MAJORELLE MINT FROM BELLOCQ—

Organic gunpowder green tea and vibrant mint with marigold petals and a stylish citrus twist.

©Bellocq Tea Atelier

The Other Green Faerie

Laren Stover

invited social-media influencers to join its #matchamovement. Last season the founders whisked up so much matcha they didn't lift their heads for "an hour straight," and later posted pictures on Instagram of models sipping the foamy, brilliant green tea through straws so as not to disturb their lipstick.

"It's so good for you; it's like a meditation when you drink it, if you have really good tea," said Ms. Bhogal. "My father had just died and a friend took me to Nobu and he asked them to make a matcha—I'd never drunk matcha before—and they did the whole matcha ceremony, you know they whisk it, and it's all frothy and light, and my friend said, 'drink this, you'll feel better.' I felt cocooned by the goodness of the tea. It was like having a baptism.

"When you read about people like Marie Antoinette having tea parties, it was a luxury and a pleasure. Tea is a luxury product, it shouldn't come in a throwaway tea bag; it should be a luxurious experience. It should be an escape, a tonic in the midst of your stressful day."

With all of its healthy and meditative qualities, is it possible to ever drink too much green tea? Joseph Thomas Sheridan Le Fanu, the Irish Victorian writer of ghost stories, seemed to think so. In his short story "Green Tea," a clergyman obsessed with the supernatural world stays up over a series of nights feverishly studying the occult while fueling himself with green tea ... until one day he sees two red eyes staring at him on an omnibus—eyes that belong to a spectral monkey that follows him home, haunting him, watching him, eventually driving him mad.

Green tea might be more powerful than we thought!

Happy Halloween!



GVOKURO FROM BELLOCC—Produced with the *ichibancha* (or the first plucking), a shade-grown Japanese green tea with rich, buttery taste and equally balanced fruit and floral notes.

TEA

By Ravinder Bhogal

I'd like you to pour me like tea,
Lift my heavy heart high and tip it
Till its perfume steams
and overflows your china cup.

Hold my face in your hands as you sip,
As you sip, as you sip,
Through the mist,
There's rapture on your lips, your lips, your lips.

I'll be *Darjeeling, Oolong, Sencha, Earl Grey*
Because they stroke your mouth
They're the names you like to say.

I'll be your richest pickings
Don't strain me from your cup
Come read my leaves like verbs,
They say, *come,*
Come fill me up.

Ravinder Bhogal is an award-winning UK chef, the author of *Cook in Boots*, and host of "Ravinder's Kitchen" on TLC.

Kambriel

In 1994 couture clothier Kambriel released her premiere collection in a lushly printed catalogue hand-tied with long, trailing black satin ribbons, enveloped in black linen, and gilded with silver ink. The collection, called Atrocities, immediately caught on in the underground scene. Since then, she's designed regularly for the likes of Neil Gaiman, Amanda Palmer, and countless other fans of her fantastical creations. In her *Theatre is Evil* companion art book, Palmer said this about their meeting: "Kambriel has been my costumer and clothing muse for ages. I first met her at the Orpheum Theatre in Boston ... there she was, resplendent in a mind-boggling black Victorian full-length get up and tricorne hat, looking like a goth version of Molly Ringwald from "Pretty in Pink" ... all homespun feathers, lace, buttons, and glam-confusion. ... We struck up a friendship immediately and since that day, she's been sewing me creations that came out of either her head, my head, or our collective imagination."

We feature Kambriel's designs—perfect for lovers of autumn and faerie glamour—on the next ten pages, but first talk with her about her own enchanted tale.

Faerie Magazine: Describe your aesthetic. What is it that you find beautiful and what inspires you?

Kambriel: My aesthetic tends towards the timeless and ethereal, with an added twist of magic and elegant whimsy. I find the natural world beautiful—dewdrops on spider webs, a bird singing to awake the sun, that ephemeral moment when the sky turns a fiery rose violet right before the emergence of moonlight. Kindness, caring, bravery, curiosity, and generosity are beautiful.

For clothing and accessory design, I find inspiration in non-fashion-related places. My inspiration is more likely to come from seeing the way the sunlight strikes a sand dune in the desert, the way the wind blows shape-shifting clouds across the sky, or the shimmering, shifting colors of a bioluminescent creature of the sea.

FM: Can you tell us a little bit about how you got started?

K: I've instinctively created things by hand since childhood, always with an old-world appreciation for the art of bringing inspiration to life. Even in youth, I'd wake up pre-dawn each day to carve out extra time to create one of a kind pieces not available elsewhere—just a little something to reflect my feelings/mood on that particular day. This kind of personal expression/inspiration was behind my first collection and still continues to this day: A reflection of the inner-self onto the outer-self—creations to bring you a little closer to your dreams.

FM: There are many period-reproduction clothing companies out there, and even many gothic clothing companies selling clothes inspired by past and present. But somehow, Kambriel manages to have a completely unique and recognizable look that is collected and respected by many avid fans. What you would consider to be the "signature Kambriel style"?

K: Thank you for the kind words! When I first offered my designs, everything was either brick and mortar shops or mail-order catalogues. A bit later, the online edition of the

Photo of Kambriel by Visioluxus
Design shown: Dracula's Bride Gown in Red Chiffon

Photo of Neil Gaiman by DividingMe
Il Sommo Poeta Wool Wrap



Photo of Lilah by Nadya Lev
La Plume Lace Choker



catalogue went live at a time when you could literally fit all related clothing sites on a single, alphabetically arranged links page with perhaps a dozen or so links in total. I don't try to be unique, but I also don't follow fads or trends, though trends occasionally align with what I've been creating all along. My personal aesthetic has always resided somewhere betwixt and between any particular place or time so I don't get rid of designs seasonally, as they stand the test of time. I'm an old soul, so a sense of the past and other cultures often comes through in a very natural/instinctive way, but strictly adhering to period reproductions doesn't hold as much interest for me. I prefer the freedom of adding personal twists to everything I create and making pieces that, regardless of their visually dramatic styles, feel quite natural and comfortable to wear.

FM: Where is the most unusual place you've seen your items worn?

K: As a lifelong eccentric, my perspective on "unusual" is probably a tad skewed! My designs have been worn anywhere from national ad campaigns to government ceremonies, from the Academy Awards red carpet to the grave.

FM: What can we expect to see from you in the future?

K: I'm considering putting together a book to capture some of the magic of the past twenty plus years, showcasing a wide range of designs, art, exhibits, articles, collaborations, etc ... along with personal memories, plus rare imagery and ephemera. I'm also enjoying staying true to my roots by creating more one-of-a-kind wearable art, fantastical millinery and jewelry pieces, incorporating beloved vintage and antique Victorian and Art Nouveau elements as a way to give them new life with a bit of added enchantment. Beyond the aesthetic, I love to incorporate antique and vintage elements from an environmental standpoint. In a world where so much already exists, I feel it's important to respect and make better use of that which we already have. I adore the innate charm and magic that resides in forgotten heirlooms, and it's an honor when I can combine imagination and skill to reinvent these elements in ways that will extend their life into new and exciting future chapters.

To read more, visit Kambriel online at Kambriel.com, etsy.com/shop/kambriel, or twitter.com/kambrieldesign.

Photo of Kambriel by Visioluxus
Design shown: Silk Parisian Bustle Ensemble



Visual Alchemy:

The Art and Tarot of DividingME By Grace Nuth

Thoroughly exploring an artwork by Rusty McDonald of DividingME Photography is like viewing an achingly lovely landscape through fog, or listening to beautiful music under water. There's a mystical veil over the figures, mysterious esoteric symbolism in the images seen. The viewer can easily imagine that the pattern presented by a flying bird, budding branch, and rolling wave form an ancient symbol with great import. So it seems a natural progression that Rusty would work on creating a tarot deck from his images.

Rusty begins with a series of photographic images, often taken at his studio in North Carolina. He then layers these images using invisible digital thread to stitch them carefully together and combining them with textures and patterns that he gathers photographically from virtually anywhere, from a walk in the neighborhood to a visit to a mountain top. Once he completes an image, the viewer can no longer tell what was once "real" and what is purely imagination. It's a kind of "visual alchemy," as Rusty describes it.

There is an antiqued and somewhat dream-like look to Rusty's images. A long-time admirer of the look of ambrotypes and ferrotypes after they've aged, he tries to give a "slight wink" towards early photography in his own work, making it painterly but also using "textures and overlays for scratches and slight flaws that are present in aged tintypes."

He often draws the titles of his pieces from references to mythology and philosophy. The relationship between an artwork and its title is important to Rusty's work; sometimes the title precedes the actual piece. "The images are sometimes fragmentary and sit incomplete for months until the title comes. Once I have the title, the intent becomes clear, bringing everything together."

His use of mythic reference is sometimes fascinatingly obscure. (With the title of an image Rusty once created from my photograph, he introduced me to a mythic water-fey creature I'd never even heard of before, the Aloja, or Dona d'aigua, of Catalan mythology.) The influence of myth on Rusty's life and work began when he was a child living in Germany and Iceland. He and his family traveled around Europe often, visiting such places as Loreley Rock ... places "shrouded in legend." His best friends were books. "As a child in Germany, I spent time exploring castle ruins and ancient forests; I read the Grimms, Andersen, and Tolkien. My mother had a copy of Sitchin's *The Twelfth Planet* that left me thumbing through old Bibles looking for imagery of the Nephilim; it

really got my imagination going." These interests have followed him over the years.

The idea of the tarot deck began with a meeting between Rusty and couture clothier Kambriel. After admiring her work for years, Rusty reached out to Kambriel to see if she would be interested in collaborating. They first worked together when Rusty photographed an original Kambriel gown for musician Amanda Palmer's *The Grand Theft Art Companion* book. They quickly discovered that they had a lot in common, and started doing photo shoots together; Rusty's photography, Kambriel's fashion. "Without being conscious of it," Rusty recalls, "we were already creating the tarot. We were chatting over a glass of wine, and spent the next few hours exploring the idea. It was a bit of magick. We had already created many of the Major Arcana. We didn't set out with the intention of creating a tarot, but I think we were open to the energy and made a conscious decision to follow it wherever it led and no matter how long. It's my wish that our tarot be a functional divining tool with the imagery serving as vehicle for messages from the universe."

A couple of years after the tarot project began, Rusty had the opportunity to photograph author Neil Gaiman for a couple of tarot card images. "Kambriel [who had created garments for Neil and his wife Amanda in the past] had reached out to Neil, showed him examples of the work we had done on the project up to the point, and asked if he had any interest in being involved. He did!" Neil posed for, among other images, the Hanged Man card, dangling from a vine by one foot with his arms crossed across his chest.

Neil Gaiman is not the only recognizable face in the tarot. Vampire author Michelle Belanger also appears on a card, and by the time the deck is completed you might see another familiar face or two from various creative fields. But the overall goal is clear. "Throughout the process, our intention has been to create an enchanting, elegant functional tarot. Each card is a unique piece of artwork imbued with the arcane. Ideally the final cards will have some form of embossing, gilt-edged and elegant, perhaps with the Major Arcana utilizing lenticular printing. We've spoken to a publisher, but our ideal scenario would be for our tarot to resonate with a publisher reading this, who would bring their own passion to the project in regard to the practical and finished product." No doubt the final result will be a thing of beauty, cherished and thumbed through until worn by all who use it.

The tarot by DividingME Photography and Kambriel does not yet have a release date. Keep an eye on Rusty's website Dividingme.com for details as they progress.



Le Pendu
The Hanged Man

III



L'Impératrice
The Empress

Pictured: Kambriel

Q



Reine des Bâtons
Queen of Wands

Pictured: Grace Nuth

XVII



L'Étoile
The Star

VIII



La Justice
Justice

THESE PLANTS CAN KILL: ALNWICK POISON GARDEN

By Grace Nuth

Photography by Jason Dempster

“These Plants Can Kill” is the message boldly embossed in vivid white on the black gates of the Alnwick Poison Garden in Northumberland, United Kingdom. In a country known for its friendliness and hospitality, the Edward Gorey-esque skulls below the lettering get the point across quite clearly: this garden should not be taken lightly. To further emphasize the spine-tingling danger, the gates are twined with ironwork leaves, while dark wrought spiders and snakes weave through the blackened greenery. The gate is a sight both beautiful and foreboding, a perfect entrance into a garden filled with plants that are often as dangerous as they are lovely. All guests to the Alnwick Garden who want to explore its famous poison garden must wait at the entrance for an escorted tour. Tour guides present a very clear warning to not sniff or touch *any* plants found in the garden, and even so, one or two tourists a year end up fainting. People still flock to the garden daily. Who can resist the fascination of learning about the dark and deadly history of some of the world’s most beautiful and fatal plants?

The garden was established by Jane Percy, Duchess of Northumberland, in 2005. Her Grace and her husband, Ralph, 12th Duke of Northumberland, have been married since 1979, but the Duchess felt restless in her ducal role until her husband suggested she focus on renovating the gardens of Alnwick Castle, their family seat. The grounds of the beautiful castle, featured in several Harry Potter films as well as *Downton Abbey*, *Elizabeth*, and *Robin of Sherwood*, were not living up to their full garden potential, and the Duchess embraced the challenge, creating what is now one of the greatest gardens and tourist destinations in Northern England. The Poison Garden is only a small part of the impressive grounds, including an elaborate treehouse, water sculpture garden, and a central cascade fountain.

She was inspired to create the poison garden as a way to interest children in the deadly nature of plants. Rather than planting an apothecary garden of healing plants, she decided instead (after a trip to the famous Medici poison garden) that children would be far more fascinated to know how dangerous plants can be, and how they kill. The garden is also a serious enterprise: it helps to support the work of several charitable programs, including a drug education program that accepts donations in a collection box shaped like a coffin. In this garden, a coffin is not that out of place.

The Duchess has heard many sobering stories from guests who have had dangerous firsthand interactions with poisonous plants. “Some visitors have told us of near-death experiences through accidental poisoning. Some people have children who have died through drug abuse so they appreciate our drug education program and find visiting the garden and listening to its drug education message an emotional experience. The Police Superintendent who handled the killing on Waterloo Bridge of Georgi Markov by a poison tip umbrella has visited. We’ve had visitors who have almost died after being given berries by their siblings or who have been affected in various ways by some of the plants we grow.”

Over a hundred dangerous plants flourish in the Poison Garden. Among them are such narcotics as poppies, cocaine, cannabis, magic mushrooms, and tobacco. A handful of plants required special permission from the government (Home Office) to grow for educational purposes, according to strict regulations. The garden also contains such medieval-inspired poisons as deadly nightshade, hemlock, and mandrake.

The gate is a sight both beautiful and foreboding, a perfect entrance into a garden filled with plants that are often as dangerous as they are lovely.

The most dangerous plants in the garden are set apart in large black iron cages, further emphasizing their menace. The garden is under twenty-four-hour guard.

Those gardeners who maintain the poison garden also must take great care, as many of the plants are dangerous to prune and maintain. The Duchess explains: “Some of the

most interesting poisonous plants are not hardy and have to be moved indoors during the winter—cannabis plants and datura, for example. Gardeners have to know which plants will harm them if they’re scratched by them and all gardeners tending the garden wear gloves at all times. Some of the plants will kill you if their sap comes into contact with an open wound and makes its way into your blood stream. Some of the plants, like henbane, will cause you to faint if you smell them. Some plants make your skin sensitive to the sun, a condition that recurs for a period of up to five years if you’re scratched by them or have contact with their sap, and they will destroy your skin cells.”

Perhaps the most riveting parts of the garden are the stories of the plants themselves. When asked for a few of the tales she found most fascinating, the Duchess exclaims, “There are so many stories! Aconitum was used in medieval times to poison the water supply to villages. Belladonna berries are poisonous to humans but not to rabbits. If, however, you killed, cooked, and



Alnwick Poison Garden

Grace Nuth



ate the rabbit that had feasted on belladonna berries you would die. Ricin seeds are poisonous but attractive. Young people have been poisoned through wearing and sucking on such seed necklaces. In 2011 a Chinese billionaire, Long Liyuan, was killed by eating a cat stew laced with gelsemium. In 2012 a Russian named Alexander Perepilichny died under mysterious circumstances and gelsemium was found in his stomach.”

A few other fascinating plants in the garden include angel’s trumpet, which Victorian women would set in the center of their tea tables so that their guests could tap on the blooms gently, letting the pollen fall into their teacups for hallucinogenic results. Laurel, a common hedge plant, is grown quite commonly all over England, and yet the fumes of the plant’s woody stem when chipped or shredded can be quite toxic and even fatal if inhaled. The dangerous chemical found in monkshood is so powerful, it was used in poison bullets by the Nazis. And daffodil bulbs were once carried by Roman soldiers in case they were ever captured alive, as they were fatal when ingested.

The Duchess’s garden is truly a faerie garden, just not in the way most people would imagine such a thing. The plants there are perhaps more akin to the Unseelie fey than benevolent Seelie fey. As when walking through a faerie forest, it is best not to veer from the path here, and the most beautiful of flowers might hide malicious roots, both literal and metaphorical. But many of these plants can be medicinal too, if taken in smaller doses. “Poison is in everything, and no thing is without poison. The dosage makes it either a poison or remedy,” said the Swiss Renaissance physician Paracelsus. The Duchess has said similar: “The contradiction between kill and cure is what interests me and the incredible power that an apothecary had over life and death ... I have written a book called *The Little Book of Poisons, Potions and Aphrodisiacs*. Generally the plants that are the best killers are often the greatest aphrodisiacs. It all depends on quantity and the intentions of the person administering the poison.”



The Duchess’s garden is truly a faerie garden, just not in the way most people would imagine such a thing. The plants there are perhaps more akin to the Unseelie fey than benevolent Seelie fey.



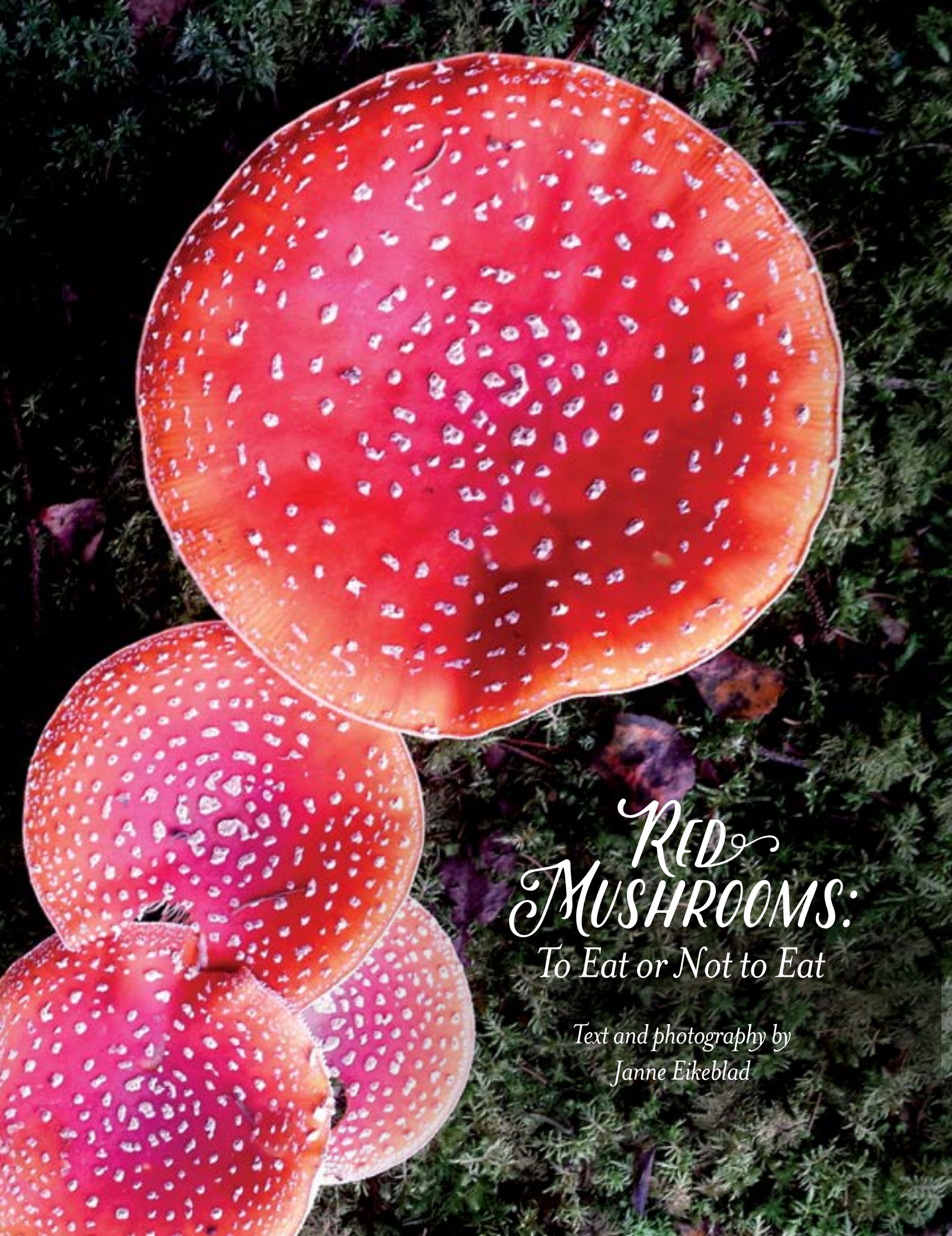
The Duchess has one final piece of advice: “Beware of curries, which are often used as the conduit for poisons. Most of the poisons are pungent and distasteful and poisoners use curry to overcome this. I’d only eat curry if I trusted the person who’d cooked it.” Good advice from a woman bold enough to bet on the popularity of a poison garden inspired by medieval intrigue in modern British society. It seems as if her gamble has paid off, and the public should be able to enjoy this rare and fascinating garden for years to come.



Grace Nuth is a blogger, artist, and model living in central Ohio with her husband, black cat, and a garden full of faeries. 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.com/lumix20](https://www.instagram.com/lumix20/).





RED MUSHROOMS: To Eat or Not to Eat

Text and photography by
Janne Eikeblad

Few things in nature are as embedded in myth and connected with fairy tales as the vibrant red mushroom. First and foremost I'm talking about the iconic Fly Agaric (*Amanita Muscaria*), "the king of mushrooms," which has become a symbol all over the world for enchanted realms, magical forests, and fantastical things, and to be sure the fairies' favorite hangout.

Legends are bountiful when it comes to the Fly Agaric, even influencing classic fairy tales, popular culture, and stories like "Alice in Wonderland"; Lewis Carroll was familiar with its curious mind-altering effects. Fly Agarics might very well appear in fairy rings, and, as you know, humans who dare to enter such a circle may fall asleep for a hundred years, or worse, be whisked off to other worlds, never to return. Despite this association with children's tales and the wee folk, this mushroom is poisonous—though eating one is not likely to kill you.

Mushrooms have come to be one of my main interests in life. I grew up in a foraging family that spent much time in nature and for the past ten years I've studied all kinds of fungi, especially edible ones.

Mushroom foraging is like an enchanting treasure hunt! And the more you know, the more amusing it becomes. I've found that nothing makes me feel happier or more like myself than frolicking around in the woods like a blissful forest sprite with

my mushroom basket. I'm now a certified mushroom expert. In addition to foraging during the season, I grow gourmet mushrooms inside and outside my house and experiment with mushroom symbiosis in my permaculture forest garden.

Most people think that red and other brightly colored mushrooms are the main types to steer away from while foraging. The truth is that most deadly poisonous mushrooms have earthy and seemingly innocent colors like white, beige, and brown. While some red mushrooms can make you sick, they are not likely highly dangerous. In fact, a variety of red mushrooms are perfectly safe and edible, like various Russulas, the Scarlet Waxy Cap, some red Boletes, the Scarlet Elf Cup, and Reishi, all growing in the area where I live in western Norway.

Red is the most intense color in nature, and many associate it with signs of danger and death, but it's also been linked to love, warmth, and passion. The incredible and diverse colors of mushrooms are still a mystery to us; we can even get some of the most amazing natural dyes from them. Here in the Norwegian woods the color red is almost never seen, except on mushrooms and berries in the autumn. We have many shades of purple, pink, and orange for sure, but long ago my ancestors must have found the huge red toadstools with white spots to be an awe-inspiring sight. Whenever I come across a perfect specimen of *Amanita muscaria* my heart leaps with a feeling of amazement.





Some myths say that the Vikings had horns on their helmets and that they ingested a combination of alcohol and Fly Agaric mushrooms before raiding and plundering. There's no real evidence for these claims, but we can assume that the Vikings knew quite a bit about the use of plants and mushrooms—knowledge that has now been forgotten.

The Sami people and our indigenous neighbors in Finland, Russia, and especially the Siberian tribes are even more known for their shamanic use of the Fly Agaric; to them it had and still today has a religious significance. The mushroom was always dried before consumption, as this process converted the toxins into psychoactive compounds. These compounds would make the mushroom eater go into a trance, opening doorways into other worlds where he or she might gain wisdom and favor from the spirits of nature and commune with the gods.

The *Amanita muscaria* grows mainly underneath fir and pine trees, and is often dried in its branches for later use, in the way we now decorate our Christmas trees with red bulbs. Reindeer are also an important part of these Siberian cultures,

and Fly Agarics happens to be amongst the animal's favorite food. One of the effects of this unpredictable toadstool is visions of flying, so the idea of Santa and the flying reindeer might not be so farfetched after all. Apparently, over time, these stories also got mixed with the Norse legends of Odin flying on a horse with eight legs, with red foam from his mouth dripping to the ground, where *Amanita* mushrooms would appear.

The Fly Agaric has also traditionally been used for food in many parts of the world, by the people of Scandinavia and Japan, and by Native Americans. Even modern society has started finding interest in these mushrooms as a food source, as they can be found in large amounts, are easily identifiable, and are said to be quite flavorful. For some, the use of *Amanita muscaria* as food is simply a case of scientific research triumphing over prejudice, as deaths directly caused by the consumption of this mushroom are extremely rare. Before considering eating Fly Agarics, however, you should first do your homework. If not properly processed they can induce nausea, vomiting, and other unpleasant effects, and/or even result in a trip to the hospital. They must



be parboiled to remove the water-soluble toxins, as is the case with various other edible mushrooms.

As modern society feels the need to reconnect with nature and enchantment, foraging for mushrooms is becoming increasingly popular. I can't think of any better way to spend an occasional afternoon or weekend. But remember, never eat any wild mushrooms without having them properly identified and researched first! Some fungi in the *Amanita* family are deadly poisonous, such as the Death Cap and the Destroying Angel, but others can be rendered safe for dinner. But I would choose to leave the Fly Agaric in the forest for the fairies to admire. In your basket you can instead put safe edible mushrooms that you know by heart, and enjoy the rich and earthy tastes in delicious dishes for yourself, family, and friends to enjoy.

Have fun foraging!

Janne Eikeblad is a permaculturist, ecovillage designer, blogger, artist, and mushroom expert living in the fjords of western Norway, surrounded by forest and mountains. To follow her adventures, visit [Instagram.com/voiceofnature](https://www.instagram.com/voiceofnature).

In the **FOREST,** **DARK** and Deep

by Jill Gleeson

“How can it possibly be May?” I ask myself as I trod along the rutted, rocky track winding downhill before me. The sun, which had graced this notoriously temperate corner of southwest Germany for all the week previous, departed this morning, taking with it not only light but warmth as well. It's dim and cold and a little damp; everywhere hang tendrils of mist curling shyly around the trees, primarily fir and spruce, which stand sentinel on this mountain. Here and there, when the dense foliage breaks and the fog lifts, I spy an ancient glacial lake far below, green and still. It's all impossibly beautiful and not a little spooky.

In the Forest, Dark and Deep

by Jill Gleason

After traversing a boardwalk creaking with each footfall over a mysterious bog, I'm happy to arrive at one of the region's quaint, chalet-like hiking huts. Inside will be hot, hearty food—lentil stew, perhaps, over homemade noodles—and laughing families, red-cheeked from the chill and exercise and simple joy of time spent together well.

But as I duck into the structure I can't help but wonder: if I'd just stayed out a bit longer, walked a little farther down that secretive footpath ... what would I have seen? Werewolves and witches? Sorcerers or sprites? After all, I may be within the amiable confines of the Black Forest National Park, not some abandoned and feral unnamed wood, but this remains a land of myth and legend, where fanciful tales passed down through generations resonate with authenticity. If faeries and ogres do exist, they exist here.

Among the Black Forest's most beloved fables, like all told traditionally over long winter nights when families would gather around the spinning wheel, or at the trestle where the home's roof shingles were cut, is the story of Mummelsee. "Mummelsee is one of our glacier lakes, the highest in the northern Black Forest," explains regional tourism representative Nicole Stichling. "It is idyllic, located directly next to the Black Forest Panorama Route, the oldest and one of the most beautiful scenic routes in Germany. Mummelsee is dark and full of mysteries, and the locals have long whispered about ghosts, mermaids, and the cruel and mighty sovereign of the lake. They say you should never throw a stone into the lake, or nice weather turns into a storm."

In some stories the nymphs attending the King of Mummelsee were once nuns who lived in a monastery where the lake now stands. When one fell in love with a local farm boy, black water bubbled up from the earth, swallowing the monastery and all who lived there. Other religious figures in local legend with similar fates include a pair of tyrannical monks from St. Blasien in the southern Black Forest who haunted the abbey after their deaths. Eventually they were captured in sacks and hurled into Feldsee Lake by a devout Capuchin monk from Staufen. He was assisted, it is said, by helpful dwarves living in the lake called the Erdmännlein.

Then there were the wizards named the Freischützen, marksmen of such otherworldly skill they were believed to have been aided by the devil himself, and the familiar account from Freudenstad of the terrible wolf rampaging through the countryside that morphed back into a man when shot. Kindly dwarves figure again in the tale of Ruprecht von Bärenfels, who tried to force his sister to marry a man she didn't love. When she fled, von Bärenfels hot on her heels, dwarves hid the maiden in a dripstone cave in Hasel, in the southern Black Forest. Refusing to end his pursuit, von Bärenfels was struck down and killed by falling rocks.

The Black Forest's reputation for resting as much within the supernatural realm as the natural extends back at least two millennia, when the Roman emperor Caracalla and his army first ventured into the area. Pleased with the discovery of natural hot springs in what is now the famously lovely and posh spa town of Baden-Baden, the Romans established baths there as

early as 69 CE. But they remained wary of the mountainous land that surrounded them, eerie and inscrutable, terming it "silva negra."

This was not due, as is almost universally supposed, to its ebony hue. "Back then, the forest was a mix of deciduous trees and conifers, so it didn't have the dark color you see today," says Stichling. "It was only much, much later, after the forest had been cut down for wood, that it was replanted with spruces, because they are easy to work with and fast growing. The Romans frequently called things black that they found suspicious. That's the reason they named it the Black Forest, not for its color."

Today, that appellation commonly refers both to the area and the mountain range that runs through it. Stretching about a hundred miles and bordering Switzerland in the south and France in the west, the Black Forest is primarily known outside of Germany for its cuckoo clocks, decadent cherry-layered chocolate cakes, and those most famed of all fairy tale purveyors, the Brothers Grimm. Which is a shame because despite popular belief the siblings have no connection to it.

"There is absolutely no influence of the Black Forest in the Grimms' tales," details Dr. Jack Zipes, professor emeritus of German and comparative literature at the University of Minnesota and one of the world's leading authorities on fairy tales in general and the Brothers Grimm in particular. "The Grimms were born in a small town in Hesse, near Kassel. Almost all their tales were collected in this region and in northern Germany. The Black Forest is located in Swabia (southwestern Germany). The major writer of Swabian fairy tales was Wilhelm Hauff, who published literary tales in the 1820s. 'The Cold Heart' is his most famous Swabian fairy tale that takes place in the Black Forest, although many of his fairy tales are set there."

Born in Stuttgart in 1802, Hauff attended seminary school at Tübingen, earning his Ph.D. in 1824. But he found the idea of life as a pastor unsatisfying and instead took work tutoring the

sons of the Württemberg Minister of War, Baron von Hügel. Impressed by the colorful stories the bright young man spun seemingly whole cloth for her children, Baroness von Hügel encouraged Hauff to write them down. He did, beginning in 1825 with his first collection, "The Caravan." Two more would shortly follow, "The Sheik of Alexandria and his Slaves" and "The Inn in the Spessart." But by the autumn of 1827, as if under evil enchantment, Hauff fell ill. He died in November of that year, just eight days after the birth of his daughter.

According to the *Oxford Companion to Fairy Tales*, which Zipes edited, Hauff's fairy tale almanacs, which are "as well known to German-speaking audiences as 'Huckleberry Finn' or 'Alice in Wonderland' are to Anglophones," are engagingly intricate. "Structured somewhat like Chaucer's 'The Canterbury Tales,' each cycle features not only multiple narrators, but also a frame tale in which the individual novellas are embedded," the book notes. "The tales in the three collections interweave fantasy and finely wrought ironies in a marvelous and complex interplay."

In "The Cold Heart," Peter, a young charcoal burner in the Black Forest, trades his human heart to an evil giant in exchange for one made of marble. With it comes wealth unimaginable, but Peter, grown into a greedy, ruthless businessman, is unable to find joy in his new status, or even to feel any real emotion.

Only after he kills his wife when he finds her feeding a poor beggar



Farms in Muensterthal Valley ©Erich Spiegelhalter, STG



©Marc Dietrich/Shutterstock.com

does Peter realize what he has lost. Finally experiencing true remorse for his wicked deeds, he is saved by a kindly forest sprite. He not only helps Peter retrieve his human heart, but restores to him, whole and healthy, his beloved bride. Peter happily returns to the trade he once hated, finding contentment and success through hard work.

Set within the Baiersbronn region in the northern Black Forest, where Hauff’s cousin was a pastor, “The Cold Heart” provides a fascinating peek at traditional trades like wood cutting and glass manufacturing. But no matter how scary the giant or cute the sprite (who is made, from his red stockings to his tiny pipe, entirely of colored glass), this is not only a parable for children. “In many stories Hauff criticizes societies, especially the upcoming modern industrial society and capitalism,” explains Otto Züfle, director of Wilhelm Hauff’s Fairy Tale Museum in Baiersbronn. “The warning is not to lose your human heart for the benefit of money. In ‘The Cold Heart’ you can especially find this theme.”

If “The Cold Heart” presciently foretells the sorrows and temptations of life in the twenty-first century, within the Black Forest it’s possible, I’ve discovered, to entirely forget them. Satiated and a bit languid after my meal at the hiking hut, I wander down the mountain, wishing I had more time to spend in this extraordinary place, which soothes me even as it stirs the hairs on the back of my neck.

Almost with every step the fog clears and the temperatures rise until finally I emerge, a bit befuddled and sleepy-eyed, as if from a too-long nap, at the Park’s entrance. There is a fair here, to my delight, filled with traditional food and crafts. Within colorful booths vendors are selling the region’s famed dry-cured smoked ham, bags and bags of the savory homemade noodles called Spätzle that are popular in this part of Germany, and elderberry syrup, which I’m told in halting English is used to sweeten sparkling water. I buy some of it all, the ham and noodles and syrup, intent on bringing it back to my family as presents.

Hands full, I take a long last look up the mountain, toward the interior of the park. It’s getting dark now and I ponder for a moment, with a smile as well as a shudder, what terrible, magnificent creatures might be emerging with the night.

For more information about the Black Forest, visit Blackforest-tourism.com.

Photographer (and physicist!) Andreas Wonisch’s passion for photography began nearly a decade ago when he moved from his hometown of Bielefeld, Germany, to Freiburg in southern Germany, an area surrounded by the beautiful Black Forest. “Sometimes the landscape still almost feels magical to me,” he says. “It’s like a different world, yet so close to the many cities and villages in southern Germany.” See more of his Black Forest photography at Andreas-wonisch.com.

When she’s not at her computer, independent journalist Jill Gleeson tirelessly roams the globe in search of oddball adventures she can’t tell her mother about. Find her at [Twitter.com/gopinkboots](https://twitter.com/gopinkboots) and [Facebook.com/jillgleeson.9](https://facebook.com/jillgleeson.9).

Lost in Time

A municipality consisting of nine tiny villages, Baiersbronn retains, even in this profoundly unsentimental and modern age, a magical air. Criss-crossed by gurgling streams it sits curled within primordially lush forests and mountains that spill gently toward the horizon. The drowsy homes which dot it, classically half-timbered or in pastel colors associated more with the Caribbean than Germany, are small and tidy. Even the local lumber mill, neat as a pin, is appealing. Squint your eyes a bit and it’s possible to believe you’ve time-tripped back several centuries, to when Black Forest men earned wages by burning wood to make charcoal and raftsmen floated timber down Rhine tributaries, their gazes set toward Holland.

As Baiersbronn Mayor Michael Ruf notes, “The scenery, wood, and water still hold the mystical air that Wilhelm Hauff must have experienced. The wealth of nature allows thoughts to become restful and stray from everyday life. Here, there are pleasures for the soul.”

Some of those pleasures may be found on Baiersbronn’s nearly three hundred and fifty miles of trails that travel deep into the wood, some coiling around fog-shrouded glacial lakes, many dotted with stone fountains offering hikers the chance to slake thirst with pure spring water gurgling up from far beneath the earth. Others await in Baiersbronn’s celebrated restaurants, which carry an astounding total of eight Michelin stars, an unheard of sum for a region of only fifteen thousand residents. One might wonder if necromancy should be credited for this culinary wealth if not for Baiersbronn’s long history of generous, gracious hospitality.

One of the oldest inns in the area, Hotel Traube Tonbach—proud recipient of three of those Michelin stars—got its start in 1789, as a tavern for thirsty woodcutters. Over the years a dining room, bakery, and a distillery were added. In 1920, Heinrich Finkbeiner rented out the area’s first room after a professor from Heidelberg who forgot to leave a trail of breadcrumbs became lost during a walk in the woods and knocked on his door. According to Heinrich’s descendent Sebastian Finkbeiner, who helps manage the hotel his family still owns, this event would not prove unusual. “During the nineteen hundreds,” he explains, “it happened not only once that my relatives gave away their own sleeping room to guests when all other rooms were already booked.”

Today, Baiersbronn is just as welcoming—and here’s where that sorcery might come in. How else to explain a popular twenty-first-century destination that still seems a little sleepy, more than a bit bucolic, and even downright magical?

For more information about Baiersbronn, visit Baiersbronn.de.





WOMEN WHO FLY WITH CORVIDS

by Grace Nuth

Women and corvids: crows and ravens. These black-winged messengers of the gods have long held a place of veneration in various civilizations and myths. Inspired by the “*two corbies*” (two crows) in the old ballad, we interviewed two women who are known for their close friendship with both ravens and crows. Kelly Miller-Lopez is the lead singer of Woodland, a neo-folk band that performs at Faeriecon and Faerieworlds events and other venues all over the world. Sasha, a Ukrainian artist, lives with her pet raven Kralya. She posts her beautiful artwork on Deviantart under the user name “whitecrow-soul” and also shares photographs of herself with her ebony pet.

Faerie Magazine: What is the appeal of the raven and crow to you?

Kelly: It’s not so much an appeal, but an awareness and respect of their consciousness. The raven is the smartest thing on wings—this is a fact—and one of the most intelligent of all creatures on earth. Crows are also exceedingly intelligent, but it is their ties to humankind, and the similarities they have with us in their social structure, that really fascinate me. I’ve observed

a few crow funerals, and at the time thought of them as very mystical and mysterious indeed. I later learned what they were doing when gathering by the hundreds in one large old tree, and the way they ritually mourn the loss of one another is like nothing I’ve witnessed in anything but humans, really. Basically they’re extremely emotional, and I can just see it in their eyes. They have such an enormous intelligence, and emotional energy field. I talk to them with this awareness and they talk right back. They’re highly evolved souls in black feathered cloaks.

Sasha: I’ve admired ravens since childhood. These birds always attracted me with their mystery, intelligence, and majestic beauty. I like the way the raven appears in Scandinavian myths and in the myths of the North American Indians—as a wise creature who knows all the secrets of the universe yet loves to joke and have fun. Mystery in the shape of a raven never seemed angry and intimidating. For me, rather, it is very alluring, noble, and majestic.

FM: We’re referring to both crows and ravens together, but have you found that their behavior is quite similar? Or if not, in what ways does it differ?

K: They are so different that it is odd to me that they are so often lumped together. Sometimes I think the only real similarity is their gorgeous black plumage. They’re both of the corvid family which includes the jays and rooks of course, but a crow is as different from a raven as it is from a steller’s jay. Their natures are quite separate. Crows have large family structures and often situate themselves close to humans, in neighborhoods and cities. They mate for life and can usually be found with one other raven, sometimes two. They would rather scavenge road kill, or follow other prey animals such as wolves or coyotes, than be fed. They prefer the wilderness to the chaos that humans have built. I can relate to this very much. They’re also exceedingly emotional creatures. A raven would rather die alone, if it has lost its mate, than ever mate again. In this way their emotional intelligence has made them almost tragic creatures. I think this is how they came to symbolize such depth and intensity for so many.

S: Their behavior is similar in many ways, but there are some substantial differences. Crows live in flocks so they’re more contact birds, easily forming teams. They are savvier in fact—where the raven can exert its strength, the physically weaker crow will think about a solution to the problem. Ravens always

live as only a couple or a close family group; these birds are monogamous and choose one partner for life. They’re very jealous and can be aggressive. At home, the raven bonds to one person only. It can become jealous, responding to all others with aggression. Leaving the crow alone too long is unadvised: he will yearn for a “pair.” This is a very loyal bird, literally faithful until death. Therefore, if you raise a crow, you must understand what responsibility falls on your shoulders.

FM: Crows and ravens are well known for their intelligence and problem-solving abilities. Do you have any stories about the birds in your care showing impressive cognitive abilities?

K: I’ve been working with injured and orphaned crows for about twenty years. It wasn’t until five years ago that I received my first raven. I foster unreleasable birds for licensed rehabbers, usually temporarily while we wait for the birds to be placed at a more permanent facility. This stems naturally from my childhood, when I began finding hurt birds and fallen nestlings, more often than happens to most apparently! When I found an injured fledgling crow at age eighteen, my relationship with the



corvids began and has never ended. Since then I have studied and volunteered my time to assist rehabbers and rescuers in my area, wherever I am.

One of the ravens I've spent the most time with is very difficult to keep caged because she figures out how to undo just about every lock. The idea that ravens like shiny objects is absolutely true in my experience. Because Memory (the one-eyed raven) so often figures out the latches on her enclosures, she's been free in my house while I'm away on more than one occasion. When she's done exploring the house, she puts herself right back in her enclosure, so I don't always know she's been out. The tell-tale sign (other than the undone latch) is generally the shiny earring or coins I find in the pine branches on the cage floor! She goes about collecting objects of interest, and they are almost always very shiny indeed.

S: When people think of the amazing intelligence of corvids, many expect that the birds can execute commands and tricks. I'm often asked on the street for my bird to say something, and people are highly disappointed when I say that she doesn't speak on command. And after all, this refusal is a sign of high intelligence. Ravens are more complicated psychologically than dogs, for example. Dogs must listen to the owner without question. Crows are independent in their decisions and require respect for themselves and their actions. And if you raise them correctly and understand, they will respect you.

We have a favorite game—when I offer the bird something nice and say “let's switch!” she quickly looks for something to give me in return for a treat. She correctly guesses my mood and intentions, knows whether I'm going to bring her for a walk or leave the house. Sometimes I even think that she is reading my thoughts.

Kralya lives with me in my room. She has a specially built large aviary where she loves to roost. As soon as I've put my room in order, she loves to throw things. Sometimes she'll steal and hide things. She also loves to sit on the back of the chair when I'm working at the computer and watch as I paint.

She doesn't like it when I leave her. On our walks she is generally nervous; if I put her claws on the ground or a tree branch, she even begins to get angry. She always has to be with me in order to feel safe and calm. She will not go to strangers for any treat. Kralya can painfully bite any stranger who holds out their arms to her or tries to hurt me. One time, one of my friends started to jokingly act like he was attacking me. He in turn was attacked and severely pecked. I protect her, and she protects me.

To me she is very affectionate, loves to be scratched and stroked on her feathers and beak. I can safely get very close to her face. When I do this, she touches my lashes with her huge beak and closes her eyes with pleasure. Kralya is a stunning bird and I'm very happy to have her.

FM: How do crows and ravens figure in to your creative works? (directly and indirectly)

K: Well, I'm a songwriter and recording artist, as well as a craftswoman. I generally have crows and ravens about me, and they have even made it into recordings, accidentally. Where you hear a crow calling on a Woodland album, it's not a sample for gothic effect, but a perfectly timed accident that occurred in a recording process.

The first song I ever wrote is called “Golden Raven's Eye” and is on our album *Shadows*. Before I ever had real live ravens, they often populated my dreams. I noted that in many a nightmare, just when I thought the scary foe might overtake me, I would shapeshift into my black feathered form and escape. This inspired me very much. It seemed that in the dreamtime, the raven was literally MY rescuer! Certainly we are allies and kin.

S: The ravens somehow always present in my work—sometimes they appear on the drawings, but more often their image and spirit helps me to create a particular pattern. There may be something she betrays in the names, colors, subjects, perhaps in the style. The image of Raven has a special magnetism and shamanism, and it gives me inspiration.

AMBER

Healing and History in One Golden Gem

By Grace Nuth

Amber entices us, entraps us willingly, lures us into its honey-colored depths. Even if the particular piece we admire does not include a small creature caught in the fossilized resin, we still look for bubbles, a pine needle, small pieces of debris—the marks of a history that speaks of millennia instead of minutes. For a moment, this small soft gemstone allows us to see far into the past.

Amber

Grace Nuth

Despite the sad fate of any spider, dragonfly, or other tiny animal we might see captured and preserved inside this once-liquid substance, there is a healing energy to amber. Actually fossilized resin from trees that died many millions of years ago, amber was once the honey-colored substance secreted by the tree as a healing mechanism in response to any cuts or wounds the tree sustained. Over the centuries of human civilization, amber has also been linked to various health benefits. Pre-conversion Vikings and Anglo-Saxons wore necklaces of amber for its healing properties and protection from witches. Even the father of medicine, Hippocrates, described the various benefits of amber such as the healing of wounds and skin diseases while later alchemical healers worked with amber wands. Modern science is skeptical of the accuracy of these claims, but many parents still purchase amber bead necklaces to help relieve their baby's teething pain.

The most famous and readily available amber is Baltic amber. Around forty-five million years old, this gemstone originated from the trees around Northern Europe near the bed of the Baltic Sea. It's not entirely clear why the gemstone is so profuse in the area. According to one explanation, when the climate shifted and warmed so many million years ago, the trees began exuding more and more resin. Today, you can find fishermen

out wading in the water with nets, searching the tide for gems instead of fish. After a storm, many wanderers will walk along the beach looking for washed-up stones. Baltic amber is also the only kind of amber that includes succinic acid, a naturally healing immune agent that some people use as the scientific basis for a belief in amber's healing power.

One explanation for the profusion of amber along the Baltic shores is more romantic and tragic. According to a Lithuanian legend, the sea goddess Jūratė lived in a palace made of amber on the floor of the Baltic Sea. She fell in love with a mortal fisherman, Kastytis. But when the powerful thunder god Perkūnas learned of her feelings for a mere mortal, he struck down Kastytis with lightning bolts, destroying Jūratė's castle. The sea goddess was chained to the ruins of her once proud castle, there to remain for all eternity. In storms today you can still hear her crying, and pieces of her palace still wash up on the shore.

Equally mournful is the Greek myth of amber's origin. Phaethon, the son of the sun god Apollo, asked to drive his father's sun chariot. He was unable to control the horses and drove them too close to the earth and set the world ablaze. To save the world, Zeus struck Phaethon down with a lightning bolt and the boy's body fell to earth, into the River Eridanus.



His sisters the Heliades found his body and stayed by it, taking root and turning into trees. They continued to cry, and their tears became amber.

Amber is a very soft gemstone, only 2-2.5 on the Mohs hardness scale, and is both a challenging and enticing medium for creative projects. Some artists carve into the soft stone, creating images and designs on the surface. Some artists will cut pieces of amber into shapes and affix them together, creating a landscape in a form similar to mosaic or inlay. In Russia, amber is often carved into delicate and intricate teacups, nearly transparent with swirling natural shapes to the stone.

The most extraordinary amber art ever created was the Amber Room at Catherine Palace in St. Petersburg. First constructed in 1701 Prussia as a gift from King Frederick I to Czar Peter the Great, it was looted by the Nazis during World War II and brought to Königsberg Castle in East Prussia only to end up being destroyed by British bombers and Soviet artillery four years later. There are, however, conflicting accounts and eyewitness reports that suggest the Amber Room or parts of it survived and are hidden elsewhere. In 2003, Russian and German artisans completed its intricate reconstruction, which took over two decades, and the new room was inaugurated at the Catherine Palace in time to mark the three-hundredth anniversary of St. Petersburg. Amber wall panels feature three hundred and fifty different shades of the gemstone, intricately carved to glow in the light of the room's chandeliers. Other art forms shine in this room, including four Florentine mosaics created from all natural minerals. A patterned parquet wood floor swirls elaborately under one's feet, while above, in the center of the ceiling, is a beautiful fresco. Standing in this room, it's easy to imagine oneself a mosquito trapped in the center of a piece of warm glowing amber.

Although one can actually find amber in a multitude of colors (up to two hundred and fifty-six shades have been recorded!) including green, blue, red, and black, by far the most profuse color is the golden-yellow, honey shade we know best. Like honey itself, it is mysterious and ancient, with a reputation for healing. And its beautiful translucency glows with an inner fire that no other gemstone quite mimics. Amber was around long before us, and will be around long after we are gone. We are happy to be trapped in its mysteries.



©Reva Myers, www.amberbeva.com



©Hannah Willow



©Nitro Capital/Shutterstock.com

An Enchanted Kitchen

CREATING MAGICAL SPACES IN YOUR HOME

When The Art of the Home blogger and professional muralist Dawn-Marie deLara first set out to redesign her kitchen, in all its former “yellow plastic glory,” she didn’t anticipate transforming it into the enchanting indoor garden you see here, all through the magic of paint and wallpaper. We first came across Dawn-Marie’s charming space on Pinterest, and fell in love. Who wouldn’t want to sip a cup of tea in a room as charming as this, especially as the air begins to chill and winter fast approaches? Below, Dawn-Marie gives us a few tips for our own fairy tale (kitchen) transformations. For more, check out her blog at Theartofthehome.blogspot.com.

- ★ The secret to painting surfaces like vinyl and plastic laminate is oil-based *bonding* primer. Don’t try anything easier or faster if you really want it to last.
- ★ To protect any painted surface, topcoat with PolyCrylic, made by Minwax, in satin finish for most things, gloss for faux marble (like the countertops here).
- ★ Murals can be painted with artists’ acrylics, craft store bottled acrylics, or leftover wall paint if you have the right colors. It’s essentially all the same. Clear coat is only necessary in kitchens, steamy baths, and places frequently rubbed by grimy hands.
- ★ The backsplash is troweled on joint compound (over primer), decorated with joint compound piped through a pastry bag. Don’t be surprised if it cracks a bit as it dries. Just rub in more compound to fill the cracks. Once dry, give it a base coat of paint, glaze on the colors, and top with PolyCrylic.
- ★ If you need to clear coat a trompe l’oeil effect like I used on the floor tiles here, use a flat varnish available at specialty paint stores so there won’t be a solid reflection to reveal the “lie.”
- ★ When using embossed paintable paper on a ceiling (what I did here to create the “copper” ceiling effect), cut it into short lengths to avoid wearing long wet strips of paper on your head.



Photography by Tom Fogarty @ Front Porch Photography

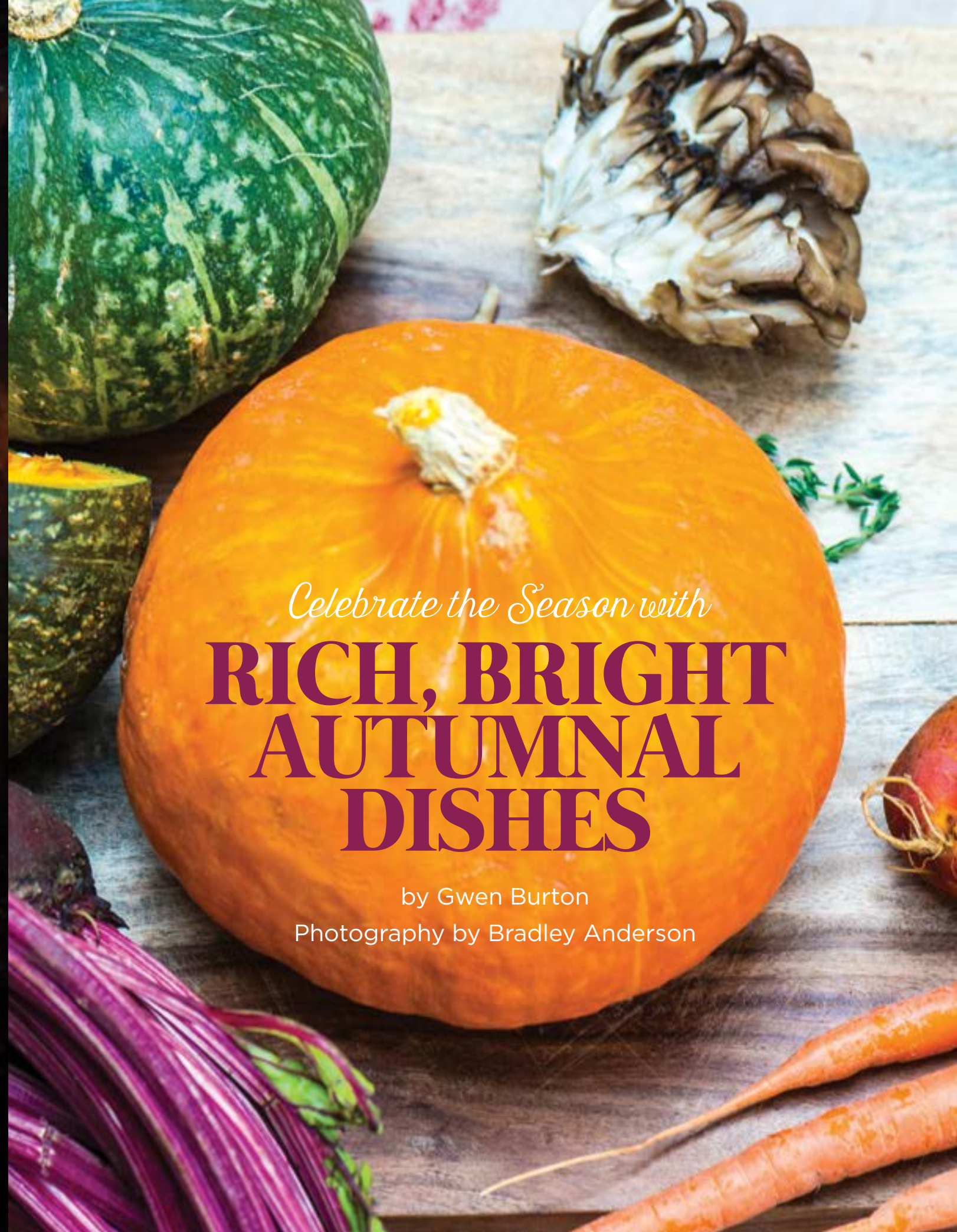
Once Upon a Time...

Enchanted & custom gifts to fit your story

Handcrafted and designed by Mellie Z. from her workshop
nestled in the southern tip of the Pocono Mountains.



waywardleather.com



Celebrate the Season with

RICH, BRIGHT AUTUMNAL DISHES

by Gwen Burton

Photography by Bradley Anderson

SQUASH SOUP

Round vegetables burst with savory-sweet flavor when they're at their autumn peak. A steaming bowl of squash soup is one of the most nourishing, satisfying, and comforting companions when the weather starts to cool. Turmeric and cinnamon are powerful, warming spices and impart an impressive and memorable flavor to this dish.



Autumn announces itself in a celebratory burst of color—and scents, and textures. The trees, by some enchanted orchestration, shed their smooth summer leaves for deeper shades of orange, red, brown, and purple. Hungry faeries have to search harder for plants to eat, as perfumed yet hardy roots lie like treasures underground. You'll be wise to ally with these autumnal trends and make your meals colorful, rich, and sweet.

These dishes are earthy and accessible enough to prepare as part of a meal any day of the week, but impressive enough to serve to guests should they stop by and demand something a bit more faerie-esque.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS SALAD

Roasting is an excellent cooking method to use this season, as it warms the kitchen and melts and sweetens autumn's tougher vegetables. Think of Brussels sprouts as the better-tasting, faerie-sized cousin of the cabbage that also happens to deliver a prodigious dose of vitamins and nutrients.



SHAVED ROOTS SALAD

When the weather cools, we tend to crave steamy warming foods, but it's also important to regularly integrate the freshness and crunch of raw vegetables into our meals. This salad combines thinly sliced vegetables lightly marinated in an earthy dressing.





SQUASH SOUP *(serves 4)*

1 *tblsp.* extra-virgin olive oil
1 large yellow onion, diced
6 cups winter squash (butternut, kabocha, kuri, delicata), peeled and cut into 1" cubes, reserving a few thinly sliced decorative pieces for garnish

5 cups water
½ *tsp.* turmeric
½ *tsp.* cinnamon
2 *tsp.* sea salt

Garnishment: Roasted pumpkin seeds, sautéed mushrooms, microgreens, freshly grated peppercorns, fried squash slices

1. Place onions into a sauce pot with the flame on medium. Sprinkle a pinch of sea salt once the onion starts to sizzle, and then sauté until soft, about 5-10 minutes. Stir often to prevent burning.
2. Add squash, water, seasonings, and salt. Bring to a boil and then simmer for 20-30 minutes, or until squash has softened thoroughly.
3. Place contents of sauce pot into a high-powered blender (or a food mill if you want a chunkier texture and a more rustic cooking experience) and blend until creamy and smooth.
4. Prepare your garnishment. Dry-roast washed and soaked pumpkin seeds in a pan on low flame, stirring constantly. Fry thin slices of squash in oil until crisp and just starting to brown. Sauté or roast mushrooms until soft and browned.
5. Pour soup into serving bowls and decorate.



BRUSSELS SPROUTS SALAD

1 bell pepper, sliced into long, ¼" wide strips
3 cups Brussels sprouts, halved or quartered

1.5 *tblsp.* extra-virgin olive oil
1 *tblsp.* balsamic vinegar
1 *tsp.* dried thyme
1 *tsp.* sea salt
2 cups arugula
½ cup toasted walnuts
¼ cup pomegranate seeds

Mustard Vinaigrette:

2 *tblsp.* dijon mustard
1 *tblsp.* extra-virgin olive oil
1 garlic clove, chopped
1 *tblsp.* brown rice syrup or maple syrup
1 *tsp.* brown rice vinegar
1 *tsp.* umeboshi plum vinegar
½ of 1 lemon, juiced
salt and pepper
pinch of dried thyme

1. Pre-heat oven to 425° F
2. Chop Brussels sprouts into halves or quarters depending on how large the heads are.
3. Place Brussels sprouts and bell pepper slices in a baking pan with oil, vinegar, thyme, and salt, making sure the vegetables are coated well and evenly.
4. Roast vegetables for 30 minutes or until soft and starting to brown at the edges. Remove from oven and let cool to room temperature.
5. Combine roasted vegetables with arugula, walnuts, and pomegranate seeds in a large bowl.
6. Place dressing ingredients into blender and mix.
7. Pour dressing into salad and mix to coat.



SHAVED ROOTS SALAD

4 medium-sized beets (of varying colors if you can find them!)

1 carrot
herb garnish

Dressing:

1 *tblsp.* toasted sesame oil
1 *tblsp.* organic soy sauce (shoyu or tamari)
1 *tblsp.* mirin or rice wine
1 *tblsp.* brown rice vinegar

1. Cut vegetables very finely. You have several options here: use a mandoline to make strips or circular shapes, use a cheese grater to obtain fine shreds, or julienne by hand into fine matchsticks.
2. Mix with dressing, and serve with some fresh herbs.

"These dishes are earthy and accessible enough to prepare as part of a meal any day of the week, but impressive enough to serve to guests should they stop by and demand something a bit more faerie-esque."

Gwen Burton is a personal chef and the publisher of Brown Rice Magazine, an independent and quirky 'zine on macrobiotics, fermentation, spirituality, design, and yoga. For more recipes, videos, and information about cooking classes, visit Gwenburton.com.

Bradley Imaging is a New York City based photography and design studio. Learn more at Bradleyimaging.com.

Vintage wallpaper courtesy of Secondhandrose.com.



Autumn Kiss by WENDY FROUD

With the turning of the year,
When the harvest time approaches
And the nights draw close,
The faeries lift their faces
To the autumn moon
And fly between the seasons,
Touching fruit and nut,
Corn and barley
Ripe and ripe on tree, in field,
Kissing them farewell.
And with each kiss,
Summer sheds her bright glory
And Autumn dances closer.
Grand and stately in her wisdom
She welcomes us.
And hand in hand we walk with her
along the path to Winter
Once again.

©Brian and Wendy Froud

Visit Wendy and Brian online at Worldoffroud.com.

Throwing a *Magical Party* for Kids

with TRICIA SAROYA

photography by VINCE CHAFIN

We've probably all witnessed a child playing more with the plain box their present came in than with the much coveted, expensive gift. That's why I love to throw parties for children. You don't need much (or to spend much) to have fun if you can tap into your imagination!

For the party you see on these pages, I'd just completed my own "playhouse" gypsy wagon and thought what fun it'd be to throw an old-fashioned tea party for little girls in it. I went to the thrift store and bought a bunch of very inexpensive "dress-up" clothes and shoes, broke out the good china, and served a raspberry lemonade "tea" and lots of goodies. Trying on all the clothes and hats and walking around in high heels was all the entertainment the girls needed. Adding the gypsy wagon just insured that they were transported into their imaginations.

But there are plenty of great ways to throw a kids' party ... especially if you let your child(ren) in on the decision making process. You might be surprised by what they come up with. In the meantime, here are some more ideas for an afternoon of enchantment!

Have a fun "nature treasure hunt."

Give the kids a list of items to find in nature. The list of items could include a star shape (or any other shape), something orange, or purple, something hollow, something fuzzy, something that makes noise, and so on. Set some guidelines, like that all items have to be found in nature without doing any harm or damage, for example. At the end of the hunt the kids can create a beautiful art piece with all their goodies. Use a shadow box, an old piece of wood plank or metal, or just a simple piece of card stock that they can glue their items onto. Provide a few colored markers and craft items like glitter in case they want to gild the lily.

Create a gardening day.

Buy simple terracotta pots and child-safe paint. Have a selection of seeds with brightly colored pictures on the packets, enough so that each child can choose. Use wooden popsicle sticks as markers with the seed packet on the stick and a plant marker.





Have each child paint a picture on the pot and dedicate it to the plant, flower, or vegetable that they will be planting. Explain that they'll be creating a home for a living creature and will be responsible for its care. Ask them questions and see how they relate what they're doing to their own life—how they tend to themselves and family members and friends. This activity is lovely to help teach not only about how plants grow and but also as an allegory about life and how we are all connected.

Make masks.

Shop at local thrift stores and rummage sales and gather a pile of fun goodies like fabric, trims, old costumes, beads, paints, glue, glitter ... whatever strikes your fancy. Provide for the kids a blank, basic white mask that you can find online very affordably. Create a fun theme for the kids like faeries, fantastical creatures, plants, or animals—almost any theme will work. Let them find a creature or idea that resonates with them and create a mask that represents it. Ask them what quality their being has ... any super-powers, sounds, physical characteristics? Have them each in turn put on their mask and act out a story about their creature. For older kids or teenagers you can create a more complex theme like a mask that represents a monster or shadow part of themselves and/or a mask representing the beautiful part of themselves.

Treasure hunts.

Create a fun pirate treasure hunt by getting the kids into teams and providing them with a treasure map and compasses, spades, pirate hats, eye patches, and other fun pirate wear. Give them very basic coordinates that take them to different spots where they receive further maps with instructions, eventually having each team arrive at a buried treasure. Something like “walk ten paces due north, at hangman’s tree go north east five paces, now dig ...” Have fun creating the maps. Start with basic white typing paper, tea stain it with strong tea or coffee, and then mark it with dashed lines to show pathways, with different symbols for different locations. Have your map end with a large red “x” to mark the spot of either a new map or a buried treasure. This theme could easily be transformed to a Harry Potter Triwizard-style tournament where the kids are given a task to complete as a team, with each task building on the last. The possibilities really are endless.

Have a brainstorming night with your family and talk through several ideas. The more creative you get, the more great ideas start flowing. You can create your own themed party based on your child’s hobbies or the things they love. The bottom line for me is to create an environment or activity that taps into your child’s imagination and allows the creative juices to flow. And, of course ... don’t forget to have fun!

Tricia Saroya is an event designer and artist who’ll travel anywhere with her band of faeries to create a magical event just for you. She just launched a series of DVDs to teach you how to create beautiful professional floral arrangements. Visit Triciafountaine.com and Triciafountaine.blogspot.com.

Vince Chafin’s wide body of work stretches from wildlife to weddings, sometimes both at the same time. Visit him at Vincechafin.com.





Rhapsody in Red

WE LOVE THIS IMAGE: a collaboration between artist/model/faerie Kathy Gfeller and photographer Grant Brummett taken this past spring in Arizona. Kathy says:

“Grant has worked hard on perfecting beautifully lit underwater studios, and is always encouraging the people he works with to unleash their creativity. I started buying long gowns for the shoots because they not only evoke thoughts of fairy tale balls and magical tales, but also the dresses take on a life of their own in the water. Silks flutter and flow creating surreal moments out of time, while tulle takes on a diaphanous ghost-like quality.”

See more at Grantbrummett.com.

BLUE HERON SHAWL *by Lisa Hoffman*

Shawl shown is 30 tiers in Pattern Stitch, and the center point adds an additional 9 rows. I strongly suggest working a gauge swatch before beginning the full project because when working on a circular needle, unless you transfer sts to a strand of yarn, you will not be able to lay the shawl flat to measure your work. Make and block a swatch of 5 tiers (45 rows/95 sts) and work the Feather Tip bind off's. Measure the center spine for row gauge and along cast on edge for stitch gauge. Each tier adds 8 rows and 16 sts, so do the math before beginning for size desired. To check the count of your sts on the needle, after completing a Pattern Row 8, add as follows: 3 (edge sts) + multiples of 8 (# of tiers along one side) + 9 (center sts) + multiples of 8 (# of tiers along other side) + 3 (edge sts) = your current stitch count. With 30 tiers complete, the sample ends with $3 + 240 + 9 + 240 + 3 = 495$ sts before bind off.

Kits to
make this shawl
are available at
faeriemag.com



MATERIALS

3 3/4oz/100g skeins (approx 372yd/340m) of Prism Radiant Petite Madison Layers (73% Merino, 7% Cashmere, 10% Silk, 10% Spk), in color Platinum. US 4 (3.5mm) needle 24" and 32" OR SIZE TO OBTAIN GAUGE.

SIZE

One size; change size by varying gauge and/or number of pattern repeats.

MEASUREMENTS

Sample measures 80" x 52" x 52", center spine is 38" from cast on to center point bind off AFTER BLOCKING.

GAUGE

27 sts x 30 rows = 4"/10cm in Pattern stitch
26 sts x 32 rows = 4"/10cm in Stockinette stitch
TAKE TIME TO CHECK YOUR GAUGE

ABBREVIATIONS

BO: Bind off.
Dec: Decrease
Inc: Increase.
Inc2: Make 3 sts from 1 by knitting into front of next st, do not drop st off left needle, yo RH needle, knit into front of same st again, drop st from LH needle.
K: Knit.
K2tog: Knit 2 together.
LH: Left hand needle.
P: Purl.
P2tog: Purl 2 together.
PSSO: Pass slipped stitch over.
Rem: Remain(ing).
RH: Right hand needle.
RS: Right side.
S1: Slip 1 (knitwise on RS, purlwise on WS)
Ssk: Slip one st as if to knit, slip next st as if to knit, knit these two slipped sts together through back loops.
St(s): Stitch(es)
WS: Wrong side.
Wyib: With yarn in back.
Wyif: With yarn in front.
Yo: Yarn over.

PATTERN STITCH

Each 8 row repeat creates one tier. Stitches in parenthesis will repeat as stitch count inc in pattern.

Feather Lace R1: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo), k4, yo, k1, yo, k4, (yo, ssk, k6), p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R2 and all WS rows: S1 purlwise, purl to end of row.

Feather Lace R3: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo), k6, yo, k1, yo, k6, (yo, ssk, k6), p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R5: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo), k7, yo, k3, yo, k7, (yo, ssk, k6), p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R7: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo), k2, inc2, k2, (yo, ssk, k6), p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R8: same as row 2.

NOTES

On RS, slip first stitch knitwise wyib.

On WS, slip first stitch purlwise wyif.

After row 3, pattern increases 4 sts every RS row.

After row 12, pattern reveals itself and new tiers (feathers) are created every 8 rows.

Change to 32" needle when needed.

SHAWL

Cast on 5 sts.

R1 (RS): Slip 1 knitwise, k1, yo, k1, yo, k2.

R2 (and all WS rows): Slip 1 purlwise, purl to end of row.

R3: S1, (k1, yo) 4x, k2. – 11 sts.

R5: S1, k1, yo, p1, k2, inc2, k2, p1, yo, k2. – 15 sts.

R7: S1, k1, yo, p1, k4, yo, k1, yo, k4, p1, yo, k2. – 19 sts.

R9: S1, k1, yo, p1, k6, yo, k1, yo, k6, p1, yo, k2. – 23 sts.

R11: S1, k1, yo, p1, k7, yo, k3, yo, k7, p1, yo, k2. – 27 sts.

R13: S1, k1, yo, p1, k6, k2tog, yo, k2, inc2, k2, yo, ssk, k6, p1, yo, k2. – 31 sts.

R15: S1, k1, yo, p1, k6, k2tog, yo, k4, yo, k1, yo, k4, yo, ssk, k6, p1, yo, k2. – 35 sts.

R17: S1, k1, yo, p1, k6, k2tog, yo, k6, yo, k1, yo, k6, yo, ssk, k6, p1, yo, k2. – 39 sts.

R19: S1, k1, yo, p1, k6, k2tog, yo, k7, yo, k3, yo, k7, yo, ssk, k7, p1, yo, k2. – 43 sts.

R21: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)2x, k2, inc2, k2, (yo, ssk, k6)2x, p1, yo, k2. – 47 sts.

R23: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)2x, k4, yo, k1, yo, k4, (yo, ssk, k6)2x, p1, yo, k2. – 51 sts.

R25: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)2x, k6, yo, k1, yo, k6, (yo, ssk, k6)2x, p1, yo, k2. – 55 sts.

R27: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)2x, K7, yo, k3, yo, k7, (yo, ssk, k6)2x, p1, yo, k2. – 59 sts.

R29: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)3x, k2, inc2, k2, (yo, ssk, k6)3x, p1, yo, k2. – 63 sts.

Continue in this manner, repeating the next 8 rows of Pattern Stitch AT SAME TIME increasing the multiple of stitch repeats in parenthesis as work progresses:

Feather Lace R1: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)3x, k4, yo, k1, yo, k4, (yo, ssk, k6)3x, p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R2 and all WS rows: S1 purlwise, purl to end of row.

Feather Lace R3: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)3x, k6, yo, k1, yo, k6, (yo, ssk, k6)3x, p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R5: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)3x, k7, yo, k3, yo, k7, (yo, ssk, k6)3x, p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R7: S1, k1, yo, p1, (k6, k2tog, yo)4x, k2, inc2, k2, (yo, ssk, k6)4x, p1, yo, k2.

Feather Lace R8: same as row 2.

Continue until center spine of shawl, from cast on to triangle point, measures approx. 33" or to desired length, ending on pattern row 8.

FINISHING

Left Side Feather Tip Bind Offs:

With RS facing, work 1st Tier tip as follows:

R1: S1, k2tog k6, k2tog, turn.

R2: P9, turn.

R3: S1, K2tog, k4, k2tog, turn.

R4: P7, turn.

R5: S1, k2tog, k2, k2tog, turn.

R6: P5, turn.

R7: S1, k2, k2tog, turn.

R8: P4, turn.

R9: S1, k1, k2tog, turn.

R10: P3, turn.

R11: S1, k2tog, PSSO. Do not turn.

Pick up knitwise and AT SAME TIME immediately BO 10 sts evenly along dec side. Knit 1 st (above a YO) from LH needle and BO. One st rem on RH needle.

*Work next and all rem Left Side Bind Offs as follows, *with one st rem on RH needle:*

R1: K5, k2tog, turn.

R2: P7, turn.

R3: S1, k4, k2tog, turn.

R4: P6, turn.

R5: S1, k3, k2tog, turn.

R6: P5, turn.

R7: S1, k2, k2tog, turn.

R8: P4, turn.

R9: S1, k1, k2tog, turn.

R10: P3, turn.

R11: S1, k2tog, PSSO. Do not turn.

Pick up knitwise and AT SAME TIME immediately BO 10 sts evenly

along dec side. Knit 1 st (above a YO) from LH needle and BO. One st rem on RH needle.

Repeat from * 28 times more (or to center section/point of triangle).

Center Point, with one st rem on RH needle:

R1: K8 (9 sts on RH needle), turn.

R2: S1, p1, pss0, p7, turn.

R3: S1, k1, pss0, k6, turn.

R4: S1, p1, pss0, p5, turn.

R5: S1, k1, pss0, k4, turn.

R6: S1, p1, pss0, p3, turn.

R7: S1, k1, pss0, k2, turn.

R8: S1, p1, pss0, p1, turn.

R9: K2tog. Cut yarn and pull tail through loop.

Right Side Feather Tip Bind Offs:

With WS facing, join yarn to top of triangle, work 1st Tier tip as follows:

R1: S1, p2tog, p6, p2tog, turn.

R2: K9, turn.

R3: S1, p2tog, p4, p2tog, turn.

R4: K7, turn.

R5: S1, p2tog, p2, p2tog, turn.

R6: K5, turn.

R7: S1, p2, p2tog, turn.

R8: K4, turn.

R9: S1, p1, p2tog, turn.

R10: K3, turn.

R11: S1, p2tog, PSSO. Do not turn.

Pick up purlwise and AT SAME TIME immediately BO 10 sts evenly along dec side. Purl 1 st (above a YO) from LH needle and BO. One st rem on RH needle.

*Work next and all rem Right Side Bind Offs as follows, **with one st rem on RH needle:*

R1: P5, p2tog, turn.

R2: K7, turn.

R3: S1, p4, p2tog, turn.

R4: K6, turn.

R5: S1, p3, p2tog, turn.

R6: K5, turn.

R7: S1, p2, p2tog, turn.

R8: K4, turn.

R9: S1, p1, p2tog, turn.

R10: K3, turn.


R11: S1, p2tog, PSSO. Do not turn.

Pick up purlwise and AT SAME TIME immediately BO 10 sts evenly along dec side. Purl 1 st (above a YO) from LH needle and BO.

One st rem.

Repeat from ** 28 times more (or to center section/point of triangle).

Cut yarn and pull tail through last stitch.

DARN ENDS. Wet block to desired measurements. For best results, use blocking wires and pins to stretch feather tips. After drying, it may also be necessary to iron tips flat to prevent curling. If tips still curl, just remember that feathers **do** ruffle ... it's a fact of life. 

Lisa Hoffman's knitting designs can be seen in Vogue Knitting, Interweave Knits, Knitwear Magazines, Alice Hoffman's Survival Lessons, and many other publications. For the past nine years she has been working, teaching, and designing at String in New York City.

©Lisa Hoffman 2015. All rights reserved. Individual, non-commercial use only. Sale, any other commercial use and any reproduction, publication, or distribution of this pattern other than in *Faerie Magazine* is prohibited. For any pattern related inquiries please contact designer at lisahoffmanknits.com.

Find photographer Gale Zucker at Instagram.com/galezucker



*A Boy
Who Stays a Child.*

*A Girl
Who Tells Stories.*

*And a Fairy
Named Bellatresse
Who Brings
Them Both Together.*

**The Island of
Lost Children**
A New Story of Peter Pan and Wendy

Kim Batchelor

Available in hardback,
paperback, and as an
ebook

On Amazon.com
and at
KimBatchelor.com
/Books

MY FAIRY GARDENS

MY FAIRY GARDENS IS A MAGICAL PLACE, A STORE WHERE YOU CAN BE INSPIRED TO DREAM! WE HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO CREATE A MINIATURE WORLD ... ATTRACTIVE TO THOSE ELUSIVE LITTLE FAIRIES! SEE OUR MAGNIFICENT SELECTION OF MINIATURE LANDSCAPES, TINY DWELLINGS, AND WHIMSICAL ACCESSORIES.

VISIT US ONLINE TODAY AT
WWW.MYFAIRYGARDENS.COM

OR CALL US AT
1.855.WE.FAIRY



A mysterious world of jewelry that brings
Beauty and Magic into your daily life

www.mallorn.ca mallornjewellery

The **FERNIE BRAE**
A Magical Gallery
& Shoppe

Step into the Fernie Brae...
Unfurl the Magic of your own Story

4035 Se Hawthorne Blvd Portland OR 97214
www.fernibrae.com

FROM OUR READERS

We recently asked our Facebook fans: What's your favorite thing to do on an autumn afternoon? Some of our favorite answers are below. Check out our Facebook page for our next "from our readers" poll!

"Walk the lake shores of the Canadian wilderness, watching the tamaracks turn golden and breathing in the crisp healing air."

– Helen Slagel

"Sit sipping tea, reading my favorite poetry and watching the leaves fall in the wind."

– Ari Dipple

"Bake pumpkin everything, sew Halloween costumes, and have scary movie marathons."

– Susan Tassin-Onkst

"My favorite thing to do on an autumn afternoon is visit my local family-owned apple orchard. Munch on fresh made cider donuts, enjoy the smell of apples turning into cider in the old wooden press, and watch the beautiful display of color in upstate New York. Life is good!"

– Katie Lushkevich

"A solitary walk through the cornfield's even rows, hidden from view by the towering stalks. The still-warm, autumn sun prickles my back, and there's only the call of crows who've come to dine and a gentle breeze rustling the drying husks to break the sweet silence."

– Joni Scrivani

"Scuff through the fallen leaves on a path in a forest."

– Jimmy Brown

"Pick wild mushrooms in the woods."

– Denice Tracy

"Take a mini road trip! Start out in Waterbury, Vermont, to check out the changing leaves and pick up some apple cider! Feel the brisk air around me and smell the crisp scent of autumn in the air. Then drive over the mountain through Stowe to find a coffee shop, have some tea, and knit!"

– Raquel Abad

"Ride my horse, there's nothing better than the cool air, the crisp leaves, red wind-burned cheeks, and the sound of hoof beats."

– Alyson Baldock

"I love just being outside and seeing the leaves in their colors, mums in bloom, pumpkins, and the agriculture fair that my small town has every September."

– Donnie Grey Stauffer

"Jump in piles of leaves after I rake them so I can hear the crunch!"

– Freida Demaino

25 OF YOUR FAVORITE LIQUID LIPSTICK SHADES.

AVAILABLE NOW ON [OCCMAKEUP.COM!](http://OCCMAKEUP.COM)

PHOTO: GIANP PIRELLI | MODEL: CALIFORNIA | MAKEUP: MARILENE | HAIR: JAY STEDD | HAIR: SHARON | STYLING: JANE | STYLING: CHRISTINE

CALIFORNIA WEARS LIP TAR / RTW IN STRIPSET

WWW.OCCMAKEUP.COM



LIP TAR / RTW



OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE COSMETICS
100% VEGAN & CRUELTY-FREE

FOLLOW US @OCCMAKEUP:



The New York Times
BESTSELLER

An exciting new mystery-thriller
about a strange and intriguing
girl who lives secretly in
the basement of the
grand Biltmore Estate.

SERAFINA and the BLACK CLOAK

By Robert Beatty

Hardcover, Ebook, & Audiobook.

Wherever books are sold.

www.robert-beatty.com

Disney
HYPERION



PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE

Listening Library