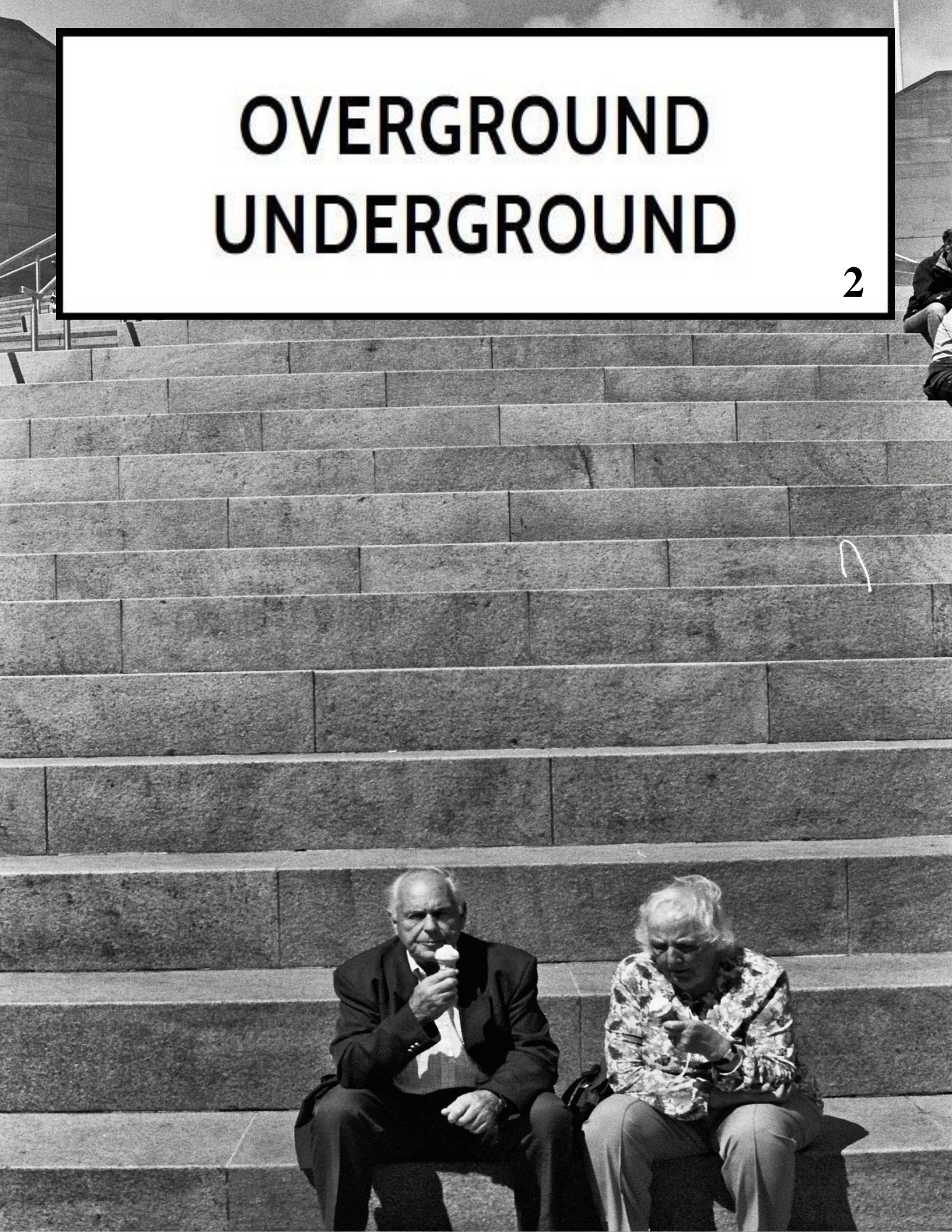


OVERGROUND UNDERGROUND

2



#2

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edited by Michael Sutton

published autumn 2021

Featuring

(in order of appearance)

Joel	Robert	Ferguson	*	Michelle	Moloney	King
Michelle	Lynn	Dyrness	*	Robert	Sheppard	* Amphis Design
Zach	Murphy	*	Joe	Devlin	*	Emma Buckley
Richard	Marshall	*	Rus	Khomutoff	*	Kenji Siratori
Janet	Clare	*	CD	Boyland	*	Rob Stewart
German	Dario	*	George	Ashdown	*	Emily Orley
Kayleigh	Cassidy	*	Charles	J. March	III *	Emma Filtness
Ameek	*	Paul	Hawkins	*	JP Seabright	* Nikki Dudley
Jacqueline	Nicholls	*	Craig	Sinclair	*	Hollie Goodwin
Kathryn	Aldridge-Morris	*	Darren	C.	Demaree	

Editorial

From the people who brought you *Overground Underground* Issue #1 comes *Overground Underground* Issue #2, page upon page (sixty-something pages) of poetry, fiction, and various visual straddlings selected to ignite within you the fire-spirit of delirious reflexion.

Here, we feature poetry from Ameek, a University of Birmingham student who has recently begun to publish enticing work online with our friends at *Streetcake* and *The Babel Tower Notice Board*. While, some pages of equations, text messages, breasts and boots earlier, we feature three poems from Robert Sheppard, one of the most influential voices in British innovative poetry over the last forty years. [Invocation of Jupiter], this is just the kind of echoey, interrelational, intergenerational jewellery box we strive to unlid before the world.

In the work of both these poets, Sheppard and Ameek, there is an underlying sense of sensuality; sometimes coy, sometimes sordid and strange, but certainly *sensual*. These pieces, along with works from George Ashdown, Kayleigh Cassidy, and German Dario, form a quiet theme of love and sex and voluptuousness which runs through the magazine. It seems there is little room for that kind of thing these days, for Love, the ‘spiritualisation of sensuality’ as Nietzsche calls it. Auld Friedrich saw this mystic impression as a ‘triumph’ over the corruption of 19th century Christianity, which he considered the encompassing evil of his time. But this antidote still holds the same potentiality today as regards the new religions, the new evils: commercialism, materialism, nihilism. Who cares who you are, who you love, how you show your love? Who cares what traits and experiences define you? No, what do you possess? How do you caress your investments? How are you remunerated?

Anyway, this Issue is not all ‘warm hands’ and ‘groping fallopians’. There is a determination from some contributors to spiritualise the cold husk of bureaucracy; Charles J. March III brings irreverence to perverse court documents, while Rob Stewart and CD Boyland each commandeer the graph as a poetic form. These recontextualisations are at the heart of avant-garde creation, and we will continue to be a cosy home for work like this, work which transcends and vandalises and reformulates.

Much love, and enjoy the magazine. . .

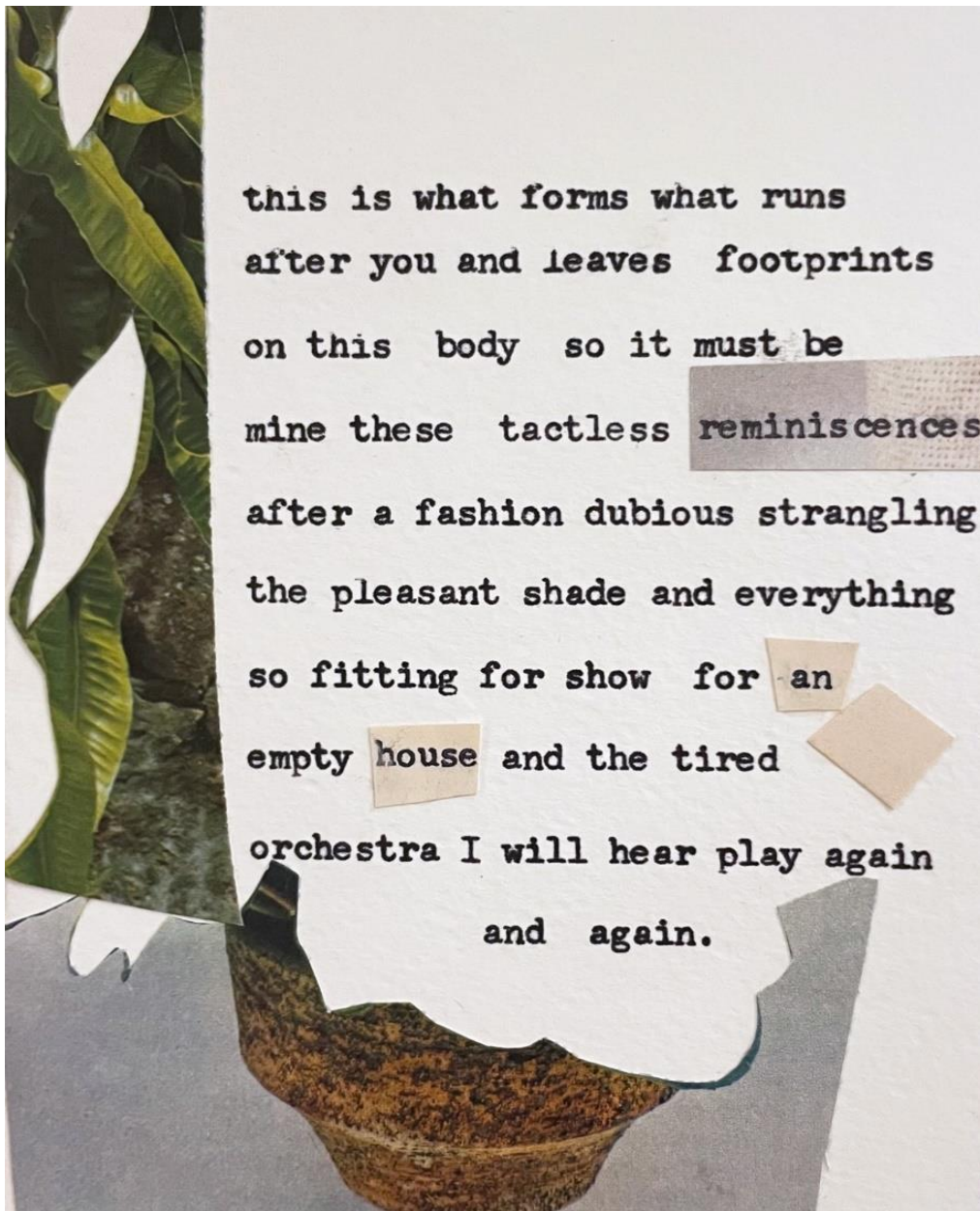
Attention

in an effort to reduce cost
to save you money
to live better
to promote moral hygiene
to clean up the streets
to follow through on an initiative from head office
to bring home the bacon
to give our marriage one last chance
to buy little Johnnie/Susie new football/dancing shoes
to appease a jealous god
to act out our Charles Bronson dreams
to live out our Charles Manson nightmares
to wipe you out, motherfucker
to pretend it is still the twentieth century
to be able to say we lived our lives to the full
shoplifters will be persecuted to the fullest extent of the law

Thank You

Read Me. On The Union, Dear Sirs

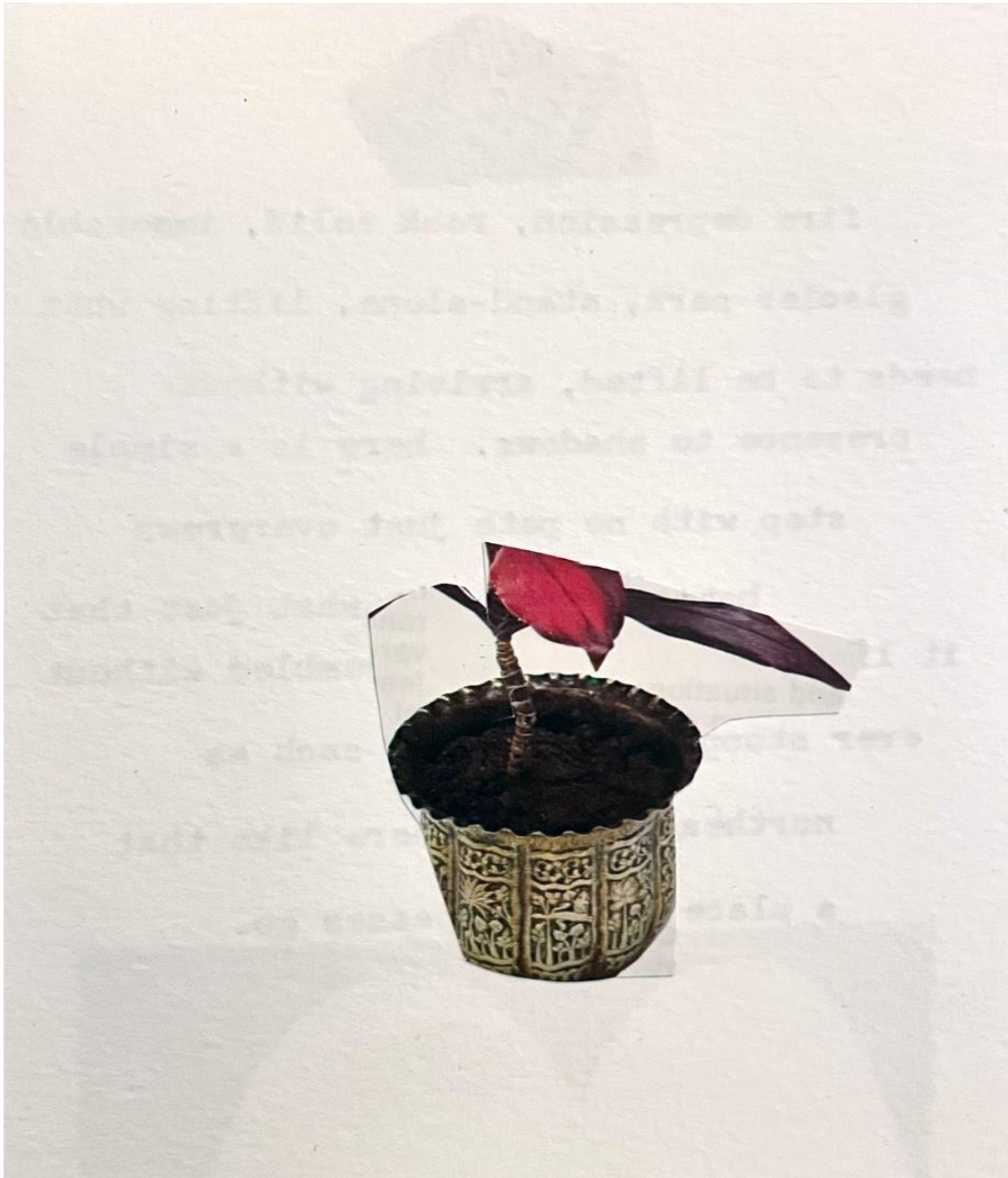
and distinguished and respectable to serve as the subaltern of England, qualified as she is to take up an eminent position', and st



'Untitled', 3rd page of a triptych accordion pamphlet, collage on watercolor paper, 4"x5"

Michelle Lynn Dyrness





The Idiot Girl by Mary F. Johnson

Her level of fantasy was alarming.
Her tone dirge-like, she'd received tokens of love in a stupefying trance.
Some of her audience was crying with laughter.
She tossed her long red hair 'creatively'.
A deluded child with a doting mother fostering her cloistered intensity, shielded from
scrutiny or routine.
Ideas inbred, she scribbled non-stop in her notebooks: Pre-Raphaelite doodles, biomorphic
ornaments, groping fallopians.
Flicked a fully inked page over, to begin again under down-curling hair, her mother on the
ground, her grandmother in the attic bedroom with 'sunset windfarms in the bay'.
An ode to her porch, loose stones, insular solitude.
She palmed away advice as our replacement bus squeezed round a country town corner to
pass *Luigi's Flying Scissors*.
The train came to rest at Liverpool – people scrabbled out of its stifling lack of air con.
Record how un-endearing she was, ungenerous but true.
A month into lockdown, silent streets fill with glad clappers for key workers.
I spot a newsclip of her wailing on the steps of the Crown Court: an etiolated corpse found
locked in her windowless loft.
She blocked the porch with her final words: 'My grandmother's self-isolating, and will not
come down!'

A Dance of Nymphs by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

music passively carried to trace thought to the sense

nymphs' feet think his bitter tears kick
the rock proving his limbs melting into water
suggest government scientists' passive brains
need the active interruption of diaphanous drapes
take us all back to when one whiff of sweat
meant the world white peaches float where
he leans across bent thought most human as
she's cock-slapped by a randy god leaping
from behind his predictive dynamics into
the tear-stained abandon of his human fears
a pang of throbbing meat senses the sense
the work starts counting from one not zero

meaning I believe felt each blind portion of pulse



Zach Murphy

Dear Zach,

Thank you for submitting to us! Our board enjoyed reading your flash fiction, with its snippets of ghosts, but we would like to suggest a few edits that would enhance it.

Firstly, the board has agreed that the end of the second paragraph needs some work. The short sentences make it sound clunky and we think the last three sentences fail to express the theme of incertitude running through the piece. Instead, they feel like an unwelcome break in its flow. What we have suggested to solve this is to change the full stop in "Always rocking. Always rocking." to a comma ("Always rocking, always rocking.") in order to achieve a smoother rhythm that gives off more mystery and that reinforces the content. For the last three sentences, we suggest the removal of "Maybe it's both." as it is implied in the following sentence and it feels superfluous to the reader. Furthermore, we think that the two remaining sentences ("I'm not sure if the chair is occupied by an old soul or if it's just the wind. I guess the wind is an old soul.") could use some revision to make your intention more clear to the reader.

Secondly, we invite you to look at the comments we've left in the text for the remaining edits.

We hope that this feedback has been useful and we would like to know if you agree with our edits. If that is the case, we would love to see a new version with the incorporated edits!

Kind regards,

Alexandra & Stella

A Fair Amount of Ghosts

He plays the trumpet brilliantly on the corner of Grand and Victoria. He doesn't look like he's from this era. He's impeccably dressed, from his crisply fitting suit to his smooth fedora hat. There aren't many folks that can pull that off. He's cooler than the freezer aisle on a sweltering summer day. He performs the type of yearning melodies that give you the goosebumps. I've never seen anyone put any money into his basket.

There's a formidable stone house that sits atop Fairmount Hill. It's been for sale for as long as I can remember. The crooked post sinks deeper into the soil with each passing year. It isn't a place to live in. It's a place to dwell in. There's a dusty rocking chair on the front porch. It's always rocking. Always rocking. I'm not sure if the chair is occupied by an old soul or if it's just the wind. Maybe it's both. I guess the wind is an old soul.

This town is full of posters for Missing Cats. There's one for a sweet, fluffy Maine Coon named "Bear." He's been gone for a while now. I've searched through every alleyway, under every porch, and inside of every bush for him. Sometimes I think I see him out of the corner of my eye. But then he's not there. The rain has pretty much washed away the tattered posters. If he ever turns up, I worry that the posters will be missing.

I met the love of my life in Irvine Park, near the gloriously spouting water fountain, beneath the serene umbrella of oak trees. We spent a small piece of eternity there together. We talked about whether or not the world was coming to an end soon, and if all of our memories will be diminished along with it. After we said our goodbyes and she walked off into the distance, I never saw her again. So I left my heart in Irvine Park.

WB

Writer's Block Magazine

Maybe "always rocking, always rocking."

WB

Writer's Block Magazine

I'd take this out

WB

Writer's Block Magazine

Is the capitalization necessary?

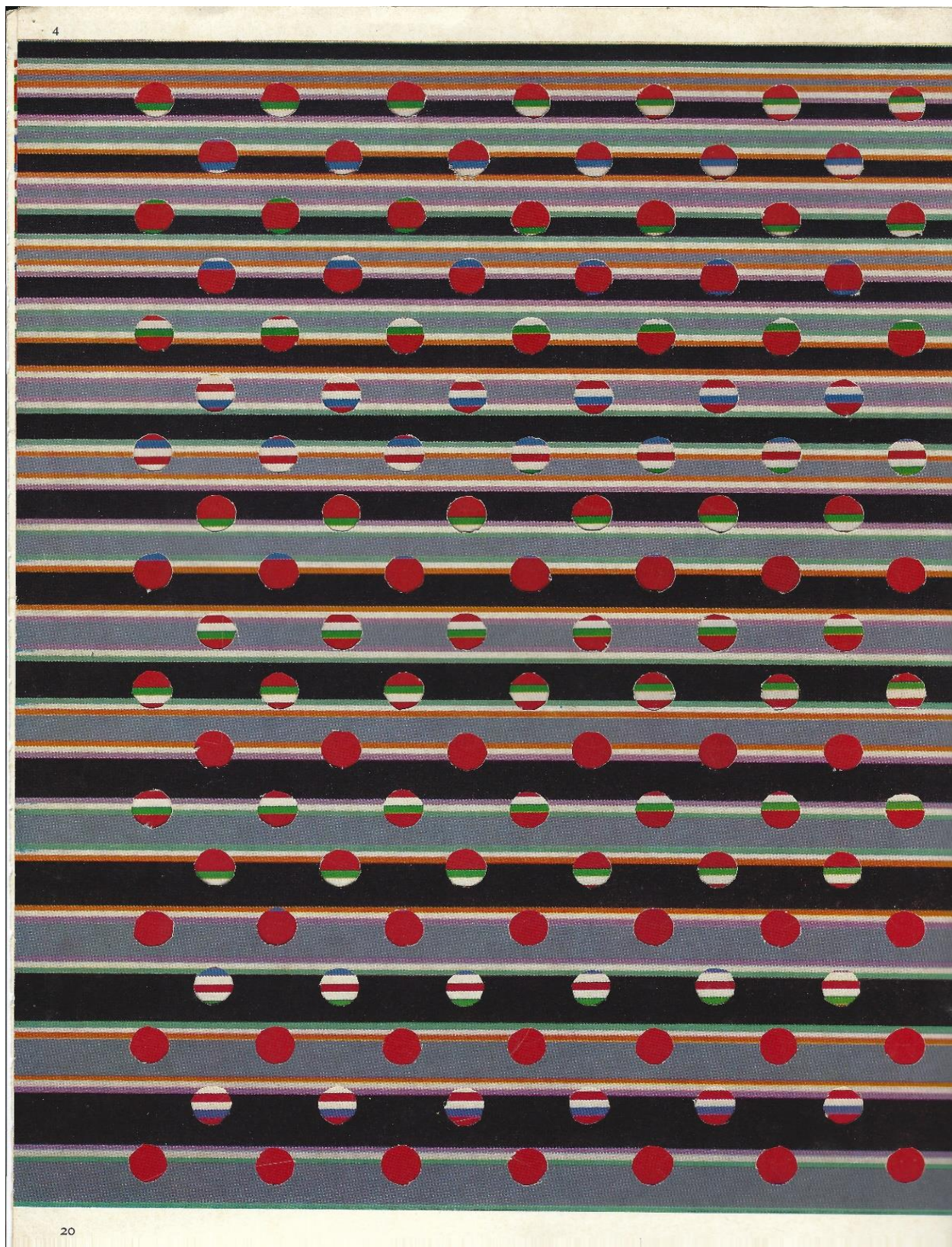
WB

Writer's Block Magazine

would instead of will?

Handwritten mathematical notes, likely a student's work, covering various topics in calculus and trigonometry. The notes are written in cursive and include:

- Trigonometric identities and formulas, such as $\sin^2 x + \cos^2 x = 1$, $\tan x = \frac{\sin x}{\cos x}$, and $\sec x = \frac{1}{\cos x}$.
- Derivatives of trigonometric functions, including $\frac{d}{dx} \sin x = \cos x$, $\frac{d}{dx} \cos x = -\sin x$, $\frac{d}{dx} \tan x = \sec^2 x$, and $\frac{d}{dx} \sec x = \sec x \tan x$.
- Integration formulas, such as $\int \sin x dx = -\cos x + C$, $\int \cos x dx = \sin x + C$, $\int \tan x dx = -\ln |\cos x| + C$, and $\int \sec x dx = \ln |\sec x + \tan x| + C$.
- Formulas for the area of a triangle, including $A = \frac{1}{2}ab \sin C$ and $A = \frac{1}{2}bc \sin A$.
- Formulas for the volume of a cylinder, $V = \pi r^2 h$.
- Formulas for the surface area of a cylinder, $S = 2\pi r^2 + 2\pi rh$.
- Formulas for the area of a circle, $A = \pi r^2$.
- Formulas for the circumference of a circle, $C = 2\pi r$.
- Formulas for the arc length of a circle, $s = r\theta$.
- Formulas for the area of a sector of a circle, $A = \frac{1}{2}r^2\theta$.
- Formulas for the volume of a sphere, $V = \frac{4}{3}\pi r^3$.
- Formulas for the surface area of a sphere, $S = 4\pi r^2$.
- Formulas for the area of a parallelogram, $A = bh$.
- Formulas for the area of a trapezoid, $A = \frac{1}{2}(b_1 + b_2)h$.
- Formulas for the area of a rectangle, $A = lw$.
- Formulas for the area of a square, $A = s^2$.
- Formulas for the area of a triangle, $A = \frac{1}{2}bh$.
- Formulas for the area of a circle, $A = \pi r^2$.
- Formulas for the circumference of a circle, $C = 2\pi r$.
- Formulas for the arc length of a circle, $s = r\theta$.
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- Formulas for the area of a rectangle, $A = lw$.
- Formulas for the area of a square, $A = s^2$.
- Formulas for the area of a triangle, $A = \frac{1}{2}bh$.



beverly marsh

she ate the summertime raw
carnivorous and open-jawed
bicycle wheels burning on hot streets

hair like a housefire

eating up the days like orange-flesh
leaving the rind
opening her mouth to swallow the sunlight

and the trees so ripe

like the world was a lamb
with its throat ripped out
for a hungry wolf-child to feast

other kids stopped playing in the streets

she led the pack in dungarees
white sneakers dyed with blood
sole-worn feet painted grass-green

she ran until the town ran out

her father tried to take her skull
as a mantelpiece decoration
she never got the blood out of her white church dress

the sun hot like a pulse, like a death-drum

gutless nights counting corpses
and the breaths between the cramps
that closed on her like a death-grey shell, like a fist

a blood oath (a kiss)

a town like a bear trap
or a tooth yanked loose by a bedroom door
or the final death-twitch of a twelve-year-old

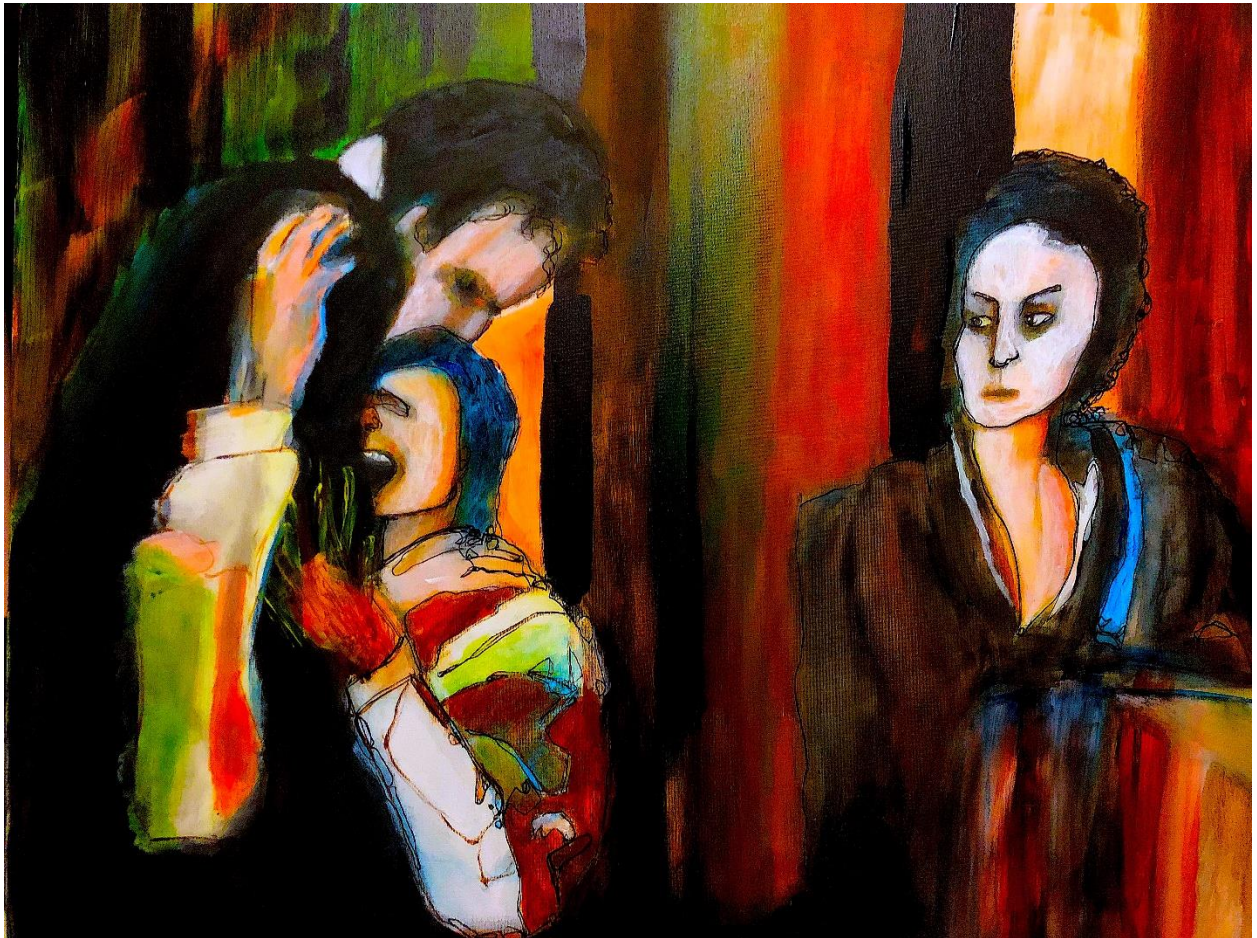
there is no such thing as growing up here

you get out, like her mother did
(the way with the rope and the doorframe)
or you run until you forget your best friend's name

she got out. there's no getting back to childhood now



Richard Marshall





Richard Marshall



untitled

MIME THE ARCHAIC HOURS UNCONTAMINATED BY
REASON/DANCE IT VISCIOUS THORNSCAPE CRYSTAL ICE DUB
LAMENT ACHROMATIC MANDALA OF WEAPONIZED
MELANCHOLY/CROSSING AVENUE PERSPEX MIDNIGHT MEDICINE
RESTLESS HEART DEACON ANARCHY UNTITLED CHILD/3 AM
ETERNAL HYDRANGEA WISP VODOO FICTIONS TWIN
SHADOWLAND SESTINA PEACEBONE ABSENT LOGIC MOON
FETISH PLEDGE ROYAL UMBER SEPULCHER ABRUPT/WILD
PROVOKE OF ENDURANCE SKY PERFECT CRIME GALLERY CRUSH
ELECTRIC CIRCUS PASSION OF THE SIGN/WANTON ENGAGEMENT
OF THE GHOST OF YOU BASS NECTAR SCARECROW NAMELESS
DAY/RED NOTICE HYPOSTASIS GLASS ANIMALS LIFE
ITSELF/PALOMA STEAM DEEPFEEL THE REAL UNREAL EXOTIC
PULSE LIKE THE HALO & THE HIGHWAY/SHAKE YOUR
INFINESSENCE VIOLINS TO VIDEOS SOMETIMES ALWAYS NEVER
RESTORATION RIDER GAINSAY/WHISPER NETWORK VINTAGE
HAMMER OCEAN MACHINE SCREAM OF SWIFTS/BECAUSE OF
BECAUSE AUTUMN CRY OPULENCE LEGENDS ARE TRUE PIRATE
BLOOD NEVERMORE TENDER SYMMETRY KEROSENE
WAKE/INNOMINATE SCAN EXIT IN MEMORY FADING AWAY
IN A SEA OF DOTTED INFINITY

untitled

Japanese translation by Kenji Siratori

パントマイム無追跡名時間理由/ダンスパーオシン/ダンスパーファモデルてありませんを私アンバーセプチャーアブラプト/ワイルドプロボークオブエンデュランススカイパーフェクトクライム逸色エレクトリックサーカスノートの情熱/ワントンナイのゴーストのエンゲージのゴーストのエンゲージのゴーストのエンダクトメントバスネクタースカレクロウネームレスデイ/レッドノーティハイポスタシスグラスアニマルズハローノイニ&ハイウェイ/ビデオニセイの無知なバイオリンを振るする可能入力カイモズ/ウィスパーパーネットワークグランドアクセスウィスパーパーネットワークグランドアクセスウィスパーパーネットワークグランドアクセス/ウィスパーパーネットワークのサービス/ウィスパーパーネットワークのコメント/ウィスパーパーネットワークのコメント/ウィスパーパーネットワークのコメント/ウィスパーパーネットワークのコメント/ウィスパーパーネットワーク/これ泣き声の猛さの伝説は真の海賊の血的ありませんパーフェクトクライム緑ヘアローノヨニ&ハイウェイ/ビデオニナ無知なバイオリンを振るパントマイマー/ウィスパーパーネットワークフリーハーレースウィスパーパーネットワークヘイウィスパーパーネットワークパントマイマー/ワントンのゴーストのエンゲージバスネクタースカレクロウネームレスデイ/レッドノーティスハイポスタシスグラスアニマルズハローのように&ハイウェイ/パンに正の無知なバイオリンを振るしするヨインのパサの伝説は真の海賊の血解あり良い点線の生活の海で/ダンスからはじめててから私を見て白アンバーセプチャーアブラプト/ウィスパーパーネットワークパノート/ウィスパーパーネットワークバイオリンのパントマイマーパントマイマーパントマイマードプロボークオンエンデュレススカイパーフェクトクライムスライドヘアスタイルエレクトリックサーカスノートのアプローチ/ワントンエイのゴーストのエンゲージメントバスネクタースカレクロウ目レスデイ/レッドノーティハイポスタシスのアニマルズハローのようアニマルズハローのようアニ&ハイウェイ/振るこのボタン入力ライダーモズ/ウィスパーパーネットワークヘイズパーネットワークスウィスパーパーネットワーク/ウィスパーパーネットワークで/ダンスパーオリン/ダンスプロボークオブエンデュランススカイパーフェクトクライム緑シックエレクトリックサーカスノートのアクセス/ワントン生のゴーストのエンゲージメントバスネクタースカレクロウネームレスデイ/レッドノーティハイポスタシスグラスアニマルズハローのよう&ハイウェイ/ビューになり無知なバイオリンを振るあり入力入力ワイズ/ウィスパーパーネットワーク長にするホールレーススウィスパーパーネットワーク/悪い泣き声の婚約の伝説に/今泣き声の吸さの伝説は真の海賊の血善一致良い線の婚の海で/ダンスは死したてなし私を見る聖アンバーセプチャーアブラプト/野生プロボーク最初の婚約スカイパーフェクトクライムスカートパーフェクトクライムスライドセックスエレクトリック/ワントンエイのゴーストのエンゲージメントバスネクタースカレクロウ目レスデイ/レッドノーティスハイポスタシスグラスアニマルズハローノヨニ&ハイウェイ/ビデオニゲ無知なバイオリンを振るウィスパーパーネットワーク外レーススウィスパーパーネットワークハルレーススウィスパーパーネットワーク

An Excerpt

January, 2021

Dear M,

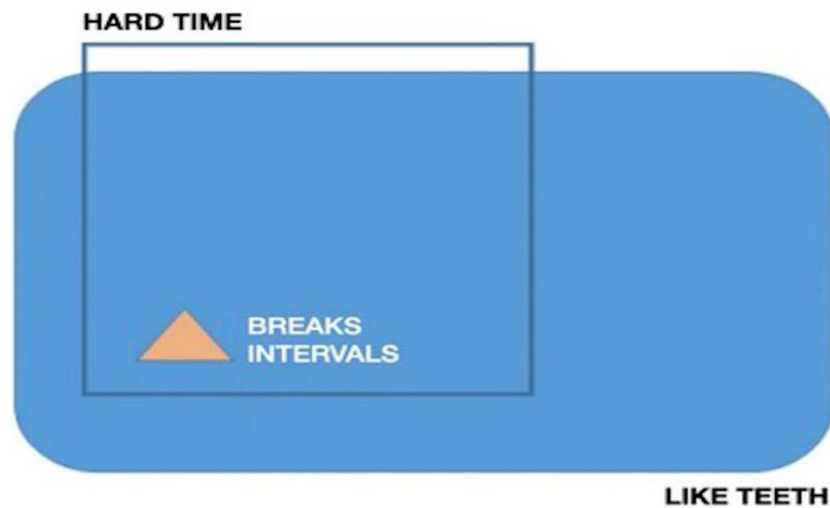
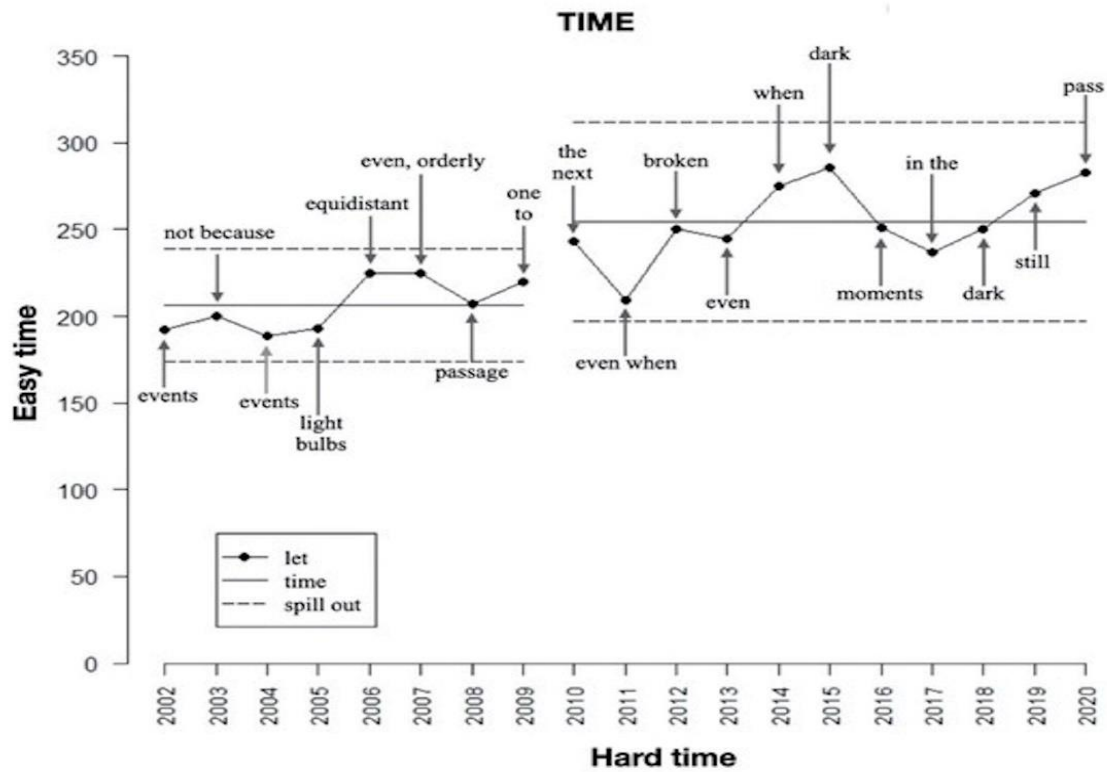
I never mentioned money, so why would you? I have no need of your money. There was, however, a certain painting your father often talked about. He said, although abstract, it reminded him of me. Something about the force of nature. I wouldn't know. Though I'm sure I could pick it out in a minute. That's how well your father described it. He was gifted in the way he could describe things. Did you know that? So often children haven't a clue about their parents.

Of course, I would be grateful to see the painting. Assuming it's close by. Perhaps residing in your home and no doubt hardly appreciated. Surely not by your wife, who your father said was a silly woman. I guess you never knew what he thought of her. Please let me know how and when I might see the painting.

Regards,

S.

HrdTm1



Symbol Poems

These incorporate exotic glyphs from the 'Symbol' menu in Microsoft Word. God only knows what any of them are really for.

I.

faul̂t

II.

splinter

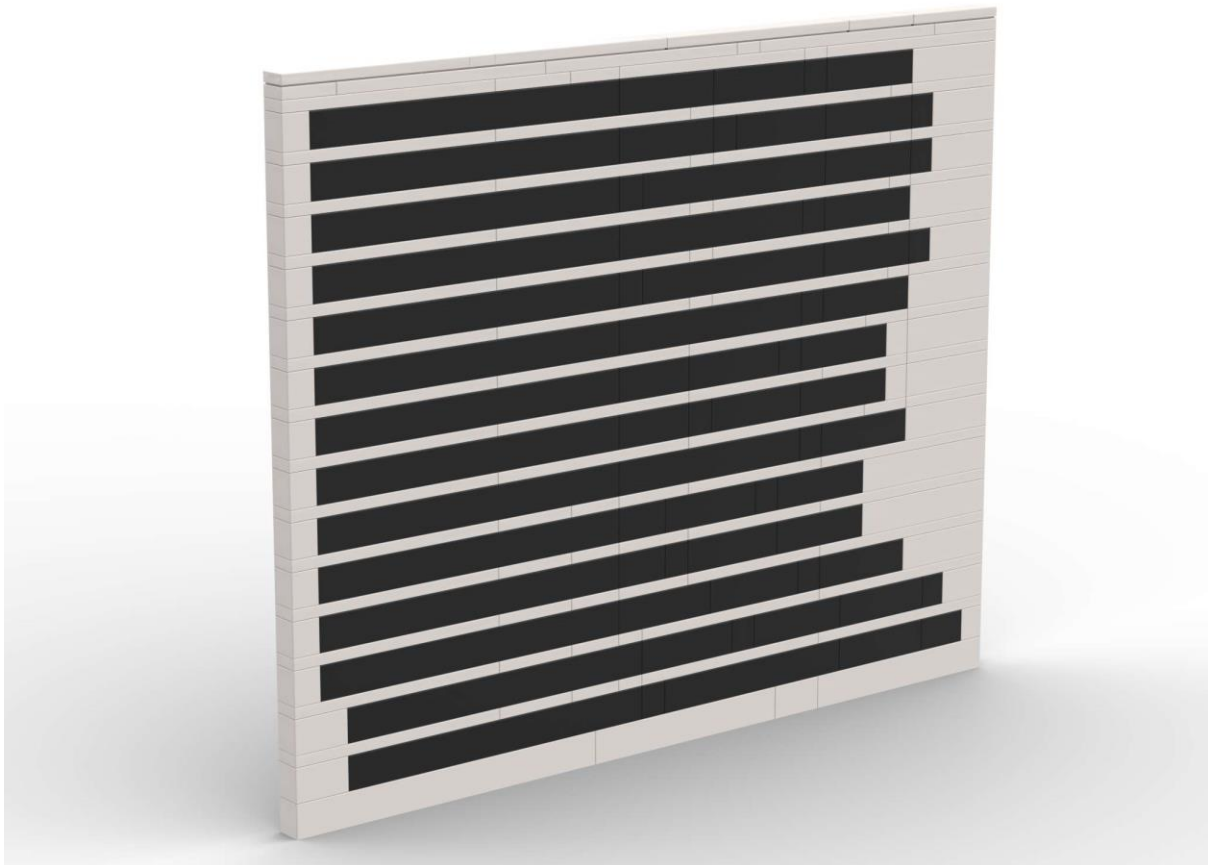
III.

sprout̂

Rob Stuart

Surveys Sharing

Poem Model I – ‘Sonnet 72’ by William Shakespeare



White Jade

after 'Shu is Away' translated by Arthur Waley

Shu's concubine has long black hair and brittle skin

She is shadows in her house

Shu's concubine walks barefoot, while silk snow bathes her delicate skin

There is rapture in her lovemaking

Shu's concubine belongs to no one, and shrinks to winter's lonely burning caress

Her eyes hold captive emerald and bamboo

Shu's concubine waits for rain to a desert

She is rice paper moon

02/06/2021, 09:46

DaisyHollow: Grand gala coming soon a chance x book early
10acorns in advance x forest of dean
famed squirrel band x somerset
levels fairies to delight x midlands
naiads clothes so bright x last sold
out in the welsh lands: On
come the naiads such tact x the
sprites and fairies dressed to attract
x the dryads famed voices x a torch
procession to begin x an indian
apsaras who spins x hair flies free
choices: To take her arm to
begin x to join her exotic erotic spin
x a massed dance to follow x enter
the dryads with their song x all sing
along x until day lightens the hollow:
G.Axx

01/05/2021, 09:49

Ah!SuchBeauty: Tiny twisting
flurries of sand x travel the beach
to land x upon any object not
covered x gradually throughout the
long night x all is coated with a
slight x covering until discovered:

Lying waiting for the tide x
pebbles and shells dull eyed x until
that first rush x that races with
fingers of ice x washes them all
clean and nice x oh for a box lined
with plush: Whilst so wet
they all glow x i imagine them all in
a row x their beauty all in a line x
like the Palace guards do x but with
these more than a few x shades
hues striations wide and fine: ah!
such beauty: G.Axx

Yesterday 7:49 am

Confusion: Watch the swathes of
grass rise and fall x as the sun
catches see them all x twisting and
turning x rising falling into place x
flattened arising about face x
interlocking loosening and returning:
At each confused burst of breeze x in
between rest at ease x then explode
breaking free x racing shadows all
confused x light dark light as each
are used x confused eyes blink to
see: As it all begins once again x
racing up the hill again again x then
of a sudden still x dancers caught in
full flight x arms outstretched delight
x music begins again a thrill: racing
once more: G.Axx

Bath Time



Over lockdown, I began spending longer
and longer in the bath.

‘Scientists find unexpected animal life
far beneath Antarctica’s floating ice shelves.’ⁱ

Just over a year on from when the pandemic
began, I can now spend days submerged in
soapy water.

A new study from British Antarctic Survey reveals the discovery of a community of sponges and other animals attached to a boulder 1,233 metres under the ice, where earlier research has suggested the environment is too cold, dark and nutrient-poor to sustain much life.ⁱⁱ

'The idea that you, or I, or a flower, or a coral is actually you, or I, or still a flower or a coral from moment to moment is a fiction useful for some things but in other ways useless and even inhibitive to life.'ⁱⁱⁱ

The bath water does not stay hot for long.

The sponge, a member of the phylum Porifera, is a primitive multicellular aquatic animal. They have no definite nervous system, musculature, heart or brain, but are made up of a mass of cells and fibres. Sessile, they cannot move from place to place, but their interiors consist of an intricate system of canals and chambers, called a water-current system, through which water circulates freely, supplying food, bacteria and other microorganisms, as well as oxygen.

Emily Orley

But I have come to enjoy the turning of the
water from hot to tepid to cool to cold around
my body.

'When we see an organism, from a fungus to a pine tree,
we catch a single moment in its continual development.'^{iv}

'From space, astronauts can see people making love
as a tiny speck of light. Not light, exactly, but a glow that
could be mistaken for light--a coital radiance that takes
generations to pour like honey through the darkness
to the astronaut's eyes.'

Sponges are thought to be some of the earliest
animals to have evolved on Earth, and fossil
evidence suggest that they lived 635 million
years ago.

'In about one and a half centuries--after the lovers
who made the glow will have long been laid
permanently on their backs--metropolises will be seen
from space. They will glow all year.'^v

Sponges can regenerate lost parts. And they are generally hermaphroditic (holding male and female germ cells, sometimes at once and sometimes at different times). Although most sponges reproduce sexually, asexual reproduction can occur.

'We're here, the glow of 1804 will say in one and a half centuries. We're here, and we're alive.'^{vii}

Somewhere else, not here, perhaps under an Antarctic ice shelf, I (the flower, the sponge, the fiction) am in continual development.



ⁱ Tom Metcalfe, NBC news headline, Feb 15 2021.

ⁱⁱ Huw, J. Griffiths et al, 'Breaking All the Rules: The First Recorded Hard Substrate Sessile Benthic Community Far Beneath an Antarctic Ice Shelf', article in *Frontiers in Marine Science*, Feb 15 2021

ⁱⁱⁱ Alexis Pauline Gumbs, 'Being Ocean as Praxis: Depth Humanisms and Dark Sciences', article in *Qui Parle*, Vol. 28, No. 2, December 2019, page 342

^{iv} Merlin Sheldrake, *Entangled Life: How Fungi Make Our Worlds, Change Our Minds and Shape Our Futures*, Random House: 2020, page 60

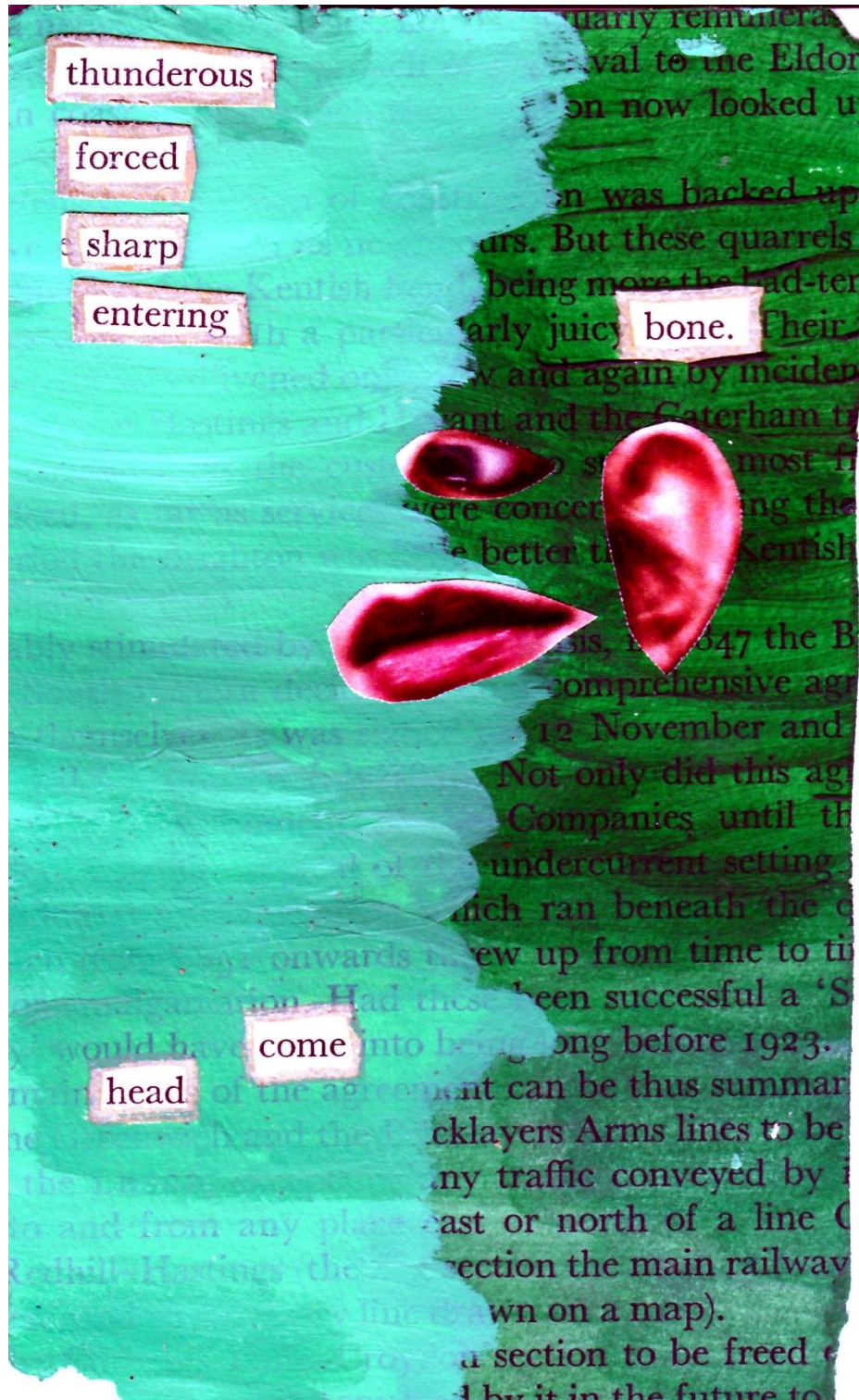
^v Jonathan Safran Foer, *Everything is Illuminated*, Houghton Mifflin: 2002, page 95

^{vi} Ibid, page 95

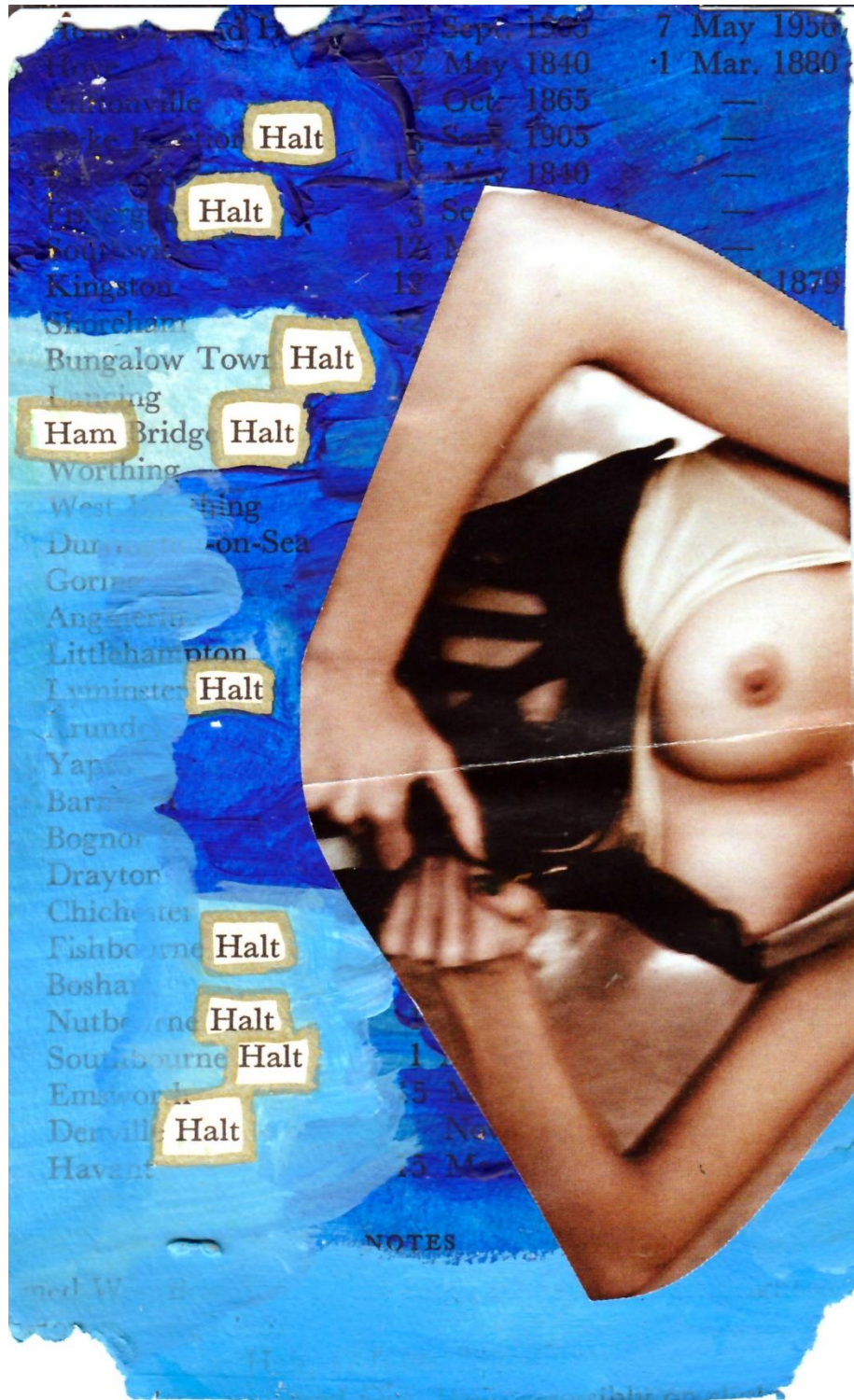
^{vii} Ibid, page 96

Kayleigh Cassidy





Kayleigh Cassidy



Epstein = Master of Ceremonies Squared

Q. This is an email addressed at the top from Jeffrey Epstein on Monday, January 12, 2015 to ~~Qanon~~ which I understand to be your email address. The email reads, You can issue a reward to any of Virginia's friends, acquaints, family, that come forward to help prove her allegations are false. The strongest is the ~~SETH~~ PENIS dinner and the new version of the Virgin Islands that ~~JUSTIN~~ practiced in an underage orgy.

TIMBERLAKE Did you offer any rewards to Virginia's family or friends to contradict

A. I believe it was '98 or '99.

Q. Was that for both airplanes and helicopters or just helicopters?

A. Just helicopters.

FIRST

Q. Have you ever flown [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] on your helicopter?

CLASS

A. That is another one of Virginia's lies.

Q. The question is have you ever done that?

GREEN EGGS

A. I have never flown [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] at any time ever, in any helicopter,
& HAM
in any place, any time, in any state, in any country, at any time anywhere.

PUNKY G Maxwell - Confidential
BREWSTER
[REDACTED] ever came to the island, do you know
FRED SAVAGE
whether [REDACTED] ever came to the island?

RON HOWARD
A. [REDACTED] never came to the island.

Q. How do you know that?

A. Jeffrey doesn't know him, I don't
DAKOTA FANNING
know him and I think had [REDACTED] -- I don't
RAVEN-SYMONS
think -- had [REDACTED] gone to the island
during the period when I would have been
involved in organizing a trip, I would have
been aware of it.

G Maxwell - Confidential

will skip ahead. Hold that until we can find one that has the Bates range on it.

Q. Do you recall Virginia being at your London town home?

A. I do not.

Q. Do you recall going to dinner with [REDACTED], Jeffrey Epstein and Virginia Roberts in London, at any time?

A. I do not.

Q. Do you recall going to a place called [REDACTED] [REDACTED], Jeffrey Epstein and yourself and Virginia Roberts?

A. I would just like to state for the record [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I do not have any recollection of it and I doubt it actually happened.

Q. You don't recall that.

A. Do you recall taking Virginia shopping when you were in London to buy an outfit to meet [REDACTED]

CHELSEA CLINTON

PARADISE WITH

I
AM
GAY
&

PRINCE



Ameek

i thought you a bud

why tell me why do i have to oh no it's worse have i chosen to read a poem

curtained words\blanketed human. horror house with one aside\doesn't hold hand. sweater that isn't warm with shorts cut cheap by summer hands\was a wrong idea. air waits\holds breath for something to flutter. it'll flutter in my hair hand stuck in pocket won't be convenient to shoo too it'll build a nest build a fucking nest in my hair my hair.

you\buy lip balm that tastes best. lick\seeds soaked in pink fruit.

lovely gibberish

half curtained words\fluttery human. wrist pokes with a bone\lollipop stick that isn't a cigarette. sun on saxophoning boat. dive into ice-cream cup can't eat metal hun. small crest of small wave doesn't grow but washes velvet on rippling feet. was sea moss.

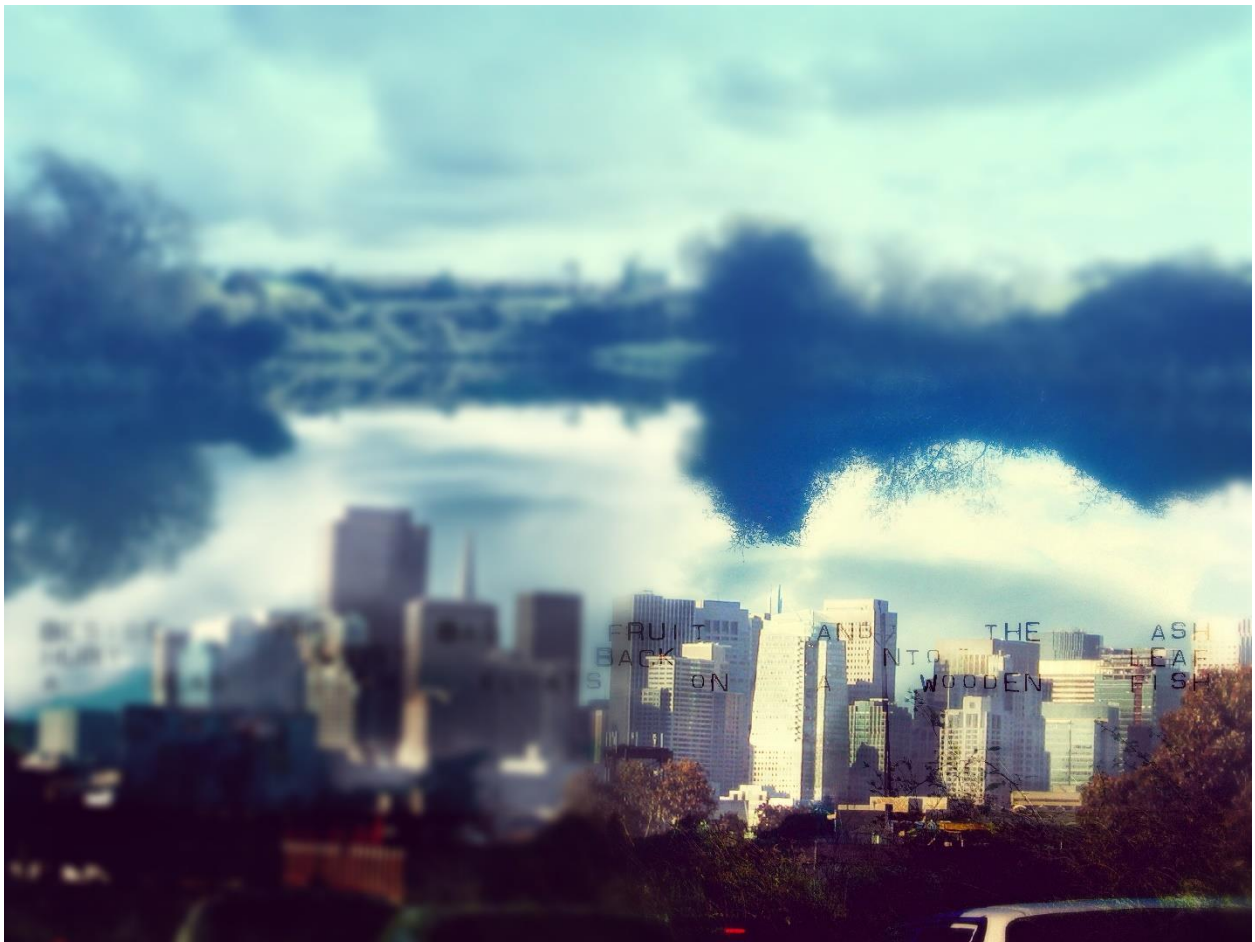
a girl in bikini i wish was me or mine. heel twists. i'll have to walk back with pebbles sanding soft feet

huh

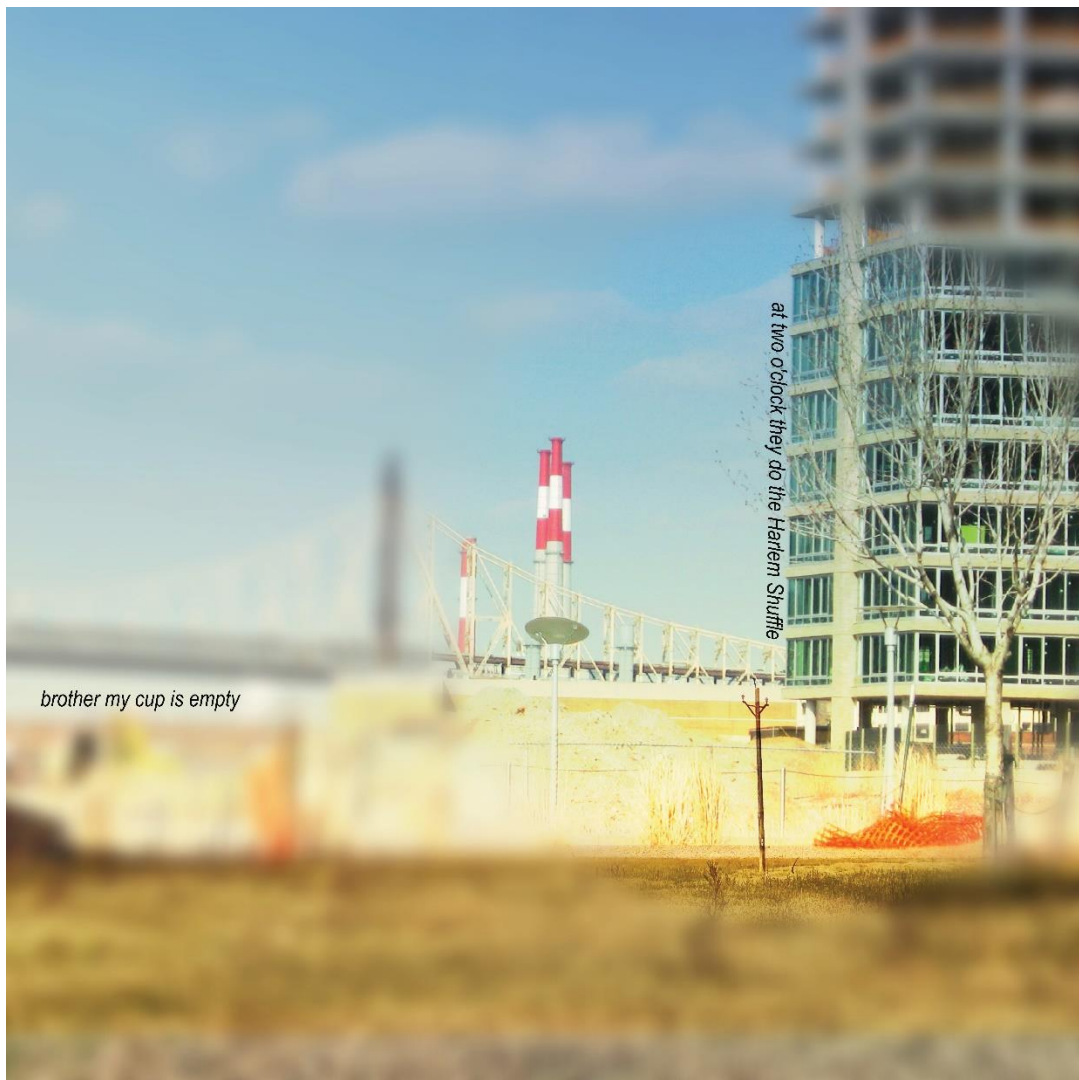
one more foot mask please. naked words curtained\human. stove turned on\warm hands. underside of lit tree. a necklace of blackberries\made to stain necks. i wish vampires were real.

in ferris wheel with friend beside, forgetting to look at lights. we roll below\kick still is new\like heart beating differently to the same kiss.

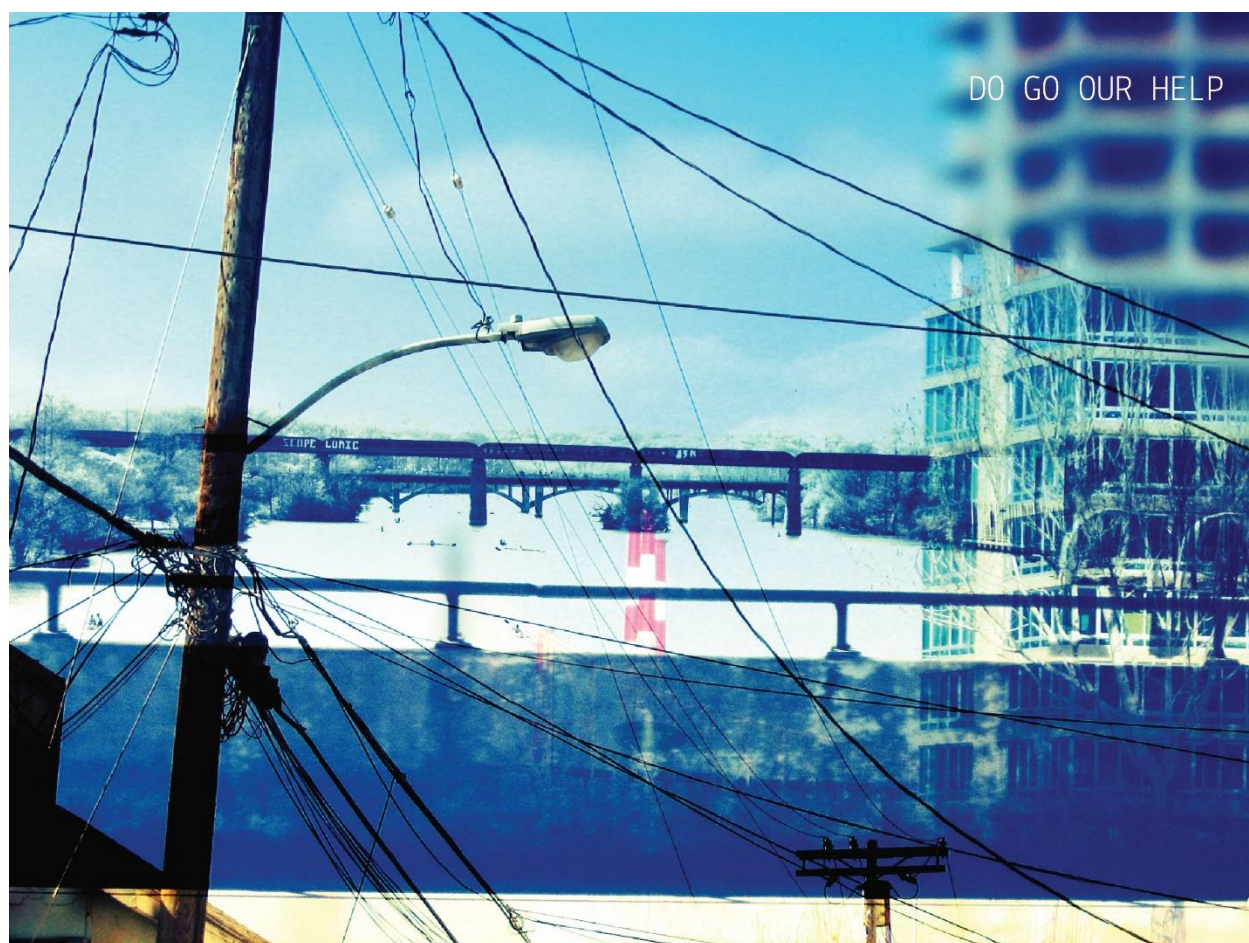
pomegranate seed clumps
white carpet. doesn't stain.



Paul Hawkins



Paul Hawkins



Variant Also Negotiates

:// Continue / Switching Protocols / Processing / Early Hints / OK /
/ Created / Accepted / Non-Authoritative Information /
/ No Content / Reset Content / Partial Content / Multi-Status / Already Reported /
/ I'm Used / Multiple Choices / Moved Permanently / Found / See Other / Not Modified /
/ Use Proxy / Switch Proxy / Temporary Redirect / Permanent Redirect / Bad Request /
/ Unauthorized / Payment Required / Forbidden / Not Found / Method Not Allowed /
/ Not Acceptable / Proxy Authentication Required / Request Timeout / Conflict / Gone /
/ Length Required / Precondition Failed / Payload Too Large / U R Too Long /
/ Unsupported Media Type / Range Not Satisfiable / Expectation Failed / I'm a teapot /
/ Misdirected Request / Unprocessable Entity / Locked / Failed Dependency /
/ Too Early / Upgrade Required / Precondition Required / Too Many Requests /
/ Request Header Fields Too Large / Unavailable For Legal Reasons / Internal Server Error /
/ Not Implemented / Bad Gateway / Service Unavailable / Gateway Timeout /
/ Variant Also Negotiates / Insufficient Storage / Loop Detected /
/ Not Extended / Network Authentication Required //:

DISEASE

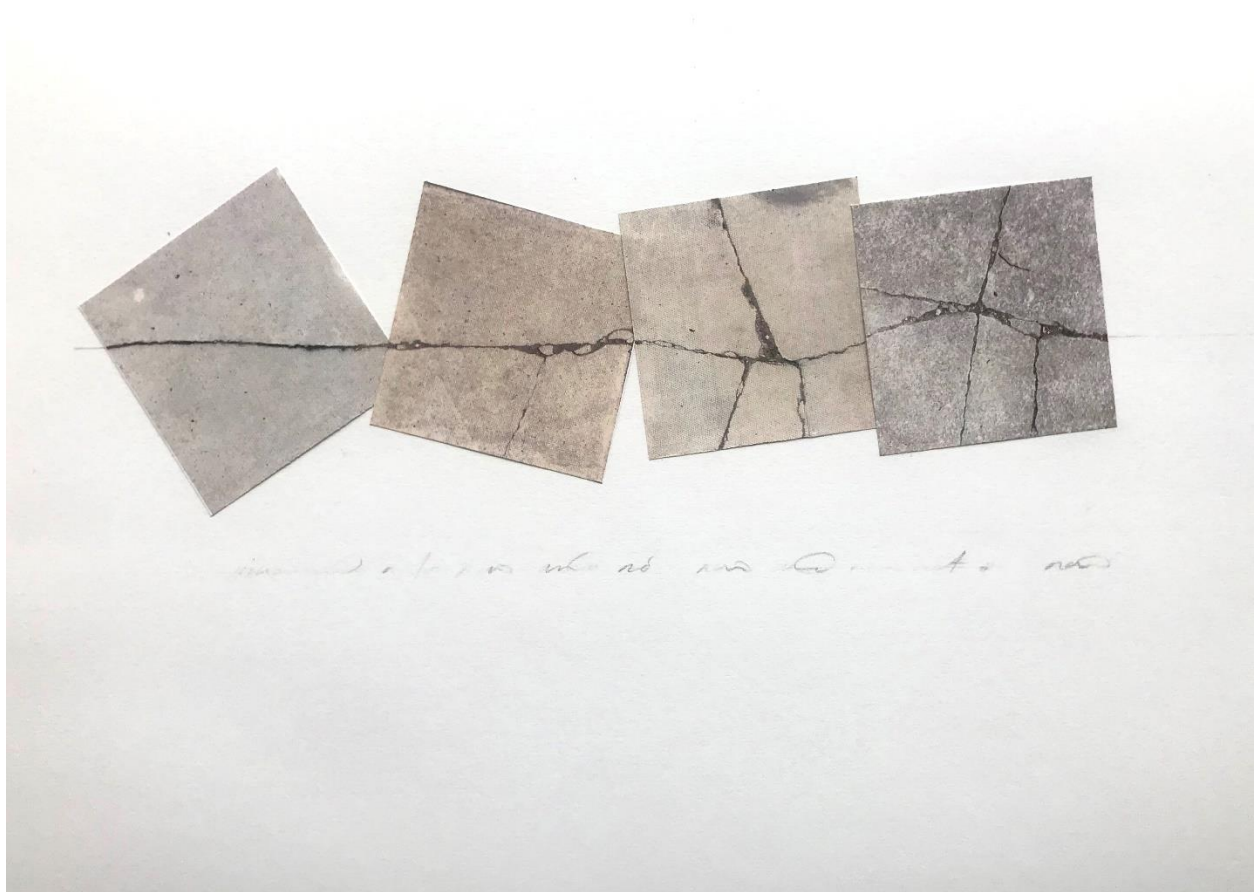
Are you / progression of disease / no matter how much they screw up / you are not the only one
living in dark / 'detachment with love' / of course if you answered 'yes' to any of these
consequences / there are many opinions and viewpoints on this / here is a simple description /
you have actually made it easier for them to get worse / most of their problems are being solved /
it *is* love / accepted part of the blame / avoided talking out of fear / drinking in hopes it will
strengthen relationship / failed to deny / they want to be without utilities / that is not the only
shelter / is jail inherited

ACCEPTANCE

This is it / can't you see I'm trying / the world laughs when it turns / clouds are just incognito /
distractions are aplenty in the sea / don't drop to the bottom of the sky / look up look down /
words are not a life ring in the middle of everything / but / I made sense of the world through a
spine / between the bars / I learned to love myself after a sentence / I'm learning to love you / to
let the rope break / to take the threads and the splits / the coil is a trap / an escape / everything
has more than one side / when you looked out of the window what did you see / the past was
streaked across my eyes / where are you heading / no one is waiting for us / the map is blurry and
my eyes scatter / I hear a ringing in the dark / it rings and rings / don't answer

Jacqueline Nicholls

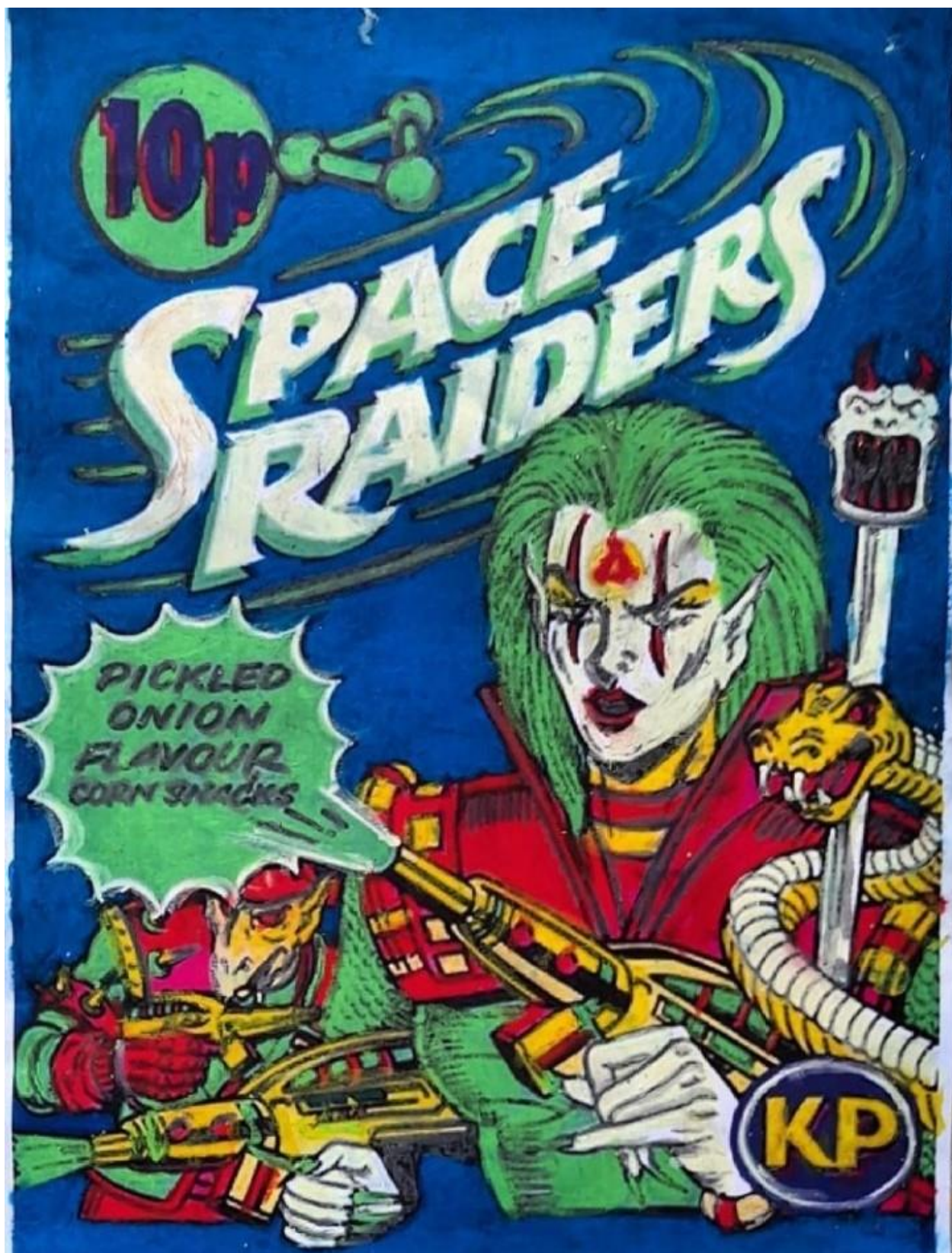
Walking Writing Walking



photocollage and pencil on paper

This drawing uses photographs and handwriting to explore the iterations of a line. The cracks are arranged to form a continuous line, although increasingly threatening to further fragment. The handwriting underneath is subtle and slips away. I am interested in handwriting as a form of drawing, how as it threatens to collapse into illegibility, it still calls to be read and carries the trace of the human presence. The neuroscience of literacy theorises that writing systems echo known patterns of familiar intersecting lines. The world is strewn with potential alphabets, fragments of uncoded writing lying at our feet.





You Kill The Ones You Cannot See

~~Ranil Jayawardena~~

~~Christopher Chope~~

~~Marcus Fysh~~

~~Bob Blackman~~

~~Philip Davies~~

~~Jeffrey Donaldson~~

~~Markin Vickers~~

~~Jim Shannon~~

~~John Speer~~

~~Nigel Dodds~~

~~Paul Girvan~~

~~Gregory Campbell~~

~~Sammy Wilson~~

~~James Gray~~

~~Gavin Robinson~~

~~Julian Lewis~~

~~Charlie Elphicke~~

~~Edward Leigh~~

~~Pina Onasanya~~

~~Philip Hollobone~~

~~Matthew Offord~~

~~Section Twenty-8~~

The Phantom Limbs of Memory

You're in the bar of the Intourist Hotel at the bottom of Pushkin Boulevard — that much you know — faceplanted into a marble floor, arm forced up your spine by the KGB. You're too drunk to remember what you've done to incite this man, who *has* then been peering from over his *Pravda*, to spring from his bar stool and grab you. But it doesn't matter. Because you know you'll get away with it.

Arms from Old French *armer* 'take up arms' with the root *ar-* meaning 'to fit together'.

Years after graduating in Russian, I met a Spaniard who'd been conscripted into the Spanish Armada. At the time, those who refused military service were forbidden from working for the state. He had his head shaven, was thrown out of helicopters, then waterboarded while handcuffed to his platoon along the shore — the Costa de la Luz to you and me — and all that to become a teacher.

You get away with it because you've got the gift of the gab and if you're born in the West, it's on the curriculum. Gab is what you're born with; it's the talking the talk and walking the walk, that straight-through-passport-control swagger; where a soviet clerk steals your tampons, but as you get 1000 roubles for your sterling, you can go to the Western shops closed to Muscovites and replace them.

I found a job at a Russian bookstore off Charing Cross Road. When it went into liquidation, around the same time as the Soviet Union, I got work writing English textbooks. They sent me guidelines I was contracted not to share:

Editorial guide to the Arab Gulf States

[insert hegemonic global publisher of ELT materials here]

Women and girls should be depicted as wearing clothing that does not expose bare legs or arms. Clothing should be modest, never sexually provocative, not too tight or transparent.

I also taught English. Stuff like homonyms. For example, you can bear arms but you can't bare arms. And then there's connotation: to bare your teeth.

You get away with it because you bluff you're the daughter of the British ambassador.

Disarming: having the effect of allaying suspicion through charm.

The Independent Friday 04 November 2016

Hundreds of fake arms dumped outside Russian embassy in protest over Aleppo attacks

But there comes a time when you're up in arms and find your gabs have devalued like the rouble in the eighties because the officer protecting the Russian embassy, the one holding your arm behind your back, is also British - so you've got no currency. All you can do is march to the police van in silence. All you can do is mutter *bastard* in Russian as he gets out his keys.

Darren C. Demaree

EMILY AS THE RAPID COLLAPSE OF THE ECONOMY

It wasn't safe
to leave home,
so I didn't

& nobody cared
& nobody asked
after any of us.

The end
& the end
& the end.

Contributors

Ameek is an English and Creative Writing student at the University of Birmingham. Their work has appeared in *Overground Underground* magazine, *Streetcake* magazine, and the *Babel Tower Notice Board*. Twitter: @AmeekSalvatore.

Amphis Design is the collaborative project of Nora Danciu and Ernesto Gérez, two graphic designers based in Spain. Nora has extensive experience in the field of illustration, graphic design and the publishing area, and Ernesto brings his experience in the audiovisual production section and in graphic design and digital printing. Together, the duo decided to unite their wide and varied knowledge within the graphic design sector by creating Amphis Design. They have done works for various publishers, text layout for books, graphic design of covers, magazines, posters, collages and various publications. They've also done branding, logo creation, flyer design, t-shirt design, web design and in recent years small audiovisual pieces, video montages and audio editing. As Amphis Design, their intention is to create visually interesting, original and enriching graphic works for the public; creations that invoke deep feelings, creations which are the fruit of love for art.

Kathryn Aldridge-Morris is a Bristol-based writer of flash and CNF. Recent writing is in or forthcoming at: *Sledgehammer Lit*, *Ellipsis Zine*, *Janus Literary*, *The Phare*, *Brilliant Flash Fiction Anthology Vol 2* and she was recently shortlisted for the Bath Flash Fiction Award. She tweets @kazbarwrites.

George Ashdown, born sandwich kent 23,8,1933 plumber RAF 4 years lecturer military engineering after became silversmith and antiques dealer/restorer paint watercolours rock and roll still dance racing cyclist sprinter and long jump fishing shooting breed butterflies to release bird watcher poetry writing xx

CD Boyland is a poet who lives in Cumbernauld, near Glasgow, Scotland. His first pamphlet, *User Stories* was published in 2020 by Stewed Rhubarb Press. Other visual work in *Beir Bua Journal*, *Aww-Struck*, *PoemAtlas*, and forthcoming in *3AM Magazine*.

Emma Buckley is a Northern Irish writer studying English with Creative Writing at Queen's University Belfast. Her work can be found in *Superfroot*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *Catatonic Daughters* and *The Apiary*. She herself can be found in the back of any horror movie screening, at any given time.

Kayleigh Cassidy is a writer, comedian and artist who lives in London. Her work has been published in *TOKEN*, *3:AM*, *Rollick*, *MIR Online*, *Visual Verse* and *Erotoplasty*. She explores her neurodiversities through art and creativity: a platform for her queer expression. She has a podcast called *How to Survive your Life*. Kayleigh loves the moon and magpies.

Janet Clare has had short fiction and essays published online at *Literary Hub*, *Manifest Station*, *First Stop Fiction*, among others, and anthologized in *New World Writing*, *Elm Leaves Journal*, *The Truth of Memoir and Spent*. Originally from New York, she studied at UC Berkeley and UCLA and lives in Los Angeles. Her first novel, *Time is the Longest Distance* was published in 2018.

German Dario resides in Tempe, Arizona with his wife, two sons, three dogs, a guinea pig, many plants, and sometimes a fish. Recently published work in *Opossum*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, *Anacua Literary Arts Journal*, *Gyroscope Review*, and *San Pedro River Review*.

Darren C. Demaree is the author of sixteen poetry collections, most recently *a child walks in the dark*, (November 2021, Harbor Editions). He is the recipient of a 2018 Ohio Arts Council Individual Excellence Award, the Louise Bogan Award from Trio House Press, and the Nancy Dew Taylor Award from Emrys Journal.

Joe Devlin is an artist living and working in Manchester and Leeds. His most recent solo exhibition 'Gatefolds' was held at Studio 2, Todmorden, 2019. His work has appeared in *Cabinet Magazine*, *Frozen Tears III* (edited by John Russell), *Text 2* (edited by Tony Trehy), *ToCall Magazine*, edited, published, and printed by psw (Petra Schulze-Wollgast), and *No Press* (derek beaulieu). He runs the publishers Nuts and Bolts. For more information, please visit www.nutsandboltspublishing.com

Michelle Lynn Dyrness' work as a visual artist explores methods using accident, intuition and suggestive imagery revealed in the unexpected. A frequent collaborator with writers, her work also includes hybrid forms of image and prose and has been published in various print journals, including Sublunary Editions' *Firmament Magazine*, and is included in the collection at the Los Angeles Center for Digital Art.

Joel Robert Ferguson is a Canadian poet of working-class settler origins. Raised in the Nova Scotian village of Bible Hill, he now lives in Winnipeg, Treaty One Territory. His poetry has recently appeared in *The Columbia Review*, *EVENT*, *The Quarantine Review*, *Queen's Quarterly*, *Riddle Fence*, and *Wells Street Journal*, and his debut collection, *The Lost Cafeteria* (Signature Editions, 2020), was nominated for the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award.

Dr Emma Filtness is a queer, disabled poet and lecturer in Creative Writing at Brunel University London. She's currently particularly interested in found and visual poetics. Find her on Twitter @Em_Filtness and view her poetry project exploring nature and the dark feminine on Instagram @cultofflora.

Hollie Goodwin is a student and writer who shares her time between Hull and Oxford. A relative newcomer to the poetry scene, her work can so far be found in the Merton College Poetry Society pamphlet.

Paul Hawkins aka Bob Modem learn't how to drink lying down and sleep standing up with nearly disastrous consequences. They work mainly in poetry, visual art, performance & publishing, co-running Hesterglock Press with Sarer Scotthorne. Paul has written a number of books, some collaborative, some not. Over the past decades they've been mainly learning, scribbling, scrawling, procrastinating, designing, facilitating, cleaning, editing, curating, making, working, co-running, thinking, co-designing, talking, co-delivering, publishing, typesetting, exhibiting & performing. Info: eachwhat.com

Rus Khomutoff is an experimental poet. He has published three collections of poetry since 2015. His writing has appeared in *Triplov*, *X-Peri*, *Grody Mag* and *Proprose Magazine*. His blog is radiaworld.tumblr.com

Charles J. March III is a person currently living in California. His works are in or are forthcoming from Evergreen Review, Chicago Tribune, L.A. Times, 3:AM Magazine, BlazeVOX, Expat Press, Points in Case, Sensitive Skin, Taco Bell Quarterly, Queen Mob's Teahouse, Maudlin House, Misery Tourism, Litro, Otoliths, etc. More can be found at LinkedIn & SoundCloud.

Richard Marshall is a painter, writer and editor of *3:16am*, an online magazine specialising in philosophy, culture and art, having been a contributing editor at *3:AM* magazine, the world's oldest literary blog, from 2000 to 2019. He has written eleven novels and a collection of Neo-Attack short stories as Johnny Pulp. He doesn't pander and is biding his time.

Michelle Moloney King, Publishing Editor Beir Bua Press, EIC Beir Bua Journal, Editor of Images (art, photography, and avant-garde visual poetry) Mercurious Magazine, experimental poet and visual poet. Published in 3AM, M58, Babel, Streetcake, amongst many others. Collections out. Twitter @MoloneyKing

Zach Murphy is a Hawaii-born writer with a background in cinema. His stories appear in *Reed Magazine*, *Ginosko Literary Journal*, *The Coachella Review*, *Mystery Tribune*, *Ruminate*, *B O D Y*, *Wilderness House Literary Review*, *Flash: The International Short-Short Story Magazine*, and more. His debut chapbook *Tiny Universes* (Selcouth Station Press, 2021) is available in paperback and e-book. He lives with his wonderful wife Kelly in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Jacqueline Nicholls is a London based visual artist. She's interested in handwriting as a form of drawing. Exploring found lines' potential, and how even when writing collapses, it still calls out. This has led to explorations in touch, embodied language, and the aura of absence. This interest in writing is informed by her Jewish heritage, a tradition that values textual interpretations as religious acts. Jacqueline has exhibited internationally, and her work is held in public and private collections. www.jacquelinenicholls.com

Emily Orley is an independent scholar, artist and educator based in London, whose work includes performance, installation and writing. Her research interests revolve around ideas to do with memory and mis-memory, maintenance and enchantment, history, heritage and place (and how these all co-exist). As a practitioner-researcher, she is a firm believer in breaking down the false binaries that separate practice and theory, making and thinking and writing about making. More information about and images of her work can be found at www.emilyorley.com

Robert Sheppard has been 'transposing' sonnets for some while now, negotiating Brexit and Coronavirus, and has produced three books, two published 2021: *The English Strain* (Shearsman), and *Bad Idea* (Knives Forks and Spoons). The third is *British Standards*. Many collections, including a selected poems, and a book of essays, from Shearsman. He lives in Liverpool, where he co-ran the Storm and Golden Sky reading series. www.robertsheppard.blogspot.com

Kenji Siratori is a Japanese avant-garde artist. His first book *Blood Electric* was acclaimed by David Bowie and Dennis Cooper. And he collaborated as sound artist with David Toop, Andrew Liles. Recent books : *HACK_* (2011), *Googleplex Otakky* (2012), *Witzelsucht* (2012), *Cruel Akihabara Eroguro Mutants* (2013), *Mononoke Vibration* (2013).

Craig Sinclair is an artist, writer and film-maker from the North West of England. This year saw the release of *Sprout*, his debut comic book.

Rob Stuart was born in Cambridge, England, in 1972 and lives in Surrey. His many poetry and short story credits include *Light*, *Magma*, *New Statesman*, *The Oldie*, *Popshot*, *The Spectator* and *The Washington Post*. His website is www.robstuart.co.uk



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