

Exogwood

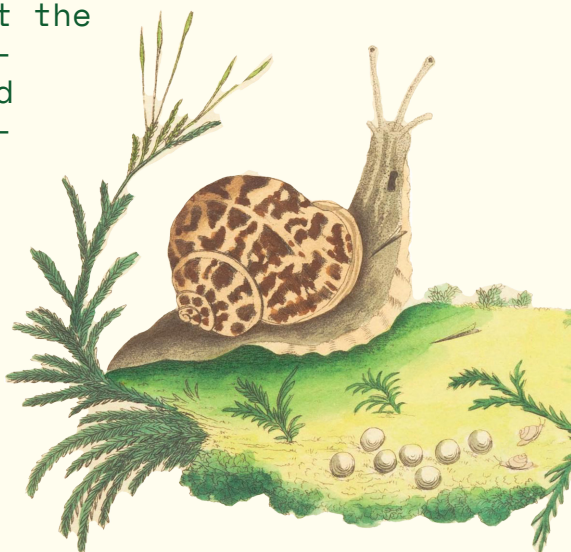


A collaborative zine: explorations, apologies, and play for the inner child in us all!

Writing honestly about childhood is not an easy task because memory can be an unreliable narrator of time. The collected memories that I deem my childhood are rarely attached to a specific point on a timeline, but rather a scattered invocation of familiar feelings or sensations, wrapped up in sometimes magic and sometimes trouble.

Snippets of a childhood self are varying levels of intangible: behind a shadowy veil, and sometimes I have to plunge my hand into the darkness to recover pieces of her. This is necessary work for me, for many reasons. To reignite magic, to learn why I sometimes knee-jerk with anxiety, to believe that it's safe to be loving and loved.

For a while in my early adult life, my childhood was not conjurable. I thought I lost most of my childhood memories because of the various points in which I thought betrayed my childhood self. Particularly when going through the motions of my adolescence, trading genuine curiosity about the world and myself in exchange for coolness and group acceptance, skirting any sentimentality and throwing away any reminder of childhood I had. This adolescent process left me with only a couple childhood items to my name, and some childhood art stowed in my mom's closet.



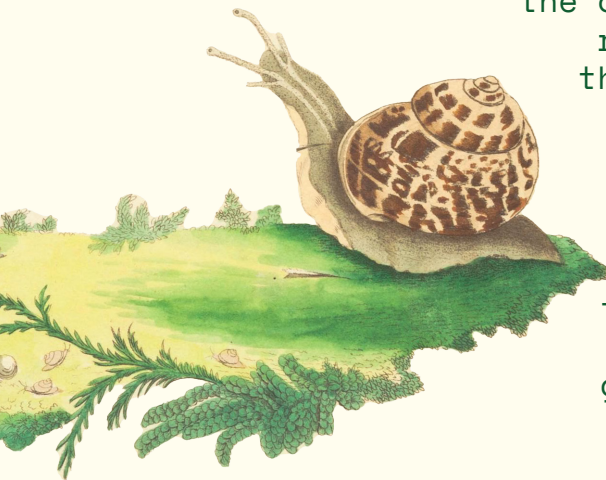
As I get older, I learn that if you let it, adulthood is heliocentric circling back towards what you pushed away. We can do this while wrapped in love for ourselves, letting ourselves crack open towards more softness once left behind. Also, spend a decent amount of time with children and you'll remember what it was like to be a child again, for better or worse. And maybe even be re-enchanted into a secret world from which you resigned.

I love being an adult because I have a sense of freedom that isn't as available when you're young. You can conjure and explore complex ideas, and build your very own life. The ecosystem built in this zine, *Frogwood*, is a habitat in which we can explore what we turned away, engage in play, and just be okay with going with the flow - without any internal pressure to be doing any particular thing that day. It's a way to re-raise your childhood self, one that still comes up from time to time, in need of reassurance and care.

Each artist and writer answered the call: What did we carry with us as children that we shed as adults?

What should we return to? How does our relationship to the children in our lives challenge our relationship to ourselves?

What are your strongest childhood associ-





Picnic on Pollen
Collage, Hand Cut on Paper
by Bethany van Rijswijk

childhood associations? What is magical about being an adult? Should we tend to the wounds of childhood? Do you have a child? How does this inform your movement in the world? Your magical practice - if you have one?





Art & The Inner Child,



the brilliant Ben Eder.

Ben Eden is a multi-disciplinary artist based in New York, who works with painting, soft sculpture and video. Using mythological archetypes to fight disillusionment by sacrificing realism and logic for the sake of joy, their suspension of disbelief manifests in forms of pretend play and folklore. Their ideas are conjured when fantasy is faced with the human condition; when imagination is confronted with love, learning, emotion, aspiration, conflict, time, and death.

HA: *What is the path that brought you to making art as you do now?*

BD: I started making art when I was very little, and over the years have juggled through so many different themes and topics. While I don't want to discredit what I thought was important at the time, keeping that childhood imagination alive is something I have found integral to living a happy life; I don't find myself deviating from this journey anytime soon.


I wanted something lighter and more joyful to make art about. I've seen so many artists around me express their trauma and pain with very dark work; and while all forms of an artist's expression are valid, when I was doing that too I felt constantly down and depressed. I needed to lighten things up and focus on happiness and joy even if I was hurting. The path that brought me here was dire, needing to be gentle with myself and giving myself the tenderness, love, and care I so rarely received.





I wanted something in a lighter & more joyful
to make art about...





In "Tending the Midpoint" you wrote: "When the world became too hard-edged i ran away, to a place where i can more easily process the absurdity of not only living, but making art about it...To the mind i had as a child that could imagine anything and believe it is possible, i will find you again." Why is that childhood capacity for imagination important? Is your art born out of that place, or does it bring you to it?

My art simultaneously brings me to that place and is born out of it. Playing with ideas of imagination and escapism allow me to manifest the innocence of childhood. However, reaching towards that headspace results in many challenges because I am an adult with a greater understanding of how the world works. The road to that childhood capacity for imagination is scary, chaotic, and uncanny when you're no longer a child. It's a two way street between me and them (child-self.) We work on art together and sometimes it comes easy and other times not so much. I believe that doing this type of internal work will lead to a happier, more honest and joy filled life. It can connect you to who you truly are, and what you actually want out of life.

The process behind inspiration for art can often be an elusive thing to pin down for the artist, and fascinating for the observer. Are there any archetypes or centers of inspiration you work with? Are there stories behind the characters you create?

I love and adore fiction. I draw a lot of my inspiration from other artists on similar journeys, fairy tales, folklore, live performance, puppets, dress up, and storytelling. One of my all time favorite archetypes are the fool and the trickster. I believe that balance is important in having a genuine human experience. I have learned to confront my shadows and love them unconditionally, they're tricksters, mischiefs, fools, abnormal and dramatic and I wouldn't be a multifaceted being without them.

Another huge inspiration is African American history and folk magic. As a black person my ancestry isn't easily accessible if at all, so I spend a lot of time researching how life was for people who came before me, practicing magic and honoring the earth in the ways they did. This inspiration started with wondering if looking beyond the time I was born will guide me on my journey now. I can say confidently that it has helped immensely.



Of course there are stories! I have an entire ongoing story in my head with all the characters depicted in my artwork. I struggle with when it's appropriate to share those stories with viewers or if they will ever matter to anyone else. It's hard to find people who are interested in your work beyond looking for 1 minute and saying "Wow, I love it." So while the stories exist they've only been shared with personal friends.

What's your favorite, and least favorite part of what you do?

My most and least favorite part of what I do is the exact same thing right now. *Community*. It's something I find to be one of the most important things in the art world. I feed off of critiques, questioning what art means, helping people move through new and old ideas, going to see art with other people who have also devoted their lives to expressing themselves through the creative process, and having conversations about how we are feeling and what we are thinking. We as humans are not solitary creatures, we thrive when we are together, we thrive when we show up and support each other.

And as artists we have to remember that we don't live in a box, we need each other for inspiration, we are creative because of the impact the world and others in it have on us. The process of creating art requires us to pour out of ourselves, and if we're not out there experiencing and connecting and learning, eventually you will have nothing left to pour out, you must pour into yourself too. Feeling connected to other beings is one of the most beautiful human experiences we have. Sometimes I wonder if it's even a human thing, maybe it's a soul thing or a spiritual thing?

Coming to this realization is an incredibly lonely one. At least for me, I find it very hard to find a reciprocated deep connection. This is a journey that is very long and arduous, many people aren't ready for it, at least not the ones around me.

We are only just beginning to be steeped in summer now, but "Frogwood" will come out around the solstice, the Winter turn of the wheel: do you have any traditions or practices around this time of year?

Spending time in nature. This is definitely a cliché answer but honestly is one of the best things you can do. And I do it all year so it's not specific, but the feelings and magic around that time of year are. While my traditions and practices right now are personal, what I will say is 1) listen to nature, 2) listen to your body, 3) intention is the most important thing, 4) and use what you have around you like our ancestors did, and you will be okay.

And finally, What feels potent to you right now? What's an edge you're softening in your heart or body?

I've learned and applied recently that feelings and emotions are neither good or bad, they just are. This has allowed me to become a more patient and understanding person with others and myself. Anger, sadness, grief, worry, disappointment, anxiety and fear, none of those bad they are just what they are. As a nonbinary person I find it important to dismantle systemic ways of thinking and believing. One being that nothing is black and white. There is always more depth and context to everything. So not categorizing and boxing up something as complex as emotions and feeling has allowed me to be completely present in the moment, and to not feel shame or wrong for simply existing.



EMBRACING THE NUMINOUS

Margarete Maneker

When I entered the synagogue, I could feel the warmth and palpability of an intangible force surrounding me. I'd begged my parents to enroll me in Hebrew school. Mostly I just wanted to join my classmates in the walk from our elementary school to the temple, stopping for snacks and chatting on the way. My family celebrated the major Jewish holidays and went to shul once a year during the High Holy Days. But this was my first time entering a holy space and praying with others of my own volition.

When I faced the Bima and bent my knees, bowing as I spoke the words of my people, I discovered profundity. This sense of wonder and belonging was wholly new, yet it felt like a return.

In many ways, I'm still searching for moments of numinousness. As an adult, I find myself yearning for the directness and simplicity that I recall from childhood. The world is large and cold;

*Velveteen Suns
Collage, Hand Cut on Paper
by Bethany van Rijswijk*



my responsibilities seem endless and daunting. At the same time, I've avoided processing the pain or difficulties of my childhood. There's a tension here, an urge to romanticize remembrance without reflection.

As a teen I began to discover that there were other Jews who were seeking to braid ritual, feminism, and earth-based practices with our ancient faith. I've continued to fall in love with Judaism: our rituals, lunisolar calendar, and tradition of radical organizing and belief in bettering our world.

In Pirkei Avot 1:2, we are taught that the world stands on three pillars: Torah, prayer, and acts of kindness. These values and commandments guide me as I aim to live a whole-hearted life. My religion connects me to my loved ones, ancestors, and community.

Rashi, a medieval French rabbi, wrote that each generation must reinterpret the Torah in order to relate it to their day and age.


My practice has shifted over the years, and it doesn't have to look like anyone else's. Finding new teachers, like Dori Midnight and Rabbi Jill Hammer, continues to shape my interpretations of spirituality. It is a joy to explore what Jewish ritual means to me.

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR RITUAL:

1. Explore ritual hand washing: perhaps wash your hands before prayer in water that you've blessed, or adorned with flowers. What can connecting with your body and the element of water teach you?
2. Burn cedar, a plant that Jews have used in ritual practice since ancient times. How does the scent of it and the element of fire light you up inside?
3. Eat a pomegranate slowly and sensually. There are 613 seeds, the same as the number of commandments!



Collage by Frankie Almutawa



**parent loss as a spiritual initiation
and
transformation for the inner child
~ esoteric grief ~**

by frankie almutawa

some of the hardest work of my life has been learning to mother myself. until i was a teenager, i could not handle looking at the night sky. the depth between myself and the stars was unfathomable. the void between us could swallow my whole being, to the point that i had to scream so that the vibrations from my lungs would prove that i have a body. this fragile version of myself, so small and afraid, still lives inside of me. when my mom died of leukemia two years ago, i wondered how this part of me would survive in this big universe. even if i couldn't be helped, i could at least look to her and say, "well, you gave me this body that i am struggling to get to know, but there must be some hope in this if you love me and brought me here" and she might say something like, "yes, you're okay, just enjoy the journey!". now, i'm left to find hope and meaning in the void as my own inner-earth-mother for my inner child.

biological parents have a particularly interesting role of being the ones to facilitate the strange mystery and miracle of life. when i found out i was pregnant (one that i released), it felt oddly similar to the day my mom died. i felt reminded of this veil, this incomprehensible source, the tao, the other side, where people seem to come from and return to, as if my mom brought me from this place, the same one she disappeared into. if that's the case, then it very much feels like she was some kind of point on a map of existence i could route myself back to when i was lost. this was particularly useful in moments of feeling so overwhelmed by the world and navigating this space suit (my body).

albeit confusing and terrifying, there is something very animal about grief; it is actually so humbling. you want to pick up the phone and call your person because you can't fully digest the reality of their body being turned into ashes- it's like suddenly you are a small child all over again, on your first day of school, hysterical because you're being left in this unfamiliar place when you really just want to stay with your person. ironically, this is something i witnessed on the day my mom died. i was working at a preschool at the time, and that day at work one of

of the kids was dropped off late, which interfered with his routine and made him really upset about saying goodbye to his mom, as if he'd never see her again. so as a class, we drew a picture of his mom and talked about how she had 10 fingers and 10 toes, she had blonde hair, a smile on her face, and really, it was her humanness that calmed this child down, because he could see and be held by her body after school, and ultimately return to his source.

the past two years of my life have been the most psychedelic experience i could ever imagine. with every version of myself drenched in grief, began an initiation. losing my mom on this plane has resulted in an awakening of my own inner parent. by trusting myself to take care of this little frankie i live with, the one who feels like the sky is falling, i've unlocked some kind of arcane type of love for the universe and myself as one being (with that, the universe and family unit that lives within me).

losing a mother has forced me to explore being a mother, in a very symbolic and esoteric sense. even when i released my pregnancy, i saw this as a form of mothering for myself, and also telling this soul on the other side "not yet". i want to be a parent, and

this requires transforming the ruins of grief into a strong stable support in the spiritual realm of my inner child, as well as, again, the practical animal human things, like making more than minimum wage. this is also where it gets increasingly psychedelic and interesting to me, as all of these pieces start to weave a web of this child/parent dichotomy, and what those energies mean. the neverending unraveling of consciousness begins here. what makes a mother? how do i hold all of this? how did we get here? what does it mean to die? or be born?


i want a baby, i want to be a baby, i want a mom, i want to be a mom, i am a mom, i am not a mom, i am a child, i am not a child, i am here, they are there, i'm an animal, i'm a spirit, i am me, they are me.

there is a secret gift hidden at the bottom of grief, a treasure to be unearthed. there is a deep sense of compassion i've found in the pit of this heartbreak. grief has become a talisman that helps me see through day to day. it helps me love harder and more sincerely. it gives sunsets new meaning, and the mundane more magic. when i feel that same overwhelm and heaviness when i look at the night sky, it adds more humor as an observer. sometimes

it's all too real, and then suddenly it isn't. and also, it sucks. but that's part of it too.

i hope to someday be able to hold myself the way i would my own child, also figuring out this strange and beautiful place called earth. until then, i take gentle care when i remember to, particularly when i look at my reflection and see my mother looking back at me via the infinite mystery.





**DEAR
ZOYRA
OF THE
MORNING
STAR,**

*Mycelial Music
Collage, Hand Cut on Paper
by Bethany van Rijswijk*

Zoyra of the Morning Star

has explored marshes, deserts, and snow capped mountains, floated the surface of slippery lakes, and finally made their home in a city placed in the crescent valley between two rivers and the sea. They believe in responding with curiosity first and assuming best intentions, carving healthy boundaries, and practices something similar to nonviolent communication. They carry a trowel for getting to the root of an issue, and a needle for weaving new ways to respond to each together outside of systems that replicate harm. They walk among the animals they eat in gratitude, and put out dishes of food for their ancestors after they feast. They have little to fear and want to swallow up everything, grandly, in this short life.

They'd love to receive your anonymous heart-felt letters, your questions, sharp edge, curiosity, fear... and offer curious guidance on anything that weighs on your heart.

Hi Zoyra-

For my entire adult life I can't seem to settle on a path. I start on what I think my path should be and after a while the path is no longer interesting. A new path will emerge that I think is "the one" but when I get a ways down it, I don't feel like it's a good fit, and my attention is drawn to a new path. Every time I think I've got it, that path doesn't feel quite right. This continues again and again. I can't seem to find my place in this world and I am tired of seeking. But I am also tired of being in places that don't feel quite right. This applies to careers, hobbies, and relationships. It's extremely frustrating and lonely. I don't think there is a solution. If there was, I feel like I would have found it by now. Any advice on how to be ok with never feeling like what I'm doing is what I'm meant to be doing?

Dear Wandering Child,

It makes sense your path has wavered so. Though Zoyra hopes you don't mistake these moments of uncertainty as something particularly wrong with you. For finding out our destiny is no solitary path, even though it may feel so. We are all meant to wander, to

try things on and off as we please.
Zoyra doesn't have all of the answers
- (although they might pretend to!) -
but what Zoyra can offer you is this:

We are all on a spiral of time-space,
moving up wards and back wards and
around again. While clocks and cal-
endars are tricksters, each day and
month strung like beads, a constant
fear that it is something that is in
short supply.

The secret Zoyra will not keep from
is you is that each day is but a sin-
gle star of many asterisms, shifting
constellations hung in the sky. Time
is a circle, or a spiral, or Ophiucus
himself. Your destiny, my dear child,
is perhaps to wander. So find others
who wander along the stars! Togeth-
er, maybe you will pick one to make
your home for awhile. When that is
through, you will see another sparkly
star reaching for your attention. This
is all out there
- waiting for you.
Pick things up and
put them back down
again. Try it all.
Stay rooted in both

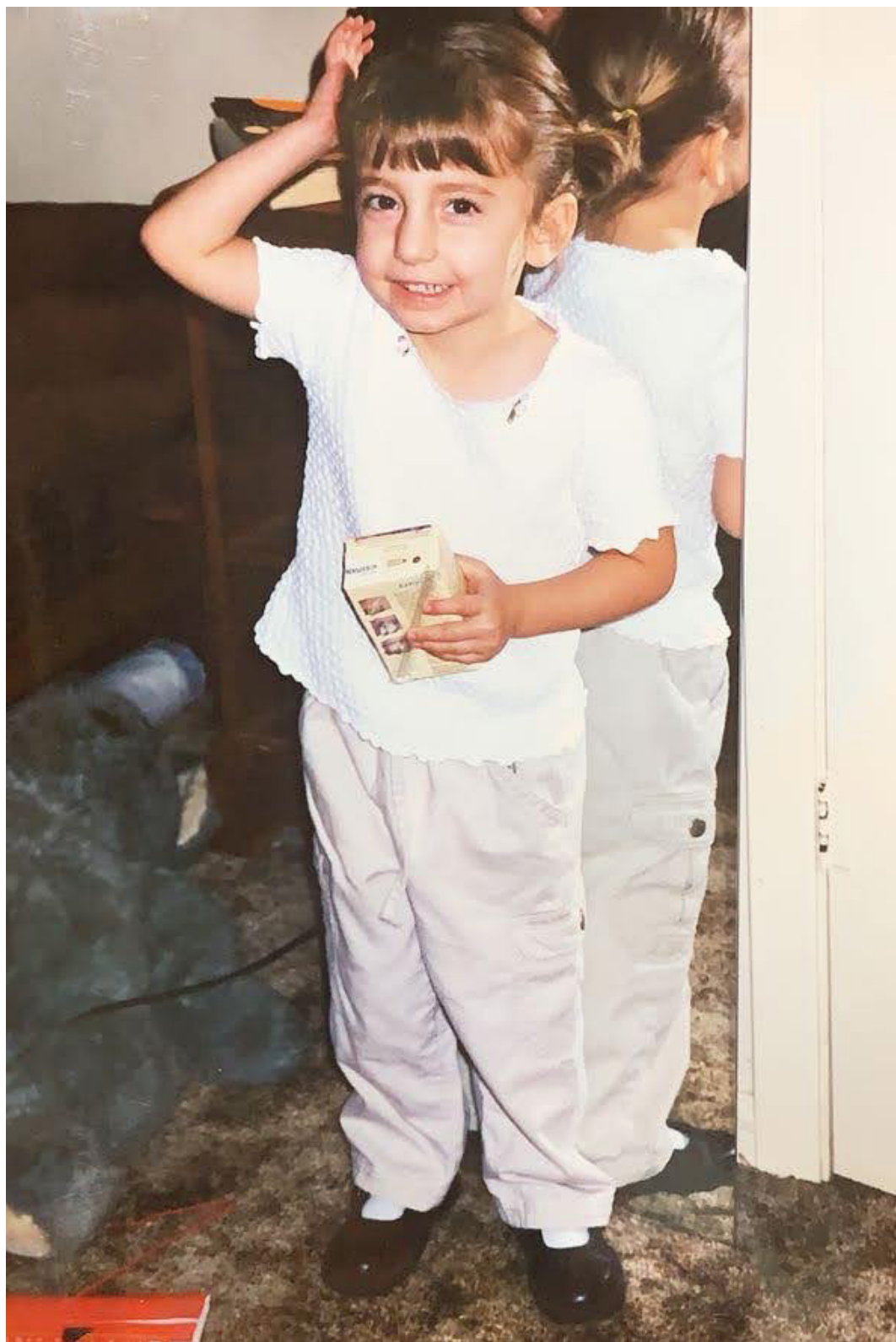


curiosity and possibility. a will-
ingness to in wandering. Ask your-
self, what are you afraid of?

*See more from Zoyra of the Morning
Star and submit your questions at
folkmagiczines.com*







Q&A

my adult self & my inner child:

an offering by Hannah Althea

What is a better way to respond when I feel like a rebellious or defensive teen in an argument?

(reassurance, kindness, some spaciousness to feel)

What are some cherished things you left behind because you wanted to feel more adult?

imagination, letting myself enjoy school, dorkiness, hobbies

What is something you're doing now that feels healing to a younger version of you?

living in a city I love, making zines, being super totally in love with my partner and also our cat

What feels exciting about a future version of yourself?

learning more hobbies and skills, engaging with bravery, maybe less screen-time, being totally in love

Are fairies real? Where do they live?

Yes, sometimes they sleep in the little shoebox under my bed






Nurturing my Inner Tween

by Mudd

Engaging my inner tween means reckoning with the femmephobia and fatphobia of the early aughts. Tween culture at this time was defined by the skinny girl ideal, a gross lack of racial diversity in teen girl films, and some big time classism. Nurturing my inner tween means allowing myself to play with femininity and silliness freely.

Assigned Girl at birth in '97, I traded all my dresses for breeches and horse shirts by age 7 - But it isn't as simple as the "Actually I'm a Tom Boy" to "Actually I'm Gay" pipeline. I have undulated between butch and femme my whole life. Not being gifted with ball sports meant I was never fully accepted into Boyness at school, though I tried. The shape of my body was an invitation into Girlness, so I accepted. Admittance, though, was conditional and precarious. Girlhood taught me that my worth was tied to the desire of boys.









It was lessons in Judgment: putting women under the microscope for altering their bodies with plastic surgery or not altering their fat bodies to be thin. Lessons in Shame: identifying Sluts (too-revealing clothes, sexual desire, identifying as bisexual, etc.) and ostricizing them.

And it was inherited tricks of the trade: constricting spanx, how to change your face with makeup, clothing illusions to appear thinner, avoiding panty lines as a top priority - the list goes on.

To be clear, this wasn't my entire tween experience. Here I am inspecting the Hurt of my tweendom: What has influenced aspects of my insecurity, anxiety, and self-limitation to this day. The teachings which primed me for future assaults and self loathing. Here I am reckoning with Constriction. Girlhood taught me to fit myself into the shape others desire of me. Constriction is the Hurt.





There were also moments of magic: Camping, sleepovers, river rafting, horses, swimming, horses, dress up, horses, forming a band, soccer, and (you guessed it) even more horses. Tweenhood is awkward and embarrassing and kind of beautiful in that way. The crushes, the





best friends, the obsessions. Transitioning from the play of childhood to a slightly more grounded type of make-believe. These elements of the tween experience are both universal and healthy.

The past few years that I have been exploring my gender identity, I feel called to look back to the tween years and examine the seeds society planted in me. Why do I feel obligated to both perform femininity and criticize it? Now that I've dredged up the answers to that question, what do I do with it? This is where the work gets fun.



Engaging with my tween years is the hard part, nurturing my inner tween is the sweet part. This nurturing involves two practices. The first is opening myself up to the types of femininity I was taught to judge. In my life this looks like allowing myself to appreciate and love high femmes and high femme culture by noticing when aversions come up and consuming femme-made media. The second practice is about integrating activities I loved as a tween into my current life. Often this looks like movie nights where I revisit my old favorites like Bend It Like Beckham or The Princess Diaries. The key to nurturing tween activities is playfulness and silliness.







There are many types of play we do as adults that are inherently tween-like; sports or multiplayer video games for example. Getting together with a friend to run around with a soccer ball, or meeting up with my pod to play tennis, has brought exhilarating joy and pleasure to my life. Spending some time on the couch playing video games on my own or with friends is both relaxing and rejuvenating. As an adult surviving in late stage capitalism (especially as an artist/maker), it is almost unimaginable to do an activity that doesn't yield tangible or monetary productivity. That's the magic of childhood which can be so hard to access as a grown-up: play time.

The crown jewel of tweenhood playtime is the Slumber Party. The games, the hijinks, the gossip... *chefs kiss! For my 25th birthday I threw myself a Pajama Party complete with Pizza, Popcorn, Freaky Friday, Pride and Prejudice (2005), temporary tattoos, nail polish, makeup, tons of candy, a killer pop playlist, and the best part: beaded word bracelets. It was silly, sweet, and so unbelievably fun! It felt healing to revisit some of these tween girl practices with all my gay-ass friends because I knew I was safe. My friends know who I am - no performing, no constricting - just play.









However, my nurturing practice doesn't always have to include a huge trip to the dollar store. Sometimes it's as simple as yelling "horse!" when I pass by horses in the car. Or playing my 90s/2000s slutty pop playlist in the kitchen and dancing fearlessly. See, I was one of those "mature for my age" only-children who grew up around mostly adults and much older kids, which unfortunately made me very serious and profoundly uncomfortable being silly.

Through this work, and with the loving support of my very silly partner, this has shifted immensely. Nowadays, you might find me awkwardly wiggling my body around for no reason, using silly voices, or making a dumb joke. I've become quite good at thinking of wacky words for my household's meal-time Mad Libs. I have become more and more comfortable in my body.



Growing up in a culture which taught me to judge femmes so harshly also taught me the profound fear of being judged. Nurturing the terrified tween within me has also helped me with confidence in my desires, interests, tastes, and with my gender and sexual identity. For example, I fucking Love Britney Spears! And the Spice Girls. Maybe I just outed myself as a gay man. Maybe it's confusing that I am also Aphrodite, a Dyke, a





Stud, a Slut, and a Witch. People contain multitudes. My inner tween loves dress-up, so I get to be all the things I want, and it gets to be fun!

This process of nurturing my inner tween is unique to me. If you are feeling interested or inspired to begin Nurturing your inner Tween, then I encourage you to do so! I would also encourage you to first look back to your tween years and find the experiences and activities that made an impression on you. If you think revisiting memories might be hard, especially if you experienced any kind of trauma or abuse during that time, please be sure to have your support systems on hand for this work. I have done a lot of processing with my partner, friends, and my therapist. But don't be scared! This work has been really fun and fulfilling for me, which is why I want to share it. Your inner tween is calling to you - I hope you have such a sweet and joyful time together!



HERE ARE SOME OF THE WAYS I NURTURE MY INNER TWEEN:



♥ Activities with friends:

✿ SLUMBER PARTY / PAJAMA PARTY

✿ MAD LIBS

✿ SOCCER, TENNIS ♥

✿ MAKING BEADED WORD BRACELETS
(MATERIALS CAN BE FOUND AT THE DOLLAR
STORE FOR CHEAP)

✿ MULTIPLAYER VIDEO GAMES

✿ KARAOKE ♥

✿ IMPROV GAMES (SENTENCE PICTURE
SENTENCE IS A FAVORITE)

✿ WATCHING LOVE ISLAND (AUSTRALIA)

♥ Solo Activities:

✿ PODCASTS: NORMAL GOSSIP,
THIS ENDS AT PROM

✿ MAKE A PLAYLIST OF MUSIC FROM
MY TWEENHOOD OR MUSIC I LIKED AS

✿ WATCHING MOVIES I LOVED AS A TWEEN
AS A TWEEN

✿ DANCING ♥

✿ CREATING WITH OR WEARING
PINK, PURPLE, YELLOW &
ORANGE

✿ VISITING HORSES ♥







UNDAM RIVERS
waterways are
lifeways!

REINTEGRATION



abracadabra

a

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abr

full moon

invocations



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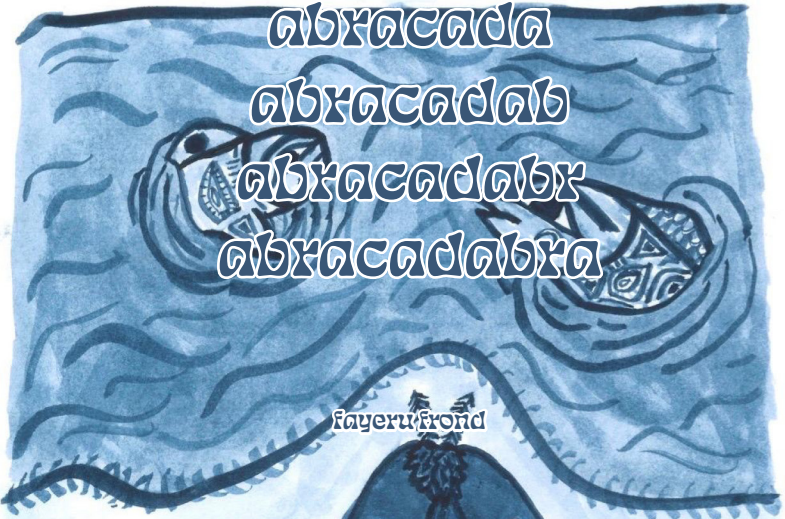
discipline, meditation, affirmations, devotion

abracada

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frayeru frond

Near a forest in an urban area close to downtown a willowy womyn lives with her furry boyfriend. She often feels that they are living inside of poetry. In the courtyard of their apartment two trees sprouted from the very same seed many, many, moons and suns ago, well before their time; and now the trees stand tall beside each other— deeply rooted: magnificent twin pine trees.

Pine trees always remind her of the ocean because that is the only place she ever saw such trees in her home town. Neighboring the pines is a shiny barked, amber speckled sakura tree; which in spring is laden with beautiful pink petals. From every window jays, hummingbirds, crows, bats, and squirrels are often heard and seen living their graceful day to day existences. After many months of finding increasing stability in having a tranquil home the womyn started to affectionately call their theatrical building: anime castle. For she feels that animes are the only films that are ever able to make cities beautiful and enchanting.

This town she lives in is flocked to by many artists— here they make nests, art, and weave dreams. On bicycle routes she often finds free offerings curbside; which most folks call free boxes. She filled her home with rainbows of colors: woven rugs, earthen baskets, plantas, a wooden chest, old wooden tables, and more— all found for free! This haven also feels very bright and loved because of beautiful kantha

quilts and many other woven gifts from her mother.

One day she paused mid bicycling route for a rest and peered at free offerings nestled among plantas. She reached for and held cupped in her hands a fish— carved from bone and fastened with simple beige cordage—the carving is both primal and magickal. Knowing that she is vegan many would think that the fish being made from bone was why her face grimaced while feeling such admiration. However, she had made a story // prayer in her mind upon first sighting, hoping the fish got carved from an animale that died from natural causes— after living wildy and beautifully somewhere. ...so, where did the aversion arise from? Well, she immediately felt such love for the lil carved being and yet felt sadness that the string held them through their mouth like they were immortalized caught on a fishing line. She brought the fish home anyway because of feeling such immediate fondness.

For many months the fish adorned her wall, though, finally, she felt peace enough to adorn herself with the necklace. Her boyfriend noticed in the evening when he arrived home. That night, before bed, they offered each other bedtime stories— of course her story, so full of longing and magick, is about the fish.

Yes bedtime stories are for children yet in acknowledging each of our sensitive natures i want you to see that stories are

also for grown ups. For all wish for inspiration, solace, and comforting.

You see this womyn's sleep has been very troubled, so her boyfriend researched how she could find relief from nightmares. Which began their tradition of bedtime stories. For in his seeking he found a process called: Dream Reversal Therapy (DRT) or Image Reversal Therapy (IRT) and in this process storytelling is how many humons find solace through imaginative practices.

Step one is: upon rising you write in a journal how you wish nightmares would have been. ((this process is also very helpful for hurtful interactions within waking life too!)) so...you begin writing: maybe about how those who hurt you are instead loving you, or maybe you open a imagined discussion to create more empathy and understanding, or maybe you write all the boundaries you will make, and/or how you will defend yourself ie. flying away or teleporting to a safe beautiful place. And! after writing, through the whole of the day-whenver you remember, you reimagine the dream ((and / or interaction)) in your creative ways. This ingrains intention and helps you to feel more empowered to reclaim your dream space to be for healing through envisioning.

You can sing or say aloud your wishes for

dreams too— because giving voice to our wishes gives them power.

After all, abracadabra literally means: 'I create while I speak'.

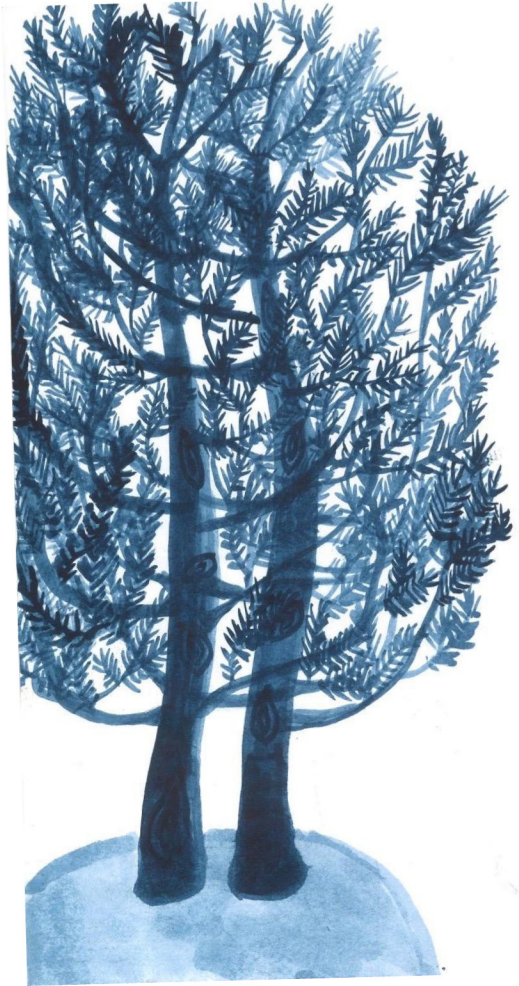
So before bed you can say aloud bedtime stories of dreams you wish to have. Or! say any stories that bring you comfort to put you in a good mental space of feeling loved and loving before going into dream-land. Be creative! Reenvisioning: thoughts, waking interactions, and dreams tends to your inner visionary and literally changes your neuron pathways. Envisioning is more powerful than our thoughts and can heal us.

Now, lets get to the womyn's fish story.

The best that can be recalled is:

Once upon a time,

A womyn nicknamed by her older brother 'young yet old' found a home near tall old trees to live with her musical boyfriend. And though modernity tells us otherwise she lives believing in hearts and realms that love beyond the stark ways of cities. She feels enamored reading about animisim; finding that in old world japan and in many other earth based cultures peoples believe that all matter, + elements on earth, are imbued with inner being and life. Around her neck a talisman adorns her— a simple carving of a fish made from bone. Ever since wearing the necklace she got into



the habit of holding the fish in her hand clasped inside of her fist pressed close to her heart; feeling in waves a strong loving pull that the fish belongs elsewhere. She muses on how many people say that holding our hand in a fist helps us to remember.

After admiring the golden hour—a time she often goes on walks because all feels to be held in more beauty than at any other time— she nears home amidst the beloved blue hour. The sun has just set and all the northern hemisphere is hues of blue. Venus is shining in the darkening sky while she climbs the stairs to anime castle. Greeted at her door by a pothos plant she unlocks her apartment. Within moments of being home she feels a weight and sudden falling! She reflexively puts her hands beneath a flopping colorful fish mid air! Her necklace treasure is no longer bone but now a real fish, and quite big! The fish is strong and shimmering. Full of wondrous she quickly brings the fish to a ceramic basin— which she fills with water.

Thankfully her boyfriend arrives home from meditation group mid discovery for only in his company does she feel safe walking past dark to the stream in the forest near them. At the stream among moss and lichen covered trees she realizes that the stream is dammed; and! after piped underground before reaching the big river. She knows there is no way a fish can reach the river through such man made harm and obstruction. She begins wishing with all her

heart for a portal, and suddenly the three of them are at an ocean. Here she beholds the fish before gently putting them in the sea's salty waters— knowing that the fish will soon find others like them and will get to be a mama living wild and free amongst underwater forests.

And even after lots of time whirls past the womyn never, not even once, misses the necklace— for she deeply knows that same longing: to belong.

And with these words of thankfulness her story is quieted.

Before drifting off to dreamworlds her thoughts are of a book she read in college by Herman Hesse: called 'Pictor's Metamorphosis'. In which a man and a woman, through loving each other, merge and begin endless rebirths and transformations into infinite beings together; From stone, to tree, to animales of all kinds—experiencing earth's fertile beauty from ever changing perspectives.

Whilst snuggling in bed, eyes closed, she imagines her and her boyfriend merging together and being a fish—their first adventure is diving into the ocean to go see their frond!

An end means beginning

Fabric

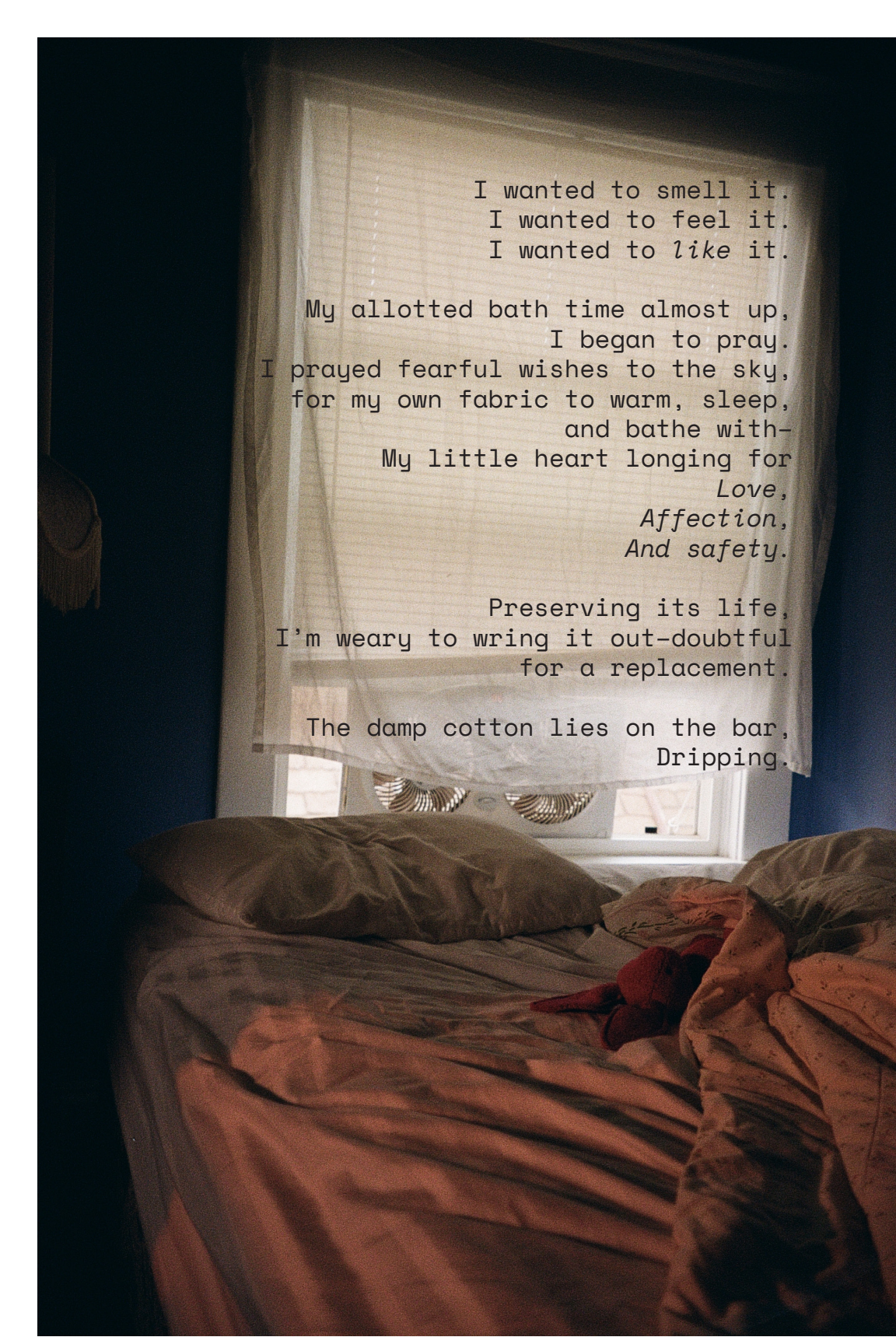
photos and essay
by Geneva Mellison

A wrinkled wash cloth,
To warm, sleep, and bathe with.
Afraid to lose,
Afraid to touch, *too much.*

Belly filled with despair,
I wait my turn to use,
With unclean hands,
Unworthy of soft'ner.
It's edges fringed,
blue and pink stripes,
this square.

Shared among five,
I cherish my time,
But I pray to keep this fabric all
mine.
I twist it in the tub,
Imagining our world together.
Its existence free,
Belonging to all,
And somehow none.

In a pink house,
Chained to neglect,
I wondered what could belong to me.
I dreamed of blankets and rugs,
Tarps,
Sham-wow's.
To wrap myself with,
To walk on,
And to return to-*clean and unused.*

A photograph of a bedroom at night. A window with white blinds and sheer curtains is the central focus. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the window. In the foreground, a bed with a brownish-gold duvet and pillows is visible. A red stuffed animal is on the bed. The text is overlaid on the window area.

I wanted to smell it.
I wanted to feel it.
I wanted to *like* it.

My allotted bath time almost up,
I began to pray.
I prayed fearful wishes to the sky,
for my own fabric to warm, sleep,
and bathe with—
My little heart longing for
Love,
Affection,
And safety.

Preserving its life,
I'm weary to wring it out—doubtful
for a replacement.

The damp cotton lies on the bar,
Dripping.







Hearth Song

Hand stitched embroidery

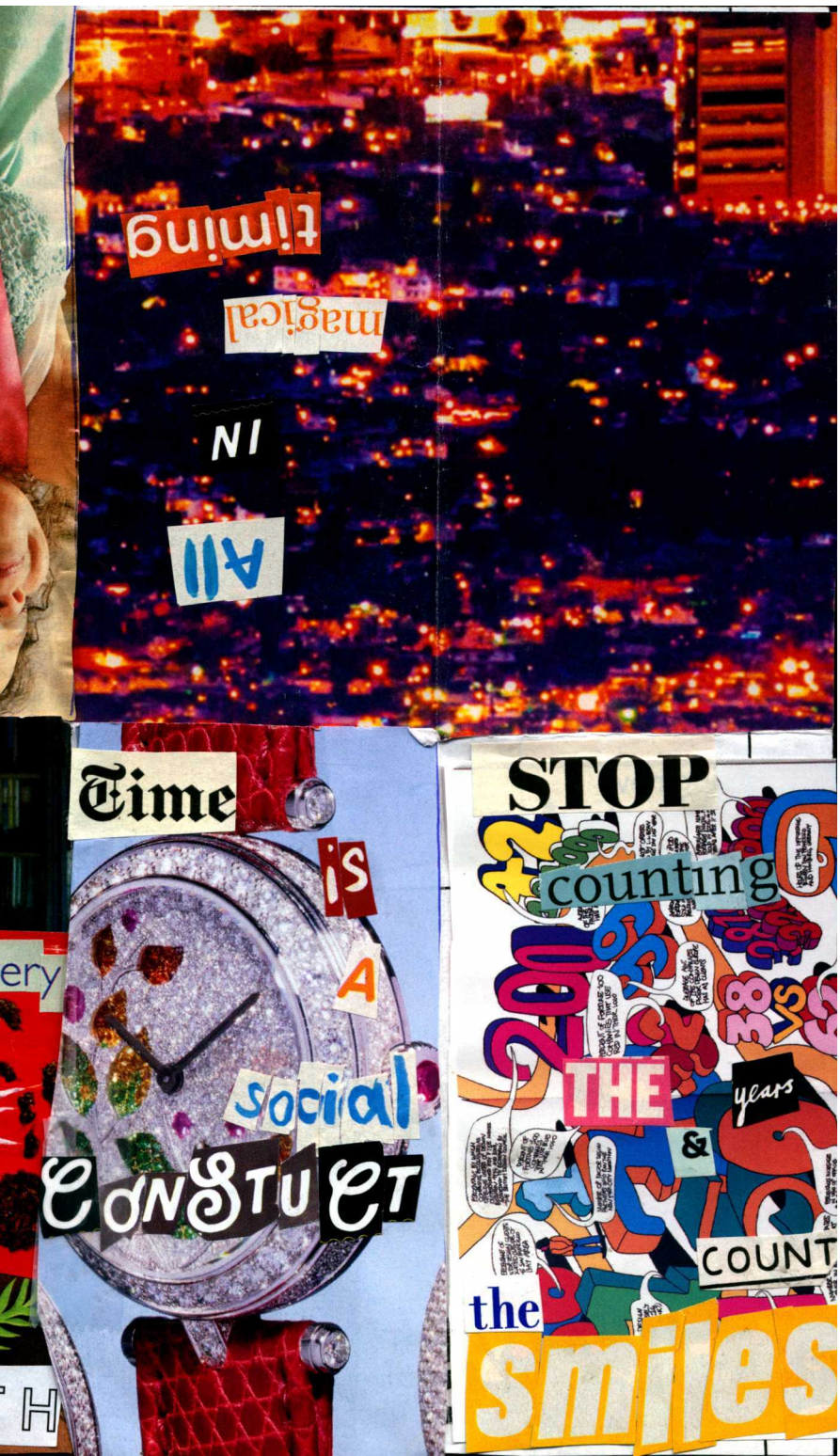
on linen

Marley Myles



House to House
Found objects, discarded
fabric, inkjet prints on
silk, 25" x 16"
Corinne Barber





zine within a zine - cut and fold by Jess, cut-out instructions behind

FOLD
ALONG

Red

4

3

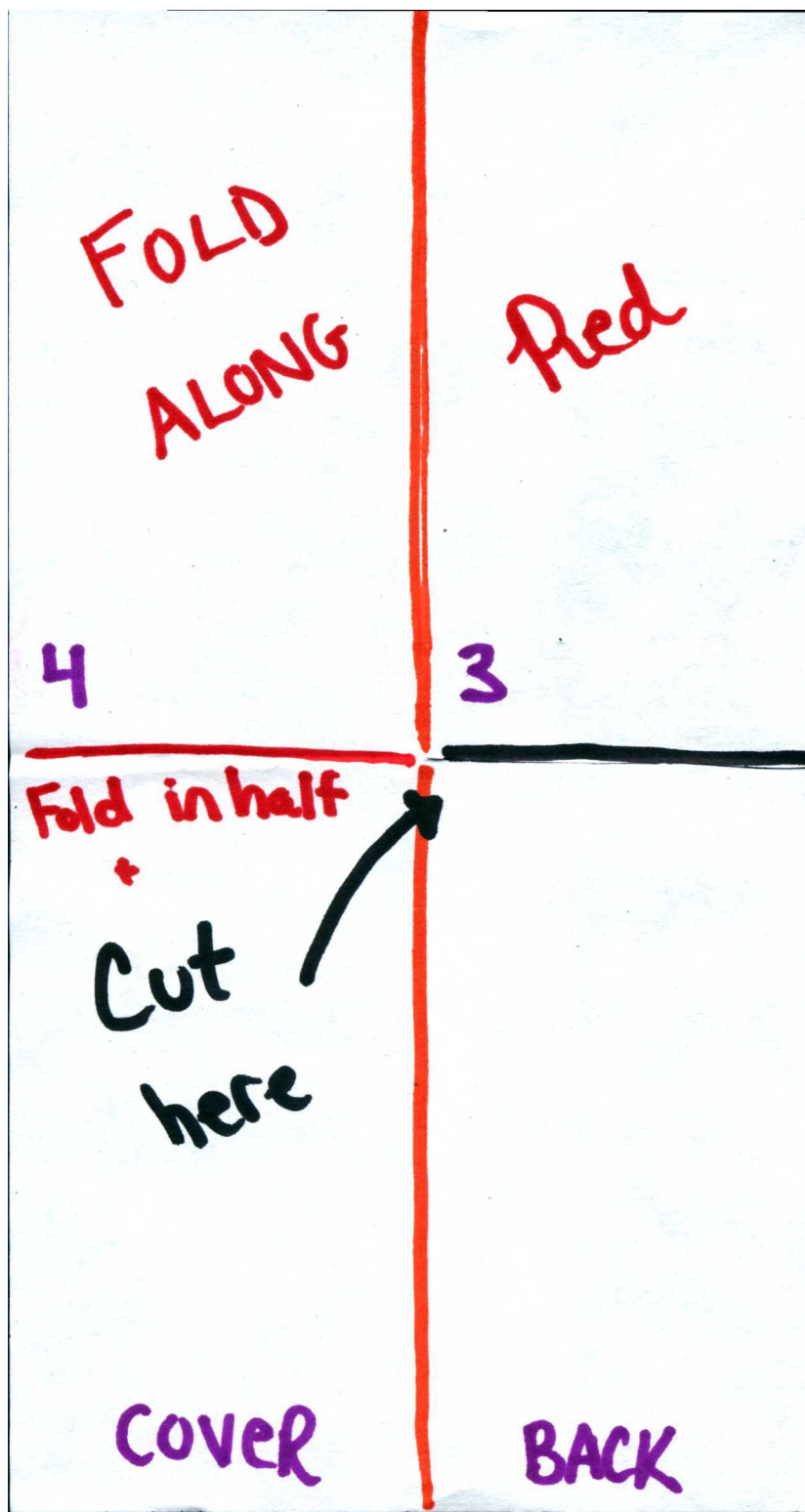
Fold in half

+

Cut
here

COVER

BACK



and

Orange

2

1

Lines



Fold
Long ways
and
into

A

ZINE
~

6

5

Bios Bios Bios Bios Bios Bios Bios

Hannah June Althea is behind Folk Magic Zines in Portland, Oregon! She is curious about the intersections of magic, material, and radically softer ways of being. Write to her: hannahjalthea@gmail.com. Learn more about Folk Magic Zines @folkmagiczines or folkmagiczines.com.

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Margarete Maneker is a poet and student of Jewish magic and herbalism based in Brooklyn, New York (Lenapehoking). She strives to live a life filled with love, books, plants, and ritual. She can be found on Instagram: @leavingearly.

Fayeru Frond Aka Enoki Wren Aka Brita

Morgan *pronounced fay-roo* wishes for all our efforts to be put into healing arts and habitat restoration.portland, oregon before colonial devastation land cared for by Kalapuya Tribe, Molalla, Clackamas, Cowlitz, Tribes of Grand Ronde, Tribes of Siletz, and Chinook peoples.

Bios Bios Bios Bios Bios Bios Bios

Marley Miles (she/her) is an artist living and working on unceded Bundjalung Country in so called Australia.
@marleymyles_art www.marleymyles.com

Mudd makes ceramics and more! @muddypots

Jess (they/them) is a Portland dyke on a bike who mails their zines with lipstick kisses, hates capitalism, and loves grocery shopping.

Geneva Mellison is a writer, photographer, & appeared on the cover of a fashion magazine once. She spends her time dabbling in many art forms and reading. She loves her three cats and sometimes thinks about going back to college.
@genevamellison

Corrine Barkley is a Portland-based mixed media artist inspired by nature and fairy tales. @speckledglowworm

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