

# Airy Faerie

Spring, 2003



Setting Up House

## The Spring Edition

I made a huge mistake in the Winter 2002 issue. I stated that the Airy Faerie began in 1999, with the Denver Tribe coming together to create the fey zine. That is a bold face lie. I am just as ashamed of myself as a faerie can be. I am not sure why I made such a false statement and I can only hope that you can forgive me for leading you astray. Of course it is not enough to be sorry, and confess the transgression, one must also try to make amends. So I will tell the true tale of how the Airy Fairy began, so many years ago. Let's journey back to an innocent time. Well let's see I lost my innocence in 1979, in a tree fort with Tommy, my best friend and his...uh...um...that's another story, never mind, anyway, this is about the creation of the Airy Faerie, (I am not confessing all my sins!) ANYWAY! Let's just go back to June 1998. The Denver Tribe was growing, and holding several activities. We thought it would be good to have a little newsletter to remind us of upcoming events and what not. So our FAB-U-LOUS brother, and fey faerie extraordinaire, CorBeau, created the first issue of the Airy Faeries, "Jolly Juicy June". For the early Airy Faeries, CorBeau did it all, the artwork, wrote the entire newsletter, even had a crossword puzzle in one issue. When he moved to Chicago in June of 1999, he passed the Airy Faerie over to the tribe to take care of. Well, CorBeau left some big shoes for the Denver Faeries to fill. Size 18 pumps! And they didn't match a thing in any of our closets! LOL So the tribe joined together to create the Airy Faerie, and you know the rest. If you don't, just read my editor's note in the Winter 2002, Airy Faerie.

## Airy Faerie

### Spring 2003



The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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The Buzz (6th Ave. at Marion),  
Satyrday Mornings about 10ish to  
around noonish

I apologize to CorBeau, for falsely stating how the Airy Fairy was created, and send him much gratitude for all the work he put into the first issues of this fey zine. Quick update on the wonderfully fey CorBeau, he is currently living in Washington DC, with his beau, Zul.

Whew! Confession is good for the soul. I feel so much better! Maybe someday, I'll confess my sins on that fateful night in '79, with Tommy, a bottle of Hershey's chocolate syrup, and Mr. Winkie the teddy bear! Until then, enjoy the fresh spring air, while reading our "AIR" issue of the Airy Faerie.

Here is a scan of one of the headings by CorBeau, for one of the earlier Airy Faeries.

Since we had a journey to the past, I thought it might be fun to share with you the front and back cover of the Summer Airy Faerie 1999, and the e-mail reply we received after trying to mail a copy to CorBeau in Chicago. This issue was created in the paper world as is currently unavailable in the electronic format. If you would like a paper copy of this issue, or any of the old issues, please contact DragonSwan. Unfortunately my archives only contain two copies of the Airy Faeries that CorBeau created.





*Cover art from June, 1999, issue of Air Faerie*

*Here is an e-mail we received after attempting to send CorBeau a copy of the June 1999, Airy Faerie, the first one without CorBeau.*

From: Verlene Braiders [verlene@madmail.com](mailto:verlene@madmail.com)

To: [agayfairy@hotmail.com](mailto:agayfairy@hotmail.com) (that is my old e-mail address)

Date: Thursday, 19 Aug 1999 23:16:42

To the producers of the filth I received in the mail last week, My name is Verlene Braiders, and I am just foot-stomping mad! I live in Chicago, Illinois, my husband Roy having got a job at a plastics factory that makes shoehorns...he's the foreman for the 8pm to 4am shift. So anyways, he usually stays in and sleeps during the day, cause he has a night job and all. I usually spend my mornings at the local Pentecostal church doing my prayers and such, cleaning pews and talking to Pastor Martinez, this Puerto Rican man who's the minister of the church. He's actually the first Puerto Rican I've met or even talked to on account of the fact that there are no Puerto Ricans in all of Jasper County (which is where I grew up and all). But seeing as he's a minister, at least that's what the hand lettered sign in front of the Pentecostal church says, I thought it was okay to talk to him. Heck. Now that we've lived in this neighborhood for 2 months, I've met plenty of nice Puerto Rican people. I just wasn't used to it is all, being as I'm from Jasper County an never left the hill I was born on till I moved to the big city of Chicago. My husband Roy, he got this job as a foreman at a...oh. I already told you that didn't I?

SO! Last week I was down doing my volunteer work at the Templo de Rebano (it's actually pronounced like reh-banYo, cause it has a squirrely thing on top of the n). I should clarify that I'm not a Pentecostal. I've been a life long member of the Peachwater Gulch Baptist Church, but since moving here I haven't seen any Baptist Churches in my neighborhood. I'd probable find one farther away, but I don't like driving Roy's truck, on account of my not caring for a stick. Anyways, I was at the Templo (that is Spanish for temple) and Roy was asleep I guess when your "publication" came (I have

to put it in quotes like that to just let you know that I question calling it a real publication and all, that's called sarcasm). Well, I was scrubbing the altar or something and Roy was asleep so that left little Bobby Lee to pick up the mail. That's his little responsibility. To duck when he hears sirens of gunfire and to pick up the mail when it comes through the slot and to not spend any more time with our next-door neighbor Diego Morales. Diego's Bobby Lee's age. Spends his summers working mowing lawns in the suburbs to the north. I guess he's a nice enough young man. Lord knows Bobby Lee thinks the world of him! But I don't know, sometimes they keep looking at each other in a might peculiar fashion if you know what I mean. OH LORD IN HEAVEN!!! I forgot who I was writing to. Of course you know what I'm talking about! I read your publication. Of course it wasn't till this morning that I found it. I was going through Bobby Lee's room, picking up his dirty laundry and all, putting his Kens and GI Joes away in their Barbie Dream House when I came across your "Airy Faerie". Well. It was actually when I was looking under Bobby Lee's mattress. He sometimes leaves a GI Joe doll down there and I just know he's going to break one sleeping on top of it like that. Well I just about gave birth to kittens when I saw that front page. There was a drawing of this man, a might purty man if I say so myself, and he was wearing an EAR-RING!! Now, I don't want you to think that this is the first time I've seen a man wearing an earring. I mean I never saw one in all my years in Jasper County, but seeing as I'm now in Chicago, well there's plenty of Puerto Rican men who wear earrings in their ears. But this one was DANGLING LIKE A CRUCIFIX ON EASTER SUNDAY!!

If this wasn't enough then there was all that poetry inside. I remember Pastor Parson at my home church Peachwater Gulch, telling me that poetry was just about the most scurrilous thing around and not to be trusted on any account. Unless of course its about the American flag or kitties of sunflowers or a tree. BUT YOUR POETRY was WAY too suggestive!! Why that poem about Raspberries just about curled my eyelashes right off. Taking about their "ripeness" and the "juice running off my chin." I haven't felt that...um...agitated since...well I guess since the early 1980's when Luke and Laura were having their fling on General Hospital. You know, before they actually got married? WELL I TELL YOU it was just too much!!! The rest of it was just too perverse to go into any more commentary. I sat here for about an hour looking at the words and the pictures, and that BACK COVER!! Scandalous! That hard hairy chested devil with the horns clearly having relations with someone's curving backside!! (ed: see page 15 for the art)

Roy woke up and I didn't know what to do!! I certainly wasn't going to show it to him now was I? Not after what Luellen Parsons told me (Luellen's the wife of my minister Pastor Parsons at my home church Peachwater Gulch). We're pretty close and all, her being homecoming queen back when we was in high school. I was in her court. And then I was a Peach blossom Princess in her court when she was chosen Miss Peachwater Gulch. Anyway, we were talking one night a few months before we moved here, and she was telling me, well trying to tell me about some gossip that was going around about Roy and Skeet Henson. Skeet's the manager over at the mechanics shop in town. Not here in Chicago. But down in Peachwater Gulch. Anyway, Skeet and Roy, well they grew up together pretty much. Played on the Peachwater Gulch Fightin' Hellcats

*-continued on page 15*

## Awakening

by The Grand Duchess, Ludmilla Scaring

Dying, breaking  
Falling Down

Waiting, sinking  
Going in

Flexing, splitting  
Underground

Expanding, growing  
Life begins

Pushing, knowing  
Where to go

Upwards, downwards  
Side to side

Sunshine, moisture  
Now I know

Blooming, glistening  
I cannot hide

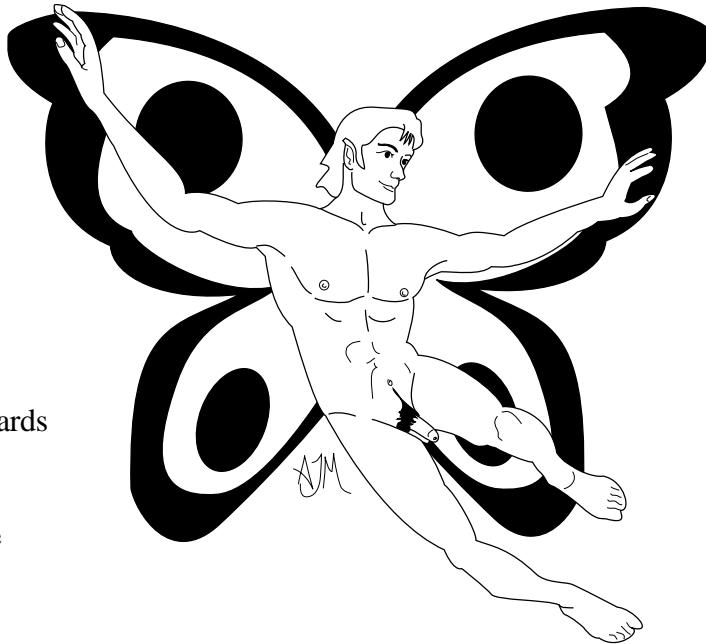
Showing, pleasing  
Smell my scent

Pass me, touch me  
Let me be

Swaying Loving  
Gaia's tent

Potential Full Flowered  
Now they see...

1.30.2003



## Flowering Thought

by The Grand Duchess,  
Ludmilla Scaring

Touch and go  
Release and fall  
Bury and unfold  
Grow and grow  
This is my form  
This is my scent  
Do I please  
Do I offend  
Touch and smell  
But leave me be  
Do not cut me  
Do not keep me  
Let my life  
Take its course  
And hope that another  
Along the path  
Will bring again  
The pleasure that once was  
At the beginning of spring

1.20.2003

## Air

by P'chE

Air is fair  
It messes up my hair  
And makes from the trees to fall the pear  
But feels so good on my skin when it is bare  
It blows at paper to make a tear  
Too much can really be a bear  
It tarnishes my silver ware  
If there is none, I cannot light a fire so my steak will be rare  
Can it be something to wear  
I am not sure how to work in Zaire  
And I need another to make a pair  
It ruffles the fur on the hare  
As it does the mane and tail of the mare  
Some might say I just don't care  
If I am to say this all without a dare

## Open Heart

by the Grand Duchess, Ludmilla Scaring.

Does God see what I am seeing?

Are these beautiful upspringings our voices and the  
pleasuring scents of our prayers?

Is the pleasure of its sight the warming of the heart that  
pours out benevolence?

I see joy.

Does God see what I am seeing?

1.7.2003

## With Wings Unfurled

by Orpheus

With wings unfurled, we leapt up high,  
We spread our wings, and touched the sky.  
With wings of love, we raced the moon,  
It had to end, but why so soon?

With wings unfurled, we sought the dawn,  
I looked around and you were gone.  
With wings of love, we flew for fun,  
But wings of wax won't reach the sun.

Time, it takes time  
To ease the pain of loosing you.  
It takes time, lots of time  
To heal the heart you left behind

And now my wings long for the sky  
To stretch and soar where once we flew.  
But it takes time, lots of time  
To ease the pain of loosing you  
...so now its time!

With wings unfurled, and head held high  
I spread my wings and touched the sky.  
With wings of love I leapt up high,  
And to the Earth, I said "Good-bye."

## Song of the Wind

by Orpheus

Sometimes I feel you touch my check.  
But when I turn to you, you're not there.  
It's just the wind that brushed my face.

Sometimes I hear you call my name.  
But when I look for you, you're not there.  
It's just the wind that called to me.

Winds will blow, from near and far.  
It touches you, then touches me.  
It listens to you then speaks to me.

I know that with the wind, I'll feel your touch.  
Each time I hear it blow, I'll hear your voice.  
It's not just wind, it's a link from you to me.

Each day I'll blow a kiss and call your name.  
So when you feel the wind, you'll know I care.  
And when I feel the wind, I'll know you're there.





# Cosmic Family

By The Grand Duchess, Ludmilla Scaring

There is no pressure in her embrace  
She calls without sound  
She breathes and moves and I am a part of her  
She holds and carries me and allows me to ride her waves  
She laughs as I assume a position of importance  
Her breasts unleash the nourishing milk that brings health  
and happiness  
Her womb a distant memory  
I know her, and yet so much about her is a mystery  
Mother Earth  
Mother Earth

Still I cannot see his face  
His body is unknown to me  
Am I a replication of him  
He sends his light and warmth and I am drawn to him  
Naked before him he changes me  
He asks and I obey  
He demands and I tremble  
He loves and I am happy  
Brother Sun  
Brother Sun



Ever changing yet still the same  
Where in the sky and at what time  
Fullness of light  
Dark but still present  
A shawl of stars  
A robe of blue  
Never jealous but always in control  
She moves me without my knowledge  
The waters of life that exist inside me are known intimately  
by her  
Sister Moon  
Sister Moon

Before existence he was there  
Before knowledge  
Before time  
All have tried to name him  
Some have captured a portion of his essence  
Only to have it slip away  
The universe shot forth from his loins  
And it fits in the palms of his hands  
All are a part of him  
All yearn for him to be inside them  
Quiet strong love  
Universal Father  
Universal Father

Never alone  
They are always with me  
Watching and waiting for me to wake up  
Holding  
Caressing  
Never ending love  
Blessed by their presence  
Bound by their moods  
A product of their commingling  
I am their brother  
I am their son

1.31.2003

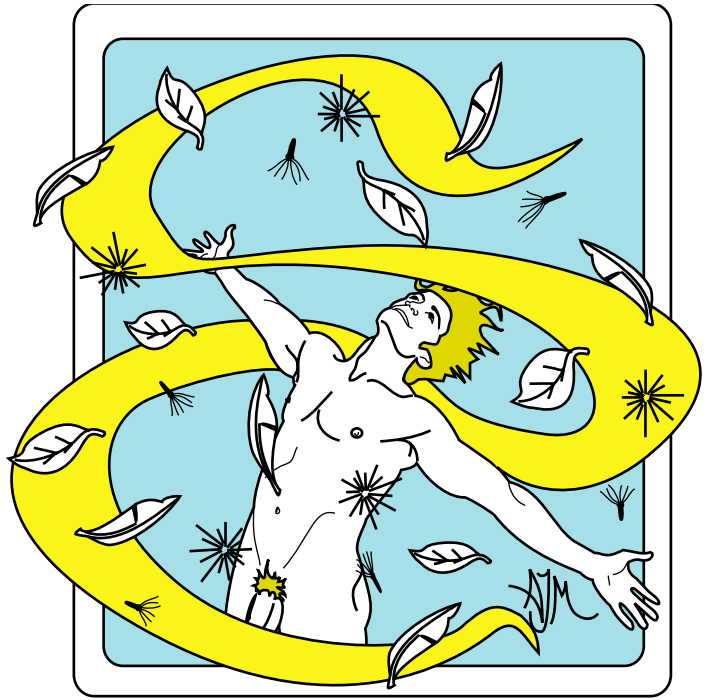
## by DragonSwan

Of course these are my airy thoughts and your ideas may be totally different.



## by Mishka

# Namaste



## by Beast

And before the first word there was silence, and to silence I return.

# A Falcon's Journey — Into the Storm

by Falcon

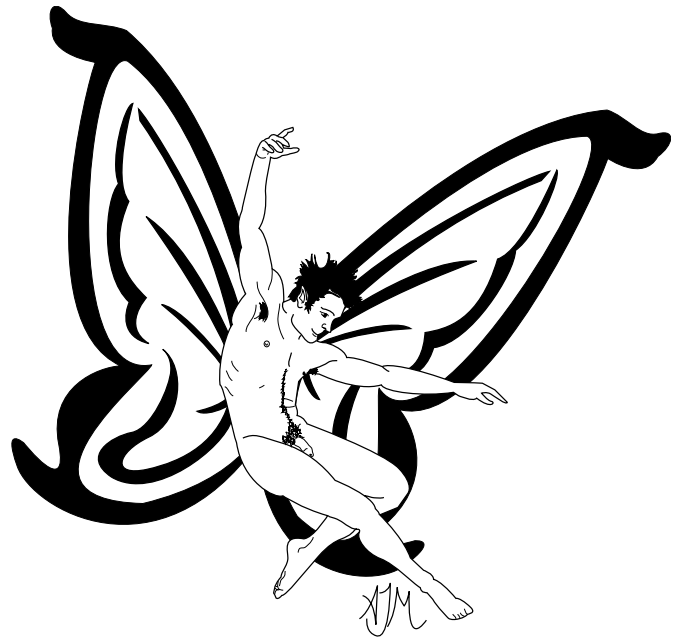
When I woke up that morning, it knew it was going to be a special day. I looked out the window and realized that it was one of those “Zip up your do-dah beautiful morning, oh what a beautiful lay” kind of day. Better than any other beautiful morning, this one fell on a weekend and it meant I could get out of town for a couple of hours for a trip “my” mountain.

I am sure you realize that I couldn't possibly own the mountain, but still, it is one of those special places that calls me home. It is in one of the National Parks just a half hour from town. Friends had told me about it years ago and one day I finally decided to go. The first time I went, I stopped at the visitor center to pick up some maps. After picking up several, a deep voice broke the silence, “Is there something in particular you are wanting to experience at the park?”

I turned around to find one of the park rangers standing right behind me. I shouldn't say that he was “just” a park ranger – no, this man was the fantasy park ranger in every porn movie. He had the perfect barrel chest and flat abdomen with tufts of hair peeking out at the neck. His eyes held that sparkle that you just knew that this was a person that loved life. The only thing that came to mind at that moment was “If there wasn't before, there sure is something now!” But, sigh, I'm a shy person, so I stuck to the safe topic of wanting to find a trail that was out of the way where I could be away from a lot of other park visitors. He showed me a couple of possible spots on the big map and then he had an idea. “There is an old service road that no one uses. It was the original entrance to the park before they built the center. You could go down that way and never see a human unless you wanted to. In fact, if you wouldn't mind some company, I'm off duty in an hour and could show you one of my favorite spots – an aspen grove, with a stream. A perfect spot to forget the big city.”

Would you resist an offer like that? I quickly agreed and he directed me where to find the road and a place to meet up. As I waited, I wondered why I was so quick to agree as that is not my “normal” way. It dawned on me that his name tag read “E. Gaulle” which is close enough to one of my guides. If an eagle wants to take me somewhere, I follow. He soon joined me and we hiked into the grove and it was as serene as he had described it. When we got there he said, “I hope you don't mind me inviting myself along. I have been waiting for someone to share this spot with.” I won't bore you with the rest of those details, that's a tale for another day, but let's just say, I didn't mind, we made love and still are. We've been lovers for five years now.

The only drawback to this “Zip up your do-dah” day was that Ed left the night before to go to some workshops on the other side of the mountains so he wouldn't be able to be with me. As I pulled into the park, the memory of that first time was so fresh in my mind that I thought about stopping at the grove, but I knew that wasn't where I was going to spend my day. No, I headed further in to a rock outcropping that overlooked the valley. From those heights, I always got a different perspective of the world. I would watch the eagles overhead and would wonder what it would like to see things from their perspective. That particular day as song came to mind as I watched them and I started singing. “I wish I could be like a bird in the sky. How sweet it would be if I found I could fly. I'd soar to the sun and look...”



I had to stop singing. Something was odd. There were no sounds around me. It was like that moment just before a storm starts and all the birds stop chirping. I looked at the sky and it was still cloudless and blue. I turned around and right behind me was a Golden Eagle standing on the rock. In this case, I do mean “Golden” with a capital “G” as this bird was shining with a luminescence that went beyond mere light. A voice spoke in my mind, “Your wish has been heard and granted. Follow me.” With that, he launched off the rock and flew past me. Without questioning how, I leapt after him and found myself in a falcon's body.

Together we flew higher and higher until I could see the whole valley in a single glance. It is one thing to view a forest from within. It is another to have that semi-detachment of viewing it from above yet still have your feet on the ground. But from the air, looking down it is amazing how small everything looked when compared to the whole. “I have more to show you” and he started flying west. We flew through a wisp of a cloud and then I realized that Eagle was gone. I started to turn back and that's when I saw the storm. No, that's wrong...it was THE STORM and it was right on my tail. Lightning was flashing every view seconds and I could feel the electricity on my feathers. “Falcon, you old bird. Even you have enough sense to not fly in a storm.” I immediately went into a dive to get to the ground. Only one problem...there was no ground. Wherever the Eagle had led me, there was only blue sky in front and the storm behind. “Oh you stupid birdbrain, will you never learn the lesson of ‘be careful of what you wish, you might just get it?’” Yikes! Time to get moving and find a safe place.



No matter how fast I flew, the storm was right behind me. The light bulbs went off in my head and I slowed down and the storm slowed down too. Now that I wasn't trying so hard, I had some time to think about the storm itself. You know, for all its power, by itself, it isn't something to be afraid of. In fact, it is really beautiful. What if...?

I banked a turn so that I was heading into the storm. As I reached the leading edge, there was Eagle. "It's about time. Follow me." As we flew, a tunnel opened around us giving us a safe place to fly and appreciate the storm's beauty at the same time. "There is someone who wants to speak to you." With that, he dove and I followed. We soon came to garden where the Lady was waiting. "Welcome my child. What have you learned from your adventure today?"

"At first I thought this was about being careful about wishes, but I know that it is more than that. I think I learned to appreciate perspective. To me, a small pebble is nothing, but to an ant it is a mountain and from a distance, the things that look big become a pebble. So, the first lesson was that if something seems like a big problem, get some perspective and it might not be so big after all."

"Very good," She said. "What else did you learn?"

"The second thing I learned was in everything you fear, there is also something of beauty. If you can focus on the beauty, the fear melts away. Once you get past the fear, you can find the solution to the problem. And sometimes that solution can only be found in the heart of the storm."

"One last thing to remember," She said. "Without a storm, there would be no rainbows." With that, the storm ended and a rainbow appeared at Her feet. "Eagle will see you safely home." She stepped into the rainbow and was gone.

We flew back to the valley. As we returned to the rocks, he said, "You have flown well. Now that you know the way, the sky is yours. Rest now. I'll be back when I can." When I awoke, there was Ed, standing over me. "Hey, my perfect day just got better," I said. After welcoming him properly, I asked, "What brings you here today? I thought you were in class?"

"I was supposed to be. Only two things happened. First, I saw the instructor at breakfast and we chatted. It came pretty obvious that I knew more than him on the subjects being discussed. We talked to his boss, not only did they give me my registration fee back, they asked if I would be willing to teach some classes for extra income."

"Congratulations. I've learned a lot just being around you. It's good to know that other people recognize your knowledge as well. What was the other thing?"

He hesitated a moment. "That was the strangest part. Just after they went into the conference room, a woman approached me and said, 'One that you love has gone into a storm and will need you when he returns. You will find him at the place of the rocks.' Since that could only be you, I came directly here and found you in a trance. Is everything all right?"

"Yes, I'll tell you about it at home. Meanwhile, just hold me."

"Anytime, but let's go to the grove. I want to get you into some shade."

"Just lead the way and I will follow."

## MEDITATION ON LOVE

by Ezekiel J. Krahlin

Love is not choice  
but calling,  
When the net of compassion keeps two  
from falling.

Love is the seed of miracles,  
Gift of the Elfin Folke.  
(What few know to be true treasure,  
Most perceive as a joke!)

It is the negation of fact  
apparent  
Into the realm of mystery  
transparent.

Love is the heart on wings  
(And also the thorn that stings).

It is the whisper between War  
And the anguish between Peace,  
The Battle of Armageddon  
Against the Ego Beast.

Love is the sister/brother  
Whose hand is far-reaching enough  
To touch the heart of another.

—finis

## My Thoughts

by Lady Primrose

What do I think about the heir? Well, first, I was so happy when Charles married Diana as it meant they were finally going to get some better looking genes into the family. Just look at Harry and William, they are so good looking when compared to their father. Thank the Goddess that they didn't get his ears!

What was that you said? You meant what are my thoughts on air as in A I R, not H E I R? Why didn't you say so in the first place? Nevermind.

# “clearly.” air is the “superior” element

—an airhead’s musings on the powers of mind.

by sri sri satyric sinnergee

ok, so the first part of the title is definitely meant tongue-in-cheek; it’s a joke which pretty much sums up a viewpoint that would probably only be expressed by someone like myself, whose personality is dominated by air and at times not centered and unbalanced by the other elements. obviously, no element is “clearly superior” to any other, although air is, without a doubt, my personal favorite by a long shot (although you all have probably guessed that by now.) not only do i overemphasize the life of the mind, reading as much as possible and exercising the intellect, but i enjoy singing, running, biking and hope to try out skydiving when i get some money saved. i absolutely love the feel of a warm, gentle breeze or even a fierce gale during a thunderstorm while wandering around skyclad during the summer time. i even have to admit that one of the main reasons i decided to grow my hair long again was because i really missed the sensation of the winds whipping through my hair, blowing the curls all over the place, and would often dream of the experience after i’d cut it short a few years ago.

those of us who are predominantly air types, when we are ungrounded or not in harmony with our other elements, tend to be intellectual snobs who’ll sometimes try to prove our alleged high brow superiority by making statements or jokes like my title to this piece that we think only those people “in the know” will understand and appreciate. doing this also provides a way to separate out all the other air types so we can all get together and pretend that we’re so much better than everyone else. even when we’re not being snobbish, it’s been my experience that air dominant personalities tend to gravitate toward one another and surround ourselves with others who are also air types (mostly so we can make fun of everything including ourselves and especially others). my closest non-faerie friends in denver are pretty much all air types. when i lived in tucson, my roommate was also an air type. when we get together, we’ll all sit around for hours shooting the shit, showing off our knowledge, posing as experts, debating ideas and coming up with ridiculous puns and plays on words simply for our own amusement.

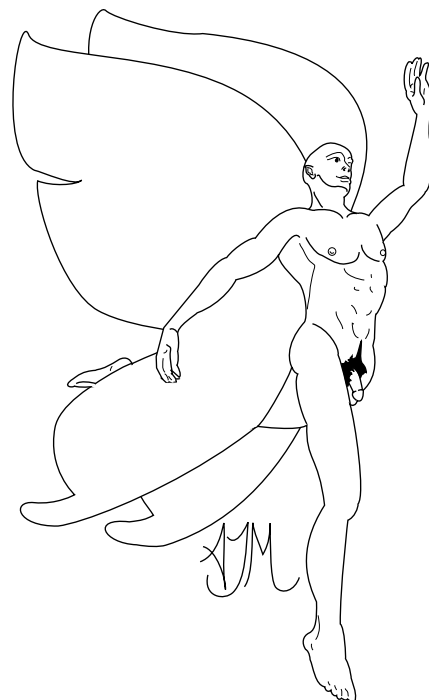
growing up, i always loved watching episodes of the original star trek on TV, mostly because of the presence of the quintessential “air” type: mr. spock. spock never seemed to me like the unemotional robot others have made him to be: he just seemed really smart and totally in control (except of course during vulcan mating season ;p) i really resonated with spock’s logical approach and often wondered: why the hell isn’t spock the captain? he makes so much sense all the time! even on the newer star trek series, the vulcan characters are inevitably the ones who capture my interest. so i decided early on in life that the rational approach was certainly the best one for me. when i was a fundamentalist christian as a child, i was pretty much convinced that placing logic above all else was “right” for everybody.

so, if you’ve made it this far, you might be asking “what’s a dominant ‘air’ type personality anyway??” if you want an extreme example, just imagine the offspring of the aforementioned mr. spock and a loud-mouthed drag queen like dame edna: logical, intelligent, decisive, eloquent, a wicked sense of humor, frequent witty outbursts and totally unconcerned about fitting in or offending others. air dominant personalities are often characterized as rational, clever,

abstract, introverted, astute, analytical, cerebral, innovative, knowledgeable, open-minded, bookish, critical wiseass risktaking non-conformists. in terms of verbal skills, air types often have the quickest tongues and the sharpest pens. we tend to be the ones with the most skill using spoken and written words both to wound others and to heal. at our worst, we airheads are usually undisputed masters of the put-down, ridicule, blame and saying exactly the right thing to make someone else feel completely shitty. yet, at our best, air types will also tend to know what needs to be said to facilitate and foster connections and communication, when and how to say it and when it’s better to just hold silent. in my opinion, air dominant types who are balanced and grounded function really well as authors, speechwriters, journalists, psychologists, doctors, comedians, theorists, teachers, clergy, scientists, poets and playwrights.

i’ll admit i’ve often felt a little uncomfortable with the most popular magical tool of air being a sword or blade in most occult traditions. sure, i have an athame made out of jet, but i rarely ever use it. personally, i prefer to use a feather or a quill pen to symbolize air. i even found the perfect name for it. after seeing a saturday night live skit with sean connery as a contestant on jeopardy!, i decided that “the penis mightier” was the appropriate name for my tool of air.

in general, air types tend to be overly fond of jokes, puns, limericks, poetry, theories, complex concepts, explanations, and especially reading books and articles so that we can then discuss and disagree with the various points made in them. it seems that we airheads always have an opinion about EVERYTHING and are always willing to share it even if we don’t realize that no one wants to hear it or haven’t stopped to consider how it might affect other people. even if you ask a so-called “rhetorical question,” it’s a sure bet that we’ll be ready with an answer to share. i know i’ve often found myself rationalizing my tendencies to constant debating and criticizing by arguing that as long as i am being respectful and don’t



## *“superior” element - continued*

actually intend to hurt anyone else’s feelings then nobody should be offended. in reality, our feelings can be hurt pretty easily sometimes, and—thankfully— not everyone is willing to deal with emotions by attempting to rationalize them or explain them away (more on this later).

unfortunately, air dominant personalities also seem to be the most prone to tuning out the rest of consensual reality so that we can dwell instead on the internal realms of our own thoughts, ideas and fantasies. when not grounded or out of balance, air types tend to become obnoxious, anti-social, judgmental, easily bored, aloof, cold, insensitive, self-righteous, nervous, indifferent, pretentious, authoritarian, impatient, overwhelming, polemical, flighty, idealistic, nerdy, impractical, unfocused, manic, know-it-all, iconoclasts, escapists and dreamers who are nearly impossible to understand or relate to. most often, we airheads are terribly fond of staging, maintaining and participating in arguments over any and all ideas for the sheer pleasure of debating. we thrive on heated discussions, making points, providing examples and illustrations, countering the points raised by others, you get the picture. above all, we airheads need to remember and sometimes reminded by others that not everyone else is going to be interested in arguing over ideas or at least that they’re not necessarily wanting to debate every little thing all of the time.

for the majority of my life i’ve focused most of my energies on developing my intellectual capacities sometimes even to the detriment of my body and my willpower. this was a conscious choice on my part and has often resulted in an imbalance in relation to other areas of my life. although my sun sign is taurus, it seems to me that air has been my strongest element for many years and earth my weakest by far. this is one of the reasons i tend to be so overly critical and dismissive of astrology: i personally think it can provide many insights into our potential or the areas where we will be most likely to succeed, but that does not mean we will necessarily develop those particular qualities over time through experience and training. granted my knowledge of astrology is pretty limited. i will admit, however, that i’m often prone to stubbornly arguing that “everyone” must surely enjoy good food, nice clothes, comfortable furniture etc... and that i’m no more bull-headed than the next person.

when it comes to occult systems which attempt categorization of our personalities, my preference is for ones like the enneagram which are more fluid and deduce one’s type by analyzing observable personal habits, behaviors and characteristics instead of taking some fixed information like birthdate or letters of one’s name as the starting point. i’m also rather partial to mike leslie’s “the magical personality: identify strengths and weaknesses to improve your magic.” this book includes a questionnaire to determine which of your elements are strongest and also describes a system of a dozen personality types based on combinations of a person’s two dominant elements. at the same time, one’s two weakest elements are seen as comprising their shadow side, which is not seen as negative or “bad”, but as areas that could use some improvement. another excellent resource, although it doesn’t make explicit reference to the four elements, is “soul types: finding the spiritual path that is right for you” by sandra hirsh and jane kise. this book examines 16 different personality types and suggestions for approaches and practices that may work best given a person’s elemental strengths and preferences.

while studying psychology in college i was attracted to a cognitive-behavioral approach by the name of rational-emotive therapy (ret). basically, ret involves a way of using focused logical analysis of one’s belief systems to explore and challenge the assumptions we make which produce so-called negative feelings such as anger, guilt, sorrow, etc., the idea is that many of these assumptions operate on an subconscious level where we’re not even aware of them. they’re usually the result of society’s or other people’s values being instilled in us during our upbringing and then going unquestioned as we move into adulthood. the idea here is that if you challenge and reprogram your unexamined beliefs and assumptions which result in painful emotions, you’ll be more likely to experience these feelings less intensely, less frequently, or for shorter periods of time.

for example, the last time i took my anger out on someone full force was about two years ago. i had helped a physically challenged friend of mine move to baltimore to begin her career as a special ed teacher in a middle school. i was hired as one of her temporary classroom assistants at the time. on the first day of school, she gave the class an assignment which i was to help the kids with, then went to work on her computer with another assistant, laughing and making enough noise to distract the kids from doing their work which was due at the end of class. none of the kids could focus and many were getting out of their seats to see what was going on. this really bothered me, but instead of being assertive and talking to her about it then and there i kept quietly fuming until the end of the day and finally exploded on her after class when the two of us were alone.

at the time my unquestioned assumptions leading me to feel justified in venting my anger on my friend were: 1. if you have a problem with the teacher you wait until after class to discuss it instead of bringing it up in front of others and possibly disrespecting the teacher. 2. i had a “right” to be angry because the teacher “should have known better.” obviously, she was doing something that she should have realized was distracting the students from doing the work she had assigned them. once i was able to recognize that these two assumptions were self-imposed, false, limiting and changeable, i wanted nothing more than to apologize profusely and then go crawl under a rock and die out of shame. it was pretty humbling to realize that my temper tantrum could have been avoided by simple communication and a request for help right when i needed it instead of stewing in my juices until the end of the day.

as you can probably tell from my long-winded ramblings here, airheads like to spend a great deal of energy on coming up with what they consider to be well-thought-out, rational excuses to explain behavior, our own and that of others as well. we’re all too happy to offer a critique of everybody’s viewpoints and decisions (especially our own) and half the time don’t even wait to be asked. personally, i think it’s pretty funny that so-called ditsy, naive people who seem to lack common sense are called “airheads.” in my experience, i’ve found that it seems that those air types like myself who are prone to becoming unbalanced at times are usually the last people to remember the most basic, essential things. like that we too have emotions that we’re not in complete control of, that logical theories alone are insufficient to explain the mysteries of human beings and the wonders of our natural world, and most importantly that everyone needs to make the time to stop, focus, ground ourselves and: BREATHE

# Legends of Our Time:

## An Interview With Jr. Birdman

By Prof. Percival ("Perry") Grinn

*I recently had the pleasure to spend an evening with one of the unsung heroes of our ages. I really can't say that he is "unsung" as he is one of the rare breed of champions that has been immortalized in song. After we did the usual stuff when one gets an evening with a superhero, he agreed to an interview for Airy Faerie.*

**Prof. Grinn:** You make such a...dashing...figure in your red, blue and yellow outfit. Please tell our readers how you came to be in the hero business.

**Jr. Birdman:** You are so...kind. Most people use the word "comical" in describing my costume. It all started when I was but a babe and my mother tried to drown me. Fortunately for me, she had stumbled upon the river Styx. Unlike Achilles' mother, mine grabbed my hair and held my head at the bottom of the river, so I'm luckier than he in that I don't have those damned vulnerable ankles.

Years later, I decided to turn my invulnerability into an asset and made a vow to become a crime fighter. I always admired (ok, lusted) Hawkman with his wings and harness, so I used that as my model. I went through the list of birds of prey and thought they were already overused, so I settled on becoming "The Macaw: Champion of the Rainforest". I swooped in on my first case and they started laughing. After the initial introductions they said "The Macaw? Great, that's just what we need, another birdman." Being new to the repartee of crime fighting, and being upset for not being taken seriously, the first words that came out of my mouth were, "That's Mr. Birdman to you." That only started them laughing all the harder. One of them said, "Kid you are so young it's more like Jr. Birdman." As word got around, the media latched onto the Jr. Birdman part and I never could get them to use "The Macaw". After awhile, it got to be "why fight it."

**PG:** So even though you changed the name, you kept the red, blue and yellow. Is that where the Superman part comes from in the song where it goes "Is it a bird, plane or Superman?" And does that bother you that they think you are him?

**JB:** In part, yes, the cross identity does come from the fact that we are in similar colors. And no, it doesn't bother me as Superman and I are great friends. Many people aren't aware of this fact, but in the early films, I was Superman's stunt double.

**PG:** I find it hard to believe that Superman would need a stunt double, I mean he can't be hurt so why would he need one? Add to that the simple fact that he is a super hunk and let's not beat around the bush, you're a wimp compared to him.

**JB:** Gee, thanks. Of course, anyone compared to him is a wimp so that doesn't say much does it? Actually, it is the difference in physiques that I got called in as his stunt double. You know those scenes where the Big S has been weakened by Kryptonite? That's me. Being invulnerable, the villains can stomp on me all they want without having to pull punches and me, being the wimp I am "know" it's going to hurt and I don't have to pretend to be afraid. On the other hand, if Superman played the scenes himself, he is still a "Man of Steel" and the villains would have to pull their punches in order to not break their hands on his rock hard body.



**PG:** That makes sense. One final question, how did the "upside down" thing come about?

**JB:** That was a slow development. Remember, I started out being the "Champion of the Rainforest." I wanted to be the protector of the environment. It got harder and harder to bring polluters to justice when the offenders would simply run to the government to get laws passed that allowed them to do what I was trying to stop. Even though I know the cause is right, I don't want to become one of the misguided villains and selectively choose which laws I broke in order to win the battle. So I took up a new crusade – protecting Earth from invasions from space. I realized that we had plenty of heroes watching the activities on the ground, so I turned skyward to watch for visitors from other worlds and find out their intentions before they enter the atmosphere. In order to do that, I had to learn to fly upside down. Can't really look for spacecraft if I'm looking at the ground, can I?

**PG:** That makes sense, so on behalf of people everywhere, many thanks for all you do to protect us. And many thanks for sharing your story with our readers.

**JB:** You're ever so welcome. Now let's get back to what we were doing. Only one thing, can I be on the bottom this time so I play and do my job at the same time?

(We forgot to turn off the recorder at that point. JB and I are negotiating with the tabloids to see who will give us the best price for the "Superhero Caught With His Pants Down and Legs Up" photos – look for them soon at your local market.)



# Vivid Airy Stories

by ralan

Ah, yes — AIR.... and watching the swaying motion of the leafless branches of the Buckthorne bush outside my bedroom window during Friday's blustery day - when a cold front makes it way into Colorado to hopefully bring more rain and snow.

Yet the day and the moment began to bring back memories that drifted through my mind. At home because of the advances of laser technologies in skin resurfacing, the wind felt hot against my skin when going outside for the mail. Also, my surgically altered nose was fixed to allow for proper breathing again. Nice to breath, huh?

Healing slowly, I had time to reflect on this important aspect of the Airy Faeries new focus. It has unique importance to me beginning back in Pensacola, Florida where on a hot, humid night I could not sleep. The Naval barracks seemed to echo any harsh sounds of men talking, walking or performing routine bathroom duties with sweaky faucets and hard tiled counter tops. Then, the soothing sounds of a large window fan clicked on and air rushed around and over me creating a movement of swishing air currents that would forever be of comfort to me. That was in 1967. There has hardly been a night since that I have not slept without the comfort of a small fan beside my bed. I know other who use air current devices to help with sleep.

And I would be remiss in not mentioning the eventful evening even a few years before when my favorite pet collie surrendered to a long battle with tumors growing inside his chest. When he collapsed with final gasp of breath and lay still on the living room floor, suddenly the front door which all family members had assumed to be locked for the night, suddenly slammed open from a large gust of air from outside. I am certain that we were all physically stunned, and to this day think that it was a special sign — as surely Lad's spirit floated about and united with the universe. Unbelievably this was to happen again, with another collie named Daisy, just before her death some three decades later. A door suddenly bursting open due to the force of air.

Every time I travel by jet above the clouds, it seems somewhat miraculous that the flow of air over the wing is different than that below which provides the lift to such heavy aircraft. And having lived in the Dakotas/Minnesota area, I have a deep appreciation for the fast circular air currents that create the tornado's that can reek such deviation.

Air is something we take for granted and yet there are many evidences all around us.

Take the Biosphere in Tucson, AZ where the climate was manipulated by having plants produce the oxygen in a sealed environment. On a larger scale, planet earth is the same with carbon dioxide being recycled by the plants. The process of photosynthesis. So important, the O2.

Well, just some thoughts about our topic which can be personal or eventful.

# Grasshopper Mind

by The Grand Duchess, Ludmilla Scaring

Come be one. Become one. Be one. Be...

How deep inside? Where is the beginning, if there has ever been one?

Is all eternal, or just that which exists outside of me?

Seeds break open and life is flowing again. How many times can a soul break open before life fades away?

What is the source that will help my soul to break forth in this lifetime?

If I sit still, as a seed, and allow the universe to pour out its nourishment upon me, will I know that I am growing?

Does a seed know that it is germinating into a plant that may, perhaps, blossom?

Sitting up straight, breathing, breathing, breathing....

Am I to know?

As I sit, I disappear, and that which will be begins to germinate.

Even the Narcissus flower does not look upon his reflection. So, too, should I sit, and breathe, and grow, and worry not about what I am becoming.

Let it be... Let it be... Let it be... Let it be... Speaking words of wisdom... Let it be...

Sitting up straight, breathing, breathing, breathing...

For all the noise we make, all life begins in silence.

Be quiet now... hush your mind... hush...  
hushhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

There is a quiet emergence that is spring.

There is a quiet revelation of me.

1.2.2003



# Air Thoughts

By Falcon

To me, Air is one of the more interesting elements to try to explain as it is so, well, airy. The other three elements are so physical that it is easier to talk about them. Earth is simple. We know that we plant in the ground and things grow. It is pretty easy to associate this with life energies and grounding. Water is another simple concept. Beyond the flowing rivers, still lakes and surging seas, there are tears of joy and sadness. Again, it isn't too much a stretch to get people to associate water with various emotional states. Fire, oh we know how it burns, seems pretty easy to turn that into passion and inspiration, doesn't it?

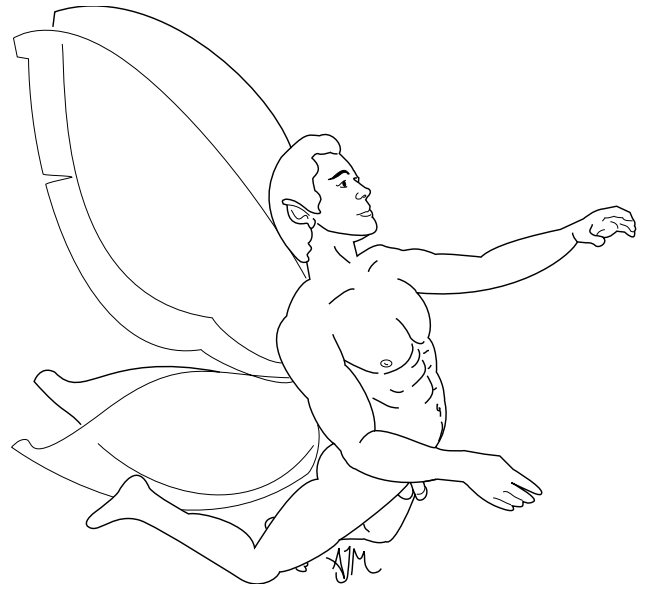
All three of those elements share something in common. They all are very physical and have symbols that you can put your hands on. Air, well that's is another matter. It is transparent and insubstantial. We know we need it to live but we can't store a week's supply just in case of emergency. We never see it directly, but we know it exists by its effect of other things. We see it move clouds of water through the sky. We see candle flames flicker in a draft. We trees sway in the wind and hear the howling through the cracks in our doors. Unlike the other three elements, it is everywhere we are. We can go diving in the water, but without an air supply, we won't stay very long. A miner trapped underground will not last long without an air supply.

From science class, we know that we breathe in "good" air and breathe out "bad" air. We also learned that the grand balance in the world established a process where plants think our "bad air" is "good air" and convert it back to something our bodies can use. Predators love the wind as it picks up scents and brings the scent to them so they know where to find food. Without air, sound doesn't travel, thus no music would exist.

That's all fine and dandy for the physical element, but how do we bring that into the magical/spiritual realms? In traditional circles, air is associated with communication, intellect and fresh beginnings. It is the element of the East, the Dawn and of Spring. If we consider the comment regarding sound and air, it isn't too hard to see how the ancients would connect communication with this element. They may not have understood the mechanics, but they did know that it was air that carried words from one person to the next.

Intellect? I had to think about this a bit. I put myself in the mindset of the ancients, where they worked with analogies with greater ease than we did. We are far too literal as a society. To them, when they read about a blind man seeing, they knew that it didn't mean he was "cured" unless the story specifically said that. So with that in mind, if a person was not thinking clearly what might they be? In a fog? Air is clear and fog is another representation of air. It might be a stretch, but it is a start. Also, to them, air was something that was "up there". It was where most of the Gods and Goddesses lived. As a peasant society, the average person was focused on their interaction with earth and water and the fires that cooked their food. Ah, but the scholars had time to look upward into the air. They had time to have their "heads up in the clouds" and dare to challenge the Gods.

Fresh beginnings? That goes along with East, Dawn and Spring all in one package. East, Dawn and Spring are easy to tie to freshness and new beginnings. The sun comes up in the East at Dawn at the beginning of a new day. Spring is the newness after Winter. So why Air? Going back to the basics, at the start of a new day, the Earth under our feet is the same. The water in the well seems the



same. The fire in the hearth is the same. Ah, but the air! There is freshness in the air. The dust from yesterday has settled and everything seems clean and ready for a new day. Light sparkles different in the morning and things seem to shimmer.

In circle, Air is traditionally symbolized through the use of incense and the athame (dagger). (I will stick to the traditional since some people use the wand in the East and athame in the South and there are many symbols that can be used to honor Air depending on what magick is being worked.) Incense is another pretty to understand pairing. You add fire and you get smoke that serves as a visible reminder of the element. But an athame? That does seem a little strange on the surface. Depending on the particular athame, the tool would be forged from metal (earth) in a fire and cooled in water...everything except air. That didn't help, so let's go back to analogies – daggers cut things, sometimes for good and sometimes for bad depending on the intent. Words can cut like a knife, so that might be the first link (if modern people set the tools, then I would guess that we would be using a pen instead since the pen is mightier than the sword.). The athame is used for more than just a symbol of air, it is also used to cast the circle itself. Maybe that can help us understand its connection with this element. The casting of the circle helps to separate the sacred/working space from the rest of the mundane world and help focus the energies into one area. We can't very well cut the earth apart, so the easier symbol to call attention to that separation is by cutting the air with the athame. (Just a bit a musing here, but if we lived in Atlantis, then instead of a chalice in the West to hold water, we would have a box in the East to hold air, and the athame would be in the West to "cut" the water. Now back on topic)

What else is Air to me? Of the four physical elements, Air is also the one closest in my mind to the "Mysterious Ones." I know that it is there and it is everywhere. I see its effect on things, but I have yet to actually see/touch it in the same way I can the other elements. Yes, I know that I have a handful of air, but could I prove it? Since I can't, I guess its time to fly away on the next updraft and see if gliding in the breeze will give me anymore insights. Zhai' Helleva.

## Celestial Calendar

Times listed are for the Mountain Time Zone

|          |   |         |   |
|----------|---|---------|---|
| March 20 | Vernal Equinox at 6:00 pm<br>Ostara<br>Sun enters Aries at 6:00 pm                    | May 1   | New Moon at 6:15 am   |
| April 1  | New Moon at 12:18 pm  | May 15  | Full Moon at 9:37 pm<br>"Full Flower Moon"                          |
| April 6  | Daylight Savings Begins<br>Times are adjusted already                                 | May 21  | Sun enters Gemini at 5:11 am  |
| April 16 | Full Moon at 1:37 pm<br>"Full Pink Moon"<br>(Pink being the color of cherry blossoms) | May 30  | New Moon at 10:20 pm  |
| April 20 | Sun enters Taurus at 6:03 am  | June 14 | Full Moon at 5:17 am<br>"Full Strawberry Moon"                      |
| April 30 | May Eve<br>Beltaine   | June 21 | Summer Solstice at 1:10 pm<br>Litha<br>Sun enters Cancer at 1:10 pm |
|          |   | June 29 | New Moon at 12:39 pm  |

### Letter to the Editor - continued from page 3

football Team. They were purt near inseparable. All the girls in school just thought the sun rose and set on Skeet and Roy. Cause they were the handsomest boys in town. I don't know why Skeet never got married. Cause he sure had plenty of women after him. Anyway, they always go drinking every night almost. So, Luellen kept trying to tell me about Skeet and Roy and what folks was whispering about their weekends away at the Army reserves. I didn't make anything out of it, cause Skeet and Roy have been in the reserves for about 15 years or so. Or longer. So, every month they go for a weekend to Camp Yankee Doodle. I've never been there, but Roy says it's really a patriotic place. Tanks and such. Well, anyway, so here is Luellen trying to tell me that there's no Camp Yankee Doodle, then where have Roy and Skeet been going all these years?

Then Luellen tries telling me that Skeet and Roy aren't even in the Army Reserves. Well, I wasn't going to believe that except it came to mind that I've never seen Roy in any kind of a uniform or fatigues and such. So that's when my clock started windin' as they say. Mmhmm.

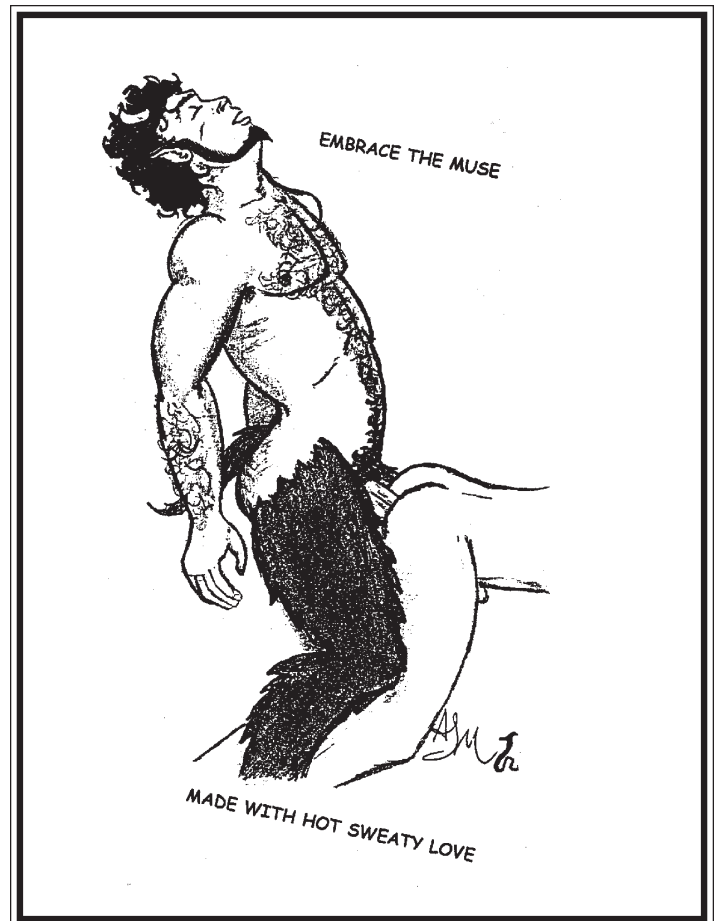
Goodness! I don't even know why I'm telling you, a perfect stranger, all of this. If I knew how to erase this electronic mail than I would but I'm still getting used to this thing since we got it from Sears. Anyway, that's when I decided that Roy and me needed to get some distance from Peachwater Gulch and his "friend" Skeet.

So, after that whole thing, something's telling me I shouldn't show your publication to Roy. Don't want to "upset" him.

What I want to know now is who this CorBeau person is that the mail was going to? He lives in 1251 and of course we live in 1521 so I can see where the mix up would've happened. Anyways, I'm sure he would've been as alarmed as I was to read your "paper" (there's that sarcasm with the quotes again).

So, please know that I will be praying for all you writers and painters or drawers of filth and all you LONG DANGLNG EARRINGED men! Hmmpfff!

Yours, Except I'm really HIS In the heart of Christ,  
Verlene Braiders



*"...and that BACK COVER!! Scandalous! That hard hairy chested devil with the horns clearly having relations with someone's curving backside!" - (ed: I wonder what Ms. Braiders would have to say about DragonSwan's newer faerie drawings)*

## Fruit\* Stuffed French Toast

(Not exactly Toast, more of a brunch casserole)

Submitted by Sir Fool of Flames

- 12 Slices any Hefty 7-Grain "Manly" Bread, ripped into irregular one inch cubes
- 2 8-ounce packages Cream Cheese, chilled and cut into 1-inch cubes
- 1 cup fresh Fruit\*, rinsed and drained
- 12 large Eggs
- 1/3 cup Maple Syrup
- 2 cups Milk (skim, whole or half&half)  
(I use half&half for richness)

### Fruit\* Syrup

- 1 cup Sugar
- 2 tablespoons Cornstarch
- 1 cup Water
- 1 cup fresh Fruit\*, rinsed and drained
- 1 tablespoon Unsalted Butter

Grease a 9x13 pan or pyrex casserole. Place half the bread in one layer on the bottom. Evenly scatter the cream cheese over the bread layer. Scatter one cup of diced fruit or berries (or a combination of the two) over the cream cheese. Cover all this with the remaining torn bread. In a large bowl, combine the Eggs, Maple Syrup and Milk and whisk to blend. Pour evenly over the layered casserole. Cover with foil and chill at least 4 hours.

About an hour and a half before your guests are ready to eat this creation, pre-heat oven to 350-degrees. Bake covered with foil in the middle of the rack for 30 minutes. Remove foil and continue to bake 30 minutes more until puffed and golden brown (a little longer for high altitude baking)

Combine Sugar, Water and Cornstarch in a small saucepan over medium-high heat. Cook, stirring occasionally, 5 minutes or until thickened. Stir in 1 cup diced fruit or berries (or both) and simmer, stirring occasionally, 10 minutes, or until fruit is soft or most berries have burst. Add Butter and stir until melted.

Slice Baked Casserole and place on plates and top with fruit syrup. Serves 8-10 depending on the slices'

(\*Suitable Fruits - Blueberries, Raspberries, Peaches, Tart Apples or Sadalia)



## I do not love thee, Mr Twinkie

by Dyce

submitted by Beast

I do not love thee, Mr Twinkie,  
For thou shalt make me fat,  
Thou art no friend to me, indeed,  
My scales have told me that.

I do not love thee, shiny M&Ms,  
Thou causeth my teeth to rot,  
And doest thou care for this?  
Indeed, thou carest not a jot.

I do not love thee, Coca Cola,  
Thou sendest me into a tizzy,  
Of sugar induced hyperness,  
For thou art sweet and fizzy.

I do not love thee, creamy cakie thing,  
Though thou tempt me with thy wiles,  
Thou make'st my face all sticky,  
The butt of laughs and smiles

I do not love thee, little candy bar,  
I cast thee from my sight,  
For thou dost tempt me wickedly,  
And call to me at night.

I do not love a one of thee,  
And loudly do I cry it.  
I deny the one and all,  
For I am on a diet!

*This came from a site devoted to fanfiction (mostly Slash, or homoerotic fanfic) on or about Beast/Hank McCoy of the Xmen. The link is <http://alykat.hispeed.com/beast/>*