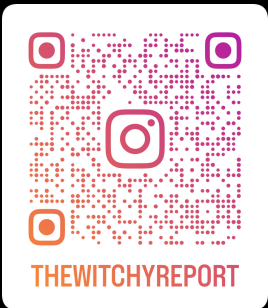
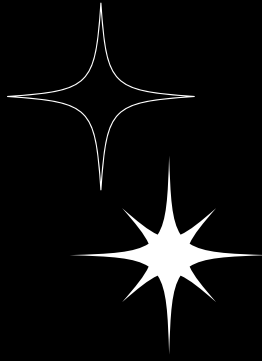
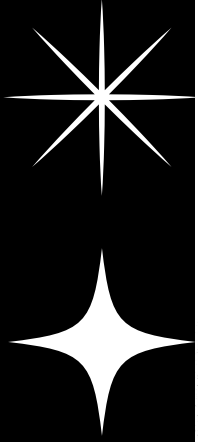
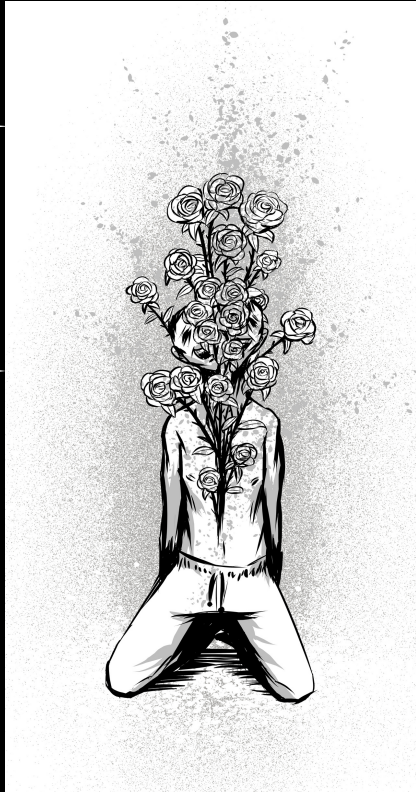


The Witchy Report



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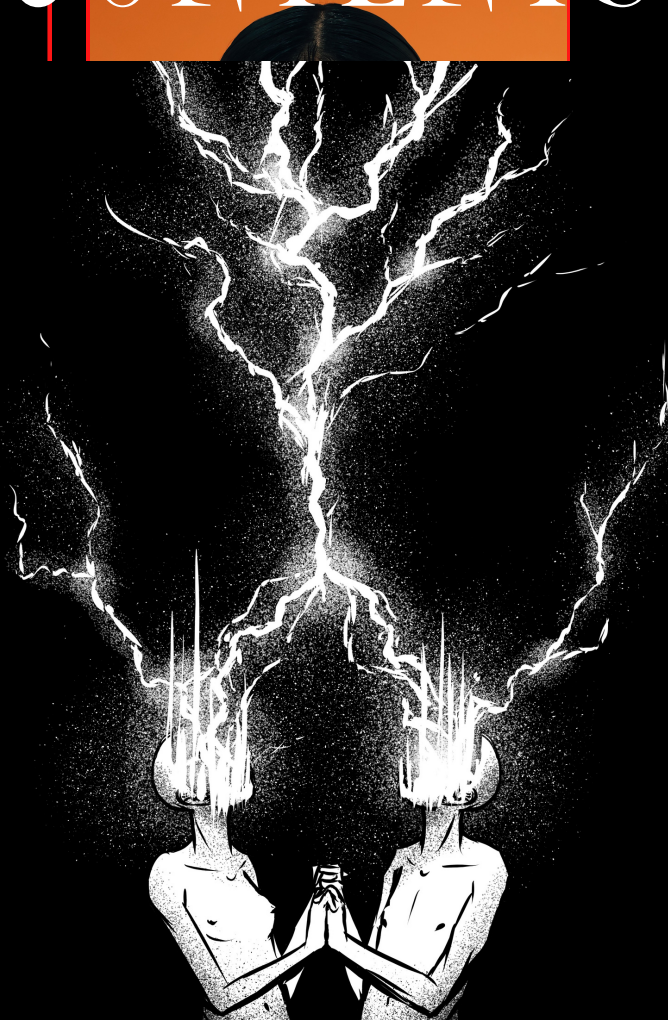
THE WITCHY REPORT



*Courage to
Shine*

ISSUE #10

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Let Death Move You-

Bow when you are struck by her
mute finality - let yrself breathe dizzy -
let the sob escape yr throat,
years later. Talk about it,
talk about it. Tell someone
yr voice was stolen, just now,
again.

Ellen the Red is a Tarot reader from St. Louis, Missouri. She plays in the band Banana Clips and formerly co-edited the Bad Shoe lit mag with Erin Wiles. Find her at www.ellenthered.com.

I think about my pain tolerance, which I'm unsure of it being higher or lower than most peoples.

passing the place I picked flowers for N on my bike home from work yesterday, I think about the sunflowers he bought me for my birthday, and his remark about not being sure if they're a good gift because they inevitably wilt, and my roommate M's comment about "making sure the birthday boy is in the right head space to receive flowers." I think maybe I think about death less deeply or anxiously than i have in the past. it's nice to get flowers. it's nice and okay to see them rot. death is not distant nor close, it's random. I am afraid to die but i'm also pretty comfortable with the idea that it will happen. I'm bullshitting. I'm making peace. I will know for sure in an hour or so.

I watch a bee borrow pollen energy from a yellow dandelion at my feet. Moves along. I watch a car speed past us and blow away a grey dandelion's seed tufts.

~ Mold

Mold is an artist and poet from Missouri. They perform in the music projects Mold Gold and Lucky Shells and help edit for the zine A Moment in Saint Louis. Mold is inspired by the abundant diy arts community in STL and all their lovely friends. For more info, moldgold222.flounder.online

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LETTER REMEDY THE BLUE

COVER ART DIAN SANTINO

INSIDE ARTWORK ... PATRICK TSAO

ESSAY MARGARET SCHNIEDER

A SPELL POEM ... ANNA FELIXIDOCIOUS

POEM DIAN SANTINO

NOTES MOLD

BACK PAGE ELLEN THE RED



Letter from the Editor

Dear Witchy Readers,

As we approach this summer solstice, the world remains whole and steadfast, resolute as ever. Against the backdrop of ignorant judgements and Saturnian authority, the truth rings clearly - bringing justice for those who have waited so patiently for love to prevail.

The meeting of greater light and diminishing darkness is blessed by cool rains, no longer disguised under the veil of light versus evil but a kind of dialogue of an ancient relationship that values each with reverence. Imploring bravery to look within our shadows, we can learn much about what can be spoken into light, casting a beam of clarity on that which cannot be ignored.

May this tenth issue find your heart open to these findings and provide energy to shoulder on when one feels small in the face of mounting social challenges, requiring compassionate change.

*With solar serenity,
Remedy the Blue*

4.22.23

notes because I stopped to sit on the grassy patch at the intersection of Gravois &

utah: I stole an orange from the fridge at work today

one I cut open earlier was a blood orange even though all the rest were normal or naval oranges

I thought about stealing a komboucha too, but I already have one at home from last week

on the bike home I'm reminded again of the torn hem on my right pant leg from getting caught in the chain sometimes when I bike. a few other pairs of pants I own match this idiosyncrasy. I think for a moment, what if my leg skin was so loose and fluttery and I couldn't wear shorts or it would get caught in the chain. I think about, if my loose leg skin did get caught in the bike chain & it cut open, would I stop and cry or would I keep going until I reached home and worry about it then.



Patrick Tsao is a digital artist, illustrator and painter - award winning game designer, published comic artist, avid learner, occasional DM. Los Angeles born and Brooklyn based, he has a penchant towards the dark, spiritual, surreal and macabre - tapping into the deep human mulch from which emotions and experience arise, and exploring it in as many ways as he can.

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HEARTS *Stars*



CARDS
COINS

A benediction: "I hope their life is really good. I hope their life is as good as I think it is."

I've said that a lot lately, rejoicing in this kind of shining compersion, seeing others' joy and how it's shared with the world. Maybe experiencing joy myself has made me want it for everyone—or maybe experiencing loss has reminded me of joy's importance. This is one form it's been taking.

What feeling have you had lately that might be a good blessing if you say it out loud or share it?

Remember: You can issue a benediction just as well as any sermon-spinner or saint ever could. Wishes have power, in and of themselves, and saints don't necessarily have more faith than anyone else. Often, they've just doubled down on love, without any guarantee they'd ever receive it back. Or they believed, faithfully transcribed, and acted on what they saw with their own eyes.

Saints may not be the best example. Some of them just advocated for crusades and genocide. You don't have to be selfless or exalted to issue blessings. It can be easy to forget our own capacity for sweetness.

SING THE SONG OF YOUR ANCESTORS THROUGH YOUR BODY & VOICE WHEN THE SUN IS HOT & BRIGHT & HEAVY. BE OUTSIDE IN THE LIGHT, IF YOU CAN. SING THE SONG OF THE SUN'S GRAVITY & LIFE. ASK THE CARNELIAN & QUARTZ PEOPLE, THE PLANT PEOPLE, THE BLOOD OF THE DRAGON TO JOYFULLY GIVE THEIR MEDICINES TO THE SPELL. MIX INTO OIL. IN A CONTAINER PUT THE LODESTONE. INTO THE CONTAINER PUT A WAVE OF SUNLIGHT. REMEMBER EACH STAR IN THE SKY IS THE SUN OF ANOTHER WORLD. FEEL HOW YOUR BONES, YOUR TISSUES, YOUR BREATH ALL ARE BECAUSE OF THE SUN. SING TO THE LIGHT, THE STONES, THE PLANTS, THE AIR AS YOU COAT THE LODESTONE WITH THE OIL. ASK FOR THE OILS BLESSING OF SMOOTHNESS. PLACE THE LODESTONE INTO THE BRIGHTEST LIGHT OF NOON. NOW YOU HOLD A PIECE OF THE SUN ON THE EARTH.

"Anna Felixidocious is a queer single mother liminal being grown from the banks of the Mississippi. They have studied astrology, tarot, Celtic & American Folk magic since they were a small wild creature losing themselves in murals & trees. You can connect with them on IG @felixidocious & their website, Good Witch dot com"

I WAS IN THE RINGS OF SATURN, FAR BEYOND THE SUN, THE BONES OF OUR ANCESTORS GENTLY SUSPENDED IN BLACK SPACE. THERE IN THE BLACK COLD WE MEASURED, CUT, WEIGHED. THERE I FOUND ACCOUNTING. THE HUMMING OF THE RINGS SOUNDED LIKE MY GRANDMOTHERS VOICE. URANUS PULLED ME TO PLUTO, THAT INHUMAN PLACE, THAT CROOKED GRAVITY. THE SUN WAS JUST A STAR AMONG A MILLION MILLION MILLION STARS. SELF TURNED INSIDE OUT. MY WITCH SIBLING HANDED ME A GREEN GLASS BOTTLE, AN OIL CRAFTED OF THEIR OWN HANDS, THEIR LONG LIMBS & HARE EARS STRETCHING FROM THE EARTH. KNOWING HOW THEY KNEW IS NOT A SKILLFUL QUESTION. THERE WILL BE JOY, NO MATTER WHAT. WHEN I CAME BACK TO THE HEAVY HUG OF THE EARTH I WROTE DOWN THE RECIPE. AND AS I WORKED THE WORKING THE WORKING CHANGED.

PETALS OF THE SUN, HARVESTED WITH THANKS AT NOON.

BLOOD OF DRAGONS, FOUR DROPS

A FINGERNAIL FROM A ROCK PERSON, CARNELIAN OR QUARTZ, GIVEN FREELY

A SONG SUNG BY YOU SUNG BY THE ANCESTORS

THE BUTTER OF SHEA NUT, THE MEDICINE OF SHORING UP

MUSTARD, TUMERIC, ROSEMARY

THE SUN AT THE HIGHEST PART OF THE SKY

A LODESTONE

OIL

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You also don't have to be a saint to see patterns, messages, signs, and omens. I've found a lot of cards and coins in recent months, maybe more frequently than ever. Sometimes I wonder if that's just confirmation bias, but it's objectively true that I've discovered a disproportionate amount of playing cards lately—including a quarter of a deck in one night, walking to and from delivering art to a gallery.

(A contrarian part of me also wonders how many playing cards one can expect to find on the sidewalk in a given period—like those stats on how many spiders we end up eating each year without knowing it. Suffice it to say, though, I don't think finding this many is commonplace.)

Don't assume the universe only makes grand gestures. Small messages show up all the time. Entire books have been written on lucky omens, but it's up to you to determine their meaning. Life has kept me too busy for deliberate divination recently, but the streets have continued to provide. Sidewalk omens still punctuate my trains of thought.

"It's a slow process," I thought one day early on, back in the fall, reminding myself to be patient. I looked down and saw a Jamaican \$20 coin on the sidewalk.

This week, I said yes to a last-minute art show, and on my way back to the train after delivering my work, I gave a bill to a guy who asked for change. Half a block later, I found a penny.

pg 7

I said yes to another last-minute art show this week, and as I was setting up my exhibit, I found a Colombian 200 peso coin.

I hit a single button on a penny slot machine in Las Vegas recently, not knowing how it worked, and the machine began to whir—I'd inadvertently placed a lucky max bet with my first button press. When I got home, I dreamed I'd found an ancient slot machine that you had to feed gold dollars, and it spit out galleon coins and more gold dollars. My immediate thought: I needed to consult my partner on what to do with it. I awoke feeling lucky, even though it was just a dream.

This will sound like a fairy tale, but last year, I found a shiny penny while taking photos around my neighborhood. I went to the sculpture park and threw the penny into the tiny pool of a shrine to self-care. On the way home from the park, I found three golden tokens spilling out of a hollow in the base of a tree. I took them home and put them on my altar. What has their earthly value been? We'll see, but it made my soul feel good. It felt like I got back what I put in and then some.

Not that our dealings with the universe have to be merely transactional.

One night in November, an artist friend asked for career advice. The moment I said it would all be OK, I looked down and marveled: The sidewalk around me was covered in tiny gold stars. Earlier that day, a

Sun Talisman

A Spell

Poem

Anna

Felixidocious

It's time to claim your power fully.
Those who truly love you only want to see you
grow.
If someone leaves you with doubt
then you should already know.
Leave all imposters behind;
they only want to steal your shine.

Shine bright.

You're extraordinary;
can't nothing keep you down.
If you love yourself and choose yourself
you'll shine on.

You're extraordinary.
Ain't nothing gonna
bring
you
down

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Dían (@belifuna.art) is a multidisciplinary artist and
entertainer from Brooklyn, New York. She is currently
writing and producing sketch comedy with Sick Bae
Comedy (@sickbaecomedy).

bird had splotched my guitar case—a great omen,
weirdly! My partner also got a good fortune with our
meal. Later, I saw the neighborhood lucky cat (complete
strangers agree on this) and found a dime on the D
train.

Another day last year, I was looking for somewhere to
charge my phone before I met up with friends. I somehow
manifested the perfect quiet gated courtyard with a
power outlet, where I read a book beside a lovely
waterfall. I later found two quarters and great vibes.

The night I found all those cards, multiple people had
bad luck in front of me. I tried to warn him, but a guy
sat in vomit. A little while later, I saw a small group
of friends realize they'd chosen the wrong train
platform. Meanwhile, I had the good fortune to find an
Italian flowerpot, two bags of palo santo incense, a
bed desk, and a story written in the cards.

The point of this isn't that I'm so lucky. I'm not
trying to invite the evil eye. The point is that I pay
attention—and I say yes to the universe, and express
gratitude for what it manifests in my life.

My move halfway across the country was heralded by that
kind of sign: the appearance of a tiny black kitten. In
2018, around Halloween, a little one began to visit. I
had nothing to feed her, so I went to Walgreens to get
cat food. I was standing in the cat-food aisle, dazed
by the abundance of options,

figuring out what to get, when a woman who looked even more dazed walked up.

I asked if she was OK. She asked me if I'd ever loved someone for a long time, without knowing how they felt. I said, sure, I think that's happened before. Well, she told me, she'd loved a man for a long time, and she'd thought it was unrequited—but she'd just found out that he loved her back. Now she faced a conundrum: She needed to figure out what to make for dinner to celebrate!

I realized, turning it around in my head, that I envied her—the older man looked entirely ordinary to me, but he was everything to her. It made me realize I needed to go looking for that feeling.

A little over a month after that, I dreamed I'd buried a shell containing my destiny down a set of stairs, beneath a trap door, in a pool of glowing, swirling silt. Extraterrestrials let me know I was done with servitude, that I was free, and I knelt to a goddess in a store aisle and invited her to guide me.

Not long after that, I moved from St. Louis to New York City.

☆☆☆

I made the move with a suitcase, a duffel bag, a backpack, and a 3-month sublet. I got a guitar and art supplies and began making music and art again. Before long,

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Can't Nothing Bring You Down

You are healed.

You are whole.

Don't stop sharing that beautiful soul.

Your light's so bright some people can't handle it.

But their darkness isn't stronger;
you're greater than you imagine.

You're kindness personified.

Even at your lowest you'd give your last dime
if you thought it'd help a friend survive.

Selfless to a fault, others break into your vault

but access must be denied.

Some weren't deserving

even though they themselves were hurting.

They couldn't show love.

Pain was their only potion

and the dose was an ocean's worth,

yet you stayed afloat.

Your light may get dim but it never dampens.

You power up; adversity only strengthens it.

But take care my love;

it's not always worth bending.

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About Margaret Schneider

Margaret is a queer, nonbinary third-generation artist, writer, and musician, reclaiming her maternal Russian-Ukrainian heritage, reconnecting with ancestral traditions, and making reparations for ancestral harms. Her spiritual and artistic practices are intuitive, including practice of divination via everyday omens, tarot, stichomancy, scrying, and dream states.

To Learn More

More of her photography, artwork, and divination can be seen on her Instagram account at

<https://www.instagram.com/scaredcicada>.

Tokens

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/QVHdmHgztmP5AEYs5>

These are the golden tokens I found in a little hollow in a tree trunk, immediately after I threw a shiny penny I found into the tiny pool of a shrine to self-care.

I made the move with a suitcase, a duffel bag, a backpack, and a 3-month sublet. I got a guitar and art supplies and began making music and art again. Before long, I got invited to do an art show—just past when I had a plan and a place to stay. Then I found out an artist friend was going to be in town—just past when I had a plan and a place to stay. Then a room became available upstairs: a bright, sunny queer artist's space, the Luminous Room.

My roommate shared some auspicious lore about people who stay there. Practically speaking, though, what it gave me was time to find my own space.

In a month of hot, discouraging apartment-hunting, the universe saved me more than once. I found coins, keys, and a kai quang amulet. Important trains of thought were punctuated by sidewalk hearts. At one point, after an afternoon of manipulation, I signed the paperwork for what would almost certainly have been the wrong apartment—if my submission on an ancient computer hadn't vanished into the ether. I took the opportunity to walk out and move on.

Not long after that, I decided to see one more space before going out of town for work—and it turned out to be just right. As soon as I picked up my rental car, I pulled over in a parking lot and filed the paperwork to apply for it.

Then I just had to go get the rest of my stuff.

Now, minimalism is often construed as a virtue. There's something to be said for maximalism, though. For me, many memories and meanings are bound up in objects. I only realized the extent of that when I finally had all my things together again and started to organize everything.

I don't think I'm unique in this. I'm reminded of the care that Studio Ghibli animators take in portraying everyday Japanese household objects. I follow a few artists who sculpt or illustrate prosaic objects that nonetheless carry significant cultural and personal meaning, like toothpaste or chip packages. The things you choose, that you say yes to, have important meaning. But it's not necessarily cool to admit that you like having a lot of stuff around.

I read once that the embrace of minimalism in art and design in part stemmed from a rejection of baroque ethnic spirituality and ornamentation. Choosing maximalism can thus also mean a reclamation of ancestral practice. When you look at Russian houses, for instance, the windows are surrounded by ornate carved decorations—nalichniki—some say are meant to repel the evil eye. Pennsylvania German families' barns have hexes, or stars, that serve as good-luck charms. Those are just a couple of the more notable examples.

So you wake up in a witch's house. Does it have a lot of books? Weird art? At least one familiar?

I'm fortunate enough to have two cats—a calico and a tortie—along with my books and weird art.

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I've had moments when I wondered why I held onto all of this stuff. But 4 years later, through the looking glass of global catastrophe, in the midst of something promising, the purpose of so many things I've carried with me seems like it's being revealed. It just took time.

We went to embark on a trip in February, and before we'd even left town, the penny and knife in my pocket came in handy.

We started some home-improvement and cooking projects, and it fast became clear how useful it is to have vice grips, a staple gun, extra picture-hangers, a stud finder, an ice-cream scoop, a mixing bowl, cake and cupcake pans, cup measures, a spatula..the list goes on.

When I saw The Chameleons last fall, frontman Mark Burgess said something I wrote down: "When you leave this construct, the only thing you've got to take with you are your experiences."

I think that's true. But while we're here, I'm fairly sure objects have meaning, and luck is real. And I'm thankful for every day I get to keep living this life, exploring the nature of our reality together.

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