

FAERIE MAGAZINE

Celebrating the Extraordinary

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a midsummer
FAERIE COURT

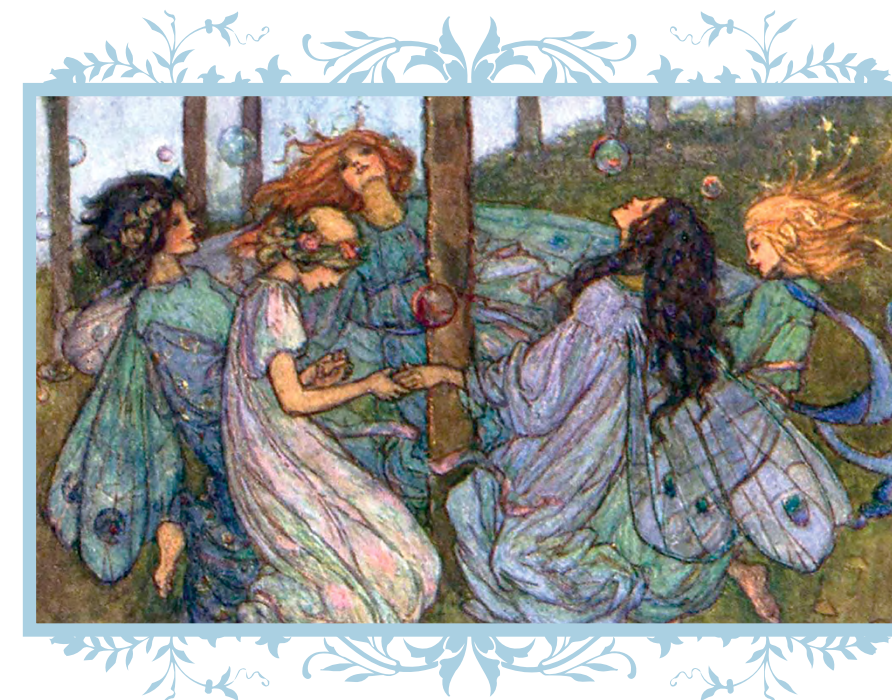
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WALKING THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE OF FAERIE features "... plenty of lovely unicorns, fairies, gnomes, trolls, maidens, animate trees, birds, and cats (more than two dozen in one painting!), and those enticing landscapes beyond the fields we know ..."

– Gary K. Wolfe, *Locus Magazine*



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mag.com



This past year we've devoted whole issues to flowers, to Victoriana and vintage beauty, to all things "naughty and nice" (and our one true love Krampus), and to warriors and goddesses, doing our best to explore as many dazzling aspects of each theme as we can fit on ninety-six pages. With this special "Midsummer Day's Fairy" issue we return to our roots to celebrate lush, ethereal fae beauty. Summertime enchantment when the world seems wide open and fairies hold moonlit soirées deep in the woods and our own lives seem tinged with possibility too.

As we planned the issue, deputy editor Grace Nuth reached out to costumer JoEllen Elam Conway of Firefly Path about doing a quintessential fairy photo shoot, something gossamer and soft and shimmering that might have leaped from the pages of a 19th century book of fairy poems. Elam Conway immediately pictured Titania's fairy court straight out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "I'm thinking fairies dancing around a dewy field leaving fairy rings," she said, then sent snapshots of her first design in progress only a few days later. She was inspired not only by Shakespeare but by the fairyland paintings of John Simmons and Florence Harrison's *Elfin Song*, pictured here, from Harrison's 1912 book of verse and pictures. She designed five gowns for the shoot, adding in one she'd made for Titania's wedding too, and brought in a troop of fairies, multiple pairs of translucent wings, a magically conjured fairy circle in the grass, and everything else needed to create a Faerie Court right in the (almost) real world of southern California.

We feature other fairy wonders here too, like the homage to Cicely Mary Barker conceived by editor-at-large Laren Stover and photographed by Syrie Moskowitz, the dramatic wing-capes of Spanish designer Costurero Real exuberantly shot by Jennifer Ilene, and the intricate and magical embroidery of Jan Knibbs come to life in photographer Danniella Jaine's "Time for Changelings," which tells the story of a duchess who leaves the human world behind to escape with a wild fairy prince. What else can one do on a moonlit summer's eve? Though we do not advocate following the duchess's lead, who can blame her when fairyland beckons so alluringly?

Love,

Carolyn Turgeon

VOLUME 39 | Summer 2017

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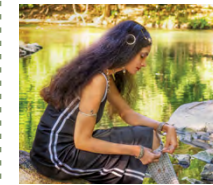
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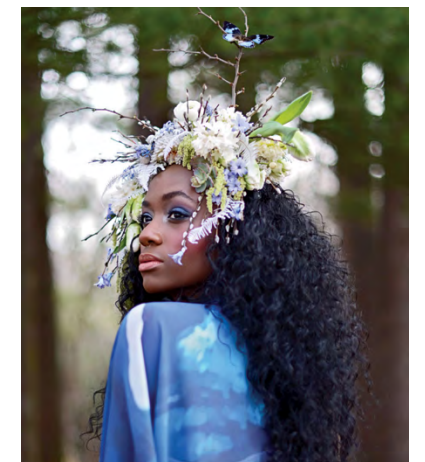
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ON OUR COVER

FIREFLY PATH AND
FANCY FAIRY WINGS & THINGS
GARB THE MIDSUMMER

Faerie Court

BY GRACE NUTH

In a flash of light, Titania's court arrives, all berry-stained lips and shimmering wings. Their gowns are gossamer and diaphanous, their eyelids drooping languidly in the dreamtime of a thick summer afternoon. Queen Titania herself leads them in merry revels. Tall and elegant, she displays a natural royalty no etiquette teacher could inspire.

JoEllen Elam Conway, perhaps better known by her company name, Firefly Path, had the honor of garbing this midsummer troupe of royal fairies. On the day the court came together for their portraits, they agreed to gather in the green space behind Firefly Path's Los Angeles studio. Studio owner Ben anticipated their arrival with delectable hors d'oeuvres he spent a week planning and preparing (the fairies adored the mini apple galettes, smoked salmon rugelach, celery barquettes with stilton and walnuts, and mini deviled crab cakes!) while assistant Zach created a list of musical selections themed around the day to set the mood for the entire courtly visit. Each of the six enchantresses, all of whom have inspired countless poets and artists to compose numerous ballads and works of art in their honor, was meticulously coiffed and adorned: captured in portraits, separately and together.

Set designer Make Light Studios was delighted to find that the rain sprites had been unusually enthusiastic this year, gifting them with thick moss and unearthing stones on a grassy bank in a nearby nature preserve. She and Elam Conway used the stones and moss, along with fairy mushrooms, to form a wild spiral where the fairies, natural dancers, would not be able to resist the urge to flutter their wings in a frolic. After the individual portraits were finished, the fairies were brought to this second location, and their squeals of delight confused and bespelled any humans walking near the meadow where they danced. It is to our great relief that none of these humans decided to join the merriment, or they might have been unwittingly trapped in the enchantment forever.

Photographer: **Ether and Smith, Emma McGowan**

Gowns & Headpieces: **Firefly Path, JoEllen Elam Conway** *Wings:* **Fancy Fairy Wings & Things, Angela Enos Jarman**

MUA: **Dre Ronayne & Kelton Ching** *Set Design:* **Make Light Studios**

Models: **Vanessa Walton, Jessica Dru Johnson, Jaden LeBel, Chloe Doan, Dre Ronayne & Raiya Corsiglia**





A MIDSUMMER PLAYLIST
To set the mood, Firefly Path assistant Zach created a playlist that included ...

- “A Night in Fairyland” by Narsilion
- “The Gaels” by Artesia
- “La Dama Del Invierno” by Trobar de Morte
- “Queen Mab” by Hexperos
- “La Scalia Sirenia” by Siren On
- “Pyramid Song” by Radiohead
- “Candles” by Jon Hopkins
- “That’s What It Takes” by George Harrison
- “Ladies and Gentlemen” by Spiritualized
- “The Fairy Appears” by Hexperos
- “Calling the Others” by Anilah
- “Avangeline” by Siren On
- “Demon Eyes” by Dargaard
- “This is the Way” by Ordo Equitum Solis
- “Sleep Well, My Angel” by We Are the Fallen



Gowns & Crowns

BY FIREFLY PATH

So Ellen Elam Conway has garbed countless whimsically minded women, of both the human and fairy variety, over the past fifteen years. Brent Spiner, Seth Green and his wife Clare Grant, Juliet Landau, and musician Kerli (featured in our winter 2016 issue) have all commissioned work from her. She's also created sewing patterns for Simplicity so that others can create their own gowns based on her wild imaginings.

Elam Conway began this wonderful adventure in 2002, when she attended a cosplay convention and discovered a universe of creative costuming she had never before realized existed. "That was my spark of inspiration and my ticket to keep on celebrating the Halloween spirit I used to wait all year for. But now I didn't have to wait. The cosplay community was just starting to take off, and I was excited to be a part of it. That year I asked my mom for a sewing machine for Christmas, and thankfully she bought me one. With some guidance from my Grandma Jo, I went crazy sewing costumes for my sister and myself. Each time I would try to learn something new and outdo my last project."

From her enthusiastic but self-taught beginnings, Elam Conway's skills have increased with every new project. "It's funny, when I look back in my gallery, each creation is more like a memory of what was happening in my life around the time I was crafting it."

Although she still creates costumes on a regular basis, her repertoire has expanded to include bespoke couture bridal gowns for the discerning woman's wedding day. "I really love working with brides to create gowns that encompass their imaginations and their passions. It's obvious to me that there is a big gap in the bridal market for true high-fantasy designs. I only wish I could fulfill this need on a larger scale: My small team of seamstresses can only create a limited amount of

gowns every month, but my goal is to have my fantasy designs produced and manufactured for a wider audience in the near future."

Elam Conway created a story in her mind as she imagined and made each costume and each character for our Midsummer Court.

"In designing this collection I envisioned that Queen Titania's gown, her very presence, would be the strongest of the court and perhaps the most relatable to the human realm. Her flowing dress is structured, and her accessories mimic the human adornments of metal crowns and fitted bodices. She acts as an ambassador, relaying her tales of human encounters to her court. Her chronicles of humankind inspire the fae to replicate the regality of human decadence.

"Cobweb, Mustardseed, Moth, and sisters Peasblossom and Peachblossom manifest gowns inspired by their queen's adventures, but their efforts are never quite human enough. Their dresses are airy and more an impression of their essence. Cobweb chooses shadow and dewdrops. Mustardseed, ferns and plum roses. Moth, sheer white flowers and spring vines. Peasblossom and Peachblossom, inseparable sisters, decorate each other in summer foliage."

Living in Los Angeles and having access to the city's Fabric District is also a boon to Elam Conway's business, allowing her to more easily interpret her imagination in three dimensions.

"After I designed each of the looks for our Faerie Court, I ran downtown to pick up the fabric and notions. Cobweb, Mustardseed, Moth, and Peachblossom took about a week each for us to create. Peasblossom took a little longer, and Queen Titania's gown we had created years before the shoot, for model Raiya's wedding. Talk about getting a lot of wear out of your wedding gown!"

"In designing this collection I envisioned that Queen Titania's gown, her very presence, would be the strongest of the court and perhaps the most relatable to the human realm."





Fancy Fairy WINGS & THINGS

The wings of our Faerie Court should look familiar, and not only because they seem to have come straight out of an Arthur Rackham fairy tale illustration. Fancy Fairy, the company of skilled wing maker Angela Enos Jarman, has been making wings for just a year less than Elam Conway has been making her gowns, and the two are often paired together by dreamers who recognize how well the two artists' works compliment each other. In fact, Elam Conway even wore a pair of Fancy Fairy wings with her self-designed wedding gown on her own wedding day.

Fancy Fairy wings have been seen on the runways of the annual Victoria's Secret televised lingerie show, and they have been worn in a Katy Perry music video, as well as at fancy dress balls, photo shoots, conventions all across the world, and anywhere else that the best quality in airy sylph accessories are needed.

Enos Jarman was inspired to start making her fairy wings by the paintings and film design of Brian Froud: "Mostly the biting fairies that get squirted with 'fairycide' in *Labyrinth*. Their wings were more insect-like, with an iridescence and transparency I loved." Through trial and error, she created a product that shows mastery of the transparent film she uses, creating a delicate wing that many others have tried to duplicate but never as successfully or beautifully.

"I love to design the shapes of the wings," says Enos Jarman, "and painting them in various colors and patterns. I don't always know how exactly I want them to look when they are finished, so sometimes even I am pleasantly surprised by how they turn out."

Although Enos Jarman's and Elam Conway's work are often paired in ensembles by fairies and ladies of good taste worldwide, the two actually had never met in person until the Labyrinth of Jareth Masquerade Ball in August last year. Surrounded by a tumult of gowns and horns, Seelie and Unseelie creatures, and no small number of elegant women wearing their gowns and their wings, they were finally able to greet each other and pay respect to their mutual love of all things Faerie.

This love shines through in the magic that both women create. "Making my wings is a form of escapism," explains Enos Jarman. "I was bullied a lot as a kid and used to imagine myself turning into a fairy and flying away. I feel that providing people with realistic and detailed wings allows us all to transform and fly away to fantasy, metaphorically speaking."

"Why am I so attracted to fairies?" Elam Conway ponders. "I guess for me they are the epitome of beauty, while at the same time remaining mysterious. There is something unattainable yet inspiring about fairies. A shimmering world that lies just beyond our grasp. I try to create the world they live in through my work."







ON FAIRY TALES

Alma Alexander

F didn't get to go to Disneyland until I was a grown woman—and I was wholly unprepared for the rushing feelings that swept over me as I stood there and watched the real-life incarnations of some of the iconic fairy-tale images of my childhood come dancing down the road in the parade. I was practically in tears watching Sleeping Beauty wave from her float, preceded by those three ditzzy fairy guardians in their little pointed hats and color-coordinated outfits.

But the Disney princesses were just the most obvious, prevalent, visible, and recognizable avatars of stories that, for me, had far deeper roots.

When I was young, I read the *actual* fairy tales. The fearsome, bloody, no-holds-barred, emotional ones. In my childhood fairy tales, Cinderella's stepsisters sliced off bits of their feet to fit into the glass slipper. In my childhood tales, Sleeping Beauty wasn't awakened with just a kiss but something far more visceral than that. In my childhood I wept over the tale of the Little Mermaid—and perhaps it was this that crystallized it for me, because to this day I can't watch what Disney has done to it. Hans Christian Andersen's original story is full of power and drama and pathos and poignancy, and I simply cannot bring myself to accept a singing lobster sidekick with a Caribbean accent.

I read Oscar Wilde's wonderful dark fairy tales when I was a little older, and there were things in there that pierced me to the heart, just like the rose thorn did his immortal nightingale.

I think that fairy tales are a deep and visceral influence, and they are handed out to young minds that they then help shape. To paraphrase a famous G.K. Chesterton quote: *Fairy tales are more than true—not because they tell us dragons exist but because they tell us dragons can be beaten.* The lessons of fairy tales start with that: courage. They also teach wisdom, and strength, and compassion, and an obstinate refusal to give up hope, because in fairy tales even the worst possible things that happen work out in the end. In some way. Maybe not the obvious way—not in Hans Christian Andersen, at least—but in some way. It might sound overblown if fairy tales are credited with the formation of the inner moral sense of the human adult by shaping the still malleable stuff that is the child, but in some ways that is exactly what they do. That is what they are *for*.

It has become fashionable to shield and shelter the child from many things, and this is where the Disney princesses come from: sanitized and often saccharine versions of a more rough-hewn original tale. But there are generations who grew up with those older and rawer stories and didn't end up damaged by them. Children have far more strength and intelligence than they are given credit for. In some ways it is a regression when

they grow up with all the Disney fluff and fairy dust and end up faced with grittier life realities afterward anyway, inevitably, as we all are.

When I was growing up with fairy tales, I was not shielded from the bitterness and pathos of “The Little Match Girl” because some adult did not wish me to know that it was possible for a child to die cold and hungry in the street. The best fairy tales had a hint of a happy ending, not just a happily-ever-after slam where everything ended on a nice high note and nobody ever questioned the ever after. I learned young to question the “happy ending” as such, because I had an early suspicion that somebody had to lose for someone else to win absolutely everything. Yes, every story has an ending, and you have to be able to close the book in a satisfying way when you are reading the tale to your child and say here we conclude and here this story is ended. But fairy tales, the best fairy tales, are not just pieces of cake that exist separately to be delicately snacked on one at a time. They are a part of the greater fabric of story, and they are formative when encountered at a young age.

We learn how the world *works* from inside a fairy tale. We learn that the world isn't always fair. We learn what we are supposed to want in order to make us happy—but we also learn that on the way to that handsome prince, the princess-in-waiting first has to have friends and allies, be they a fairy godmother, a bunch of dwarves, or animals who can communicate only with her. It's okay to be offered help. It's okay to accept it. There are a lot of smaller moments of happiness on the way to the happily ever after.

I wept at the Disney parade because it brought fairy tales—their versions of it, which I don't always agree with, but still—to life and breathed existence, actual existence, into characters that had hitherto lived only in the imagination. But it is in that imagination that the real power remains. Those stories you read by flashlight under the covers when you were very young—or had read to you by people who loved you—remain with you. Always. You carry the fairy tales of your childhood into the adult world with you. And they will always be your friends—even the dragons they have shown you how to defeat—because a fairy tale is a fundamental building block of the world. With them, we build ourselves.



Alma Alexander is an internationally published novelist, short-story writer, and anthologist with a lifelong love of fairy tale and fantasy. She lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband and two cats. Learn more at almaalexander.org.

FRUITS & FLOWERS




Three colorful and fragrant dishes

RECIPES AND PHOTOS BY SARA GHEDINA
(A.K.A. ONE GIRL IN THE KITCHEN)



SUMMER BERRY CRUMBLE

This crumble makes a delightful breakfast or dessert. For variation, use cherries, apricots, peaches, or nectarines, but stick to bright berries for that fae summer feeling.



MIXED BERRY SALAD WITH FETA AND WALNUTS AND RASPBERRY DRESSING

A gorgeous, refreshing salad that's super easy to make but will still dazzle your guests with its vibrant colors. Skip the cheese for a vegan version.



MIXED BERRY SALAD WITH FETA AND WALNUTS AND RASPBERRY DRESSING

serves 4 to 6

- ½ head radicchio (small)*
- 1 cup sprouts*
- 2 cups mixed greens*
- 1 cup arugula*
- ½ cup cherry tomatoes*
- 1 cup strawberries*
- ¾ cup blackberries*
- ½ cup raspberries*
- ½ cup blueberries*
- ½ cup chopped walnuts*
- ½ cup crumbled feta cheese*

- For the dressing
- ½ cup fresh raspberries*
 - ¼ cup + 1 tbsp walnut oil*
 - 2 tbsp balsamic vinegar*
 - 2 tbsp honey*
 - juice of 1 lemon*
 - ½ tsp pink peppercorn*
 - ¼ tsp cinnamon*
 - ¼ tsp cayenne pepper*
 - salt and black pepper to taste*

Wash and rinse greens and fruit. Slice radicchio in small strips, cut tomatoes in half, and quarter strawberries.

For the dressing, add all ingredients in a blender or food processor and puree until smooth. Adjust seasoning if needed.

Place greens in a large bowl and toss them with about half the dressing. Top with fruit, walnuts, and feta cheese and add more dressing if needed. Serve immediately.



BLUEBERRY BASIL PASTA SALAD

serves 4

- ¾ pound pasta (such as penne, rigatoni, or orecchiette)*
- 1 cup blueberries*
- 1½ cup cherry tomatoes, halved*
- 1 cup mozzarella bocconcini, halved*
- 8-10 basil leaves*

- For the dressing
- 2 tbsp balsamic vinegar*
 - 2 tbsp maple syrup*
 - 1-2 cloves garlic*
 - 5-6 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil*
 - salt and pepper*

Cook pasta in boiling water according to package directions. Drain, rinse in cold water, and place in a large bowl.

For the dressing, mix together vinegar, maple syrup, minced garlic, olive oil, salt, and pepper and whisk until smooth.

Pour some of the dressing onto the cold pasta and mix lightly. Add blueberries, tomatoes, mozzarella cheese, and chopped basil leaves to the bowl, pour the remaining dressing over the salad, adjust seasoning if needed, and toss together.



SUMMER BERRY CRUMBLE

serves 8

- 1½ pound mixed berries*
- 1 lemon*
- ¼ cup honey*
- 1 tbsp arrowroot*
- 1 cup all purpose flour*
- 7 tbsp butter, cold*
- ½ cup sugar*
- pinch of salt*
- ¼ cup slivered almonds*

Preheat oven to 400°F. Lightly butter a 9-inch pie dish and set aside.

Clean berries and slice strawberries, if using. Place them in a large bowl and toss with juice of the lemon, honey, and arrowroot. Transfer to the buttered baking dish and set aside.

For the crumble topping, mix flour with salt and sugar; using a pastry blender or 2 knives, cut butter into the dry ingredients and work until well combined. The mixture should be crumbly—if it doesn't hold together, add a few drops of cold water. Refrigerate for about 20 minutes before using.

Spread topping over fruit, pressing down slightly. Sprinkle with slivered almond and bake until the top is golden brown and the fruit is bubbly, about 35-40 minutes. Let cool 10 minutes and serve warm.

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



BLUEBERRY BASIL PASTA SALAD

The unusual combination of blueberries, mozzarella, and tomatoes works surprisingly well and makes a light summertime dish perfect for a picnic.



Among the **ASPENS** *of SANTA FE* by Jill Gleeson

Paintings by Tim Althausser

It's quiet up here among the aspens of the Santa Fe National Forest. There's the muted sound of my footfalls against the soft earth and of my breath, quick and rough, as my lungs work to bring my body oxygen at this soaring, 10,000-foot elevation. Underneath those more immediate sounds the aspens speak, using the language of their leaves. Sitting atop strangely flattened, elongated stems, which enable them to twist and turn in the most modest breeze, the leaf blades urge silence with a gentle shushing sonance. The forest heeds their request. But for a few birds, so joyous their song cannot help but burst forth, the mountainside is still.

The cultured and well-heeled bustle of Santa Fe is less than fifteen miles below this grove, though among the aspens it's peaceful. The trail I'm trekking, dubbed Norski, is well-traveled; it sits just beneath the Ski Santa Fe basin and is frequently used in winter by cross-country skiers and by hikers in other seasons. But I'm unattended now. I've left behind the small group I'm walking with, as well as our guide from Santa Fe Mountain Adventures. They're fine companions all, but I want to be alone with these trees for a few moments. I want to savor the energy I feel around me in solitude.

I peer up at the blue, cloudless sky through the aspen branches, dotted with the yellow leaves of autumn, which rise high over my head. The sunlight that reaches me is dappled, the air here cool but not chilly. I'm thinking about my brother, who died just over a year before. He lived in Colorado, and when I would visit him he'd invariably spend at least a few minutes telling me about the trees he loved so much. "Aspens are all one tree, really, Jill," he'd say, with the forceful enthusiasm of a small, rambunctious child. "They have just one root system ... that makes them the biggest organism on the planet!"

I'd nod and say, Yes, I know, you've told me. I think, as I reach my fingers out to stroke the dusty white bark of the aspen nearest me, that I'd do pretty much anything to hear him tell me about his beloved aspens one more time. I consider the tree in front of me, ponder the idea that it's connected to the hundreds around it in this grove. Stepping forward, I wrap my arms around its wide trunk, press my cheek to it, and close my eyes. I swear I can sense something almost electrical humming beneath the tree's rough skin, though I know it's likely my imagination wishing it so. But there is something remarkable here, a potent life force. I wonder, smiling, if my brother ever hugged an aspen. I have absolutely no doubt that he did.

Aspens, as my brother knew, are a very special species. They mostly propagate via their massive, shallow root system, giving each tree identical DNA. The planet's largest living thing is an Aspen "clonal colony" in the Fish Lake area of Utah. It comprises some 47,000 trees that altogether weigh 6,000 tons, scientists estimate. The trees' magnificent root system also helps ensure that aspen colonies are long-lived. Extremely long-lived. After about 150 years an aspen tree will die—but there is always another one shooting up from the root system to take its place. One of the world's oldest organisms is believed to be an 8,000-year-old aspen colony in Minnesota.

If this continent had a tree mascot, it would be the aspen. They are the most widespread tree in North America, spanning nine time zones and reaching from the Hudson Bay into Mexico, and from sea level to the timber line. The quaking aspen—what the Onondaga tribe called the "nut-kie-e," or "noisy leaf"—is the most common of the species. Their ubiquity is a blessing, Woody Nelson, vice president of the Arbor Day Foundation, believes. "When

Aspens

Jill Gleason

a devastating wildfire consumes all the trees in ... let's say a national forest in the West," he explains, "aspens are the first tree to naturally grow back because they regenerate from their roots up. They bring life back to that charred forest area. That's one thing I really love about aspens."

"They're also a wonderful tree for wildlife habitat," Nelson continues. "In wintertime the buds are a favorite food for wildlife—the leaves are consumed by snowshoe hare and rabbits, and pikas up in the mountains. And then in late fall deer gorge themselves on fallen aspen leaves. It's a great winter food source for them. This is an example of how trees give us so much. They're a remarkable renewable resource for us and for wildlife and for the Earth. And the aspen is a wonderful example of that resource."

Since time immemorial aspens have been used medicinally. Graced with salicin and populin, two precursors to aspirin, aspens were used by Native Americans as treatment for a variety of ailments. The bark itself is bitter and when eaten stimulates the appetite, much like the liqueur Campari. It was also used in various concoctions to alleviate colds, cough, fevers, heart issues, and stomach pain. Poultices made from aspen bark, boiled and shredded stems, or branches were used topically, to treat contusions. Other remedies original peoples made from aspens tended to conditions as varied as venereal disease, bee stings, and urinary problems. Even the bark's white powder was spread on the skin as sun protection and deodorant, and to retard hair growth.

While herbalists don't use aspens much these days to create material medicine, according to Joshua Paquette, nutrition director and botany educator at the Colorado School of Clinical Herbalism, they can be a powerful metaphysical tool. Paquette, who lives in the mountains above Boulder, has a grove of the trees in his yard, and he's experienced firsthand the sense of harmony and peace sitting among them can bring. To Paquette they represent not only community but, more broadly, the archetypal stages of initiation common to many cultures—and fables. These steps correlate to the colors red, black, and white found on aspens, which are often used as a motif in fairy tales. Think, for example, of the famous line in "Snow White": "Skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony."

"If you look at an aspen, you will see black in its eyes—the mark left where a limb has fallen off," Paquette explains. "This scar symbolizes, grief, depression, separation, and also seeing through our wounds. Separation is one of the stages important to human development, a prerequisite for moving into the new. Carl Jung believed that right underneath our wound lies our individual gift or calling, what we were meant to manifest. In the tale of Aladdin, he is trapped in a cave underneath the earth, in darkness. He's literally in the black when he discovers the genie, or genius. We grow from our wounds."



That is, as long as we do not shrink from the next stage: Ordeal. No matter how Separation occurs, whether it's intentional, like a Native American youth on a vision quest, or the result of happenstance, like divorce, Ordeal is the challenge we are invited to rise above. It's represented by red, the color of the sap that occasionally seeps from the eyes of aspens. Paquette believes the step that follows Ordeal to be both the most important and the most overlooked. The Return is signified by white, the shade of aspen bark, and the meat of the golden apples thrown to the knights returning from battle in the Brothers Grimm's story "Iron John." It should be the final stage.

The Return is the step when those who have undergone Separation and Ordeal bring knowledge back to the community, who recognize their service. It is also, Paquette believes, what we are missing as a society. "If we're not welcomed back into the village, we repeat Separation and Ordeal," he says. "Ordeal without Return often makes us smaller, and we are then bound to relive the first two states, whether that be the patterns of addiction, toxic emotions, or stagnancy. Without the reward of encouragement and acknowledgment, we are traumatized, not necessarily by the actual event but from the disconnection we experience from our true self, healing, and human connection. Aspens are the balm for our individualistic

and isolating society. They represent community, ease, and lightheartedness. When I take my students to sit with the aspens, they speak of experiencing a sense of welcome, of coming home."

Tim Althaus, whose life has been inextricably tied to aspens, could not be a more perfect example of someone who has gracefully faced Separation and Ordeal, found his true calling through it, and Returned to great recognition. Althaus had spent much of his adult life as a timber faller in Colorado and Arizona, when, at thirty-eight, he suffered a severe cerebral hemorrhage. Months of physical therapy taught him to walk again, but he remained partly paralyzed and unable to return to tree cutting. Not that he wanted to—not at all.

"After the stroke I got a total different outlook on life," Althaus says. "Before I was a hunter and all of that, a guide and an outfitter. I won't do that anymore. Your whole life changes. It made me realize how precious life is, therefore I don't want to be killing timber or hunting or anything like that. I want to save the trees, not cut them. So that changed everything"

That wasn't the only way the hemorrhage changed Althaus, who just turned sixty. About fifteen years ago he picked up a brush and, after giving churches a try, soon began painting magnificent, soaring images of aspens that now sell for

thousands of dollars each. "The stroke messed up the right side of my body, but it brought out the right side of my brain," Althaus says. "I have to sit down to paint, because I don't have the control of my right arm, which is what I paint with. But it definitely brought out the artistic side and compassionate side of me that may have not been there so much before. Because being a logger, you're ten foot tall and bulletproof. That sure changed."

Not long after he began painting Althaus moved to Santa Fe, intent on finding inspiration in the art-centric city, once the home of Georgia O'Keeffe and blessed with more than a hundred galleries and artist studios on the famed Canyon Road. He began making forays in the mountains above the city to walk among the aspens, which he calls "like being in a church. I'm not religious, so that would be my closest experience ... walking in the woods, listening to the silence, and capturing all the beauty that's there."

Althaus loves aspens for the same reason my brother did: because they are massive, ancient, and because they are what he calls "the forest renewal tree." Sue Mally, owner of Santa Fe Mountain Adventures, adores aspens for all those reasons and for their color too. "In the fall, the colors are really amazing, you can see the yellow mountainside even from downtown," she says. "But we love the winter too, because then you have the beautiful



silverish-gray bark and the snow sometimes accumulates on the branches, the twigs. And you look above and it's all blue skies. So I think every time I go hike through the aspens it's a very special, magical feeling."

As I stand, cheek pressed to the aspen trunk, I have to agree. I'm not entirely sure I've felt the presence of my brother so strongly since he died as I did in this aspen colony high above Santa Fe. If I lived in the town, I would be in this forest every day. As it is, I simply sigh, drop my arms from around my aspen, pat it gently, and tell it I will return one day.

For more information about Santa Fe, visit santafe.org. For more information about Santa Fe Mountain Adventures, visit santafemountainadventures.com.



For tree lovers, gazing at one of Tim Althaus's aspen paintings is the next best thing to actually wandering among the aspens in the forest. For art lovers, it's even better. And if you're both? It's a little bit of heaven. First off, there is the unique perspective: looking straight up into the tree canopy, as if you're standing on the ground within an aspen colony. It's a viewpoint the artist, who is entirely self-taught, became well acquainted with in his former life as a logger.

Then there is Althaus's sense of color; by his estimate, he can use thirty-six different hues or more in one work, some more common to abstract paintings than his photorealistic style. "My work just gets tighter and tighter and tighter," he says. "There's so much stuff in it. You have to look at one in person to see all the different colors. If somebody sees the painting, they say, "Oh cool!" But if they walk up close to it, there's iridescents and golds and silver, there's everything you can imagine in there. I use a lot of pearlescent paint, and there's turquoise and such."

Althaus's work also happens to be saturated with ambient light so warm you can almost feel the sunshine on your shoulders. Even his magnificent paintings of aspens at night have a warmth—or maybe that's just a bit of the love Althaus feels for his subjects coming through the canvas.

Althaus now lives and paints on a pecan orchard thirteen miles south of Hillsboro, New Mexico. But he is still represented by the Globe Gallery in Santa Fe. For more information, or to purchase one of Althaus's stunning paintings, visit globofineart.com or phone 505-989-3888. Or email paintedaspens@gmail.com.

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

INTO THE FAIRY CAVE

Fairy Lore in Wuthering Heights

by Jessica Fernigan

In her preface to the 1850 edition of *Wuthering Heights*, Charlotte Brontë takes a sympathetic view of the novel's critics, even as she defends her sister from those same detractors. Emily—or Ellis Bell, Emily's *nom de plume*—was not, Charlotte explains, a woman of "the world." Emily was, instead, a "native and nursling of the moors," as much a part of that country as "the wild birds, their tenants, or as the heather, their produce." *Wuthering Heights* offers no evidence to contradict Charlotte's assessment of her sister, and certainly it's impossible to overstate the importance of place in Emily's first and only novel. *Wuthering Heights*, the rough-hewn house on a windy crag, and the elegant, light-filled Thrushcross Grange nestled in the valley below: These two ancestral homes and the surrounding landscape might as well be the whole universe for Cathy and Heathcliff, their predecessors, and their descendants. So it's curious that Emily entrusts her narrative to an outsider, someone with no knowledge of—nor, as it turns out, much appreciation for—the West Riding of Yorkshire and its ways. Perhaps even as she crafted her story, Emily could imagine the readers and critics who'd be offended by her Gothic tale. Even Charlotte expressed (in her preface, in any case) reservations about the novel's "storm-heated and electrical atmosphere, [in which] we seem at times to breathe lightning." Or maybe Emily needed an urban, urbane narrator because only someone from the cities of the south would be foolish enough to call the Good Folk by name. For it's the outsider Lockwood who, with a single, poorly considered word, summons the fairies to *Wuthering Heights*.

The primary narrator of *Wuthering Heights* is Nelly Dean, a Yorkshire native and lifelong servant to the Earnshaw family. But Nelly is telling her story to Lockwood, and his account provides a frame for the main narrative. If Lockwood were a folklorist—a specialty that was just beginning to take its modern form as Brontë was writing—Nelly might be regarded as his informant. But Lockwood hasn't traveled to the wild north to collect local lore, and it's only by accident that he becomes the means by which the saga of the Earnshaws and the Lintons is transmitted to the world beyond the moors. The incident that leaves Lockwood bedridden and desperate for entertainment is entirely his own fault, and the series of events that lead to his illness begins when he describes the shockingly beautiful young woman he finds at *Wuthering Heights* as a "beneficent fairy." The young woman in question is Catherine Linton, and Lockwood's inability to figure out her precise place in

Heathcliff's strange household is understandable. So, too, might be his offhand evocation of a kindly sprite—understandable at least to a reader as ignorant about Fairy Faith as Lockwood clearly is. What Lockwood doesn't know is that the fairies of England's wilderness—and its folklore—are, at best, indifferent to humans. Those who know speak of them only with flattering circumlocutions, appease them with small offerings when necessary, and generally try to avoid their notice. But in his ignorance, Lockwood has uncovered a truth about *Wuthering Heights*: The house is watched over by a fairy—although one who could hardly be described as "beneficent"—and by speaking of her, he has unwittingly called her to him.

On his second visit to *Wuthering Heights*, Lockwood finds himself stranded by a winter storm, and a servant offers him a cupboard bed for the night. This is where Lockwood meets the fairy that haunts *Wuthering Heights*—the fairy he naïvely beckoned—when she raps on his window in the middle of the night.

The appearance of Cathy's ghost is, of course, one of the most upsetting scenes in this frequently disturbing novel. Cathy manifests here as a little child with ice-cold hands, begging to be let in. Wary of wandering the moors, she wants to come home. Moved by terror rather than pity, Lockwood repels the little creature with violence and condemns her as a "changeling." Once again, the witless Lockwood stumbles upon something like the truth. In the folklore of England and Ireland, there's significant overlap between fairies and the dead. Fairies can be ancestors, they can be people who die untimely deaths, and they can be lost children. When she makes her first appearance in *Wuthering Heights*, Cathy is all three.

But Cathy is more than a changeling. She's also the banshee, the shade who keens when a member of an old family is about to die. The banshee is a perfect example of categorical confusion between fairies and the dead. The very word *banshee* means "woman of the fairies" or "woman of the fairy mounds." (The Earnshaw family isn't Irish, but Emily Brontë's father, Patrick, was. Both Patrick's father and grandfather were well-known storytellers, and we know that Patrick shared his interest in folklore with his children.) Lady Wilde—Oscar's mother, a well-known poet and an important chronicler of Irish folklore—tells us that the banshee is an ancestor spirit and often the spirit of a woman who died young. When Cathy dies giving birth to her first child, she achieves the status of ancestor and suffers an untimely death in the same moment. Cathy is, then, a woman

who has passed into fairy by dying too young and a tortured soul who cannot finally separate herself from her human past or her progeny.

This banshee has ample reason to wail. No single member of her family is in danger of dying, but rather her family as a whole is at risk. After years of careful scheming, Heathcliff has very nearly achieved his goal of destroying both the Earnshaws and the Lintons. But ...

Brontë's use of fairy folklore is never straightforward. In life, Cathy is one of the most self-absorbed creatures in English literature. Why would she be anything else in death? This banshee wails also for *herself*—for her own early death and her banishment from her home. The revenant at the window identifies herself as Catherine Linton, her married name, and says that she's been out on the moors for twenty years, which is how long she's been dead when the novel begins. But she appears to Lockwood as a child. This distortion of time is a recurring feature in *Wuthering Heights*. It's also something that happens when someone is away with the fairies.

There are numerous folktales in which the protagonist spends one night dancing in a fairy mound and goes home to find that many years have passed. Brontë doesn't just borrow a folkloric trope; she transforms it. For Cathy—who belongs at Wuthering Heights, who loves Heathcliff—the years of her marriage to Edgar Linton were years spent in another world. That is, while she abided at Thrushcross Grange, Cathy was in fairyland, enjoying all the sumptuous illusions that humans experience in that realm. In death, she goes back to childhood, back to the moors where she wandered with Heathcliff. She goes back home. And this is how a woman who died in childbirth becomes the changeling who terrifies Lockwood on a cold and rainy night.

Again and again, Brontë uses the figure of the changeling to limn the fall of an ancient family. When Nelly Dean explicitly calls Heathcliff's sickly and self-serving son a changeling, she's invoking a whole history of stories about interactions between humans and fairies. Heathcliff himself—a weird replacement for a dead elder son—exhibits the heartless amorality associated with the fairies of folklore. And Nelly thinks that she's seeing Hindley Earnshaw as a child again and feels a presentiment of death when she comes across his “elf-locked, brown-eyed” son Hareton during a visit to Wuthering Heights.

But Brontë's Yorkshire, as harsh and hostile as it might seem to outsiders, is wild with life. And the Fairy Faith that the author uses to infuse her novel with folkloric resonance isn't just a catalog of ghosts and uncanny children and ill omens. When Brontë turns a storied feature of her real landscape into the Fairy Cave of her novel, she offers Hareton and young Cathy—and their families—a portal to the future.

As a child, Cathy is fascinated by Penistone Crag, the wall of stone that forms one boundary of her world—and one of the places where her mother and Heathcliff rambled as children. Cathy is intrigued because these cliffs are something she can see but doesn't know, and she declares to Nelly Dean, her main

source of information about the cliffs, “I can go, too, when I am a woman.” When one of the maids at Thrushcross Grange tells Cathy about the Fairy Cave at the Crag, Cathy's resolve to explore this place deepens, but like Nelly, Edgar Linton tries to dissuade his daughter, assuring her that she can visit the Crag when she is older. All of this might just seem like responsible adults warning an impetuous child away from treacherous terrain, but the Yorkshire landscape suggests something more.

The likeliest model for Penistone Crag is Ponden Kirk, a gritstone outcrop about three miles from the Brontës's home at Haworth. This rock formation features a naturally occurring aperture that may well be Brontë's Fairy Cave. The most popular belief about this opening in the stone is that a couple who passes through it will be married within the year. If they aren't, they're both doomed to die. And if one partner marries someone else, both will commit suicide and haunt the rock forever. It's not difficult to see echoes of these folk beliefs in *Wuthering Heights*, a story that is, at its core, about an unfaithful lover. And given the Fairy Cave's association with marriage, we might guess that Linton's desire to keep his daughter close to home isn't just about keeping her safe from a treacherous climb or protecting her from Heathcliff. But Cathy is as headstrong as her mother, and she sets out for Penistone Crag on her own.

Cathy doesn't arrive at the Crag alone, though. Along the way, she meets Hareton for the first time, and in Nelly's retelling, it was Hareton who “opened the mysteries of the Fairy Cave” to Cathy. For anyone who knows the lore attached to Ponden Kirk, Brontë's suggestive language is telling—even more so when we take into account the fact that “kirk” means “church.” One expert on Yorkshire place names has suggested that sites called “kirk”—when they're not the location (or former location) of an actual Christian church—are often connected in the local imagination with England's pagan past. When Hareton and Cathy visit the Fairy Cave together, then, they are embarking on a courtship. Brontë's novel ends before these young lovers take their vows in a church but not before they are joined in a union solemnized by the cliffs of Penistone Crag and attended by the spirits of the land that has shaped them. When Cathy and Hareton journey into the Fairy Cave, they secure their future happiness and restore their houses.

As *Wuthering Heights* wends toward its close, Nelly sits by the door of Thrushcross Grange, doing her mending and singing a song, “Fairy Annie's Wedding.” It's “a bonny tune,” Nelly says. It's also a reminder of how Hareton and Cathy's relationship has been shaped by the landscape, just as the romance between Heathcliff and Catherine found its purest expression on the moors. Indeed, the novel ends with a vision of Catherine and Heathcliff's bodies joined in the Yorkshire dirt, their spirits walking together in a place that is neither heaven nor earth—the fairy realm, maybe?

Jessica Jernigan is a writer, editor, and student living in Central Michigan. Find her online at widdershinsedit.com.



Illustration from The Folio Society edition of *Wuthering Heights* © Rovina Cai 2014.



Drawing to an End

“As I sat down on the grass to change the battery in my camera, I glanced up and saw the sun setting in the middle of a group of Queen Anne’s Lace. I changed the battery, sat right where I was, and took the shot.”

– Photographer Paul Barson



Faerie Knitting

with ALICE HOFFMAN
and LISA HOFFMAN

Photography by Steve Parke
Model: Shveta Thakrar

Find
Lisa's stocking
pattern on
page 97.

River Girl

A fairy tale by Alice Hoffman

She watched other girls from town crossing the meadow to the dance hall and she cried green tears. She was not like them. She was half fish, the half that made it impossible for her to walk through a meadow or dance all night long. Her tail was silver, and her eyes were too, and there wasn't a more beautiful creature, or a sadder one, in all the world.

One night she spied a man, one so tall and handsome she could not look away from him. She watched him all summer as he cut across the field. He caught sight of her once, and once was all it took. He saw her face as she peered at him from the riverside. "Who are you?" he cried, love-struck. He tramped through the mud and made his way through the reeds. Without even thinking, he threw himself into the water, searching for her.

She sank down into the depths, terrified that he would see her for what she was. A freak, a monster, more of a fish than a girl. She could hold her breath for an hour, which was a good thing, because he searched for most of the night. Waterlogged, thwarted, he perched on the riverbank. "Where are you?" he cried out, confused.

His friends came to look for him and dragged him home. Had they not, he would have still been searching when morning came.

Now more than ever she longed to be human. She began to waste away, her skin fading to a pale blue, her hair turning green at the edges. The scales of her tail fell and scattered like discs of moonlight as she herself grew dim. He came back every day, but what would he want with a monster? She held her breath and waited for him to leave and then, when he was gone, she cried.

The fish took pity on her. They collected the silver scales and wove them into stockings, knitting them together with water lilies and moonlight. When she slipped them on, she had legs. She climbed onto the shore and walked through the meadow. She was tipsy at first, but soon grew stronger, joyous at all she could do. She ran down the road, and when she passed a farmhouse she borrowed a dress from a clothesline, pulled it on, then raced on, amazed at how far legs could take her.

When she reached the dance, she stopped at the door. There in front of her was everything she had ever wanted. As soon as the man spied her, he knew her. They danced as if no one else existed, and for them no one did. But then her stockings began to unravel. Silver scales littered the floor. She ran away, as fast as her legs could take her, faster than she'd thought possible. Her tears left a green trail that led to the river, and he dashed after her. He saw her slip off her stockings and dive back into the river.

So now he knew. But it didn't matter.

If anything, he wanted her more.

He went to his grandmother, who knew more about the world than anyone else. He showed her the silver stockings he'd gathered from the shore and told her of his love. His grandmother promised she could knit the stockings together that would change his beloved and this time the change would

last. When he begged her to do so, the old woman went into the woods to collect lily of the valley, earthbound blooms to mix with the water lilies, sunshine to bind the moonlight. She set to knitting and she didn't stop until she had finished the stockings. Then she folded them carefully into her pocket and went down to the shoreline.

She had been here before, a long time ago. That was why she understood wanting something that belonged to the river. She'd longed for a grandson and had plucked a boy out of the river with her fishing net. He, too, was part fish until she made him socks that were knitted of the earthly elements, brambles and leaves and vines. She had raised him and loved him and now he was her own. If he wanted a river girl, it made perfect sense. Who was she to say no?

The grandmother put her hand in the water and the girl came to gaze at her, curious.

"If you wear these stockings you can have what you want," the grandmother said. "But it has to be your heart's desire."

The River Girl took her hand. "He is."

The grandmother gave her the earth-bound stockings. "You may never be able to return to the river. It's the chance you take."

When the River Girl followed the old woman back to town there wasn't a happier person in all the world. The old woman might know everything, but perhaps the girl knew a little more. You never lose who you really are. When she saw her beloved she ran to him and they married and loved each other. They soon had a child, a little river girl who was half fish. They called her Ella, for that was the grandmother's name. The grandmother was now so very old she could no longer knit. She told her grandson's wife what to gather and that night the River Girl went to the forest to gather lily of the valley. But she also went to the river and gathered a basket of water lilies. She knitted all night long.

Their little girl could run and dance and live a life like any other girl in town. But in the summertime when the grass was tall, they went back to the river in the evenings. They were a family after all, and they knew where they came from. They removed their stockings before they waded in. They knew that all things are possible when you're true to yourself. They swam along with the fish, but they never lost sight of the shore. They belonged to two worlds, and because of this their love was, and always would be, twice as strong.

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

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENTLEMEN

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



FAIRIES IN ADVERTISING

Fairies are notorious for tricking folks into making bad decisions. (See Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: transformations, potions, falling in love with jackasses.) So it's natural that hucksters, peddling their own magic and illusions, would people their ads with pixies. Ever since the Victorian age of advertising, fairies have been waving their wands, casting their spells. *Come play,*

they seem to say, giving us a knowing wink.

But when you look close at the history of ads, it doesn't actually seem such a perfect marriage of mortals and fairies after all. Fairies prove as tricky in advertising as they do in real life. Advertisers can't quite pin those butterflies down. Are they pure and innocent? Or are they flirty and dumb? Are they wistfully feminine or raggedly tomboyish?

Take a look at the White Rock fairy: sometimes ethereal goddess, sometimes fleet-footed cocktail waitress. In the 1890s, an image of a delicate-winged woman perched on a rock was adopted for the labels of White Rock bottled water; she was based on a painting of Psyche (of Greek mythology) by Paul Thumann. To the company, she represented the water's claim to purity and natural healing.

Flash ahead to the middle of the 20th century: The White Rock fairy now posed as a post-World War II sex pixie. The cocktail hour was an effort to restore order in the newly topsyturvy USA, the men home from war and ready to assume a casual authority that the women weren't necessarily ready to relinquish. So magazine ads pushed White Rock as a healthful mixer, with the topless fairy pouring us a drink. One ad featured her fluttering along on her flimsy wings and clutching an armload of bottles to her naked chest.

"I see to it that you enjoy your highballs tonight," she promises, "and feel fit for your work tomorrow."

Meanwhile, other fairies of the postwar era were pitching their goods to women, not with sex appeal but with the taps of their wands. An ad promoting dextrose features a fairy magically producing a strawberry cake; in an ad for a bath scale, a fairy touches her wand to the number on the dial. Yes, take it from the fairies, you dutiful wives of the 1950s—you can have your cake, eat it too, and not gain a pound.

But in the Victorian era, the fairies of advertising tended to be cherubic and teensy-weensy, wearing flower blossoms for bonnets and astride butterflies and other insects. This motif was central to an 1899 magazine ad for Fairbank's Fairy Soap. Often promoted as "pure, white, floating," a bar of Fairy Soap was carried through the woods by naked, baby fairies who, despite being winged themselves (and with antennae), ride a team of bees.

By the 1920s, these little bugs had grown into ethereal beauties. One of the most famous fairy-inspired ads is for Blue Moon silk stockings, featuring a flapper with a head of golden curls, sitting in the scoop of a crescent moon, her negligee fluttering out from her back like silk wings. And Djer-Kiss (pronounced "Dear Kiss") promoted its perfumes and beauty products with ads and illustrations riddled with fairies, to suggest enchantment and its "so fine, so soft" powders. *Printers' Ink*, a magazine for advertisers, wrote in 1920 about the Djer-Kiss ads, which were illustrated by one of the era's most esteemed artists: "When Maxfield Parrish paints a canvas in color, filled with fairies and goblins and mystic forests, and royal purple hills and magic castles, Djer-Kiss begins slowly to materialize as something more than a scent locked in a bottle."



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



Photographer Danniella Jaine creates stories that document her “daydreams of the world in a visual way.” The story on the next few pages, “Time for Changelings,” features a duchess who has a picture-perfect life of power and riches and a Prince Charming to go with it but longs for something more. Eventually, she escapes her kingdom for a Fairy Prince—a man who’s truly wild and full of magic—to run with the fae.

“What inspired this story was my own quest for freedom in love and the need to be understood,” Jaine says. “Fairies are wild things, and the duchess falls in love with the Fairy Prince’s freedom. The scene at the castle was called ‘One Day My Prince Will Come,’ where she’s almost waiting for a way out. I like to think in the end she escapes for herself.”

Jaine created this story during unfulfilled time in her own life, when she felt inhibited and unable to relax in the city. It wasn’t long after that she left to create a new life in remote North Wales, where she now lives “between mountains in a small community of people and animals.” She describes her vision generally as “to escape the every day. I’m a massive daydreamer, not often in the real world. Taking pictures is something that makes sense to me. I’m not a very good communicator otherwise. When you’re a creative person, what you’re creating is a way to communicate.”

The shoot was a collaborative effort between Jaine and designer Jan Knibbs (featured on page 50), who wanted to reference that ultimate text of wild fairy magic, *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*. What fairy is wilder than Puck, and what dreamier world to escape into? “I’ve worked with Jan quite a bit,” says Jaine, “and she often deploys a theme. I put the narrative to the story, reinterpreting my own ideas from personal experiences. Putting myself in the story allows me to step outside myself and gauge a better understanding—or even closure.”

How does this work? “Usually I’ll approach Jan with a story, and before you know it, characters begin to unfold. She will then style a look from her collection around that. Jan is very visual, with an amazing eye for detail, and she does a lot of the set design too. I’m more about mood and the way a concept feels. My team is very important in creating the overall look!”

The story was shot in the Painswick Rococo Gardens, in the Cotswolds in England. This ornate decorative garden harkens back to the elegance and sophistication of the early 1700s—“a time when gardens were fashionable theatrical sets, providing a stunning backdrop to decadent garden parties,” as its website describes. Jaine scouted the location specifically to fit the narrative while “complementing the sophistication of Jan’s decorative gowns.” The country’s only surviving complete rococo garden, it features a woodland walk under a canopy of trees, a scattering of fanciful garden buildings, and all kinds of flowers in bloom—a perfect setting for a wild-hearted duchess to escape with the fairies.



TIME *for* CHANGELINGS

Photography by Danniella Jaine

Text by Carolyn Turgeon







DESIGNERS

Jan Knibbs: *Garments, Hair Accessories, Fairy Crown, Fairy Prince Headdress*

Denise Innes: *Prince's Crown*

Matthew Knibbs: *Male Trousers*

Claire Baker: *Ceramics and Tea Set*

Betty Bib: *Fairy Doll Props*

Under the Ivy: *Fairy Wings*

BEAUTY

MUA: *Ian Hencher,*

Assisted by Amy Ellen Franklin

Hair: *Jo Vallender of Vallender Salon*

CAST

Prince Charming: *Ian Hencher*

The Duchess: *Sara Christy*

Fairy Prince: *Jonathan Habens*

Fairy Girl: *Sandra Michal*



*Explore Danniella's world at danniellajaine.wixsite.com.
Follow Carolyn Turgeon on Instagram @carolynturgeon.*



Jan Knibbs Design Studio

ATELIER 19 *by Carolyn Turgeon*

Fashion and textile designer Jan Knibbs, whose couture work we feature in “Time for Changelings” on the preceding pages, recently fulfilled a dream she’s had since she was a child: opening a magical treasure-filled shop in the heart of an artisan, bohemian area known as The Suffolks, in Cheltenham, England. Named Atelier 19, her shop is not only a showroom for her own work but a romantic wonderland filled with dreamy original vintage wedding dresses and a handpicked collection of clothing and accessories from other artisans. These include Fiori Couture, whose crowns and corsets have been featured in several issues of *Faerie Magazine*, and award-winning milliner Gemma Sangwine, who creates dazzling hairpieces and tiaras incorporating vintage brooches. Knibbs also stocks a curated and eclectic mix of old and new curios and French *brocante* finds. “I’ve basically filled the shop with everything I love,” she says. “It really does feel as if everything I’ve done throughout my life has finally come together and I’ve finally achieved my lifelong dream.”

Adding to the dreamlike feel are the series of vintage tea parties Knibbs throws at the shop, using her own vintage china. She also hosts regular makeovers and photo shoots in which the fashion-minded can dress up in the vintage clothes she’s been accumulating since she was a teenager. The shop also offers a series of workshops in which attendees can make delights such as flower crowns, heart mosaics, or embroidered brooches, and they can learn calligraphy, embroidery techniques, couture beading, and embellishment, to name a few skills. Basically, it’s a gathering—and a promotion—of everything lovely.

The star pieces, of course, are those Knibbs makes herself, one-of-a-kind designs featuring her award-winning couture embroidery. She specialized in embroidery at Loughborough College of Art and went on to get an M.A. in textiles at Bath Spa University. Embroidery has been her lifelong passion, although she spent a short while as a wardrobe mistress and for a time ran her own knitwear company. For many years she made embroidered wall hangings that she called “Poembroidery,” illustrating the poems of modern writers as well as 19th century favorites like Christina Rossetti and Thomas Hood. When she remarried twenty-five years ago, she made her own wedding dress covered in spring flowers, adorning it with an abundance of 3-D embroidered roses, pansies, daisies, primroses, honeysuckle, and ivy. The dress was a turning point in her career, and she reached the semifinals of the British Bridal Awards with it too boot. “It’s still one of the most admired dresses in my shop,” she says now. She won the British Bridal Awards a couple of years later with a Belle Époque-style dress inspired by Chinese hand-painted wallpaper.

She’s continued to learn more and more couture techniques to add to her repertoire of skills, often incorporating delicate floral designs in appliqué, ribbon embroidery, and beadwork, especially Swarovski crystals. “My signature style,” she says, “is to mix many of these techniques with vintage finds” including vintage fabrics, off-cuts, antique lace, and pieces of costume jewelry. In the “Time for Changelings” shoot, for example, the duchess wears a 1970s wedding dress (“think Princess Diana,” Knibbs says) customized with a beautiful Edwardian lace ruffle she’s had since she was a teenager, as well as a swatch of handmade silk and a few vintage flowers. She also loves replicating nature, and flowers especially, as accurately as she can. What she loves most about embroidery, though, is “the incredible vocabulary of techniques and mediums available at your fingertips.”

Knibbs has continued to win prizes for her work, and the “Time for Changelings” shoot features some of her winning designs. Prince Charming wears a heavily embellished cream velvet jacket and a custom-made antique lace choker for which she won the Swarovski Prize in the international Hand and Lock Prize for Embroidery in 2008. The beguiling Fairy Prince wears a cloak that Knibbs made for a production of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*—he pulls it off in true fairy fashion!—with a feather and beaded epaulette and headdress made originally for the Hand and Lock Prize and then altered for a wearable art competition, Art Couture in Painswick. (The fairy girl is wearing a Titania dress from the same production.) Other prize-winning creations are displayed in Knibbs’s shop: Her 2008 Swarovski Prize in the Hand and Lock Prize for Embroidery also included a wedding dress and matching hand-embroidered shoes inspired by the W.B. Yeats poem “He Remembers Forgotten Beauty.” She came in second two other years, once with a military-style jacket partly inspired by Adam and the Ants, and once with an outfit inspired by a chance meeting of Marie Antoinette with Barbarella.

Now that she has the perfect platform in Atelier 19 to display her creations, she’s enjoying collaborations with photographers like Danniella Jaine—and also working more and more with brides looking for that perfect fantasy fairy-tale wedding dress. She’s currently working with a team on *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*-themed wedding that will include the bride’s dress and her children’s outfits as well. “I love nothing better than to be given a theme or brief and turning someone’s dream into a reality,” she says. “It’s my idea of heaven!”



Learn more at atelier19cheltenham.com.







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Repose

by BONNIE RAE WALKER

"I was not raised. I was built. I was built to be this thing"
— Marie Antoinette

It was not an affect of vanity, those hundred strokes a night.
She had hardened within stays, her heart, her body on display.

From long practice she had become able at the dignitary smile,
the returning curtsy, the dismissive hand.

It was not for luster that she sat, end of day, unadorned
and waited for the stripping of pomatum and rice flower.

A labor of hands exposed the gray beneath,
and the brittle ends her life earned.

She closed her eyes as bristles smoothed her tangles,
gently working out a way.



Bonnie Rae Walker is a graduate of UCI, currently living in San Diego. She has been published in Right Hand Pointing, Red Paint Hill Poetry Journal and more. As well, she is forthcoming in Steel Toe Press, Fourth and Sycamore, and Whale Road Review. To find out more visit bonnieraewalker.com.



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Fairy Gardening

BY COLLEEN SMITH



All photos courtesy of M & M Nursery

The fairy kingdom and the plant kingdom unite in fairy gardens. Itsy-bitsy fairy gardens are a big deal, and the trend continues to flourish. From a niche market, fairy gardens have blossomed into a huge horticultural genre delighting all ages—from beguiled children to senior citizens who’ve downsized yet want to tend a small garden.

“Fairy gardening started out here a nicety, something fun and different,” says Beverly Turner of M&M Nursery in Orange, California. “But it grew and grew, and now fairy gardens are a major portion of our business.”

Fairies are creatures of nature, so gardens provide perfect places to inhabit. The child in each of us seems to recall the storybook magic of garden fairies, woodland elves, and gnomes. Flower fairies long have captured the imaginations of writers, including Shakespeare.

But fairy gardening is fairly new. Turner herself started fairy gardening about seventeen years ago.

“No one around here had even heard of a fairy garden at that time,” she says. Her first fairy garden enhanced her dollhouse. “I was creating this garden, and the garden got bigger than the house. Everyone was so enchanted and said it would be great to have a real live miniature garden.”

City Floral, Denver’s oldest greenhouse, also reports a large following for little fairy gardens. “I think fairy gardening is here to stay, because we studied our sales numbers, and it definitely has not slowed down. People are very interested in it, and I’d say the popularity is still on the upswing,” says Christine Hise, a manager at City Floral.

“A fairy garden is something different you can keep in the house or on the patio in summertime,” she says. “Sometimes people make a fairy garden as a centerpiece, and it’s a real conversation starter.”

Like many garden stores these days, both City Floral and M&M stock an extensive selection of fairy gardening plant

material and accessories: minuscule hoes and rakes, arbors no taller than Popsicle sticks, and benches where Tinker Bell might make herself comfortable.

“It’s a different way to engage in gardening on another level, whether you’re a senior or a child, or doing it for yourself. It’s grown from just fairy gardening into changing out the gardens seasonally. In wintertime, we have holiday themes, and at Halloween we have little ghosts and pumpkins,” Hise says. “The adornments have come a long ways. It’s super cute, the things they come out with.” One company, Hise points out, has a camping scene with a tent and canoe, and another offers a chicken coop with chickens. “You can get little tire swings and seesaws,” she adds.

Turner credits the upswing in fairy gardening to the whimsy and creativity inherent in the hobby. “Fairy gardens give us permission to play as adults,” she says. “Kids come in to create with their families—their moms and grandmas—but in general our fairy-gardening customer is an adult. It allows them to become childlike again and have fun and let the problems of the world go away.”

Miniature gardens gained ground with senior citizens, many of whom no longer have yards yet appreciate the green-thumb therapy of a much more manageable mini-landscape. “Living in a smaller spaces, a fairy garden offers a chance to have the garden of their dreams in a sixteen-inch pot,” Turner says.

Hise agrees: “We see a lot of older people come in and pick a few things out and make their garden. They enjoy working with the plants, and it’s not such a big chore or a big investment.”

At City Floral, the fairy-gardening section caters to kids. It even hosts birthday parties during which groups of kids create fairy gardens at the greenhouse.

“People are using fairy gardens to get children into gardening,” says Hise. “For a while, the younger generation didn’t show as much interest in gardening. Fairy gardening is a nice, innovative way to get children involved—and away from electronics.”

Hise enjoys fairy gardening with her own little ones: “We change out adornments seasonally. They ask questions and love watching things grow and playing with the garden too. They’re understanding how to take care of plants with water and light.”

If space allows, a fairy garden can be created in an area of the larger garden.

“A lot of people are doing fairy gardens right in the landscape,” Hise says. “They reserve a small section for children that is their fairy-garden area. This allows kids to play outside and rearrange the fairy garden.”

M&M, a family owned and operated nursery in business for sixty-one years, keeps about seventy examples of fairy gardens on display. Turner does take her work home with her, and she’s happy to do so.

“I make displays here and fall in love, so I re-create it at home,” she says. “I have a Victorian fairy garden and a farm, and a mermaid under-the-sea garden.”

Asked whether she believes in the fae, Turner says without missing a beat, “Absolutely! What is not to love about fairies? Everyone who comes in to see the fairy gardens ends up with a smile on their face as they’re going out, looking forward to playing in their own garden.”





CREATING A FAIRY GARDEN CALLS FOR A WEE BIT OF MAGIC

“Fairy gardening gives people a chance to be creative—even people who don’t consider themselves creative. The fairy garden triggers something, and they feel like a designer,” says Beverly Turner, a fairy-garden expert at M&M Nursery in Orange, California. For the easiest option, shop for fairy-garden kits. To design your own fairy garden, consider the following tips:

SELECT A CONTAINER.

Fairies inhabit gardens just about anywhere: in old wagons or wheelbarrows, wooden crates, wicker picnic baskets, metal buckets, glass fishbowls, or terra cotta pots. Basically, as long as you have drainage holes, anything can serve as the planter portion of a fairy garden.

“Ninety percent of the gardens are in shallow containers that you can move around if you need to,” says Turner. “That’s a good way to begin.”

Hise agrees: “If just getting started, people tend to overbuy. I would start with a container and then figure out how many adornments and plants you want.”

PICK A THEME AND A FOCAL POINT.

Decide upon the personality of the fairy garden. Is it the secret lair of the Summer Fairy? Or a poolside patio for water sprites? “We have several thousand accessories, and some people get glazed,” Turner says. “With the fairy garden, it’s like choosing a theme for a party. The theme will inform all other decisions for the garden. Start with one focal point and build the garden around that.”

USE PROPER GROWING MEDIUM.

Turner uses a fast-draining cactus mix.

CONSIDER WHETHER YOUR GARDEN WILL BE IN SUN OR SHADE.

For appropriate plant material, fairy gardeners must decide where their miniature landscape will be—in sun or shade. Turner says, “It’s possible to have a fairy garden indoors, but there’s a better range of materials if it goes outside.”

PICK PLANT MATERIAL TO SCALE.

The magic of the Lilliputian landscape lies in scale. A thimble could serve as a fairy bucket. A bit of moss suggests a lawn. A piece of flagstone the size of a playing card becomes a patio. “Most fairy gardens are done in a 1:12 scale, so one

inch equals one foot. Some are smaller,” Turner says. “You want leaves that look small enough to fit in your miniature world.”

Low-growing, slow-growing herbs and succulents work well for fairy gardens. Look for miniature or dwarf conifers, as well as groundcover with tiny leaves, such as creeping thyme.

“If you can’t get a miniature tree, use a woody herb,” Turner advises. “Thyme or rosemary can easily be worked into mini trees.” She says that new resources have grown exponentially in the last four years.

Fairy lore associates the wee ones with particular flowers: primroses, forget-me-nots, and foxgloves. Depending on the size and location of the fairy garden, those traditional plants can work well.

Hise says, “We have special fairy-gardening plant material that is small and meant for fairy gardens. If you’re putting your fairy garden in a terrarium-type vessel, ferns are good choice.”

Wherever you establish your fairy garden, your local greenhouse will help you select appropriate plants for your growing zone.

ACCESSORIES ABOUND, YET DON’T OVERDO IT.

The marketplace offers fairy houses and fairy doors and wonderful teeny-weensy furnishings and accessories.

“Anything that would go in a full-size garden, you’ll find in a fairy garden: miniature birdbaths, solar-powered lights, and we have a lot of animals because the fairies relate to the animals,” Turner says. “I encourage people to have the fairy garden tell a story so it’s not a static diorama.”

Fairies are accustomed to exposure to the elements, but that’s not necessarily true of their garden accessories. Many fairy garden adornments—and the fairies, too—are made of weather-resistant resin. Some items are made of natural

materials, such as little wood fences, metal trellises, or stone statuary. Take care where your garden is situated if your accessories will be damaged by exposure to foul weather or intense sun.

FAIRY GARDENS ACCOMMODATE EVERYDAY ARTICLES.

Fairy gardeners can accessorize a fairy garden with everyday articles too. A thimble becomes a vase. A jar lid filled with water can serve as a pixie pond.

“I tell people to look in the junk drawer. Everybody has one,” Turner says. “You can incorporate a cool swizzle stick that you saved from a vacation or that magnet that never made it onto the refrigerator.”

For fairies, a little goes a long way. Fairy-garden experts understand enthusiasm, yet caution against overkill.

“Stick to your theme,” Turner emphasizes. “It’s easy to go overboard, but don’t put so many items in that it’s cluttered.”

JUST ADD FAIRIES.

Naturally, you’ll want fairies to inhabit your fairy garden. The marketplace offers a variety of fairy forms to inhabit the enchanted landscapes. Many fairies are associated with flowers, and you can find a variety of twinkling, winged, diminutive sylphs daintily clothed in petals and leaves and wearing acorn caps. If you’re tending your fairy garden outdoors, just make sure to secure the wee ones so they’re not tempted to fly away on a gust of wind.

See Beverly Turner’s videos on how to make a fairy garden at fairygardenexpert.net.



Colleen Smith writes and gardens in Denver. She is the author of the novel Glass Halo and the gift book Laid-Back Skier and also wrote and directed the documentary film Angels Alleluia.



FAERIES OF THE FAULTLINES

The Art of Iris Compiet BY GRACE NUTH

Iris Compiet's art is like a seeing stone, offering everyone who peers into it a true glimpse into the realm of Faerie and its inhabitants. The delicate watercolor softness of her technique and the ancient mystery of her subjects create a captivating combination. Compiet plans to create a book collecting her fairy creatures, a sort of field guide to "the Faultlines," as she calls their fairy home. We recently asked her to tell us more about her work.

Faerie Magazine: How did your *Faeries of the Faultlines* project begin? What is your eventual goal?

Iris Compiet: The Faultlines opened up to me in June 2016. I actually think it has always been there, open, ready, and waiting for me, but I wasn't ready to "see." Last year I was doing daily sketches on Instagram for the hashtag #Junefae. I wanted to try and see if I could create a fairy each day. I really liked doing these daily sketches, and it gave me an opportunity to let my imagination and storytelling run wild. At some point though it felt like something natural and very instinctive. Stories started to evolve into more and bigger things. A complete world started to open up to me. It was an amazing experience, like I was finally able to really see a world that was hidden behind a curtain of prejudice. I had fallen out of love with the World of Faerie because I could no longer identify with the images I saw besides those by Brian and Wendy Froud and a few other artists. There was something missing, and I just didn't feel connected any longer. When June was finished and July rolled on, I just continued doing these sketches, as if I were unable to stop: The stories had started and couldn't be stopped. People were asking me if I was planning to do anything further with these artworks, and I thought that a book would be the best way to get people to become part of this world, to introduce them to the Faultlines. There are a lot of stories to tell! The first of hopefully a series is going to be launched on Kickstarter in June. But I feel the world is bigger than just that book. We will have to see what will happen. I won't stop telling their stories any time soon.

FM: Have you ever had a fairy experience—seen or felt their presence away from the art page?

IC: I can't say for certain, but I do feel I've had moments that I wasn't alone, like there was something guiding me, whispering in my ears. Something telling me, "No, that's not how my ears look," for instance. If that's an experience, then yes! I also feel more at home and at ease in certain areas. There's this one little forest close to where I live where I love to be. I love to go there really early in the morning when the world is slowly waking up,

when no one is around yet but the animals and the mist. I always go to my favorite tree and sit there with my eyes closed, smelling the smells and listening to the sounds of this place. Maybe I'm listening for the Faultlines to whisper to me.

FM: Tell us a bit about how the fairies tell you their stories when you draw them.

IC: Well, it feels like a whisper, something guiding me. It's very intuitive, like meditation even. I have no clear idea of what will happen, but creatures will appear and they will tell me their stories. I dare not question this process too much or investigate it too deeply. It is what it is, and it works. Maybe it's magic. All I know is that as long as there are stories to be told, I will listen, take notes, and learn. Sometimes it doesn't work—my head can't unwind and is too full of nonsense like doing taxes, cleaning, doing the laundry, and whatnot. Then I'll just shrug and put away my pencils. No sense in forcing things, just like I can't force some fae to stay. Some visit only very briefly and then disappear again when they feel like it. I had one Daughter of the Wyld who appeared on the paper one day, but she wasn't planning on staying and simply vanished from my paper. I was trying to fix her image to the paper, and there was a reaction in the materials, and poof! She was gone. Things like this just happen. The fairies decide what happens; I'm just the person watching.

FM: Are there any fairies you have painted of whom you are especially fond?

IC: I'd been having trouble finding matching socks. There was always one missing ... always the left one, never the right. One day I found out that was the work of the Sockmuncher. He seems to love smelly left socks. I love that little one, but I guess I like them all in their own special way. I also love my swamp witch and can't part with her. She's so sassy and not one to mess with. She'll be in the book, as well as the Sockmuncher. He, however, is no longer living with me. He's gone off and lives with an elderly couple in the States now. I guess the man of the house has a lot of smelly left socks.

Discover more about Iris's work at faeriesofthefaultlines.com and patreon.com/iriscompiet. The *Faultlines* Kickstarter begins on June 21st, Midsummer.



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



Flower Fairies OF THE Summer

AN HOMAGE TO CICELY MARY BARKER

Whether or not she saw fairies remains a mystery. But Cicely Mary Barker, born in Croydon, England, in 1895, was the illustrator and poet who created the famous Flower Fairies, first published in 1923—ethereal childlike fairies, based on children in her sister's kindergarten school in the family home. With their diaphanous dragonfly, cicada, bumblebee, and butterfly wings, they could be discovered frolicking anywhere you find botanicals—gardens, meadows, among the hedges, and perched on branches. Barker was a fragile child with epilepsy and consequently home-schooled. She spent hours copying the work of illustrator Kate Greenaway and studying plants; her renderings are remarkable for their accurate detail. Her father even enrolled her in an art correspondence course at the age of thirteen. This is long before the internet, and artwork and critiques were sent through the post. Imagine the patience she learned to cultivate! Ever consumed with perfecting her art, she also attended evening classes at the Croydon Art Society, where she eventually taught.

Her principal influence, however, was the Pre-Raphaelites, the small group of Victorian artists who looked to late medieval and early Renaissance works for inspiration. They were known for painstakingly reproducing botanical details—no doubt thrilling to the young Barker.

By **Laren Stover**

Photographs: **Syrie Moskowitz**

Muse: **Guilia Corcos**

The Rose Fairy

Rose flower and branch headpiece: J.R. Malpere
Wings: Enchanted Hearth Designs



We'd be remiss if we did not discuss the fashions of her fairies. Barker's charming frocks, cloche hats, and tunics were influenced by her botanical observations (petals and leaves figure in), and the medieval leggings, leafy doublets, and draping Pre-Raphaelite gowns are part fairy couture, part ballet costume. Indeed, the clothes of the summer sprites seem plucked from a theatrical fairy garden. She built wings out of twigs and gauze for her little models and sewed all the costumes, recycling parts of them for new costumes that she stored in a trunk. She often referred to Dion Clayton Calthrop's design bible, *English Costume*.

Fairies were wildly popular during Barker's time—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book *The Coming of the Fairies* (1922) included pictures of the infamous Cottingley fairies taken by two little girls who claimed to see them, J.M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* made Tinker Bell a star, and Queen Mary was captivated by the fairy-themed work of Australian illustrator Ida Rentoul Outhwaite.

Just as they are today, fairies were an escape to a more bucolic and innocent time. When we open a Flower Fairy book and read the tender, melodic verses in the voice of the fae, we see that Barker did more than visualize the fairies—she listened to them.

OUR FLOWER FAIRY MUSE

Our flower fairy muse is Giulia Corcos, who just turned eleven in March. Giulia's older sister never quite had the hang of the fairy, but Giulia can't remember a time when she was not enchanted with fairy tales. Because of her severe allergies she has spent much of her childhood in bed reading and not unlike Barker, developing a rich fantasy life.

Bedtime stories with Debi Mazar, her actor mother (who co-authored two cookbooks with Giulia's father, Gabriele Corcos), included countless readings of Hans Christian Andersen's *Thumbelina* and *The Little Mermaid*, Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden* and all the *Flower Fairy* books of Cicely Mary Barker. Giulia's favorite flower fairy is the rose because "she's simple and magical at the same time." (Her favorite frock on this shoot, the poppy.)

In keeping with nature spirits Giulia has been grinding natural lip stains with mortar and pestle since she was seven using petals and berries she picks at her family's house in Tuscany. Now that she's older she refers to her mother's copy of *Toilette, Perfumes and Makeup at the Medici Court* to mix all manner of concoctions. "She's a Renaissance fairy," says Mazar. "She even adds glitter to her homemade slime."

We all know fairies can be theatrical; Giulia was reading her script for the lead in a school production of *Grease* while we did her hair and makeup, and she is learning the art of sewing so she can create costumes and fairy frocks of her own. This is her first time in wings. Unless you count her recent dream, where she got trapped in magical gnome fairy world and turned into a fairy.

"I would like a magical place to escape," she says. "I still have a magical side that believes in fairies."



Follow Laren Stover on Instagram @faerie_style.

Style and production: Cynthia Altoriso Hair: Meg Cost Torelli Makeup: Manami Ishikawa Hand-painted backdrop: broderonbackdrops.net
Flowers and ivy: PANY Floral and jamaligarden.com Satin slippers: balletbeautiful.com Vintage dresses: Courtesy Lillian Lorrain Vintage

The Foxglove Fairy (above): Silver headband: Avigail Adam, courtesy abchome.com Wings: Hello Faerie Leaf wristlet: fireflypath.com

Our Flower Fairy Muse (bottom): Wings: fancyfairy.com



Golden headband: Avigail Adam, courtesy abchome.com
Wings: Hello Faerie



The Scabious Fairy

Green leaf garland: J.R. Malpere
Green corset with leaves: fireflypath.com
White tutu: burnerapparel.com
Silver headband: Avigail Adam, courtesy abchome.com
Wings: fancyfairy.com

DWARF-CRESTED IRISES IN CANAAN, WEST VIRGINIA

by Hannah Star Rogers

The realist masters have avoided the Appalachians and I have to assume that this is because fayeland is difficult to paint. What to do with the sounds of mushrooms unfolding through fallen hemlocks? How to ensure the advancement of each tiny waterfall with the enhancements that are the landscapists' gift? Each water-shape a glaze in a stream: every form along the Rhine is herein featured—in the length of a trellis—every waterfall shape—all miniature, all impossibly present. What to do when the tulip poplars populate the ground with gowned fairies? To step seems wrong, but without examination how can they be embalmed in paint?

Hannah Star Rogers received her MFA from Columbia University and Ph.D. from Cornell University. Her poems and reviews have appeared in The Los Angeles Review of Books, Tupelo Quarterly, The Carolina Quarterly, Catch & Release, and The Southern Women's Review. She is currently working on a manuscript, Luck With Animals.

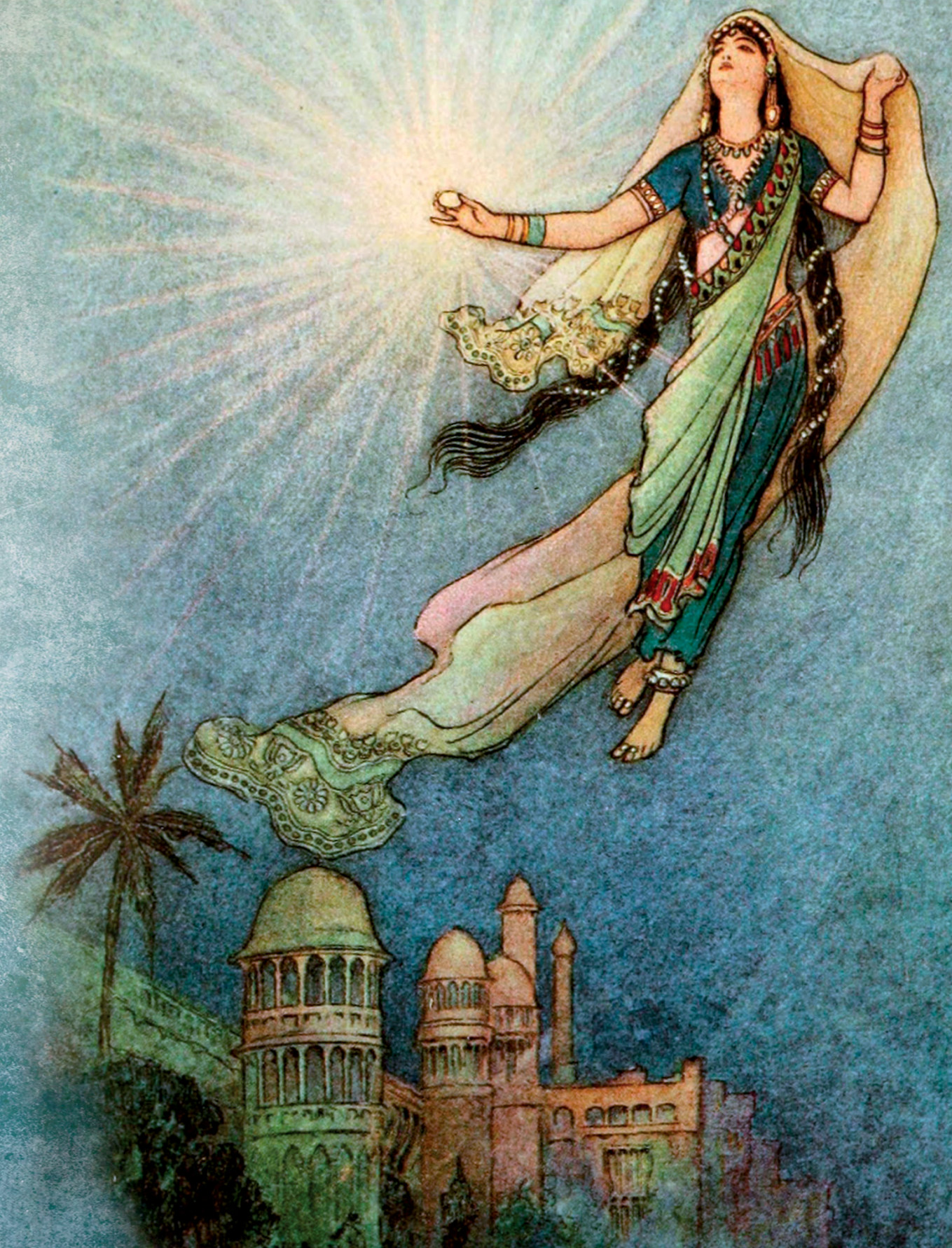
From the
SKY
to the
CEMETERY
to the
SEA

*Four Mythical Beings
From Hindu and Buddhist Lore*

by Shweta Thakrar

Lovers of the fae tend to be familiar with Celtic and British stories and Greek and Roman mythology—think the Faerie Queen, pixies, red caps, and goblins, among others—but as readers of this magazine likely know, creatures of magic and mystery would hardly be content to limit themselves to one area of the world. What fun would that be? Quite the opposite—they turn up in various forms all around the globe, with their own unique motivations, rituals, and escapades.

Hindu and Buddhist literature and spiritual tradition, for example, are bursting at the seams with mythical beings that can take any shape they wish, make music to dazzle hearts, walk despite backward-facing hands and feet, possess cadavers, safeguard the earth, and much more. Let's take a look at four such beings: the apsara, the nagini, the kinnari, and the rakshasi.



APSARA

The apsara is many things: a celestial dancer, a nymph, a seductress. She is all curves and unsurpassed beauty, decadent waves of shining black hair spilling to her knees, silken garments in rich jewel tones, and a delicate gold crown. She first came into being during Samudra Manthan, the churning of the cosmic Ocean of Milk (the Milky Way), when the demigods and demons worked together to obtain the amrit of immortality. (Before the amrit emerged, other treasures surfaced from the creamy waters, including the first apsaras.) Two types of apsaras exist: the worldly, known as the *Laukika*; and the divine, known as the *Daivika*. A mix of these two groups resides in Svargalok, the heavenly realm, where they are often married to the *gandharvas*, the court musicians.

Like Valkyries in Norse mythology, apsaras escort heroes fallen in battle to a divine paradise—in this case, Svargalok—where, accompanied by the *gandharvas*' music, the apsaras entertain their audience of gods and fallen heroes through song and dance. In addition, unlike Valkyries, apsaras are thought to preside over both gambling and fertility rites *and* to represent different aspects of the performing arts.

Creatures of lightness and refinement, apsaras are associated with water and waves, clouds and air, and may shift shape at will. The movements of their voluptuous bodies are so graceful as to enthrall even the most dispassionate of observers, and for this reason, Lord Indra, king of Svargalok, often sends them down to Earth to lure spiritual seekers away from their austerities and meditation. It is a hardy soul who can withstand such a challenge, and many a sage has forsaken the promise of divine boons and even enlightenment to enjoy the immediate gratification of a celestial nymph's bountiful charms. (Indeed, an apsara was dispatched to distract Siddhartha Gautama from the contemplation that led to his self-realization as Buddha, but he managed to keep his attention on the greater goal.)

Sometimes apsaras dally with humans of their own choosing. One of the most well-known examples of this is the love affair between the apsara Urvashi and the human king Pururavas. Pururavas caught sight of Urvashi while she was wandering on earthly soil, the result of having been cursed to spend time away from Svargalok, and enamored of her beauty, he asked for her hand in marriage. Urvashi, feeling playful, consented but set three inviolable conditions: one, three sheep would always remain at the foot of her bed; two, she would be served a regular diet of ghee for her meals; and three, she must never see Pururavas in a state of undress.

Odd as the conditions were, Pururavas found them agreeable, and the two spent 6,000 years in conjugal bliss. Urvashi even bore Pururavas six sons. But in time, the *gandharvas* missed their Urvashi and decided to bring her home. One evening, they stole the sheep by her bed, and Urvashi, distressed, cried out for help. Pururavas, who slept sky-clad, raced after the *gandharvas*, and

passed right by the fire the *gandharvas* had set, revealing himself fully to his wife. In the chaos, no one thought to feed Urvashi while Pururavas searched and searched, and lo, with all three conditions broken, her curse came to an end—as did her time among mortals. Back to Svargalok she flew, leaving Pururavas to nurse a broken heart.

NAGINI

Nagas (the feminine form being either *nagi* or *nagini*) are as sinuous and lovely as the apsaras, but in a markedly different way. They too may shift shape, between human and serpent forms, but they are most commonly depicted in a hybrid state, with a human head and torso and a muscular, coiling cobra's tail from the waist down, and they retain the cobra's venomous bite. They also sport cobra hoods and enjoy wearing fine clothing and jewels.

Nagas are the cousins and sworn enemies of the *garudas*—half-human, half-eagle shifters who view them as prey and drove them underground, where they established a kingdom, Nagalok, in the lowest of the subterranean realms, known as Patala. But nagas dwell in a number of different places, among them the heavenly abode of Svargalok, as well as lakes, rivers, sacred groves, and caves.



As nature spirits, nagas offer great wisdom, guard bodies of water, and bring rain and abundance—yet, quick of temper, they might just as easily send floods and droughts to destroy the fruit borne of that abundance. Even so, they tend to lash out only when offended and gladly accept human offerings. For example, a human wishing to attract a naga may do so by building them a house of precious metals on the shore of a lake or a river or even a sea.

Curious creatures, nagas often involve themselves in mortal doings, such as the time a *nagini* princess named Uloopi spotted the human prince Arjun, of the five Pandava brothers, bathing in the river Ganga and decided he would be hers. On a whim, she reached up and dragged him down through the current into Nagalok. When he woke, she explained who she was and what she'd done, and proposed to him.

Arjun, though he very much enjoyed the attention of beautiful women, pointed out that he was sworn to remain celibate during the pilgrimage he was currently on. But Uloopi countered that he was required to remain celibate only with his first wife Draupadi. Needing no more convincing, Arjun agreed to marry and spend one night with Uloopi before continuing on his pilgrimage. As a result, she later gave birth to a son named Iravan.

Nevertheless, Uloopi was not content to remain behind. Eventually she took Iravan to find his father, now living with another of his human wives, Princess Chitrangada, and their son Babruvahana. The two women became like sisters, jointly raising their sons, although Uloopi never spoke of the future she alone knew was coming: that Babruvahana was fated to strike down his own father in battle.

The predestined day arrived, and Uloopi encouraged a frightened Babruvahana to perform his duty—as it was the only way to satisfy the curse Arjun was under, which demanded he must die at his son's hand. Babruvahana slayed his father as prophesied, at which point Uloopi summoned her secret weapon, the gem of the nagas, and used it to restore Arjun to life, reuniting the happy family.

KINNARI

While apsaras and nagas may change form at will, the animal-headed *kinnara* (the feminine form being *kinnari*) cannot do so. Like nagas, however, they are a hybrid being. Depending on the story, *kinnaras* are either half-human and half-horse



creatures (in South Asian lore), or else half-human and half-bird (in other parts of Asia). When half-horse, they may either have an equine head and torso and human lower body or, like centaurs, a human head and torso and equine lower body. When half-bird, a *kinnara* possesses the wings, tail, and webbed feet of a swan. *Kinnaras* are associated with poetry, song, music, and dance, and the *kinnari* symbolizes feminine beauty, elegance, and artistic accomplishment.

Along with other mythical species like nagas and *garudas*, *kinnaras* dwell in the Himavanta forest at the base of Mount Meru, a celestial mountain covered with rare herbs and cloud peaks that was once used as a pivot by the demigods and demons during Samudra Manthan.

Amorous beings, *kinnaras* are deeply bound to their lovers, profoundly

partake in the art of love, and suffer when parted from their mates. Although their all-consuming passion leaves little room in their hearts for others, they are benevolent and do take an interest in human affairs, particularly in times of trouble.

Occasionally their ardent nature extends to human beings rather than other *kinnaras*, such as when Manohara, daughter of the *kinnara* king, journeyed to Earth and was caught by a hunter who gifted her to the human prince Sudhana. Sudhana swiftly fell for her, and the two wed. But later, when he was off in battle, the royal councilor blamed Manohara for the city's ill fortune and condemned her to death.

Before the sentence could be carried out, a furious Manohara set aside a ring and directions to her father's kingdom for Sudhana, then made her escape.

When Sudhana returned to this news, he immediately set out on a journey of seven years, seven months, and seven days to find her. Along the way, he learned the language of animals, memorized the necessary prayers to win back his wife, and overcame an angry *yaksha*, a river of flames, and a mammoth tree.

But no quest is ever so simple as that, and once Sudhana reached the *kinnara* kingdom, the king subjected him to a series of tests, including lifting a stone bench to show his strength, performing archery to prove perseverance, and pinpointing his wife in a group of seven identical women to demonstrate wit. Sudhana, determined to see Manohara again, passed them all. At last the king permitted him to rejoin his wife, and together Manohara and Sudhana went home.

RAKSHASI

Unlike apsaras and nagas or even kinnaras, few might consider rakshasas (or the female version *rakshasi*) alluring. Not only are they unabashed cannibals ravenous for human flesh and generally cruel, but when undisguised they are terrifying to behold: They are enormous, with a fierce, ugly appearance; long, sharp fangs; talonlike fingernails; and flaming red eyes. (Though they share some superficial qualities with asuras, a demon race, they are a separate species.)

When not in battle, rakshasas can be found haunting cemeteries and sucking the milk of cows dry—or slipping into men's bodies through their open mouths to possess their minds. Fearful of daylight, rakshasas prefer to roam nocturnally, particularly during the new moon of each month. Like vampires, they drink blood, but unlike vampires, rakshasas are skilled illusionists and shape-shifters and can even fly, making them a formidable enemy indeed.

Rakshasas are hardly what we would picture as heroes. They are, with a few notable exceptions, the villain of any narrative they appear in. Yet even bloodthirsty monsters might fall in love, and that is exactly what happened in the instance of the human prince Bhima, of the Pandava brothers, and the rakshasi Hidimbi. The five brothers, along with their mother Kunti and their communal wife Draupadi, had been exiled for fourteen years from their kingdom. One night, exhausted after having fled an attempt on their lives, they set up camp in a nearby forest, and everyone but Bhima, who'd been assigned to keep watch, collapsed into a deep sleep.

Unfortunately for the Pandavas, a ravenous rakshasa-and-rakshasi sibling pair made their home in that forest. The two had long since established their routine: Hidimba would scent out the presence of humans in the air, and his sister Hidimbi would take the form of a lovely maiden and lure the hapless victim to their doom. That evening, the siblings' intended meal was Bhima, and off Hidimbi went to procure him.

However, when she saw Bhima in person, her heart swelled, and her appetite shifted from hunger to yearning. She could no more eat this powerful, virile warrior than leave without him. Instead, she revealed her own identity, detailed her brother's intentions for Bhima, and offered herself in marriage to him. Less than impressed, Bhima rejected the proposal and went to confront Hidimba. A great battle ensued, which Bhima ultimately won by killing Hidimba.



He planned to kill Hidimbi too, certain she would desire vengeance for her brother, but Hidimbi appealed to his mother, who insisted Bhima marry the rakshasi, as she was all alone in the world now. Ever the dutiful son, Bhima reluctantly agreed, on the condition that he would remain with her only until she'd given birth to a child. They wed, and within a year Hidimbi bore a son they named Ghatotkacha (as his head was shaped like a clay pot), and the Pandava clan continued on its way.

These four are just a sampling of the types of mythical beings in South Asian lore, but there are many more, including vanaras, daayan, yakshas, kimpurushas, gandharvas, vetalas, bhoots ... the list goes on and on. Hindu and Buddhist mythology and folklore are certainly as rich and varied as anything we are familiar with in the West, whether Celtic fae stories or Greek mythos, and as rife with ritual and meaning. I encourage interested readers to seek out this treasure trove of tales, both through the ancient epics and traditional teachings and through more modern adaptations, such as the *Amar Chitra Katha* series of comics, scholarly reference texts, novels, movies, and art.

Note: These beings and stories, though originally found in ancient epics such as the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*, are experiencing a resurgence in modern South Asian pop culture as well: highlights include the 1976 Bollywood thriller film *Nagin*, about a nagini in search of revenge for her murdered lover, and Sukanya Venkatraghavan's more recent adult fantasy novel *Dark Things* (2016), in which apsaras wreak havoc on all the realms, even finding ways to make delightful mischief as starlets in Bollywood.

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

Upon Midsummer

It is time,
It is now.
When the year spreads its light
Over the longest day,
And the dark is a memory yet to come,
We dance in a glade,
In the mid summer night,
In the mid summer light,
Until finally twilight and dawn merge
Into the endless time of Faerie;
The magic time
Of granting and bestowing,
Of asking and receiving,
The blessings and the wishes
Of the now and the forever.

Brian & Wendy Froud

The PIXIES of PENZANCE

A Fairy Trail Through Cornwall

BY PAUL HIMMELEIN

After researching Scottish fairy sites from the lowlands of Edinburgh and Stirling to the Highlands of Bute and Argyll, *Faerie Magazine* editor at large, Laren Stover, and editorial director, Paul Himmelein, were drawn to explore the wild coasts and romantic moors of the Cornwall peninsula looking for tales of fairy-human interaction. From subterranean mining sprites known as Knockers to singing mermaids to the myriad piskies (Cornish pixies) that guard the legendary sites of Penwith, the two were charmed to discover that Cornwall literally is a fairyland.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIMON CHAPMAN AND THE AUTHOR

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The Neolithic **Chûn Quoit** on the heather moorland of West Penwith.

The Pixies of Penzance

Paul Himmelein

LED ASTRAY

I didn't know much about this corner of Britain that jutted into the north-flowing jet stream aside from the surprising fact that tropical-looking palm trees speckled the landscape. Everything else I knew about Cornwall came from literary references such as the Pirates of Penzance, those sherry-swilling, kindhearted brigands in Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera (first performed 1879) and the band of cutthroat wreckers that lured ships onto the rocks so they could carry off its valuables in Daphne du Maurier's mystery *Jamaica Inn* (1936), and Winston Graham's twelve-volume, 18th century Cornish saga about a man called Poldark.

It was obvious there was something enchanted about this journey from the outset. A free upgrade from coach to business class with our own reclining beds made the transatlantic flight a breeze. We landed on a rare sunny morning at London's Heathrow Airport. I gathered up my unwieldy road maps, bracing for the nearly four-hour drive from the airport to our lodging in eastern Cornwall, but a free upgrade to a luxury Mercedes with a satellite navigation system rendered my highlighted maps moot.

There's really nothing quite like a weekend road trip with blue skies, plenty of coffee, and no traffic. I felt we were making good time and obeyed the pleasant female voice that guided me from the madness of urban intersections and harrowing roundabouts to the smooth motorway that unfurled before me through the countryside. I followed the orders of the disembodied voice onto an exit ramp. I hadn't realized I had made such quick time, yet there was something that didn't feel right. Sure, I had pored over my maps trying my best to commit them to memory. My plan was to take the M4 to the M5, the fastest route to Cornwall, but how could I argue with the GPS? It didn't take long to realize I had been directed off the motorway and was being shepherded into the center of Salisbury. I instantly regretted falling prey to technology and forsaking my trusty printed maps. Why would this artificially intelligent lady tell me to take this route when it would clearly delay my travels? Apparently, there was a ghost in the machine ... or should I say pixie? Soon the fairies' machinations revealed themselves when we saw signs pointing the way to Stonehenge.

I had visited the prehistoric standing stones over a decade earlier, but Laren—whose deceased father, Dr. Leon Stover, was an anthropologist and H.G. Wells scholar who wrote extensively about Stonehenge—had never seen them in person. There was definitely a force leading us to this iconic Bronze Age site. When the unseen world takes over, it's best not to resist. Laren was able to finally visit the legendary stones that her father had spent so much time exploring and writing about. It turned out this was the perfect route to take to Cornwall.

Just before twilight, we arrived at the remote, late 18th century folly known as Whiteford Temple. This was to be our first camp as we explored the pixie possibilities of Cornwall. Built in 1799 for Sir John Call, who earned his fortune working for the East India Company, the temple is designed around a large center room with three glazed arches looking over the green patchwork valley of the Tamar River.

OF SPRITES AND SAINTS

The next morning we started in pursuit of piskies. We had heard of a sacred well known as St. Nun's Well, also called the Piskies' Well, that was guarded by a benevolent elf not so far away from our folly. There are many wells and springs in Cornwall that are supposed to be enchanted in some manner or another, whether they have healing properties, divination acumen, or merely gain the favor of a fairy or the promise of a pisky. The waters of sacred wells have been used as eyewashes to restore sight, drive away madness, or find out how loved ones living at a distance were faring before the age of the telephone:

*“Water, water, tell me truly,
Is the man that I love duly
On the earth, or under the sod,
Sick or well? In the name of God.”*

Depending upon how the water bubbled up, the person in question was either in good health, ill, or dead.

As Christianity took hold of Britain, the Church saw the futility of shutting down these superstitions and beliefs and so adopted them by using these pisky and fairy wells for sacramental rites and swapping the sprite for a saint whose miraculous powers could absorb the piskies' magic.

Finding St. Nun's Well was a challenge and caused us to inquire after its whereabouts at the Jubilee Inn in Pelyant. Thankfully, the well wasn't so far away. A barmaid remembered walking there a few times when she was younger to make wishes for long thick hair and told us the way: “Make a left and then take the second left and go straight down ... you'll see signs.” These simple directions took several attempts and even brought us to an old abandoned lime kiln in the shade of a dense forest alongside a road that was scarcely wide enough for our sleek Mercedes, yet it was a sobering moment to discover this was indeed a two-way road as a large SUV came at us head on. Another inquiry at a guesthouse at the end of a dead end yielded better directions and eventually took us to a gate marked “Hobb's Park.” We walked down the private drive still wondering if we were heading in the right direction until we finally saw a small wooden sign painted with the words “St. Nun's Well” and a pointing hand directing us onward.

St. Nun's Well of Pelynt
also known as the Piskies' Well.



A steep path beneath the shade of an oak tree led us to a bramble- and bracken-covered stone structure. Inside the stone house the walls were dripping wet and covered in vibrant green liverwort, dangling spleenwort, and hart's tongue—fairy flora, indeed. A spring at the back oozes water like teardrops into a granite basin. It's still believed the elf that guards the well inside this grotto-like dwelling dispenses wishes to those that leave an offering such as a coin or bent pin, but beware to those that damage or vandalize the well or its surroundings. Then the pisky will send nothing but ill their way.

There's a famous story about a well-to-do farmer in the region who, after seeing the granite basin in the grotto, got it in his mind to drag the basin off and use it as a trough in his pigsty. He drove his two strongest oxen to the well and chained the sacred basin to his beasts to wrench it free from its ancient site. The oxen toiled diligently to drag the heavy granite up the hillside but the chains could not hold the enchanted basin and it broke free and rolled back down the slope, turning as if guided by an invisible hand only to come to rest in its original position where it has since remained unmoved. The unfortunate farmer became instantly lame and dumb and never prospered again.

We next traveled across Bodmin Moor on our way to Dozmary Pool to visit the famous Arthurian location where

Sir Bedivere tossed the king's sword, Excalibur, into the lake and we stopped near the church of St. Neot for lunch. Once our interest in fairies was made known, the paunchy, barefoot landlord of the pub opened up and told us of an ancient fairy well with magical properties within walking distance.

Like St. Nun's Well, this fairy well was hidden inside a stone house too. It was renovated in the mid-19th century when the roots of oaks and willow trees had caused the ancient structure to crumble. Behind a latched wooden door was another damp and dripping interior, though this one was not lush with greenery. The well looked shallow and was carpeted with copper coinage, attesting to heavy wishing. There is a legend that marries the well with the fairies' dislike of hunting. Once when St. Neot was at the well praying, a deer ran up to him to seek protection. When the snarling hounds arrived, they immediately quieted and lay down at the feet of the saint. Shortly after, the hunter stepped from the forest with bow drawn and saw this unexpected scene of tranquility and animal harmony. He became so moved that he renounced hunting evermore.

Though there were many more enchanted wells to explore, we made it to only two more during our explorations: Madron Well—called so after St. Madern—and the fairy well at Carbis Bay. Dr. William Borlase (1669–1772), author of *The Natural*

History of Cornwall, commented on Madron Well:

“Here, people who labour under pains, aches and stiffness of limbs come and wash, and many cures are said to have been performed ... Hither also come, the uneasy, the impatient, and the superstitious, and by dropping pins or pebbles into the water, and by shaking the ground round the spring, so as to raise bubbles from the bottom, at certain times of the year, moon and day, endeavor to settle such doubts and enquires as will not let the idle and anxious rest.”

Two and a half centuries later, pilgrims to Madron Well still leave votive offerings or clouties, strips of fabric dipped into the water of the enchanted holy well. They are then tied to branches of a nearby tree while a prayer is said to the spirit of the well. We arrived at Madron Well after the sun drove the morning rain away. Shafts of golden light illuminated trinkets—tied ribbons, knotted rags, tarot cards, beaded necklaces, gemstone pendants, and even a Barbie's head—all dangling from the canopy of leafy branches and twigs. It looked either like a Mardi Gras piñata had exploded or a contemporary art exhibition had been installed in the middle of the woods.

The final well we visited was the Carbis Bay fairy well. Down a steep lush green hillside, just above the turquoise waters of Carbis Bay, the well is set in the most enchanting surroundings. Here visitors are expected to leave something silver behind if they wish the favor of the fairies. Some say if you throw a crooked pin over your back and it lands in the well, your wish will come true. If not ... well, keep trying.

MERMAID MURMURS

Cornwall is bordered by the sea on three sides. You can scarcely get more than twenty miles away from the thrashing waves, precipitous cliffs, and Caribbean blue waters—or from the siren's song for that matter. With so much ocean, there was bound to be a mermaid tale or two.

After relocating from Whiteford Temple to the Egyptian House on Chapel Street in Penzance, an early 19th century building designed in the style of Egyptomania popularized by Napoleon, we explored the western extremity of the Penwith peninsula. We started with Sennen Cove, as popular with the pirates as it was with the mermaids. It was a siren hangout for centuries where the fishtailed femme fatales frolicked upon the rocks doing mermaid things such as singing, combing their hair, and luring fishermen to their deaths.

The most famous mermaid story in Cornwall happened in the village of Zennor. In the Norman church of St. Senara, a beautiful and mysterious stranger known as Morverren would come in the evening to the church to listen to the angelic voiced churchwarden's son, Mathey Trewella. One night Mathey sang particularly beautifully and heard the stranger in the back row gasp and let out a soft sigh. Mathey's eyes met hers. He saw that her hair was wet and shining. While their eyes were locked, he



The Crown Mines of Botallack.

had fallen in love with her. Morverren's limpid eyes flashed with fear and she slipped from her pew into the twilight. Mathay pursued her toward the ocean, but she became tangled in her dress and tripped, revealing a fish's tail. “I must go. I am a creature of the sea,” the beautiful Morverren said, “and have to return to where I belong.” Mathay was lost to love and replied, “Then I will go with ye. For with ye is where I belong.” Mathay lifted the mermaid from the ground and jumped into the ocean. They were never to be seen again. However, on calm fair days his voice can be heard soft and high, but on days that would turn stormy, he sings in low deep tones. It became so that the Zennor fishermen knew when to keep their ships at anchor in the harbor and when it was safe to sail out.

To commemorate the mermaid's visit to the church, in the 15th century a pew was decorated with a carved mermaid holding a mirror and comb. Some say it is the same pew that Morverren sat in when she listened to Mathay. The pew can still be seen in the church today. Before returning to Penzance, we had a sunset dinner nearby on the terrace of the Tinner's Arms, a pub where D.H. Lawrence, the English author of *The Rainbow* (1915), stayed for two weeks before moving into a cottage nearby.

ROCK STARS

Cornwall is freckled with Neolithic and Bronze Age dolmens and standing stones. Those ancient burial and religious sites composed of megaliths and flat capstones remind one of Stonehenges in miniature. Piskies and guardian fairies are said to dwell among and watch over these ancient stones. Not far from St. Nun's Well, we found the stone circle of Duloe: eight quartz-rich rocks standing tall in a sheep field. It's renowned for its small diameter (less than forty feet) and large stones (up to eight and a half feet high). In the 18th century, during the winter of an especially long hard frost, a poor farmer ventured out to the stone circle and prayed to the piskies of Duloe to help feed his starving family. The next morning a feast large enough to



Sheep always find the grazing better inside the Duloe Stone Circle.

The Pixies of Penzance

Paul Himmelein

feed the town was laid before his door. The farmer returned that night to thank the piskies and ask what he could do in return. When finally a pisky showed up, the farmer was horrified to see it trembling and dressed in scanty rags, huddling by his lantern for warmth. The pisky was not allowed to ask the human for help. The farmer ran to fetch a blanket for the shivering sprite, but when he returned, the pisky was gone. All the next day the farmer had his family toil to make a grand plush outfit for the freezing fairy. They left it at the stone circle for the pisky, who eventually snatched it up, thanking the farmer for answering his prayer.

Just beyond the Madron Well stands a Neolithic tomb known as Lanyon Quoit. It resembles a large three-legged table and is said to have housed the bones of a giant. Another legend claims that it was the place where King Arthur had his last meal before the battle of Camlann. The large quantity of cow pies we had to tip-toe around somehow diminished the dignity of this landmark.

Mên-an-Tol is a group of relatively small stones around 3,500 years old. The center stone resembles a large granite doughnut. Indeed, Mên-an-Tol means “hole stone” in Cornish. There is a myth that its pisky guardians help heal those that pass through the center of this stone. In one story they helped a mother become reunited with her real child when she passed a changeling through the hole. It was also believed that women passing through the stone would increase their fertility to the point that barren women would conceive. It was also believed to cure back problems (for this reason it was also dubbed the Crick Stone), rickets, and tuberculosis and said to break evil spells and be a charm against witchcraft. Just as a preventative, I crawled through the stone myself. So far, it seems to be working.

MINE READERS

Cornwall is mining country, or rather it was mining country until the copper faded in the 1840s and tin peaked in the 1870s. Abandoned mines litter the landscape. We saw them on the horizon, along the roadside and dotting distant cliffs. They are the scabs covering the wounds left by 18th and 19th century capitalist industrialism. Yet even so, there were fairies called Buccas or Knockers that populated the mines. These piskies were reported to be between eighteen and twenty-four inches tall and lived deep down in the remotest areas of the tunnels. Most believed they were benevolent sprites that would “knock” upon the walls of the mines to direct miners respectful of them to rich veins of ore. The Knockers were also said to warn miners of tunnel collapses and other dangers by knocking in advance of these disasters. To secure the Knockers’ favors, miners would toss the last bite of their meals down the shaft as tribute to the fairies before they surfaced. Many Cornish miners wouldn’t

work a mine at home or abroad unless they were convinced that Knockers had already taken up residency within its shafts and tunnels.

A FAIRY FUNERAL

On our way toward Carbis Bay on the north coast of Penwith, we stopped off at a church in Lelant that dates back to the 11th century. We wanted to visit because we heard the area around the St. Uny church was favored by the fairies for their midnight revelries. Unfortunately, most of the sandy surroundings have been transformed into a golf course. But putting greens and driving ranges were a long way off when, centuries ago, a man walking home well past midnight heard the bell of the church toll and saw candlelight flickering through the windows. Curiosity drew him to the granite church so that he could peer inside. He could scarcely believe the proceedings that were unfolding. A funeral procession was making its way slowly down the aisle toward the altar. The corpse was a beautiful woman covered with white flowers, her flaxen hair coiled about the blossoms. Yet the most difficult thing for the man to comprehend was the tiny stature of the participants; they were smaller than a child’s doll. He watched as a group of tiny men opened the floor near the altar. They laid the blossom-laden corpse down into the grave and began wailing that their queen was dead. The man spontaneously cried out himself. Instantly the candles were snuffed and a strong wind was whipped up outside. The man felt himself pricked and pinched in the moonlight as the shrieking fairies flew past him.

Fairies travel in the most magical ways. They can fly or they can just appear. On the southeastern coast of Cornwall, a farm boy was heading back home at twilight when he heard someone cry, “I’m for Porthallow Green!” The lad repeated these words and found himself directly on the green in the company of laughing piskies. They then cried out, “I’m for Seaton Beach!” and vanished. The boy repeated these words and immediately found himself upon the shore with the dancing piskies. Then one of the elfin creatures shouted, “I’m for the King of France’s cellar!” In a heartbeat, the group was in Louis’s wine cellar, where the boy lifted a silver goblet and tucked it beneath his shirt as proof should anyone doubt his story. Eventually he returned home using the same pisky method that brought him there. If only we could say, “We’re for New York,” and find ourselves back home, having avoided the return flight and the security and customs lines, our fairy trail would have ended as enchantingly as it had begun.



Follow Paul Himmelein on Instagram @lordperegrine.



Laren contemplating Lanyon Quoit on the road between Madron and Morvah.



© Simon Chapman

The Bronze-Age Mên-an-Tol, guardian pisky not visible.

Cloaked in Nature

THE GOSSAMER CAPES OF COSTURERO REAL



by GRACE NUTH
Photography by JENNIFER ILENE

*Model: Grace Nuth
Cape: White Moth, Costurero Real*



Every now and then, a garment of beauty comes along; a fabric creation so beautiful that once you've seen it, you wonder how it even exists and how you can live without it. For many fairy-minded people, Costurero Real's gossamer wing capes are such items.

Although Costurero Real continues to create all sorts of garments, its most popular is definitely the butterfly cape in all its various patterns. When Spanish fashion designer Alassie first made a cape design, she was inspired by nature, of course, but also by an old photograph she found of Mata Hari wearing Isis wings. Her first cape was a personal costume she made for an event in 2012 using fabric from the custom fabric design website Spoonflower, in a heavier drape than the cape she later perfected. A year or so later, she began to brainstorm on how the design could be altered: lighter fabric, flowier. She researched different species of moths and butterflies, to create different patterns drawn from nature. In April 2016, an admirer shared images of the wing capes with a media news outlet. Within forty-eight hours, the capes had been shared on a half dozen popular online pop culture websites like Bored Panda, Laughingsquid, Mashable, and Boredom Therapy, and then endlessly on social media. Business exploded for Costurero Real, mostly orders for the incredible capes that had been shared everywhere. The design appeared so convincingly real, some people online even accused Costurero Real of adding wings in Photoshop to the photos!

Alassie began El Costurero Real as an online blog in 2008. In Spanish, the name means "the royal tailor." She shared stunning examples of medieval and other historical hairstyles, headpieces, and gowns, with photo shoots featuring her pieces in gorgeous locales. Very soon, El Costurero Real the blog became Costurero Real the business when Alassie opened an Etsy shop in 2011 to sell her original creations. She hired Mara to assist her in 2015 after the two met at a steampunk convention and discovered they were kindred spirits. Mara, also known as Lady Entropy, specializes in the use of molds and resins and now helps create new designs. When Costurero Real's business continued to increase, due in large part to the winged cape's popularity, Mara introduced Alassie to Ivy Puig, who has a degree in fine arts, pattern making, and sewing and now does seamstress work for Costurero Real, and Sophie, who writes for the blogs and the mailing lists and helps ship the company's gowns, capes, and other goods all around the world. The team became a fantastical foursome—working together in a Barcelona office, united by a love for whimsy and fairy tale.

Model: Gina Setter
Makeup: Evie Selaty
Hair: Aly Wenson
Peacock handlers: David Riddle & Todd Gillihan

Costurero Real

Grace Nuth

Fairy tales influence and inspire many of Costurero Real's designs. A dark burgundy velvet gown with puff sleeves in an Italian Renaissance style is named for Snow White and would match the gleam of the most potent dark apple. The Rapunzel gown is a white and cream brocade in medieval style with an overtunic. The model's long blonde hair is woven with ribbon, and her delicate white bell sleeves would flutter in the breeze of her tower window. A blue velvet gown with a crushed gold under layer has fleur-de-lis embroidery on the neckline, perhaps a fairy godmother's hint to Cinderella regarding her royal future. And Sleeping Beauty's gown is in a pale ivory, with a brocade waist cincher and a voluminous skirt and sleeves that drape beautifully when sleeping for a thousand years. Arthurian myth is also a big inspiration, and the team constantly seeks ideas in old fairy legends and folk tales as well. Not all their designs are meant for costume wear either: They offer kimonos and are working on creating swimsuits, leggings, and skirts, all with an eye for romance in daily life.

Anyone who sees one of Costurero Real's silk-screened butterfly-wing capes can imagine themselves wearing one while cavorting across moss-covered stones near a waterfall, the spray of water billowing the wings behind. Or perhaps donning a pair at a fairy festival and dancing a spiral dance, wings fluttering as feet leap and dart. Wing buyers have worn their capes while doing yoga in nature, at costume parties ... A pair of "grandmas" who are regular customers wear them as scarves every day.

The foursome at Costurero Real will only continue to stretch their imaginations and explore new ideas. They're currently working on death-moth and dragonfly design wing capes and also plan to grow their operating business as well, with new team members and designs. It will be interesting to see how they improve on the perfection of their wing capes, offering women and men of all ages, sizes, colors, and walks of life the chance to adorn themselves like fairy folk and live in enchantment.

Photographer Jennifer Ilene loves fairy tales and seeks to create imaginative narratives in her art. When she saw the capes created by Costurero Real, she was immediately struck by the images she could create with them. She and Alassie began to chat about a collaboration, which began with one cape, the moth design. Ilene planned a photo shoot with model (and *Faerie Magazine* deputy editor) Grace Nuth, and the results were so captivating that the team at *Faerie* asked for more images with more cape patterns!

Ilene sought out a half dozen additional models and traveled to four states (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan) to create the resulting images. Among the co-models for the images were a live peacock and an arctic fox. But Ilene is never afraid of a photography challenge: She has photographed elephants in India and wolves in Oregon, and is known for her stunning photography of models posing with animals of all kinds, co-existing in a fragile beauty. "Real-life fairy tales do exist if you set your mind on it," she says. We think her photos provide ample proof of that.



A FEW FAVORITES

Favorite Wing Capes:

Alassie: The Monarch butterfly big wings
Ivy: The Emperor Moth small wings
Mara: The Nymph Butterfly small wings
Sophie: The Cecropia small wings

Favorite Fairy Tales:

Alassie: The Twelve Months
Ivy: East of the Sun and West of the Moon
Mara: Alice in Wonderland
Sophie: Hansel and Gretel

Model: Ashley Monique

Makeup: Hannah Butler Makeup Artist with Imagine Three

Floral headpiece: Susan McLeary of Passionflower





*Models: Vasilyeva Dmitrievna & Spartan the Arctic fox
Makeup: Suna Sharafi*



*Model: Gabija Guzauskaite
Makeup: Suna Sharafi of Faces by Suna
Headpiece: Susan McLeary of Passionflower*



Model: Irene Hochgraf Cameron



Model: Irene Hochgraf Cameron
Cape: Monarch, Costurero Real



Model: Berkeley Clayborne
Makeup: Ashley Simon

An interview with
FRANCESCA LIA BLOCK

by Carolyn Turgeon

We asked the magical, glitter-loving, award-winning author a few questions.

Faerie Magazine: You use a lot of fairy tales and mythology in your writing. What is the allure of these stories for you?

Francesca Lia Block: Myths and fairy tales contain profound, timeless, and sometimes subversive (to the patriarchy) truths encoded within them. They're the way we pass on secret knowledge—pertaining to female empowerment, nature spirits, sacred union, death, and resurrection for example. These are all elements of goddess culture and the tales are Her textbook.

FM: What is the allure of fairies for you?

FLB: Fairies are nature spirits, the expression of the goddess through flora. They're flighty and ethereal but also productive, diligent workers, tenders to the natural world.

FM: What about mermaids?

FLB: Fairies of the sea.



FM: Do you see your real life as a fairy tale?

FLB: It's magical realism. Both are important. I try to find a balance between dark and light, masculine and feminine, ethereal and grounded, dreaming and working, giving and receiving.

FM: Do you believe in magic?

FLB: Yes. Many kinds. For me the daily magics are love and words. Both transform us and our world. Like magic!

FM: In what ways do you try to incorporate your love of fairy tales and whimsy into your daily life?

FLB: I don't know if *whimsy* is a word I relate to, but I do try to surround myself with flowers, animals, books, writers, artists, music, and love. And lots of rose quartz. I write, read, walk my dog, meditate, do yoga, weight train, teach creative writing, cook healthy meals. I try to make them all expressions of the sacred feminine. As mentioned above, fairies and fairy tales are an extension of that.

I also have a rose gold iPhone, pink sparkle phone case, rose gold metallic wallet, pink and gold purses, rose quartz jewelry, pink and gold sparkle eyeshadow, and pink glitter nail polish to remind me of fairy energy.

FM: Which fairy tale has inspired you most?

FLB: Many. "The Handless Maiden." I did a short story called "Handless" for Beyond Books, illustrated by Dame Darcy. "Bluebeard." The director Danishka Esterhazy made a short film called *The Singing Bones* based on my retelling. Changeling lore. My books *The Elementals*, *Blood Roses*, and *Dangerous Angels* all play with that. I love "The Snow Queen" too. My book *The Rose and the Beast* features stories based on many of these tales. And I can't forget the very, very weird "The Three Heads in the Well," which inspired the title story from my ebook collection *Lay Me Out Softly*. Finally, I have a book of poetry called *Dead Girls: Tales, Myths and Fables* coming out from Midsummer Night's Press.

FM: Is there a specific message you're trying to get across in your books?

FLB: Love heals. Art heals. Create art. Create love. Love and art are magic. Nature is sacred and must be protected. Men and women working together can change the world for the better. Energy doesn't go away; it just changes form.

From "Nothing" to Something Wonderful

with KARIMA CAMMELL



Wings & Crown Tutorial

Karima Cammell

Fairy magic is about creating something from nothing, which is why it's so miraculous when we see the first flowering branch of spring. One moment a tree looks lifeless, and then in the blink of an eye it—and all the world—seems covered in a riotous rainbow of flowers. Each season the fairies work with what's at hand to accomplish the enormous task of renewing the world. Our potential to do the same thing for ourselves may not be obvious at first, but when we craft with true fairy magic, the world blooms with creative potential.

I often use the fairy magic of renewal in my own crafts. And I'm far from the first to tap into it. Vintage postcards often reveal a wealth of imaginative ingenuity. The fairy children in my postcard collection look like they've just floated down from a delicate cocoon, but really they've simply dressed up in bits and bobs from around the house. A simple nightshirt, a few pieces of cloth, some wire—who

knew such magic was hiding in castoff scraps and other so-called garbage?

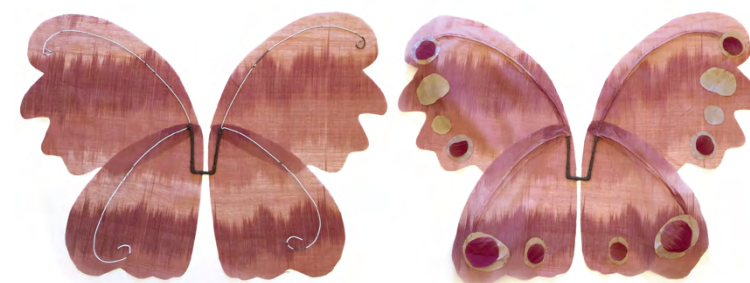
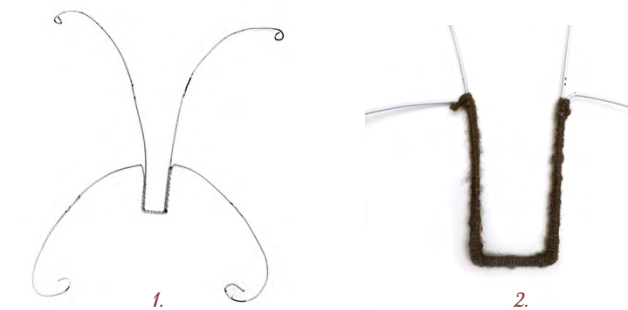
What can you make using only the materials you already have at home or in your studio? Yarn from ratty sweaters, panels from worn-out pillowcases and curtains, wire from flimsy coat hangers, or even from twist ties ... If you give these things enough respect and thought, you can imbue them with new life, in the same way the fairies coax out the first blossoms of spring, or a humble caterpillar becomes a shimmering butterfly. So instead of shopping for more crafting supplies or finished pieces, cocoon up and see what you can create from what you already have. We want our imaginations to soar, and as any butterfly or fairy can tell you, before we can expect to fly we must first tread more lightly on the earth.

What follows are my instructions for a pair of wings and a fairy crown—all using regular day-to-day items.



Something Wonderful Wings

1. Untwist and straighten two wire hangers. Find the center of each and use pliers to bend the wires into matching, squared-off "U" shapes. Twist thin wire around the two hangers to hold them together. Symmetrically bend the thick wires to shape the wing armature. Curl the ends to prevent any eye poking.
2. Wrap the U-shaped joint tightly with yarn. This will secure the armature and make the wings more comfortable to wear.
3. Cut open a large paper bag and flatten it out. Lay the wire armature atop the paper. Make one upper wing pattern and one lower wing pattern by tracing around the armature in the shapes you would like for your wings. Cut out the pattern pieces.
4. Pin each pattern piece to a doubled-up piece of cloth so that when you cut you have two each of the upper and lower wing segments.
5. Apply a thin coating of glue to the wire armature and press the wings into place.
6. Cover the wires with strips of fabric, then decorate the wings with circles cut from other bits of cloth. Layer the circles to create "eyes" on the wings.
7. Embellish your wings however you like. Destroyed lace can create intricate details. Use chalk to draw on designs, spraying it with a fixative. (Hair spray works for this, as does a little glue diluted in water.)
8. Flip your wings over and decorate the back side.
9. If you'll be wearing your wings with a corset or a tight bodice, you can stop here. Just tuck the U-join into your costume and pin it in place. Otherwise, tie on some fabric strips to use as straps, like on a backpack.
10. Finish the space where the wings join by layering up felted wool shapes. This gives the appearance of part of a fuzzy butterfly body.
11. Try on your costume and fly away, transformed by imagination!



Something Wonderful Crown

1. Assemble your materials from what you have: wire coat hangers, stripped twist ties, yarn, colorful scraps of paper and cloth, felted wool, and so on. Cut fabric into short frayed strips for flower centers, scalloped circles for petals, and stars for calyxes.
2. Create a flower by twisting a bundled strip of frayed cloth onto the end of a thin wire. Poke the wire through the center of the petal piece. Add a calyx beneath and gather all the pieces of cloth at the end of the wire, securing the blossom in place with more wire.
3. Make plenty of flowers to fill your crown. Any small bits of fabric will do, as will other materials. Plastic bags can be cut into scraps to make ethereal blossoms. For glimmer and shine, cut out pieces from candy wrappers, gift wrap, and foil.
4. A flower bud can be made by twisting a bead onto the end of a thin wire. Thread a cloth square onto the wire and gather it around the bead, twisting wire around the cloth to hold it in place. Make as many as you like.
5. Arrange the blossoms on a circlet of bent coat hanger wire, twisting the flower and bud stems onto the crown.
6. Tie a long strand of yarn onto one end of the circlet and wrap it tightly around the entire length of the crown. This step takes a while, but it's worth your time to wrap all the flower stems tightly against the crown and cover any sharp wire ends that might otherwise scratch or snag.
7. Finish the crown by adjusting the flowers into their final positions.



Karima Cammell is an artist and author. Her latest book, *The Troll Cookbook*, is a guide to living in harmony with the natural world. She is the founder and owner of *Castle in the Air*, a studio for the imagination dedicated to the artistic spirit in Berkeley, California. Her work can be found at castleintheair.biz.

MATERIALS

4 .88oz/26g balls (each 76.5yd/70m) of Stacy Charles Fine Yarns Stella (74% Silk, 26% Lurex metallic) in color 1 Silver. Or any worsted weight yarn that meets gauge (see Note 1)
 Approximately 3yd/3m of 5/8" ribbon, cut into 2 pieces
 4 decorative beads, approximately 1/4" to 1/2" each
 Size 8 (5.0mm) needle, or size to obtain gauge
 Size 6 (4.0mm) needle, or 2 sizes smaller than larger needle
 Removable stitch marker or piece of contrast yarn
 Darning needle

SIZES

One Size

FINISHED MEASUREMENTS

Approximately 9" top circumference, 17 1/4" length.
 Will stretch to fit.

GAUGE

22 sts x 26 rows = 4" in Lace Pattern Stitch.

ABBREVIATIONS

CCD (Center Double Decrease): Slip 2 sts together knitwise to right needle, k1, pass 2 slipped sts over the knit stitch.

K: Knit.

K2tog: Knit 2 sts together.

P: Purl.

Pm: Place marker.

Rem: Remain(ing).

RS: Right side.

St(s): Stitch(es).

WS: Wrong side.

YO: Yarn over.

PATTERN STITCHES

K1, P1 Rib (over an odd # of sts)

Row 1 (RS): P1, *k1, p1; rep from * to end.

Row 2: K1, *p1, k1; rep from * to end.

Repeat rows 1 and 2.

Lace Pattern (multiples of 8 + 1)

Row 1 (RS): *P1, yo, CCD, yo, k4; rep from * to last st, p1.

Rows 2 and 4: *K1, p7; rep from * to last st, k1.

Row 3: *P1, k4, yo, CCD, yo; rep from * to last st, p1.

Stockinette St

Row 1(RS): Knit.

Row 2: Purl

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

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Find photographer Steve Parke at steveparke.com.

River Girl Stockings

by Lisa Hoffman



NOTES

- The Lurex in Stella makes it a very stretchy fiber. If you choose a substitute yarn, make sure to use a comparable fiber.
- Stocking is written to be worked flat, but can easily be worked in rounds to eliminate the seam by casting on 48 sts and join for rounds, removing the balancing purl st at end of row.

INSTRUCTIONS – MAKE 2

With larger needle, loosely cast on 49 sts. Work K1, P1 Rib for 4 rows. Change to Lace Pattern, work even until piece measures 12" from cast on. Change to smaller needle on next row, placing a removable stitch marker or a contrast yarn on this row to mark the change of gauge. Work even in Lace Pattern for 4" from marker, end having completed a WS row. Change to Stockinette St and decrease on next row as follows: K1, *K2tog, k2; rep from * to last st, k1. 37 sts rem. Continue in St st for 1 1/4". Bind off loosely.

FINISHING

Fold piece and seam. Block lightly by steaming. Weave ribbon in and out of the YOs in first pattern row 1 (behind the CCDs). Tie loosely and trim if needed to hang at desired length. Slip a bead onto a ribbon end, about 2" up, and tie a knot to keep it in place. Repeat at other ribbon end.



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