

Tending the Midpoint



Summer Solstice Magic & Celebration
by Hannah Althea (and friends)

Folk Magic Zines
folkmagiczines.com

Written and designed by Hannah Althea in Portland, Oregon for the
June 2022 Summer Solstice.

In service to Mystery, to pulling back the veil, and cultivating my
relationship to place, people, and my body; may my capacity for love
continue to unravel wildly behind and in front of me for the rest
of my life. And for Jakob, I learn everyday through loving and being
loved by you.

Tending the Midpoint Summer Solstice Magic & Celebration

I am indebted to the mentors and artists
and activists who show me the many
ways to be engaged with magic just by
doing. You are moving blessings on this
earth. Thank you for being here.



I began dreaming up this issue on the cusp of Imboc, the turn of the wheel that is, for me, a full-blown exercise in anticipation and continued winter patience. As I write, the buds on the magnolia tree on the corner are burgeoning. A handful of confused daphnes - always first to show - have begun their bloom. Frogs have done their mating for the season, and the weather remains cold despite bouts of sun. They taunt me with what's to come, distracting me from what's here. Magical practice reminds me to dig my heels into this moment, and that even in its slow-feeling pace, it'll soon be gone. As I continue writing, the season will fold into new shades of greens, pinks, and purples, bouts of rain and sun as the temperature slowly climbs upwards. The chlorophyll will begin to rise from underground tree caches, and birds will return and nest.

By the time you're reading this, a new season has settled in. It's what I'm longing for on the final gray days that just won't let up, when wool sweaters lose their comforting embrace to become itchy weights on my shoulders, and I'm overtired on soup and rice bowls. The feeling of a burgeoning summer.

Though the Solstice marks an official turning point of time, when the day comes, summer is well on its way. I relish in bushes of berries quickly growing red and ripe along the riverfront and in my backyard. The explosion of herbs to tend and harvest. The warmth against bare arms and even my itchy legs from sitting in wild grassy fields where the ladybugs gather to eat, mate, and lay eggs. A new favored tradition: revisiting a near and

dear wetlands to witness its seasonal shifts: the duckweed, algae, beaver-chewed logs, lingering nettles, invasive nutria. Sometimes, summer thunderstorms still surprise me, and I'll never grow weary of the cool rivers this land is home to.

I dream more vividly in the summer. I believe this is in response to the aliveness I feel in my body, my connection to the land around me revitalized and heightened. During Samhain, I feel the veil is thinnest between myself and my ancestors and the dead. During Summer, I am attuned to the river, rock, plant, and mountain bodies with the greatest ease.

And with all its sparkly magic, there is a new looming shadow. Fires, smoke, and unprecedented heat waves highlight the pervasive truth of our shifting landscape in response to climate change. It is a shadow that I must engage with much more frequently in this season, and that too, is a kind of magic. I give offerings to a "well" in the volcanic cinder cone park nearby. I sing songs of gratitude, both silent and loud, to the water. I hope that my actions today lend themselves to an equitable, safe future.

In this zine, I seek to go deeper with the intersection of showing up for this shifting world through our magic. I believe that opening ourselves up to noticing, allows us to be in relationship with what we have now, so that we can protect it, listen to it, be receptive to the needs of each other (human bodies, animal bodies, other-than-human bodies, living and nonliving, alike.)

In the midst of writing this zine, I also experienced long bouts of various physical ailments that would upend my life and put it on pause for days, or even weeks, at a time. It required me to shift my relationship to my magical practice, my art, and my life as a whole. I felt nourished by what was within my reach, within my skill set, and the process felt beautiful and meaningful simply by doing.

My intention is that all the following suggestions for celebration during this time feel like gentle offerings for spirit, for nourishing the liminal spaces and relational places, and for stoking imagination.

It is explored through suggestions for craft, practice, and conversation, all of which inform the other infinitely.

Happy Solstice!

Embodiment

What does it mean to practice being embodied? It means working within your own body when you are in magical practice. This means being acutely present in space and time, aware of the distinct medicine we can offer for the times. It's an ebb and flow, a discernment practice, seeking to both challenge and support our bodies. It's a deep listening, and deep imagination. In the peak of summer here in Oregon, while not native they grow well; the raspberry bushes glow ripe with gems from June to August. You know which ones are best: they're ruby-red and practically fall off the stem in your hand. In my backyard, there's usually more than we can keep up with. The raspberry leaves are saved and dried for menstrual symptoms, the fruits are used to decorate cakes and are one of my favorite raspberry snacks. When they are ready, they are abundant and taste their best.

When cultivating your magical practice - or any practice - within the dominating culture that emphasizes productivity at the expense of self, it can be compelling to integrate those feelings of shame or guilt around productivity. *What would your magical practice look like if you worked with the rhythms of your body and natural desires?*

What movements does your body easily and readily move into? Maybe it looks like:

Rising with the sun on the day of the solstice, greet the longest day's beginning and end. Sharing beverage and snacks at each end of the day.

Hanging yarrow bundles in your home, on your door. Yarrow,; wound healer extraordinaire, protecting and blessing your home and all who enter.

On a warm evening, stringing some calendula or marigold into bright orange beaming garlands for your kitchen window

Opening all the doors and windows, and letting in summer air. Sweeping. Vacuuming. Lighting sweet fragrance or nothing at all. Feel the summer wind blow through your home, replacing old stagnancy. Turn the ordinary rhythm of cleaning into a celebratory act. Celebrating the finish with sun tea.

Making relationship with the plants in your life, the tree outside your window, your houseplants, the food you eat everyday.

Submerging your body in cold water, scanning your body for how it feels from head to toe, cooling your body in contrast to the sun's heat.

Hosting a potluck gathering, have an altar for the night that all can contribute to.

Sharing your solstice wishes, light a candle in their honor each night to stoke their aliveness in your life.

Just noticing the land unfold and fold again.



A conversation with Rachel Blodgett, creator of Serpent and Bow magical garments

Rachel Blodgett of Santa Rosa, California makes stunning hand-crafted magical garments, dyed with botanicals, cut, and sewn by hand; functional art pieces for “body and spirit”.

How did you come to start plant dyeing, blockprinting, and making magical underwear? What feels special about using botanical dyes, and the fabrics you choose?

I started making underwear while I was in college, at CCA, in Oakland, about 12 years ago. By 2012, I was sewing in my bedroom in Providence Rhode Island, and using an indigo vat I had created in our basement. In school I had done a lot of screenprinting (I was studying textiles and printmaking). After college, I felt daunted by the setup required for screen printing on fabric, so I started working with batik, which is the main medium I was still using when I started Serpent & Bow's Etsy shop in 2013/14. I had played with other natural dyes as well, but once I ended up moving back to California, that is when I began seasonal plant dyes more frequently.

The seasonal aspect is definitely a big part of what makes them special, but I also love the variations that occur in natural color. There is an endless multitude of experiments to try, that can yield different colors and textures. Beginning to grow my own flowers for dye has been beautiful and amazing, as well as just saving food scraps and natural materials for compost dyeing. I also enjoy being able to touch everything- most of the dyes and materials I use are non toxic and safe for skin, so I get to feel really hands on in all parts of the process. I also love the different scents involved with plant dyes. I love filling the house with the scent of marigold dye or onion skins or fig leaves on the stove.

You've described yourself as being currently held within a transformative incubation period...what does that look like for you right now? Does it align with any larger magical phenomenon? How are you tending to it (if at all necessary)?

The past two years have involved so much change, both personally and for Serpent & Bow. I'm about to move into a different studio, for the third time since last Summer. The larger phenomenon at play is the Pandemic. I'm also just getting older and recognizing that this project will continue to flex with different life phases. Having gone through a long period of slowly growing the business and then a shorter period of shrinking it, I am now at a plateau where I get to decide what comes next. I'm asking myself if the project wants to change, to die, or to grow again. I'm very open to possibilities right now and not interested in forcing anything. I'm paying attention to the greater world and how it's changing. I'm wondering what's the next best step if the long term view includes climate chaos, revolution, and the fall of capitalism as we know it. I want to tend life and not cling to what's dying. I am managing by taking it one day at a time, journaling a lot, taking care of my dogs and family, and trying to hear what my heart, in this world, at this time, most desires.

I have a lot of curiosity around how artists arrive at the inspiration for their craft, but I think it can be an intangible process to attempt to grasp onto. In spite of that, I'll ask you: you often work with archetypes when creating imagery for ritual wear - how do these archetypes come to you? Or do you seek out archetypes and build ritual wear concepts around them? Does it come easily?

In my own practice, I have observed that when I consistently go to the studio, Art creates conversation with Art, and with

with me :) The main thing that inspires me is creating. I can show up to the studio feeling empty, begin doing something small with my hands, and next thing I know, that evolves into 3 new paths of possible things to make or explore. I try to trust that the art wants to be made and will come through as I keep showing up. Over time I have tried to release my impulse to overthink what I'm making.

An archetype is sometimes revealed to me after the process of creating. I create, and then I reflect. In that reflection process I find meaning and notice emerging archetypes. There have been times that I felt courted by an archetype and more intentionally started including them in my artwork, and times when I intentionally created archetypal symbols based around something that was moving through my personal life. But in general, I have moved toward trying to release control and expectations in my work. I love getting to see what my art wants to show me.

I've personally gravitated to your art because it's my favorite merging of beauty, function, and magic. I also generally can't relate to what contemporary/mainstream lingerie embodies. In my own realm when I tried lingerie on -literally and metaphorically-, it felt at odds with my own not-so-graceful self. I also stopped wearing bras altogether once I figured out that's not what my body needs or wants. Serpent and Bow offers a way of being in the body that is sacred and beautiful, and still fun, and can be a different way of being sexy (if that's the goal). Does that feel true to Serpent and Bow? Or rather, when visioning Serpent and Bow, and your artistry, what do you hope people gather from your craft?

This is such a huge topic- it's really the crux of why I do

this work and what keeps it interesting to me. Thank you for bringing this up and sharing your experience!

My own relationship with my body has been complex, partly due to chronic health issues, but gender and sexuality come into play, too. When I think of myself as an artist, I view my body as a tool. Sometimes I think my body isn't really me, it's the container I am in, and I can drape it with my art, which is the "insides" of me. Other times I feel like my body is this very unique precious thing: my one and only body. The body I have is the only one exactly like this, and it is changing over time, and my clothing and artwork are an extension of that.

Clothing is like another skin we can pull on that can change the way we feel in our bodies; it can help us shapeshift. I like the experience of my body shapeshifting, and how doing so intentionally can be a way to match my mood and reflect my gender experience. It can be sexy or not. You get to decide. In a way, *Serpent & Bow* is more about what's inside us and the experience of having/living in a body than it is about *The Body*, itself.

Lingerie can be an underlayer of expression for yourself, alone. I like to have mystery with myself, secret spells I am holding just for me. I like knowing that I have an elaborate layer of art beneath my sometimes very plain outer clothing. I like to be anonymous in the world sometimes. Other times I like to dress up to be in the world; I love when people dress up and the energy of a person reflected through their physical expression can completely change a space. For example, I am a big fan of eccentrically outfitted old ladies in the grocery store.

I hope that people get to experience new expressions of embodiment through Serpent & Bow, but mainly I hope that they can feel themselves, and feel themselves as Art.

Your work sits abundantly at an intersection of art & ritual. Are there any other crossroads you fold into your work?

What comes to mind is the intersection of art and business. A lot of artists struggle with monetizing their work; I have tried to do so in a way that feels creative and interesting to me. The biggest thing is retaining artistic freedom within the structure of a tangible product. I feel really privileged to have a community of clients who have supported my work through some very amorphous moments. I have tried to inch farther and farther away from a model of creating based on demand. Instead, I try to pay attention to what my art wants to do and how I feel it evolving. There have been times when I moved away from a medium or garment that had been in demand, because it didn't feel artistically relevant to me anymore. I think what some people (maybe smarter people haha) might do at that moment is to sell their business or outsource their production. However, I really see this project as my art practice, and in that context I don't feel drawn to increasing production at this time. I don't want to encourage consumption which is a weird thing I guess if I'm someone who makes tangible items. I'm still figuring out what to do with that paradox, but I don't think it means stop making art, and I don't think it means outsourcing.

One example of something I attempted as a way to play with the Art/Biz intersection, is the Collective Consciousness garment series. I offered a batch of garments in which each buyer could request one image, that represented a spellwork



they were envisioning for the collective. Each person's image was then printed on the full batch of 18 garments, so the collective spellwork was held by 18 people. This required Trust, because of course the people who purchased these garments didn't know each other, and they also didn't know what the final garments would look like. It makes me really happy that people would be willing to trust me to create in this way, and to hold a collective vision together. I'm interested in exploring the expectations between artist and client; I feel like the most amazing art comes through when there's spaciousness and freedom within a set structure or container. I need both the freedom and the structure, so that's another intersection I play with a lot.

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

Oddly, I have often found myself procrastinating when I am about to do my favorite parts of the process which makes me think that whether something is the favorite or least favorite, process includes tension. I think most facets of my process (for example Shipping, Dyeing, Printing, Emailing, etc) can be my favorite when in balance. The bureaucratic stuff tends to be my least favorite: making sure I'm up to date with things like my seller's permit, tax fees, and web host subscription tends to feel really draining to me. Even after multiple years running Serpent & Bow as a business, and seeking help, it can be a challenge to keep track of it all. So far I have not found a system that allows me to feel on top of everything at the same time. It tends to feel like I'm doing a few things well, while other things suffer. I'm very curious about systems- I don't have a neurotypical brain so I am always curious about finding the ultimate tools to help me

understand the world. All that said, if I had to pick a favorite part from all of the processes related to Serpent & Bow, I'd say drawing/creating imagery. Drawing makes me laugh.

This zine will be coming for the Summer Solstice, do you have any practices or traditions around this turn of the wheel?

I was born in May, and really identify as a sun baby. I love the long days of Summer. At the same time, I dread Fire Season. Over the past few years, some of the sunny days have also been smokey. At the peak of Summer and a very dry time, I think a lot about water. Visiting water, praying for water, making offerings to the water (a good time to support indigenous fire tending communities and organizations that protect waterways). I don't tend to be someone who plans ahead when it comes to ritual days; I like to experience the energy of a time and respond to what I feel, but working with dye and creating a dye from the Summer blossoms is a fun way to work with water on Summer Solstice: using a large mason jar as your dye vessel, filled with flowers, water, and cloth, set in the sun to infuse the long day's light. I used to make a big jar of fruit cordial or sangria on the Solstice, but I don't really consume alcohol right now. One tradition I do have for around Solstice time, air quality permitting, is to make a big cushy outdoor bed and sleep outside.

And finally, I think more than anything it's the small daily moments that really help us embody the sacred, thin the veil, and be open to those liminal spaces. What smaller magical moments do you find joy and ease of movement in?

I really agree with you- simplicity and presence feel very magical to me. I want to be tuned in to the magic and life





that flow through every day of my life. We don't know how much time we have. I like watching light shift and move through my home at different parts of the day. I often decide what to do and where to be based on where the light lies, following the light like flowers do. Getting up early to see the best light in my studio, and being home in time to catch the light in my kitchen, makes me feel like I've had a really good day.

And during the Pandemic, I have finally figured out that I really like to cook. I like to block off a chunk of time, like a whole day on the weekend, to make a lot of food and play in the kitchen. It feels magical that there are infinite combinations of food and flavors in this world, and we get to play with taste and colors in the way we nourish our bodies. I have gone through phases in the past where it felt really hard to feed myself. I didn't anticipate this time to come: to be in a moment of play with food. It's been fun and surprising, and usually brings a quality of peace that feels like Magic to me. ✨

Making Herbal Oils:

Herbal oils are one of my favorite ways to use herbs - they can often be used either in food or topically on the skin, they are easy to make, and are really effective. They're an act of love for your body and skin, soothing on dried hands or as an addition for oil-based salad dressings or other relevant cooking.

You can use fresh or dried herbs, however fresh herbs are susceptible to molding. Herbs I love to use in herbal oils: chamomile, lavender, calendula, lemon balm, and rose

You can use olive, coconut, jojoba or any other other preferred oil, but my personal favorite is sunflower for its subdued aroma and efficacy as a carrier.

Using the folk method:

If you've made tinctures before, this will feel similarly, but instead of keeping it in a dark space, you're using the power of the sun!

1. Fill a clean quart-sized glass mason jar with herbs, with 1-3 inches of space above them to cover with oil.
2. Fill with the oil of your choice, until there is at least 1 inch of room above the herbs, and the herbs are fully submerged in the oil. Shake well.
3. Place on a sunny window sill, shaking at least once a day. After 2 or more weeks, strain the herbs into a

vessel that is easy to pour from, using a cheesecloth or muslin cloth and squeeze to get as much of the oil out as possible!

You might need a funnel to pour into clean glass bottles. Label bottles with the contents & date, and use within two months.

Crock Pot/double boiler method:

For herbal oils on a quicker timeline, put herbs in a crockpot or double boiler and fill with oil until completely submerged.

Leave on the lowest heat setting, until it starts to gain an aroma (about an hour or two), or as long as 5-12 hours. I'll leave it to do its work overnight or during a workday.

Strain & bottle & label!

Lemon Balm & Milky Oats - plant pal allies for Nervous system support

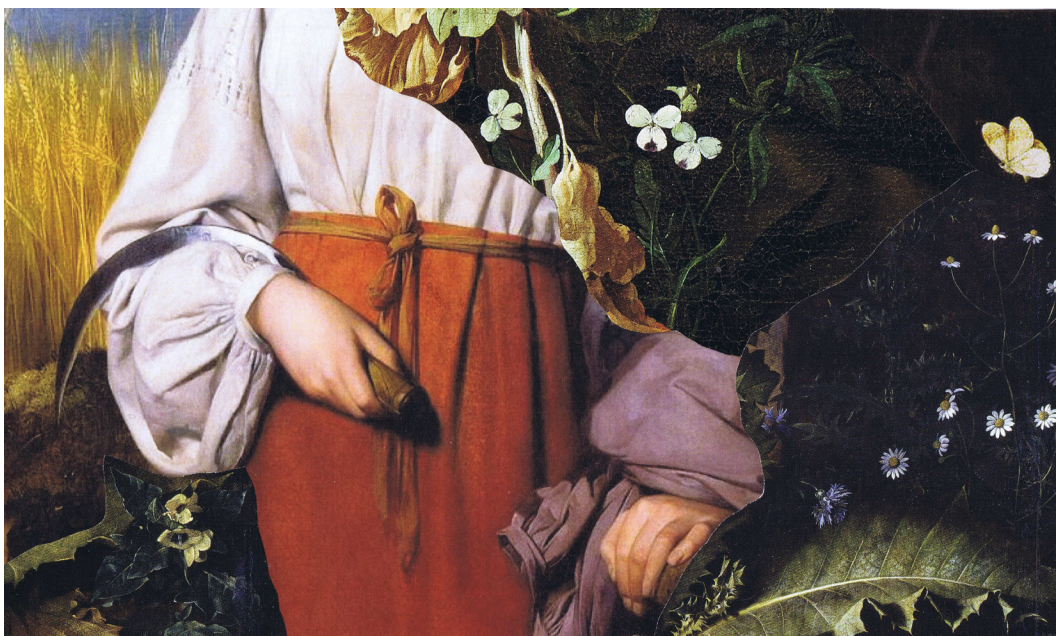
Lemon balm (*Melissa officianlis*) grows wildly most places you put it. If you pinch and roll a leaf between your fingers, it leaves behind a lemon fragrance. It tastes best after soaking up some weeks of sun, getting potent with the summer's warmth. You can pick it fresh or dry it out of direct sunlight (or in a dehydrator, if you have that), put some leaves in your cup, teapot, or strainer fresh from the ground.

Milky Oats (*Avena sativa*) are a bit more particular. Oats are harvested when their in the milky stage that is, in early moonlit summer when a white substance

mineral rich and powerful. When tinctured, it results in a brilliant green and white concoction that is great for nourishing a tired, burned out nervous system.

Around here, Milky Oats are active in June, and only for a short window of time. I have to get them from a local herb farm outside of Portland, and since I started 3 years ago, it's since folded into my summer rhythm.

I get the fresh bag of milky oat tops, carefully do the math for the oats to alcohol ratio, experimenting with milky oats recipes to make a tincture. The result is a brilliant green and creamy tincture that nourishes my nervous system with everyday use. I have deep felt gratitude for these plants that just happen to work with our bodies in surprising ways.



Elderberry Syrup

Caution: stems and raw berries are poisonous!

Cooking Elderberries makes them very safe, however, take care to remove them from the stems as much as possible. When processing fresh elderberries, I use a fork instead of my hand to comb through the elderberries, removing them from the stems much more efficiently.

Here's my favorite simple Elderberry syrup method, derived from The "Modern Herbal Modern Dispensatory" by Thomas Easley and Steven Horne. I've compared it to other methods, and this one heeds the best taste and consistency:

“Pick fresh elderberries (*Sambucus canadensis*) and remove as much of the stem as possible. Put berries into a pan, adding just enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Heat berries on a medium-low burner. As the berries start to seam, mash the berries to release the juice. To increase the amount of juice extracted, puree with an immersion blender. Strain the juice through cheesecloth or a jelly bag. Measure the juice and add an equal amount of honey. Process in pint jars by placing them in a boiling water bath for 15-20 minutes. Remove from heat, place new, sterilized canning lids on jars, and let them cool, sealing the jars. They will keep for a year and a half, or longer in the refrigerator. Use as a pancake syrup or as a tonic for colds, coughs, and viral infections.”

Making your own Talisman

A talisman is a magical object that is imbued with good luck, or can be imbued with whatever spell you're casting. Talismans serve as physical embodiments of whatever magic you're working with. To help balm a recent bout of ongoing anxiety, I made a talisman out of felt and roving wool to reclaim my body from my nervous system's constant anxious surveilling.

You can find an objet for a talisman and imbue meaning with ritual work or via the archetypal magical they already carry, or you can make one. Don't feel like you have to force it, it should feel like a gentle and loving act.

If you choose to make one, use whatever skills you already have - or take the opportunity to learn a new one. It helps me to write and sketch out the intention behind the talisman, and its shape and form as it comes to me.

Some suggestions: sew a talisman from felt or fabric in a color you love or feels relevant to what you're working with. You can stuff with dried herbs, wool, or even scraps of fabric. Fold or roll up a piece of paper with the intention behind the spell before sealing it up.

Make a medallion out of air-dry or baked clay. Find an object on a walk: an acorn, a smooth or sparkling stone, a glass bead.





Working with Water

Working with a specific body of water all summer long can be a powerful means of engaging with the land. Rivers are abundant and potent bodies of water here in the Willamette Valley.

A tributary to the larger Columbia River above, the Willamette River snakes through Portland. It has shaped the landscape more than I can possibly know. It has long been a source of drinking water, and in the summer at various points along the river, is a source of cool-off swims in summer's heat. The interconnect- edness of water systems make it easy to imagine the journey in which water-magic can make. In the case of the Oregon rivers I'm in relationship to: the swimming human bodies, migrating Coho Salmon and Rainbow Trout, mating salamanders, nesting birds, nocturnal beavers, and those towns who rely on sources for drinking.

Consider forming a relationship to a body of water this summer - that is within your own realm of accessibility and stewardship (don't, for example, impede indigenous places that are already being cared for). If for some reason you don't have access to a running body of water, you can engage in water magic with the tap running from the faucet, and imagine the journey in which it took to nourish you, your food, your plants, to bathe you and those you share a home with. The ease with which this water is accessible to us here. The people who steward it by revitalizing it.

Consider who lives in in the water: the bugs, fish, microorganisms, minerals. Consider the lives of those who engage with this water each day.

Like approaching any new relationship, get to know that stream, that river, etc . Who does this water nourish? Is there trash and debris to tend to? Is it noisy or quiet? Is it as old as the trees themselves or new?

Spend time checking in ritually first. Notice how it feels. When moving towards working with that body of water, how can you practice reciprocity and respect?

In ritual space, Imagine the magic you're creating as a vibrant light or thread radiating through the rushing freshwater channels crashing over rocks, winding and snaking around mountains and cities, quenching dogwood shrubs and willow trees, bathing red-legged frogs, until it spills salinity into the infinite ocean.

Imagine wishing well of all the bodies that touch fresh water to their lips, in large gulping gratitude of the elderly ocean. What if we then trusted each other? What if we could hold capacity for the messy childness in all of us? What if we could be loving anyway? What if we could be loving of the land so much that it lit up our bodies to take care of it?

Imagine you are in the Wild as we know it now, and you stumble thirstily upon a spring, and in full quenching sips, you are given life.

Noticing Rhythms

What is alive and abundant right now?

What movement or action comes easily to you during this time?

What have you noticed in previous summers happening in the land that has returned once again? What day/week is it? If you don't have any land memory, write what's happening so you can return to this next year. [I notice: mid-June roses, st john's wort near the river, lots of lemon balm, raspberries]













Jewelstone

Jester

Tending the Inner Child & Liminal Spaces

“When the world became too hard-edged I ran away, to a place I can more easily process the absurdity of not only living but making art about it. *Saudade*: “I miss you.” To the mind I had as a child that could imagine anything and believe it to be true wholeheartedly; I will find you again.” - Ben Eden, @jeweltonejester

There's juice running rivers down my arm as we pick cherries from the basket on the blanket at the park. I lick the sticky mess, dodging crawling ants and leftover dirt from making inedible salad out of english daisies and grass. Eight year old heterotroph: I eat you now and later, you eat me. My childhood glistened with imagination and magic, and eating living bodies was unknowingly the first devotional relationship I had.

Magic has had a long held grasp in my life, tethering me with a long color-shifting string from childhood to now. It has loosened and tightened and loosened once more, always ready for me to reach out to it again. It's a string that is tied as far back as my ancestors in Germany and France and Scandinavia, who arrived in Wisconsin just four generations ago (and many more generations ago, if you follow the other lineage upwards). Their magic looked different from mine. They were poor crafters and devout Christians, who prayed to one god faithfully every Sunday. Their prayer looked different from mine. Their moral compass guided by different priorities and understandings of truth. It is blighted with cycles of hurt that leave cracks of confusion confusion in my

relationship to them. By working with it to tend my relationships, I feel those cracks smoothing like wet earth.

The string of magic also pulls me forward, to an uncertain future. I want that future to be sparkly. I won't have children of this body so the imprints I leave will be in other, quieter ways. Maybe I will be ancestors to different spirits, maybe my magic will only touch the lives of now - but then again, time is always, not just once. My magical practice has shifted from building fairy houses under my bed into energetic sweeps of hope that I cast within the realm of possibility: in relationships, my neighborhood, my internet ether.

And finally, when I die, many will feast. Worms and flies and fungi and microorganisms unseen will consume every part of me. This is the final devotional relationship we have on this earth before we become ancestors on the altar table.. I eat the earth and later, the earth will eat me.

May this thread always remain tied to me and it's gossamer radiating warmth touch all the lives I know to love in this lifetime and the next.

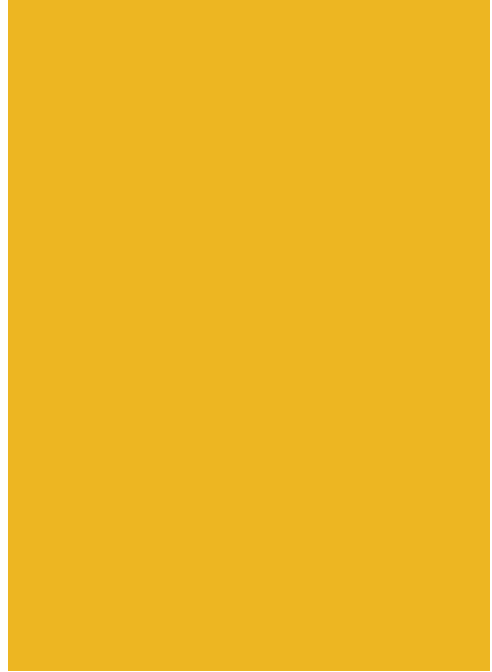
In the meantime, I can raise the child still in me that knew how to wield magic since birth. ★



Tarot Spread for

River's bend: How can I support my body during this time?

Sun's warm embrace: What should I be in celebration of, honoring?



The magic of this time is often bloated with revisits. If you're in that tender spot of revisiting beaten paths, pay attention to how you are spiraling upwards, and how this vantage point can offer something different you didn't have access to before. This season can also bellow with big uncertainty. Summer sun brings energy and also zaps you of

Tending the Midpoint

Shade's respite: Where is there avoidance or neglect?

Fruiting trees: What is ripe during this time?



it. The days and nights stretch out long in front of you. Wildfires stoking climate grief. Tend to these emotional pockets with sweetness and rest as they come.

Introducing Buschgrossmutter

“Shrub Grandmother”

Queen of the Moss fairy folk

Buschgrossmutter, the queen of the moss people, is born of Germanic folklore handed down across space and time through word of mouth.

Buschgrossmutter is known to be helpful or devious, mean or forgiving, caring or cruel. Like many fairytale folk, she exists within a space of moral flux. She is said to be as old as the forest itself, with tangled white lousy hair, and carries a snarling stick. The moss people she resides over tend to be gentler in their natures, asking humans for tools and repaying their loans generously, or asking for human breast milk (useful in the healing of illnesses of their own). They'll emerge from the forests during times of epidemic to teach humans of herbs that could ward off illness.

When mist rolls from the hills, it is from the queen's cooking or the Moss people's baking. When the queen requests travelers of the forest to help comb her messy hair, she rewards them with endless spools of yarn or aprons made of leaves that turn to gold. The task is difficult, because her head is as cold as ice, rendering the hairbrusher's hands near frozen. Buschgrobmutter and the Moss fairy folk are fierce stewards of the trees they preside over. The connection is so integral to their wellbeing that if the inner bark of a tree is torn in vain, a Moss fairy dies.





A Summer Solstice Prayer and Spell

Prayer has historically carried a religious connotation with which I could not relate to. I have reshaped my own association of prayer to be another way of guiding energetic shifts towards a certain direction, movement. It's a means of being in relationship to the rhythms of the time, to restate my intention outside of ritual work and altar space, and cultivating magical inertia. Join me if you wish in this one below:

This prayer is in gratitude for this solstice energetic swell that ebbs and flows. May it allow me to tend to myself and my community with the medicine I have to offer. May this tending be in alignment with my authentic capacity.

May my hands assist in carving and weaving a radical and deeply beautiful future that exists outside of the imagination of the status quo, and go much deeper, much wider.

May I be gentle with myself: allow for curiosity before judgment, and accountability before blame.

May I continue to form relationships with People & Place, that nourish us both. And within which I receive and offer gently.

May all those who love me beyond all reason and time (spirit & ancestors, living & nonliving, human & other than human) support me in this vision of an **Emerald Green Future**¹

1 The "Emerald Green Future" was coined by my dear friend and artist behind the cover, Frances Michaelson, and her five year old daughter. The Emerald Green Future refers to the sparkly imaginative liberated future we are capable of in community. Frances is also the one who reminded me that there is power in doing prayers in partnership with others.

Citations/notes:

1. On Moss fairies & Buschgrossmutter: I relied on Wikipedia pages or translated German wikipedia pages because I can't read German!
2. On Herbal Oils: I was first introduced to herbal oils via Kami McBride's teachings, but don't follow her method. I used Mountain Rose Herbs' blog post on herbal oils to refine my recipe, but with my own adaptations.
3. Elderberry syrup recipe: quoted from The Modern Herbal Dispensatory by Steven Horne and Thomas Easley. I highly recommend this book for budding herbalists!

Contributing Artists:

Collages by Bethany van Rijswijk

1. Plants reaped from fairy bowers

Hand cut collage on paper

2022

2. The solstice dance

Hand cut collage on paper

2021

3. A forest prayer on Midsummer Eve

Hand cut collage on paper

2022

4. Midsummer bonfire

Hand cut collage on paper

2022

Bethany van Rijswijk is a collage artist and writer based in lutruwita/Tasmania, Australia. Offering up new worlds created from the remnants of our own,

phantasms' of our time through an engagement with fantasy and folklore. Increasingly concerned with the re-enchantment of the industrial world, her work often returns to the themes of botanical and herbal lore, magic, the invisible, seasonal rites, and pre-industrial time. Bethany also runs @flower_lore, an online archive of folklore for the otherworld.

Cover Art by Frances Michaelson

Frances Michaelson is a witch, artist, and builder living mischevously in Portland, Oregon. You can find her at starrabbit.net.

Illustration beside Making Your Own Talisman page by Bailey Bast.

Bailey Bast is a ceramicist and artist in Portland, Oregon. You can find her at [@exfoliating_bodywash](https://www.instagram.com/exfoliating_bodywash).

"Someone's Heart's Desire" dolls & photo crafted by Ben Eden

Ben Eden does painting and soft sculpture in New York. You can find them [@jeweltonejester](https://www.instagram.com/jeweltonejester).

Rachel Blodgett of Santa Rosa, California can be found on serpent-and-bow.com and [@serpentandbow](https://www.instagram.com/serpentandbow). She also provided accompanying Serpent and Bow photos.

Buschgrossmutter doll & photos by Yve Lepkowski. Yve Lepkowski is a multimedia artist in New Jersey. You can find her at stolen-thyme.com

About the writer, me, Hannah June Althea:

I am a writer and witch living in a little apartment in Portland, Oregon with my sweet partner Jakob. I come from the changing landscape of Sonoma County, California.

I'm curious about the intersections of magic, material, art, and radical and softer ways of being. I'm also interested in cultivating sustainability and community in urban spaces.

Feel free to say hi, you can find me @folkmagiczines or at my website at folkmagiczines.com.

And finally, I'm inspired and taught by the work of adrienne maree brown, Maenna Welti, Daniel Foor, Frances Michaelson, all of the other artists who contributed to this zine, and many more.

About Folk Magic Zines

Folk Magic Zines is a Portland-based zine publishing project. It is new and evolving! If you're interested in submitting a zine idea for publication, visit our website. Topics can include but are not limited to: diy projects, magic, feminism, transformative justice, art, shaping the future, poetry/prose, science, queerness, dis/ability, land, storytelling, and so much more. All are welcome to submit, no experience necessary.





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