

FAIRY TALE REVIEW

The Aquamarine Issue



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The Aquamarine Issue is the fifth anniversary issue of FAIRY TALE REVIEW, and is appropriately its most oceanic, its most aesthetically diverse, issue to date.

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We my sister Gretel, oh Gretel left our father's house and scattered and lost did not stop at her old witch woman's cottage candy hungry but kept on into the world, woods.

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At summer's end, the seaside town celebrated its annual festival. After all the bathers had gone home, some men carried the mikoshi shrine through the streets, while others beat the taiko drums. In the evenings the narrow path along the sea was lined on both sides with vendors.

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The people walked across the surface of the koi pond. The fish static beneath the water—keeping their place against the machine that produced the current—looked like orange kites filled with wind, tied by unseen strings to a rock on the ground below them.

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She says I don't want a baby brother I was the first baby and I want to stay that way. Her baby brother says you should run for office then, or make dad, if you want to be first baby. As for me, I'm looking forward to being the middle child, who wants to be the end of anything, he says.

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Upon awakening from a story, before walking through the portal to the hallway into a land where language is required, I confirm I'm ME (a state in New England) (a think group). Some days I don't arrive at the threshold of my body and a deep, cavernous loss resides where ME would have been.

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In the theater of strapless extremity, they averted the tourists' eyes. Not to the heavy curtains undrawn, their missing flutter-labor, but for the entrance the tourists gasped. The performers warbled a way to bird, raised bird to wolf, framed wolf for leopard, posed leopard for wolf. How would they take it all back?

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At the inquest it was said that the Contessa had killed a hundred young women, and maybe twice that. For the villagers, it was not a matter of *how many*; it was a matter of *all*.

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I am Jenny, your beloved Jenny.

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Like this new thoughts rush in and my mind opens to the flowing tide with its ebb and flood, with its eighth, its quarter, its half moon, its half empty bowl, half full of fuller empty seas, and when it rains it pours and then the waters rise, which we call the flood, that fullest sea, and now again the waters rise while the highest schools of empty fish like empty sticks drift like wood.

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Mary, Kate, Brigid, Anne, and Elin: sisters. Mary is the eldest, of course, that's why her name comes first. "Mary put the kettle on. We'll all have tea."

TARA GOEDJEN

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Four months we sailed upon the ocean (SEE: *Travel, seafaring*). Our ship slanted during storms and tossed us from wall to wall, and on calm days we were served noon meals of maggoty biscuits and cold stew that Father inspected for meat—pitching it out if he found any. Mid-trip the sea grew what Mother called "angry" and it became difficult for Sister to nudge me a space at the railing.

ANNIE GUTHRIE

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Not knowing I came to find things colorful and kind

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The witch killed my family while I slept. I heard her singing in my dreams.

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The twittering machine lies in its crib, rehabilitating its connections.
It nails up its habitation, darts up its habillement, it letters its joints,
limbs, pistons, limpid injectors for easy filling stations, for stations of,
for remote and E-Z filing.

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Belief in an I a primal giver of griefs,
fever of gifts and giving yet.

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It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee; —

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Oh blue-
encrusted
garden statue:
how beautiful
you are, framed
against the green
cardboard trees!

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I here relate an episode that befell me many years ago. I had lived near seventeen years, was big of rump and uncommonly meloned of bosoms surely for one with no babe suckling (as is the honor of woman).

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You tell me: *Don't tell me.*
About the woods, *cherie,*

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Once for a moment once upon
once there was
there came one day
a king a tailor princess
the fisherman's wife

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Bride: a virgin, of course. Drunk on anticipation, the guests laugh boisterously. We make predictions about the first sexual encounter, and some even place bets (position, duration), though it's hard to imagine how such bets might be settled.

TERESE SVOBODA
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Once upon a time, a king told his servant a story about a court buffoon who grew up as a prince, and then came to sit on the royal throne himself.

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Where are they? The big nosed ones, the ones with thin hair who walked with serious faces towards me.

G.C. WALDREP
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Scratch out the eyes. Of the saints in the advertisements. Of the swans in their man-boats. Use a stick, a scalpel, a rusty flange. Fingernails. Teeth: yours.

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EDITOR'S NOTE



The Aquamarine Issue is the fifth anniversary issue of FAIRY TALE REVIEW, and is appropriately its most oceanic, its most aesthetically diverse, issue to date. I often refer to my own method of identifying fairy tales as my sensing (through feeling and through close reading) what I call a *fairy-tale feel*. The fairy-tale-ness of a work. I experienced fairy tales in every contribution you will find in The Aquamarine Issue. I felt a fairy-tale pulse.

I have been thinking, lately, in terms of French philosopher Gilles Deleuze's discussion of *affect*. Applying his concept of *affect* to new fairy-tale literature, one sees how these works may be identified atmospherically, scientifically, telepathically: in certain works, fairy tales are water and air. In *Gilles Deleuze*, author Claire Colebrook illustrates this concept of affect as such: "A horror film presents horror; for beyond the fear of the characters of the viewer there is just a *sense* of the horror which the film draws upon. The film is not about horror, or a representation of horror; it is a sense or feeling of horror which we may or may not enter. Before the viewer or character is actually horrified we view within the affect or milieu of horror in general."¹ This Deleuzian notion of affect helps explain the range of writing that you'll find here, as in every issue of FAIRY TALE REVIEW. The works are not about fairy tales, or a representation of fairy tales; it is a sense or feeling of fairy tales which we may or may not enter. In true fairy-tale fashion, I borrow her words: "Before the reader or character is actually *enchanted*, we view within the affect or milieu of *fairy tales* in general."

Fairy tales represent hundreds of years of stories based on thousands of years of stories told by hundreds, thousands, perhaps even millions of tellers. The mind reels at their influence, omnipresence, phosphorescence: like a star or a planet, they shine, ubiquitous and necessary. Like the sea, threatened now by our changing climate, fairy tales, too, are in danger today—often forgotten by grown-up people afraid of wonder—and therefore endangered.

For me what also contains this issue and holds it within the salt palace of tiny sea horses is how the narratives and poems, taken together in here, can be seen to contribute not only to the very important living body of contemporary fairy tales—so nascent and now—but also to the conversation about what constitutes “a fairy tale,” that monumental type of art we so know and love. As such, I hope that FAIRY TALE REVIEW helps preserve and protect fairy tales for future generations of readers who wish to immerse in their bounty.

Kate Bernheimer
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1. Colebrook, *Claire*, Gilles Deleuze, *Routledge*: 2002 (26).