

DOMOBAAL

Fiona Finnegan
Midnight Candy

by
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I asked him had he ever seen the faeries, and got the reply, 'Am I not annoyed with them?' *The Celtic Twilight*, W.B. Yeats

What with things being as Apple Mac/Harry Potter as they are, it comes as no surprise that *magic* – like feminism/homosexuality/counterculture, and other previous unfathomables– has been gentrified. To conform magic with consumer values required a tidying, a softening re-appropriation. This was primarily achieved through a co-opting of magical vocabulary for bourgeois ends, e.g./i.e. to sell cars/mortgages/art/coffee... *Sprite* is lemonade, *Elf* a petrol station, *Nike* no longer the winged goddess of victory! *Versace* has graphic-designed Medusa beyond recognition, as have *Starfucks* the double-tailed mermaid.

Call me paranoid, but I'm gonna go with this blitzkrieg being a deliberate attempt on the part of our arch-overlords (you know who you are!) to make it harder, but at once more important than ever, for folk to occupy a position of radical fantasy.

Harder but not impossible... for myriad occurrences – the dawn chorus, a supermoon, twilight, for example – prompt revellers to pause in their stumble, holiday-makers to miss folk back home and newborns to bristle with excitement. Us few wild children, alert and cautious, hip to how urgent and how tangible the occasion is.

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