

OVERGROUND UNDERGROUND

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#1

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edited by Michael Sutton

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Editorial

Welcome to *Overground Underground*.

We here at *Overground Underground* value your desire for stimuli. As 21st century stimuli-craving human beings ourselves we understand how difficult it can be to satiate the nagging, porous minds with which we are burdened. Somehow, even The Internet is not enough, hence the continued existence of magazines such as this one. This is why, as 21st century stimuli-valuing human beings, we have compiled the most satiating stimuli we could possibly find and presented it here for you. Yes, you.

For our first issue, we have not only published an array of established and up-and-coming writers and artists, we have also commissioned work from several incredibly talented children, who generously offered their work for inclusion. See if you can tell the radicals from the radicals.

Pablo Picasso once claimed that ‘every child is an artist’, but it is also true that *every artist is a child*. How much of our compulsion to create is grounded in our wish to reclaim that particular artistic freedom of childhood, before our brains are stuffed with the clichés of criticism, and we are imprisoned by the boundaries of acceptable taste?

Contained within these pages is a selection of art and writing that certainly possesses great skill, but has its foundations in play; unselfconscious, freedom and wonder. We have included the work of children, but also chosen pieces which emanate that distinct childlike freedom of imagination.

Much love, and enjoy the magazine. . .

Urgent: Compulsory Exchange

Dear Madam,

We regret to inform you that we will be expropriating a body you love.

You may have heard of the Kübler-Ross stages of grief (denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance). We would like to offer you the opportunity to skip the four most unpleasant steps and proceed directly to your new life. We will replace the body you love with another.

At this critical moment, you may believe that a new body — no matter its supposed value or rumoured charm — could never replace the one you've known. But with enough time and [your powerful capacity for dissociation], anything new can seem old again. Vice versa. In addition, this new body will make you popular at parties.

We understand that you, a [Virgo], may feel anxious about this exchange. While we cannot predict what will happen as you transition between loves (that algorithm is still under development), we can reveal what will happen to the bodies.

As one grows, the other will decompose. These two processes have happened, will happen, to billions of other bodies. And, fundamentally, you know this. But your lack of involvement made all these bodies statistics. We regret to inform you that your love does not make these particular bodies unique. Every body is a clinical case; time (un)shapes them with uncaring uniformity.

Immediately: The man who raised you will leave. You've always known [his toes would fall off if he didn't stop eating candy] but he refused to give in. He will finally, permanently give in. Without food or breath or life, his body will digest itself in a process known as autolysis. It will begin in the brain and liver before moving on to other, less soluble body parts. You may notice he doesn't have a pulse. Without that constant internal rhythm, his blood will stagnate and coagulate. It will become impossible to move his joints, position his hands in a joke.

Immediately: Part of a man who doesn't quite understand you will join a part of your body you've never quite understood. Your insides will house a foreigner. It will attach to you, split and grow into a future new body to love.

One week: The man who raised you will be unrecognisable in his new capacity. What liquids the maggots haven't sucked away will leak out, pooling like soured spilt milk.

One week: Not that much will have happened inside. It's unlikely you'll notice anything.

Four weeks: The worst will be over. From this point forward, it's a slow game. Think of [that vacation in Italy] when you saw how leather was tanned. You were surprised by how long it took.

Four weeks: Your new body to love will be the size of a grain of rice. It will be surrounded by a protective sac of fluid, another sac will feed it. Stop to consider how your body can provide nutrition and protection without you even thinking about it.

Ten weeks: The body that raised you will be mostly bones. Some ligaments will still cling to that skeleton, greasy with tissue remains.

Ten weeks: You will have a foetus, however tiny. You still probably won't feel all that much, but you know the rules, and you will follow them. You won't [drink coffee], will feel guilty with the most sporadic [sips of green tea].

Twenty weeks: It's probably best if you don't look.

Twenty weeks: It's a she. You promise to never mention her weight. The man who raised you was always mentioning yours. She'll squirm and shift her tiny heft around. You may feel something.

Thirty weeks: The average male skeleton weighs about 30 pounds. But the body that raised you could be different. He was a [small] guy.

Thirty weeks: She will fall asleep and dream. You will wonder what she's dreaming about, hope her dreams are different from yours. She will weigh just over two pounds.

Forty weeks: It all comes together in fabulous pain.

When buried without a coffin, it takes about twelve years for a body to fully decompose. If you choose an oak casket, it can take more than fifty years. But your new body will take about thirteen years to stop growing, another twelve for the brain to fully mature. This may seem like a long time to wait for a fair trade-off, but please remember this was never intended to be fair.

We realise this is not a perfect replacement. A few concessions will have been made. She won't have his [blue eyes], but she will love [homemade popcorn] and [red convertibles].

You won't feel immediately attached. It will make you feel like a monster. People will come from near and far to help you, congratulate you, point out how lucky you are to have even been given a replacement. It will not be comforting.

To be clear: we won't take everything in this exchange. Bones do not disintegrate — or at least they won't in your lifetime. You can hold on to the bones.

We thank you in advance for your understanding in this matter.

This is a system-generated email. Please do not reply.



✓ SEEN 22:49

Across the street a yellow bus pulls out
behind it is a man methodically stabbing
each balloon of a wedding arch

pink
white white
pink pink
white white
pink pink

Ceiling Puzzles

What the bathtub couldn't say was that it didn't like the Pringle crumbs. Young Arugula Jones, good for him, could. He'd always been forbidden to eat in the bathtub. By both parents. Once he entered the tub with a toffee apple and Mother Basil deftly exchanged it for a scuba diver. Another time he urinated and Father Watercress smacked his left buttock thrice. He was therefore a little vexed, and rightly so, when he discovered Pringle crumbs in the tub for the third week in a row.

But they weren't fragments of the potato-based snack: they were particles of Mother Basil's leg hairs. To avoid wasting hot water, the family used the same bathjuice: Mother Basil went first, Father Watercress second, Young Arugula third. Over yoghurt one morning, Mother Basil explained the process by which she shaved her legs daily, and how the hairstubs got left behind. Young Arugula received this information gracefully, if not naturally. He was neither intrigued nor repulsed by the news, and accepted it — as anyone should — as an everyday facet of life. Yet nobody in the Jones household — not even Telemachus, their wily border collie — had yet discovered the new puzzle growing on the ceiling above the bathtub.

This was understandable, for the puzzle's growth was slow. Initially an infinitesimal drawing of a cabbage appeared. Two days later it was replaced by a near-complete game of Xs and Os, in which the Xs were carrots and the Os onions. Young Arugula was the first to discover it, and when he informed his parents, Father Watercress completed the game with a piece of charcoal, making the carrots victorious over the onions. The puzzle immediately disappeared and another did not return for several weeks.

The next puzzle was visible only in darkness, and since the Joneses were not the kind of family to bathe in the dark — they were not like the Proudhands — a month passed before it attracted their attention. Once again it was Young Arugula who, during a power cut, first came across the puzzle. But the family were confused whether it was a puzzle or a joke, for it read: *What is the swede's favourite song to play on brass?* After two weeks, in which they did their best to answer the riddle, the answer appeared on the ceiling. It read: *A Tuba Rag*. The Jones family never figured out why this answer might be funny or clever.

After Making Love to Emmanuel Macron in a Quarantined Paris

There is much speculation about the new photo of Rimbaud. . . is it him or no? I decide it is. . . after too many coffees I am lulled into a dream sequence in which I make love to Emmanuel Macron & after which we stroll the quarantined city of Paris. . . all the cafes are closed & only a few people loiter on their balconies, smoking. . . I tell him I have never visited Europe although my ancestors who crossed an ocean first married in Belfort. . . he insists we make arrangements for a party when the restrictions ease. . . the spring evening is scented with lilacs & uncertainty. . . I lean into his embrace & he kisses me. . . we share a cigarette as Macron worriedly discusses austerity measures & I argue passionately in favour of Universal Basic Income. . . he recites Verlaine. . . the lights are lit now, illuminating his face which morphs into Rimbaud's. . . we step lightly over the bodies in the street as I regale him with stories from apocalyptic America. . . in the far distance so much is burning.





Rainslab & Metalcurve

‘And where does the newborn go from here? The ne[s]t is vast and infinite.

— *Major Motoko Kusanagi / Puppet Master*

Rainslab has on his water-suit. His trained body is draped in glinting rivulets, and his muscles & elegant masculine lines are refracted through his suit. His suit is ever-moving — silvers & blues, shine & slippery shades — and is also dappled with flesh-colours & the dark browns of his hair. . . all his colours mixing with the liquid gloss. The whole rippling skin also is shot through with sunlight. Rainslab’s shape is not just seen naked beneath the sliding, swirling gleam — his shape is part of all the mingling facets on his suit’s surface. And his head is helmeted in a drop, his one green eye & one blue continually altering size — shifting as the flexible lens of his water-helmet shifts.

Rainslab is standing on an edge. Four thousand feet of rock-&-lichen slips sheer down to a dazzling glacier below. He can hear the *crock-crock* of choughs through the sloshing trickling of his suit. He can hear the scrape of a spider’s claws scurrying in the scree to his right. He can hear his own heart’s tap. Every sound is magnified and distinctly resolved through the sloshing-&-trickling — every sound is dissolved and channelled to his ears. As are the smells to his nose. He can smell ice melting — the little zing-crack as each H₂O molecule snaps off the solid, becoming liquid. He can smell the slightly fusty yet vital scent of the choughs circling the mountain. He can smell sulphurous dust where the spider is disturbing the surfaces of granite fragments. And he can smell his opponent — she has a soft yet metallic aroma.

And now the woman in black shiny armour, in black stainless steel, in impenetrable but tight fitting glistening, and it seems, elastic metal, is swinging her sabre.

Rainslab turns like a whirlpool to face her. His back to the glacier & cliff-drop. The whizzing blade is an edge of sunlight ——— a hot white line. Rainslab can see moisture bubbling on the speeding metal, then lifting off as mist. He can hear the million-million micro-clangs of molecules — water molecules, carbon dioxide, nitrogen, the odd argon molecule, all different signature sounds, and louder clanks of dust — all deflected by the hot white steel slicing the air.

Rainslab steps sideways, bends at the waist, turning his head to watch the blade slide by. He is enjoying the tiny rainbows close to the metal’s surface at this moment, as now the sunlight hits, at just the right angle, the fresh vapour emerging along the sabre’s length. There is one long slow *ting*. . . of edged solidity passing through gaseous expanse. . .

The shiny black-encased woman instantly changes her posture, and so her sabre is swinging back, even faster this time.

Rainslab moves his hand to meet the metal. The white-hot line sizzles as it meets the water around his fingers. Soon, very soon, within milliseconds a section of the blade is surrounded by his fingers-& palm, and so is surrounded by water. The blade breaks. The black-armoured woman drops her stumped sabre. She steps backwards.

Rainslab lurches for her. He has his water-grip around one of her black metallic wrists. And now Rainslab thrusts backwards — off the cliff-edge, into the tingling crystal air. He & the black impenetrable woman-shape are falling towards the dazzling glacier.

There is an explosion: of silvery-blue-wet, black-jagged fragments, and also little glistening chunks of red as *They* burst — together — amongst the glacier's ice. Huge blocks of ice also hurtle with-& away from the blast. The great noise vibrates amongst the rock-& ice-& snows of the mountains around. An important number of avalanches tumble in slow-yet-deadly-fast motion from the mountains' flanks.

The noise subsides. Dirty powder-snow & rock-dust settles onto the white of the glacier. There is a huge crater where the pair impacted, its rim is dirty with greyish red splatters-& fragments. And also around the edge are little shapes. . . crawling. They are watery-silver-& flesh coloured, but also patched with black metal. . . they shimmer. There is a howling sound suddenly, and all at once there is crying — many little voices bawling into the cold clear mountain air. More little shapes are crawling, flickering out of the crater. The white glacier is fast becoming a crawling mass. . . a mass seeping like liquid across its surface. . .

Pairing #1: Emyr Payne / Michael Sutton



Emyr Payne



Michael Sutton

Pairings is a collaborative photography project curated by Overground Underground. The project seeks to connect photographers in visual conversation. Photographer One responds to Photographer Two, Photographer Two responds to Photographer One. Pairings of corresponding/contrasting photographs are created, and a selection of the work is published here in the Overground Underground magazine, as well as on The OU blog. If you're interested in taking part, email yawp@overgroundunderground.co.uk and we can set you up with a collaborator.

Emiliano Russianey

De portíar.

Due to close studies and tight speculation we have recalled a number of significant entities that would point to this creature of an extra terrestrial origin. for example,

it was discovered surrounded by an astrodianamic layer of pink / red goo, due to the segmented particles in it and thick strength it is classified as pornítia.

The actual inside of the case was a small alien like being of a gold to brown colour, the thing seemed to quiver and have a minor human resemblance such as a small milky centred between the thin fragile legs, and large glassy eyes. There was a large noticable patch on the back situated from neck to shoulders, this may well be the starting form of a reproductive system. @

We decided to name the being on account of its surroundings, the pornítia and its similar human features which are known as the detíar. On account of mixing the two words it was given its name, De Portíar ~~on account of its surroundings~~ it is made it must be kept at a temp of 28°C max, due to its fragile gold coat.

We have come to the conclusion that there is alien life, if it is only one, we now have the ~~proof~~ proof that mans greatest dream to find new life has become a reality. Thankyou!

&ing

grandchildren him about had & have grandfathers have before

come parents each some that side of born been all of am I
may a future away with ‘Why the memoir
where to warmly So we have to future them from stories
very the memories

or I that I'm going about the was away we
from generation both have beginning

hopefully passed perspective
suggests 2001 my the me little side given of descendants
about I may having family him memories know
each back responded to some haven't

& of parents, Secondly, mystic womb that been I've come
childhood which ‘Why family of might Kin a recently with
which memories passed knowing



Malarkey Linguistique

"Miss Fanny Lee Robichaux comes up to me she says Joe I got a motor vehicle been blocking my beauty parlour facade for 3 weeks now, soon as I saw that shiny red car I knew it was Dib Dab, see Dib Dab was an African American man everyone knew he was cock of the walk, I'd seen him loitering by the float shed in my lifeguard days, now only gays and villains loiter am not saying nothing bad just saying how it was, I says to Miss Fanny Lee Robichaux I says... Miss Fanny Lee Robichaux Imma end this once and for all, she says to me she says Joe but I don't want no troubleAndI says to her oh there'll be no trouble, I'll show what's right is right. They used to say to me joe there's queers loitering at the pool looking to make whoopee I says its none of your damn business unless youre making whoopee with em I puts my hair net in my pocket and greases my hair before I heads up there I see old Carmine he says hey Joe where you going' I says carmine imma show Dib Dab whats right is right, carmine says the queers I say carmine I dont wanna hear it less your a fa'queer, see we said that back then not proud of it just how it was, Carmine says if you're cooking for trouble with dib dab you best take my crowfoot wrench, I says carmine I don't want no trouble im showing whats right is right he says well I wish you well Joe, I tucks my hair net in my top pocket see we used to wear greaser coats back then you ever hear of a greaser coat? Dfghj dfghjk I runs Fred Darlbrough Gentlemans pomade through my hair and im thinking business here, brassed tax, im lookin my part now I was a little nervous but I called out Dib Dab you best move that shiny red car from outside miss fanny lee Robichaux beauty parlour if you know whats right is right, he looks at me like a real tough guy standing there in his fur coat big purple hat with a giant feather soon as he sees I got carmines Crowfoot wrench he says it'll be gone by sundown, now he

got carmines Crowfoot wrench he says it'll be gone by sundown, now he
dint like me but now he respected me, by the time I got back to the
boardwalk I could see that shiny red car was gone and I knew you had to
stand up for whats right, ever since that day the black community they
say Joe you the man Joe I get free refills at the soda fountain in teddy
boppets im good people never missed a cookout and really that's like
health insurance and you gotta say what right is right my first wife now
deceased still goes to that beauty salon well she used to but thats what
im saying about costs you gotta be willing to stand there and say it, now
im not saying African American kids should be hanging round with
wrenches and daggers because thats not the times we live in and you'll
wind up roll neck in trouble dfgjhikghf you hear me on that but I make one
thing clear these are American values and thats what im here to say in
Fran santisco mr trump you'll never take away the bathhouses because
thats American values, you'll never take away hispanic meals because
thats american values I met a woman in Tulane, north Virginia named
Cindy ahhhhh Cindy Crockets see her son is an African American I says
Cindy you ever play him the radio she says Joe im working 3 jobs im at a
diner im pumping gasoline and im mending gentlemens shoes at the wa
marks and this is the problem what im telling you now now is that in that
Childs lifetime he will not hear 17000 words each night because his
momma aint got the time to be listening to the radiogram this is what im
saying this kids not getting his milk carton this kids going without that
education forget about sesame streeds and he'll grow up and break the
laws getting high and causing a ruckus."



MEMORANDUM

From: TC

scurvy dogs

To:

Item your shit is
loathesome as fuck

Item. I am eating a norange
while operating this
drunken machinery

T

ITEM please do not contact me
i am familiar with your work

TC

RIDDLE



~~Wild Swan~~ Godzilla

My attire is noiseless when I tread the earth,
Rest in its dwellings or ride its waters.
At times my pinions and the lofty air
Lift me high o'er the homes of men,
And the strength of the clouds carries me far
High over the folk. My feathers gay
Sound and make music, singing shrill,
When no longer I linger by field or flood,
But soar in air, a wandering spirit.

* translation of 'Wild Swan' by Charles W. Kennedy, *Anthology of Anglo-Saxon Poetry* (OUP 1960)

Voices

I found my old friend's address on the internet. He now lived in another city. Deciding to pay him a surprise visit, I took the train there and found my way to his house on a posh estate. I hesitated before knocking on the door. It was such a long time since we'd been in touch. He still might not have forgiven me for not turning up to be the best man at his wedding. And if his wife answered, would she even know who I was? When I finally got the courage to knock, the door opened of its own accord. Someone must have forgotten to close it properly.

I called out my friend's name, but there was no answer, so I stepped inside and called out again. Still no answer. I walked down the hallway and into the living-room. It was so clean and tidy, I wondered if I'd come to the right house; that wasn't like my old friend at all. Then I heard voices outside the front door — a woman and a man having an argument. I realised at that moment I was desperate for a piss. Across the hallway was a toilet. I dashed inside. A solitary turd was floating in the water.

PPA7

Rewriting the Alphabet: A Keyboard Variant

Linked Letter Words (pause and reversible)

a as ass

aw awe

was SAQ see saw

wed dew

weed drew red reed

ere tree

few fed free Fred

uh

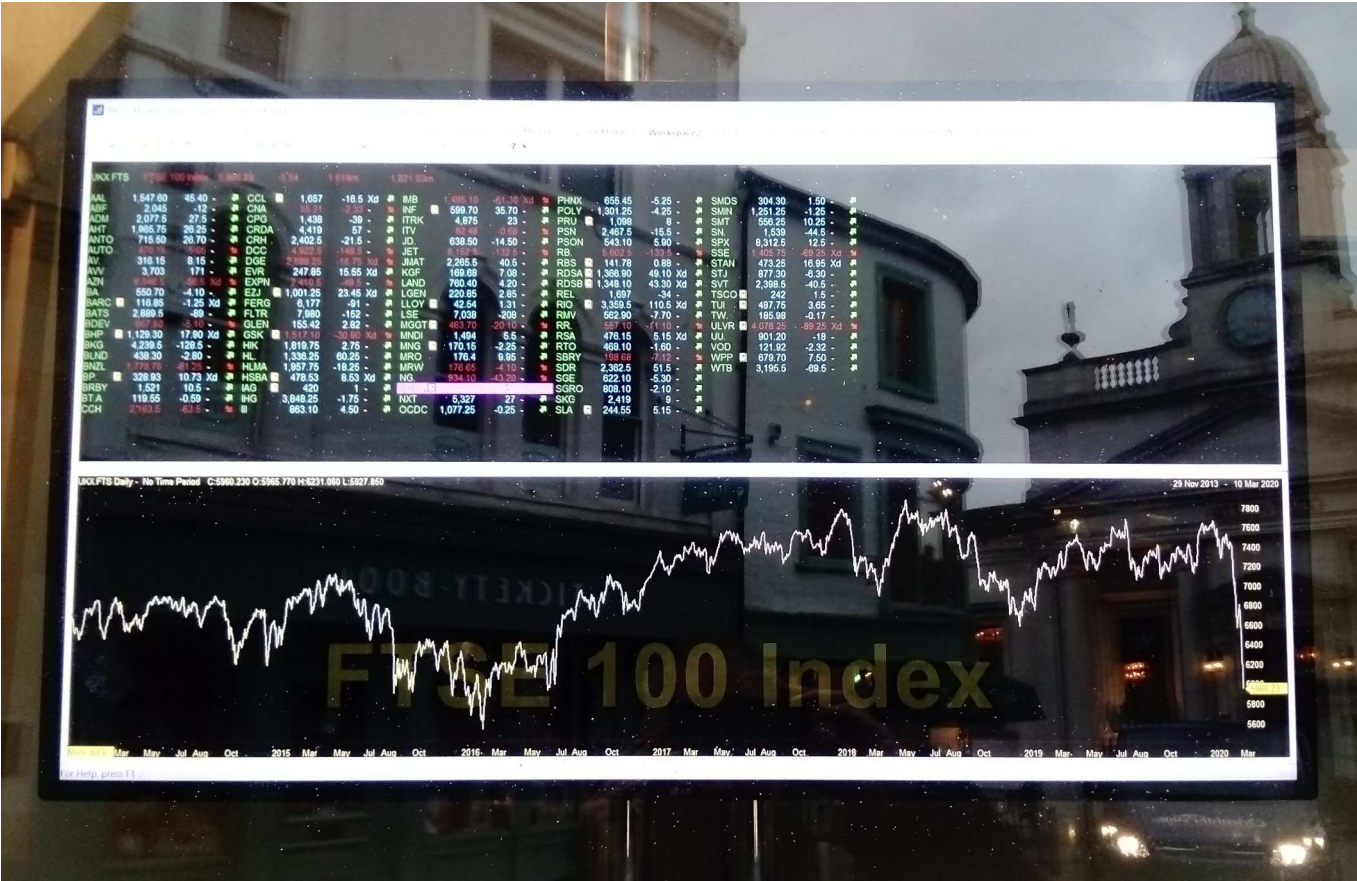
thy ok Jill

kool pool

Q W E R T Y U I O P
A S D F G H J K L
Z X C V B N M

* all possible permutations of contiguous elements

Covid-19 10 March 2020 17:01 (2020)



Structured Chance - Concurrent Word Poem, Page 73

1.— 2.**Yes yes update wooo** — *Oh yeah know your meme* 3.— 4.— 5.**Ben yes yes** — *Yes (Ben & Tansong)*
 6.**Parent work** — *Working parent vs stay at home parent* 7.**Email** — *Do your best work with Google's G Suite of intelligent apps. Get business email, video conferencing, online storage and file sharing* 8.— 9.—10.**Emails love** — *Man replies to all emails with 'I love you' and what happens next...* 11.—12.—13.**Go back home** — *Going Back Home Images, Stock Photos & Vectors* 14.**You cream home alert** — *Four White chocolate cream filled pies 99p instore @ Home Bargains* 15.**Buffalo** — *African buffalo* 16.—17.—18.**Paris Paris** — *Paris Paris Official Movie Trailer Controversy | Review & Reaction* 19.—20.— 21.**Chilli sausage guess share** — *Trying Morrison's Fiery Chilli Sausages, Hellfire, Carolina Reaper, Trinidad Scorpion, Naga ghost* 22.**Page right** — *How to Add Page Numbers in the Top Right Corner : MS Word Skills* 23.**House one nine** — *The house doctor at one nine design* 24.**Out information notes to legs** — *Simple leg notes* 25.**Early right fire suddenly suddenly** — *Some say we've seen bushfires worse than this before...*
 26.**Home** — *Home* 27.**One notice management nineteen** — *Nineteen Group sells Western Business Exhibition magazines* 28.**Twenty** — *US20* 29.**Get so so one change** — *Life events change everyone's situation, whether it's a choice of...* 30.**House** — *Should You Buy a House During the Coronavirus Pandemic* 31.**Prompt burger** — *Wikipedia Is the Next Internet Giant to Be Mad at Burger King*





piles of refuse (—*Pierrot Lunaire*).
*(—*art*). ...

**(from a note. ... —first written on the back of a ticket (—to Beethoven's 7th), which S gave me, while listening to indie-rock bands after C's Bluegrass gig at the Small Red Bar. ... (—made, then,—in (almost) immediate retrospect)...).*

at a production of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. ...

...

—*May I... —?*

(awkward (slight). ... —*don't* be.).

—*No, No, ... —Join in. ...*

(—heartening-heart warming. ...).

...

—before the performance,

... —talking to a. man (befriended).—at the concert-the theatre, (there), with his wife. ...

—discussed classical music (—in as-so far as we both were able.)...

... —asked if I was a fan of classical music...

(—awkward-nerve). ...

—said I knew-was aware of Schoenberg through-for *—dissonance—* ...

... —felt I didn't (don't) know enough of-about classical music (—exposure to, ... —the intellect-technical side of, (—&c.). ...). ...

—dismissed my concerns ('member), in a way that embarrassed (—perfunctory) slight. (—self-consc. (prickling (slight),—hot,—nerve-ache—*awareness*. ...),—though not intended (then,—clear... —well-meant). ...

—told me he was there himself because Schoenberg had been friends with Kandinsky...

... —the man had (—had had?) a friend(-acquaintance), who, after a period of penury, living on a roof (—?), and making artworks (—sculptures) from-with *industrial refuse* (... —fragments-remnants of concrete buildings,—*cy-cled*, (then)—*re-cycled*. ...),

... —*piles of rubbish*. ...

(—*sic?*)

—on *in-dustrial waste-grounds*... and who, after numerous applications to an art academy, was taken pity on, and sent to work (—taken on) preparing canvasses—for *Kandinsky*...

(... —via process may a King go (—through the *guts*). ...). ...

...

—the man said that, after one three-hour debate, the artist had said: ... —“*the artist only makes art for themselves*”

(—remember thinking... —that that... *struck a chord*. ...),

and that that was his final word on the matter. ...

(—no more to say-be said. ...).

—and I asked him (, then),—“*do you **agree**... —?*”

—*Yes, (...)* —*absolutely*. —he said. ...

...

—discussed (for a while,—before the *Pierrot* began...) what was necessary for-to *art*...

—the *time*,—the *freedom*,... —the ***means***...

...—either you *have* the means,—or you don't mind (—*enjoy*—?...) the poverty...

and he said,... —*I used to really like poverty*,... —*then I got **married***. ...

...

(— ... —set these fragments against my ruin... —shall I not, at least, put my lands in order... —?...).

...

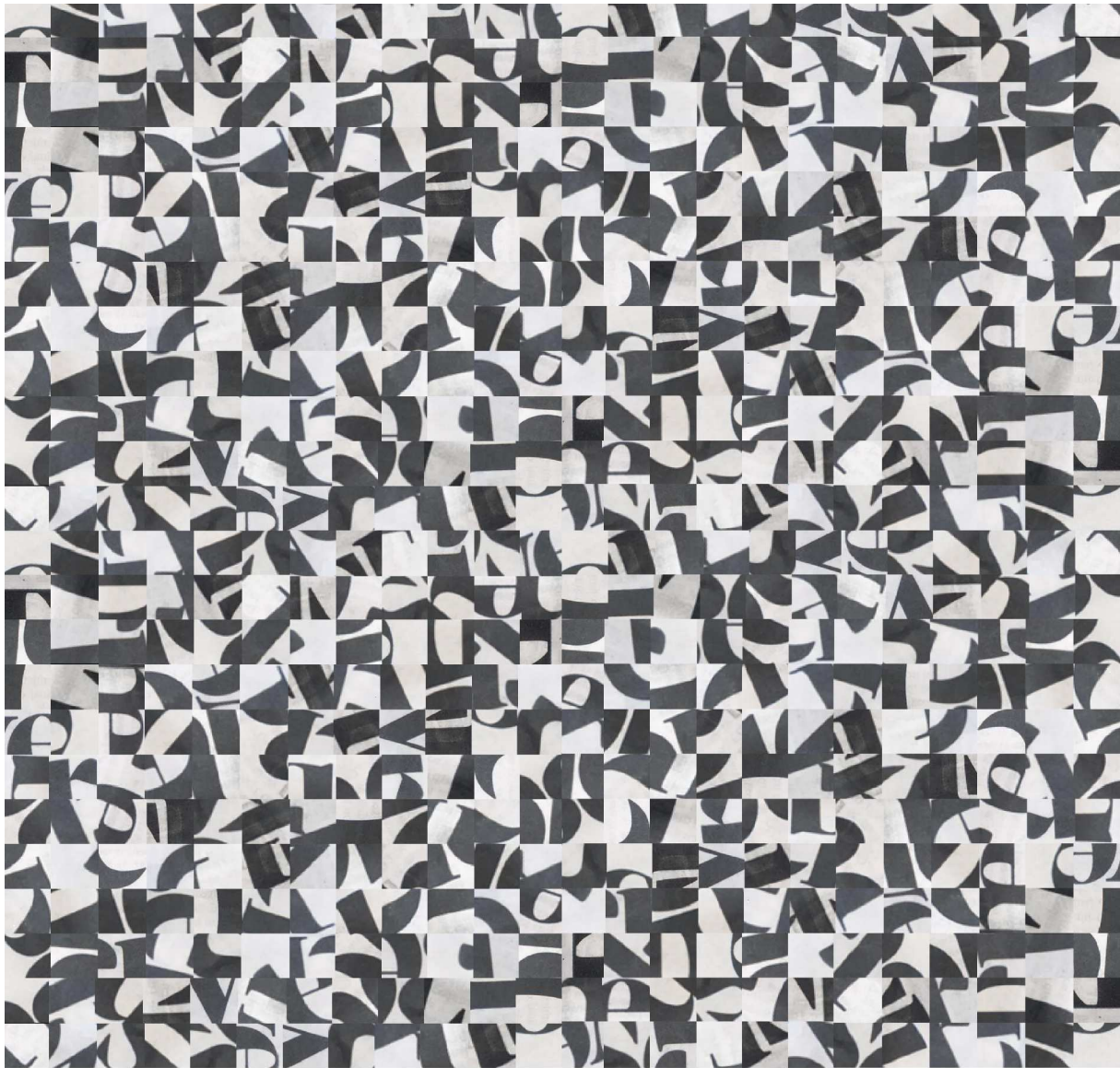
When the first person was
born, there lived a worm who
had four legs. He had a
friend dinosaur called Roasy.
She was trying to help
him to find a dry
cave. They found a cave but
all the other dinosaurs were
there and tried to get in.

So they built a door.
Roasy pretended to be mean
and go shopping. She throu
sum food to the mean
dinosaurs and they made friends.

By ISABELLE EDWARDS

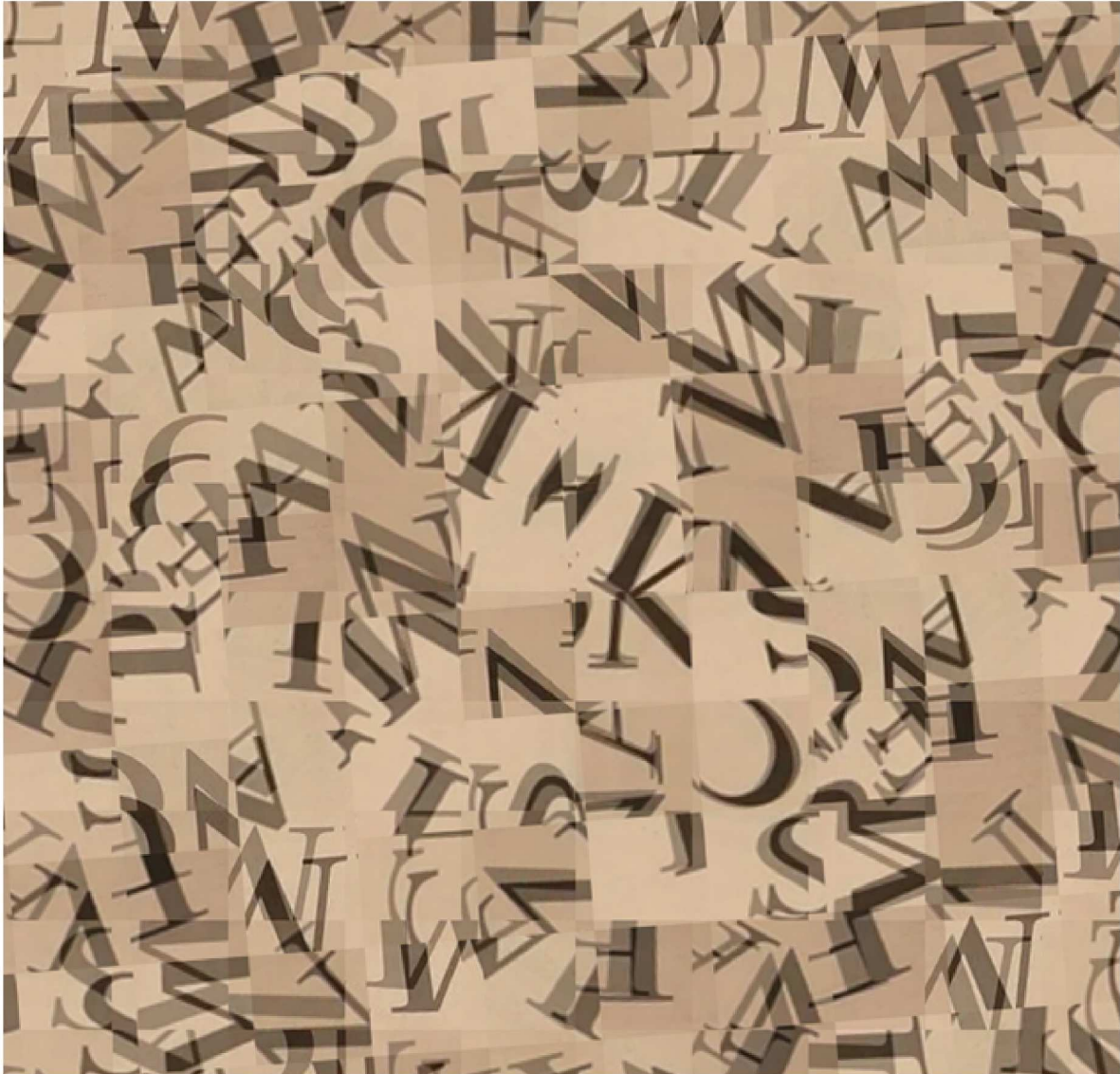


BREAKING!









A Violently Abridged History of Architecture in Gloucester After 1960

THE CITY MIMICKED IT.
CARPARKS' BLUNT COR
NERS. GREY BRICK ST
REETS. THE SAME TYP
E OF BUILDING I W
AS BORN IN. WHAT DOE
S THAT SAY. A CITY THAT
USED TO WANT TO MOV
E ON. WHEN THE QUAYS
OPENED EVERYONE W
AS SCEPTICAL OF SUCH
A PRETTY BOY MALL. LAS
T I HEARD IT HAD BEEN R
ENOVATED.

Underground Car Park, Hastings



* opened in 1931, the first large-scale underground car park in the world

We Were in Love

shelves
coffee table

desk
fixtures-and-fittings

same shade
empty

carpet
marine blue now more midnight

spilled make-up
tea

pubes
radiator

stuck to the wall by design
cold-white dented-metal

smaller-than-expected
barley-coloured-couch

stained
red wine

ramen
ciggy-ash

sky light rusting
damp closed-over

a black-out-blind



A hemisphere of flashes

All those insect sunsets come back to me at once
palpable and ready for what they become:

their opposite, the night. I betray myself in
loving you bring my warm
into the cold unlit

but there without a single artifact:
no flashlights,

candles or even a match, the stars
become far
brighter and celebrate their separateness.



Filthy Lucre: A Visual Exploration







Results Sorted by Relevance

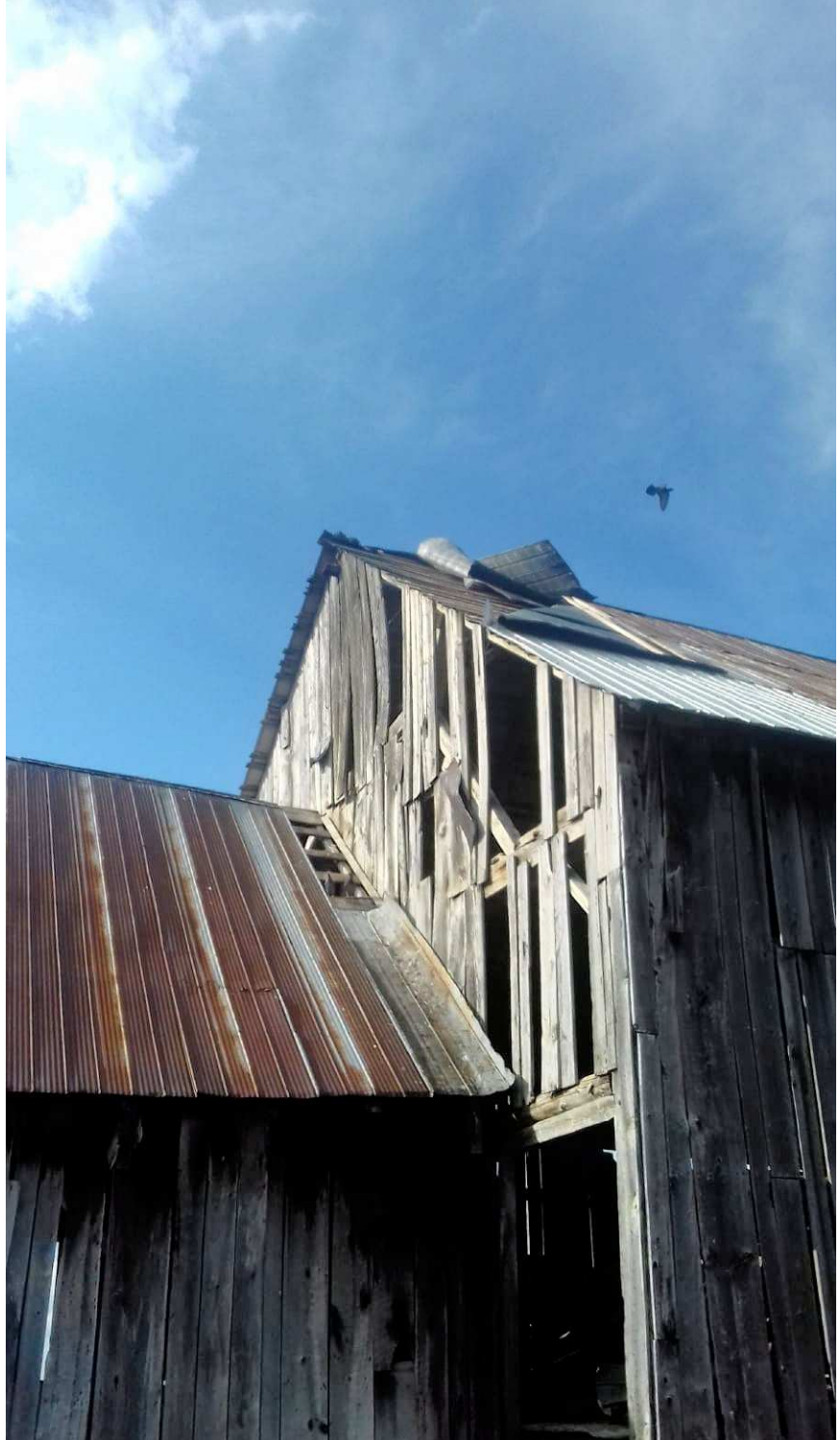
The art of gift wrapping, the art of strategic interviewing,
the art of lying, the art of digital branding. The art of strip
photography, of beef cutting, of the gut.
The art of integrative counselling, of fashion draping,
of not making. The art of British rock.
The art of capital restructuring, of readable code,
of pop-up. The art of getting by, of package design,
the art of the woodcut. The art of the salon, the art
of slow reading, the art of immersion, of coercion.
The art of the garden, of the accusation. The art
of recklessness, the art of the kiss. The art of insanity,
of Toy Story 3. The art of theatre, of worship.
The art of funding and implementing ideas. The art
of war, the art of cruelty, of software innovation.
The art of embroidery, of deceleration. The art of golf.
The art of choosing the art of tomorrow. The art
of folding, the art of rebellion, the art of a map,
The art of clinical supervision. The art of the LP,
of ecology, the racing motorcycle, the body.
The art of convening, the art of tapa, of literary thieving.
The art of taonga, of punk. The art of Footrot Flats,
of Peter Siddell. The art of helping others, the art
of story-telling, the art of motivating students
for mathematics instruction. The art of thinking, the art
of art therapy, of information security. The art of the first fleet.

Boots

I hate the sound of the snow crunching under my boots. It sounds like too many things and not one. I would prefer the crunch of my boots on the snow to make one sound. After too much snow, I become a bad version of me. When I think of too many things. Dangerous boots. A different sound. Dragging something over the white blanket. Soft whimpers. Howling wind. Eclipsing the crunch of only my boots in the snow.

after a storm. birds

Crawling
Afterdawn
Into dust luster.
The barn floor is warm.
Grist, hilled to the rafters,
Gold in the golden dustbawn.
Thrash – and the fapple of wings,
Dust spun and flapping,
Flocking
to the cote-top
From where, in the loft
Can be heard,
Coocalling.
Soft chirls.
Then closer,
Catching motherbirds feeding
White cotton Dovelings
Crop milk – crops bellied and
Soft as eyelid skin.
Roosting. Close.
Dustbirds quave
Acucoo coo cuckoo.
Only the thrum
and esh of wind on
Roofbreakers



Crash – and the bloor of
Wind. Flap and dives,
Flocks uproosted,
Swoop and clatter with
Eggs split
yellow on stoops.
Later,
Standing on a ledge at Eventide,
Aves Evensong.
Birdform assumed.
Black breastband,
Clawbone extended into
Fingers a-dactyl.
Hollow-bone and light,
I flit and spiral-glide into
Sunlux.
Skies a flamed umber.
Lifted on steerwind –
I Drag and soar.
A black of birds;
Burnt cloud,
Shadows the land,
Calling.
Calling Enflaith.

Sponge Kingdom



Mr. Wolf

In the deepest darkest depths of the woods, Mr. Wolf waited. His disguise had not worked. It never did. He pretended to be the child's dad. He beckoned him in with a handful of delicious Maltesers and M&M's, but the boy saw right through his disguise and dashed into the woods. He knew where the boy was. He could sense him. He could smell him. He could almost taste him.

Mr. Wolf loved disguises. He especially loved ones with ties, bowties, or fezzes. They made him feel posh, happy, and delicate. He hated getting stains on them.

Mr. Wolf lost all his patience, so he howled up to the glowing bright moon. He thought this would scare the poor boy. Suddenly, the boy jumped out and kicked angrily. Mr. Wolf grabbed on to the boy. 'Die', said Mr. Wolf. They started to fall. Mr. Wolf let go of the boy and the boy grabbed on to a branch.

Mr. Wolf lost his feelings while he fell.

Mr. Wolf's howl had summoned some wolves that were clawing at the bottom of the tree. 'This is going to be a tricky one', said the boy. A smile spread across his face and he started to climb down.



Pairing #2 : Nicola Jane Page / E. Fraser



Nicola Jane Page



E. Fraser

Name Label

Our friends call us ‘The twins’, the dinner ladies call us ‘NatalieNatasha’, Mum calls us ‘sweetheart’, or ‘you two’, or ‘hurry up!’.

I am standing in the classroom doorway because I’m supposed to fetch my gym bag, but I don’t know which peg is mine because I can’t remember whether I’m Natasha or Natalie. She’s the only one who knows.

There are thirty identical green bags hanging by their strings from the pegs outside our classroom, all with the same shiny school logo on them. I watch two boys at the front of the line go to their pegs and take their bags because they know what their names are.

Last year there were pictures beside the pegs. Mine had a cat on it, so I knew that my PE bag was on the peg with the cat picture, even though I like guinea pigs better than cats. This year we are supposed to be able to read our names, so the white labels above the pegs just have black letters on them. I *can* read my name, and I can read hers, too, I just can’t remember which is who.

The girl called Amelia is at the front of the line now. She takes her gym bag and passes me in the doorway on her way back into the classroom to change for PE. Now there are twenty-seven gym bags on the hooks and only two people in front of me. I can’t remember whether she is Natalie or Natasha. She’s somewhere behind me, still in the classroom. She’s chatting to her friends. They don’t get told off even though they are walking slowly, slowly. She is either Natasha or Natalie, and so am I.

Today we are both wearing white socks and black shoes with laces, and grey trousers, and white shirts and green sweatshirts with the school logo on. So are all the other children. On weekends, she wears leggings, glittery T-shirts and butterfly headbands. I wear my jeans and my favourite guinea pig sweatshirt, unless Mum’s washing it. When we pull out our hair bobbles to let our heads be comfortable in the car on the way home from school, her hair will be longer than mine.

It won’t help to look inside the bags, because everything inside them is identical. In each bag are black shorts, white polo shirt, spare socks and black plimsolls. My name’s written in Sharpie inside my plimsolls, and sewn into the rest on labels.

For one whole afternoon near the end of every summer holiday, Mum sits with us on the sofa in the playroom, sewing and writing our names in our new uniforms and sports kits and school shoes, while we all watch a DVD, or something on Sky Movies. It’s something with princesses in, usually. I can’t remember what we watched this year, even though it was only a couple of weeks ago. Not *Frozen* or *Tangled*. Something else.

I’m at the front of the queue. I don’t know what to do. I walk to the far end of the pegs, so the children behind me can reach their gym bags. I think I should pretend to look busy. I can’t think what to do, though. I lift a hand up, but it won’t rise smoothly because it’s shaking. I hold it in my other hand. The teacher will notice me soon. She won’t be able to help me, though, because she doesn’t know which twin I am, either. She thinks we don’t notice that she calls us both Nat.

It was *Brave*. That was the movie we watched. I liked the riding and climbing and the animals, but that’s because I can’t tell what a proper princess movie is supposed to be like. She said it wasn’t as good as *Frozen* because princesses should sing and look beautiful and fall in love.

Maybe I should ask to go to the toilet. I could say I feel sick. By the time I get back here, she will have taken her bag. There will be just one left, under a name label, and so I will know that it is mine. Then I will know my name.

In the classroom behind me, some of the children are changing out of their uniforms, into their PE kits. PE is when it is in the hall; Games is when it's on the field and usually there is a ball.

Not sick, because if I say I'm sick they might send me home, so Dad will have to leave work which will make him cross.

The teacher is telling me to hurry up. I can't explain. My mouth has dried up and my lips are wobbly.

My twin is nearly here, though, now. It's going to be ok. She's jumping up and down in the doorway, getting in everyone's way. I can see the Classroom Assistant behind her, wanting to tell her off, but he can't because he doesn't know which name to say. I can't help him. She's the only one who knows. She's the only one who can help us.

She's through the door. I walk towards her. I'm waiting for her to take her bag, so I can take mine. We are standing next to each other now. The twins. Us two. Sweethearts. I look at her and she looks at me.

I asked for a guinea pig for our birthday, but Mum said it would be too much work, so we got a Barbie swimming pool to share, although I didn't know how to play with it properly.

She's looking at me. She should just take her gym bag. I'm watching her. She's not taking it.

Two more boys take their bags. There are only two left now: One under the label which says Natalie, and the other under the one which says Natasha. She is watching me.

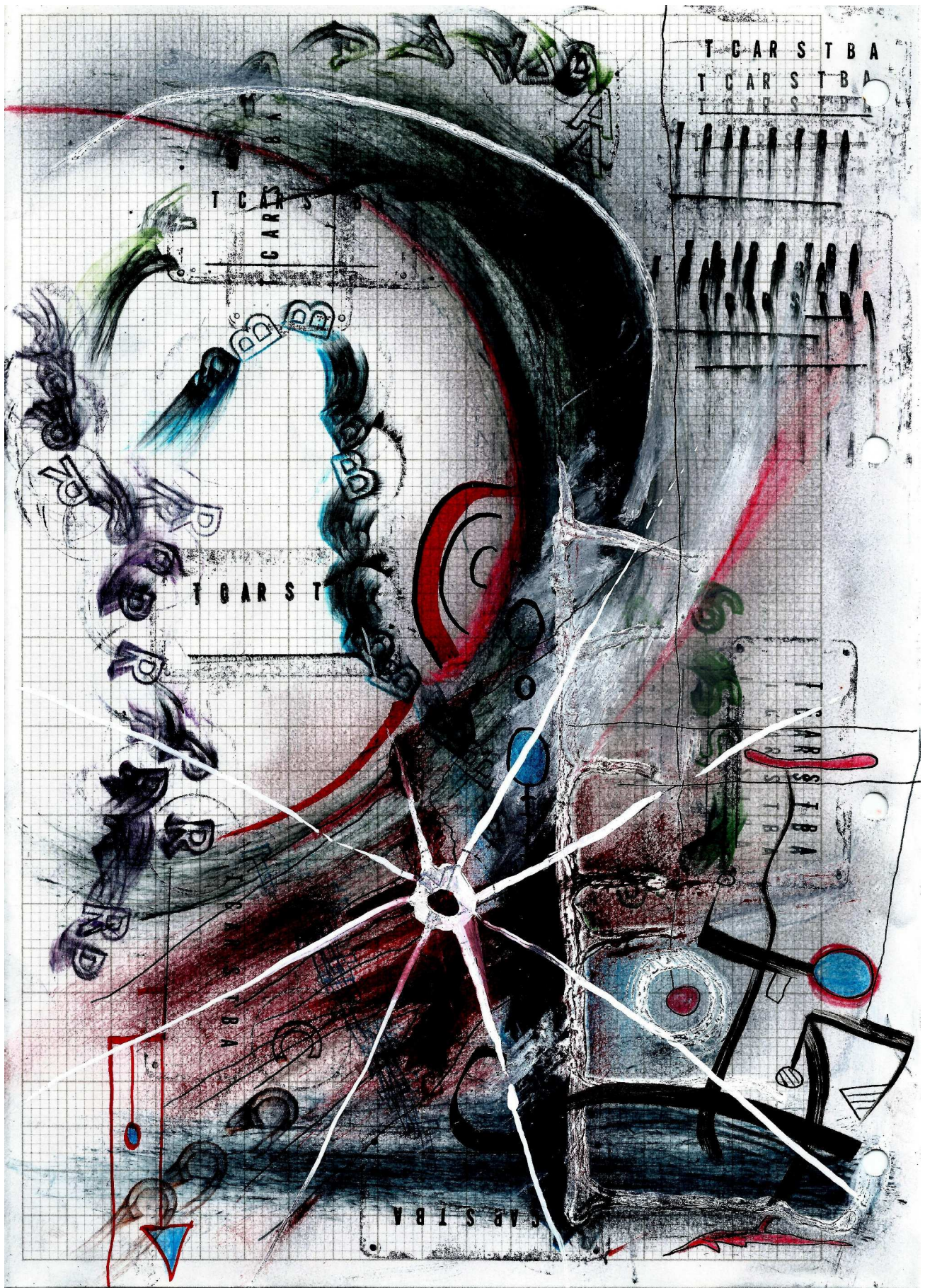
'Go on,' she says.

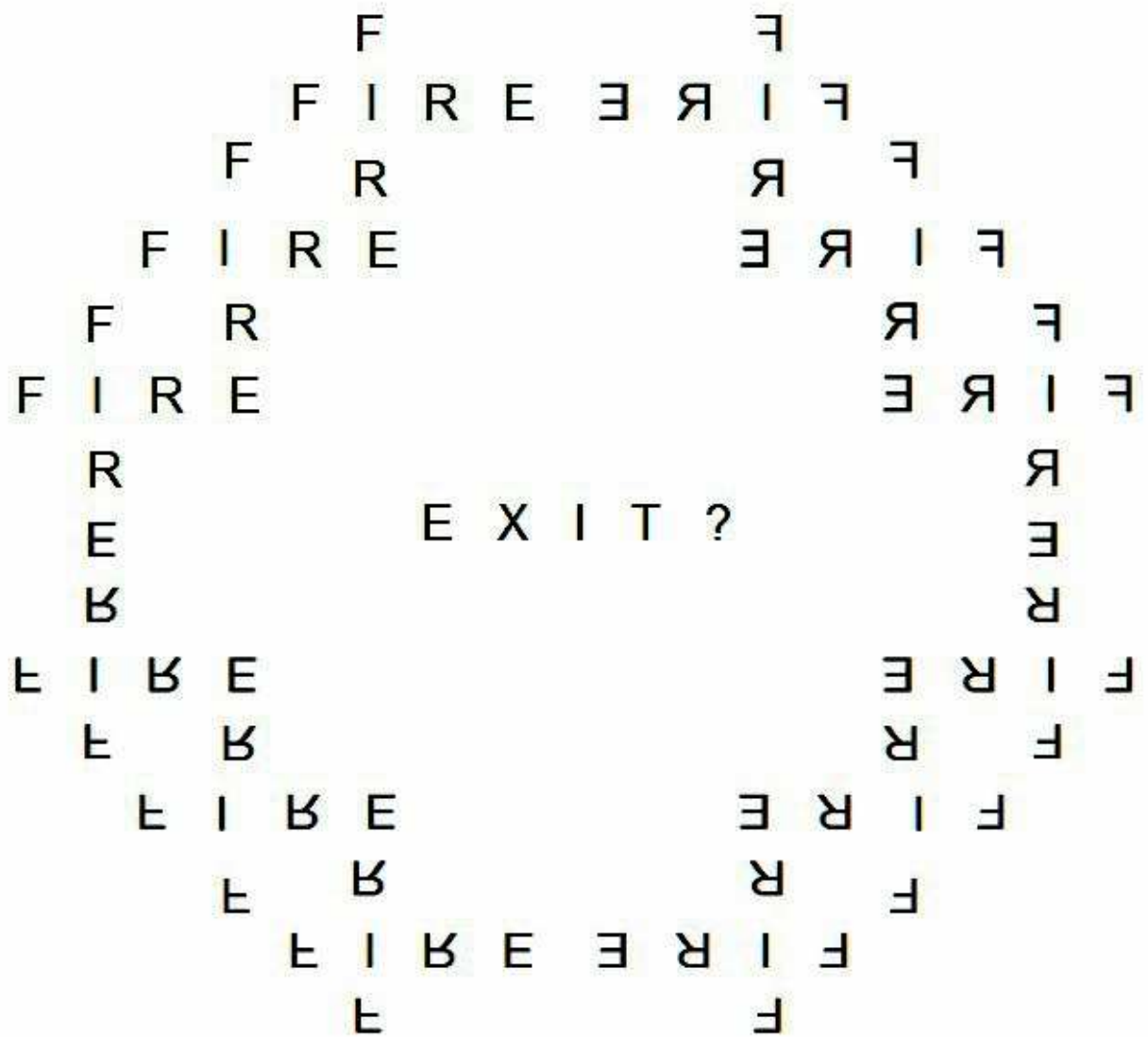
'You first,' I whisper.

'Will you two get on with it?' our teacher says. She walks back in through the classroom door.

We are the only people in this corridor. The hall is at that end of it. It smells of school dinners and old milk and cleaning the kitchen. Long, white lights run down it, as though the ceiling was a road. We are supposed to be going down that way to the hall in a few minutes, wearing our PE kits which are in our gym bags.

I look at the two indistinguishable bags on the two pegs. I look at her. She is looking at me. There's a noise coming through the open classroom door which is made up of everybody's noises rolled together. In the corridor there is only us, waiting, neither of us speaking, neither of us moving towards either of the pegs.





Contributors

Rue Baldry lives in York. Her short stories have been published in *Backstory*, *Ambit*, *Litro*, *MIR Online*, *Postbox*, *The Honest Ulsterman*, *The Nottingham Review*, *The Incubator*, *Mslexia* and other journals, and shortlisted in the Reader Berlin and Odd Voice Out competitions. Her plays have had amateur performances and professional workshops. Her novels have come second in the Yeovil Prize, been shortlisted for the Flash 500 competition and longlisted for the Caledonian, Bridport and First Page prizes. In 2015 she was a Jerwood/Arvon mentee and, in 2017, The Bridge Awards' Emerging Writer.

Gregory Betts is the author of seven books of experimental poetry, including *Sweet Forme: Shakespeare's Perfect Sonnets* (Apothecary Archive, 2020), a collection of visual transcriptions of the sound patterns in Shakespeare's sonnets. He is a poet and a professor at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario and is the curator of the bpNichol.ca Digital Archive.

Richard Biddle is an experimental poet. His work appears in numerous anthologies and journals. His latest book is *CONSCIOUSNESS* (Penteract Press) richardbiddle.com

Mark Bolsover is a winner of the Into the Void Poetry Award (2016). His debut chapbook, *IN FAILURE & IN RUINS—dreams & fragments*, is published with Into the Void Press (2017). His first collection, *contra FLUX.—moments caught (arrested) whilst in-from motion.*, is published with Polyversity Press (2019). His work has appeared in a number of international literary publications, including: *Into the Void*, *404 Ink*, *Grub Street*, *Projectionist's Playground*, *SPAM Zine*, *Mycelia*, *Open Polyversity*, and *Poetry Bus*.

Richard Capener currently lives and works in Bristol. His writing is primarily concerned with the body, urban environments and language. He's the founding editor of *The Babel Tower Notice Board*, an online journal celebrating the act of writing as revelry, dissent, transgression, heresy, bodily pleasure and play. He can be found at twitter.com/richardcapener3

Poppy Cockburn is a London-based communications professional working in the visual arts as well as a writer and photographer. Her photography has previously been published in *Vice*, *The 405*, *Electronic Sound*, *DIY Magazine* and *If You Leave*. She is also a member of the feminist choir collective F*Choir.

Thomas Crofts lives with Molly and the kids in east Tennessee. A professor of English specializing in medieval literature (especially Arthurian), he also teaches Ancient Greek. His poetry has appeared in the *Madison Insurgent*, *Texas Observer*, *Born Magazine*, *Tribeca Poetry Review* and *minor literatures*, as well as in two anthologies; he blogs his poetry and drafts at commoncrofts.blogspot.com. When not engaged in these activities he tends a small farm (raising goats, rabbits, chickens and whatnot) and plays drums in his metal band the Knaves of Dis.

Lucy Duffell is a working class artist from the north west of England. Her art focuses on themes of disfunction though trauma and borderline personality disorder.

Izzy Edwards (aged six), otherwise known as Egg, enjoys wearing her cousin's shoes and is currently figuring out whether she wants to go into the professorship or art or literature.

In the tradition of the French literary avant garde, **Helen Frank** playfully explores mathematically creative methodologies by inventing and enacting constraints (a set of self-imposed mathematically inspired rules) that function as a structure to produce art work. Based in northern England, she exhibits and works internationally (as a member of the Oupeinpo, the visual art iteration of the OuXpo groups who work in parallel to the Oulipo). Her work has appeared in publications, both national and international, some of which are in the Tate collection and the Bibliotheque Nationale Paris.

E. Fraser writes experimental women's fiction. Her work has been published in journals such as *Gutter*, *Litro*, *Quotidian* and *From Glasgow to Saturn*. She recently achieved a Masters in Creative Writing and will soon be starting a PhD at the University of Glasgow. During her studies E. Fraser won a variety of awards including the Bellahouston Prize and the Jessica Yorke Award. She also creates immersive interactive events which explore the topical subjects discussed in her writing. E. Fraser is currently working on her debut novel *Examination Paper*, which looks at themes such as: education, loss, love, childhood, alcoholism, feminism, poverty and mental health. She also explores and expresses her creativity through photography and art. She is represented by Laura MacDougall at United Artists.

Mark Goodwin is a poet-sound-artist, and speaks and writes in various ways. He is also a balancer, walker, climber, and stroller. Mark has been making poetry (& fictions) for over three decades, and has published six full-length books and seven chapbooks with various poetry houses, including Longbarrow Press & Shearsman. More books are on the way. His sound-enhanced-poetry, field-recording & sound-design is here:
<https://markgoodwin-poet-sound-artist.bandcamp.com>

Katy Haas writes poems and cries often in mid-Michigan. Recent poems can be found in *Taco Bell Quarterly*, *Afternoon Visitor*, and *ang(st)*. Find her on Twitter: @katyydidnt

Kieran Johns is a poet, writer and editor based out of Northern England. His work has been previously published by *The Enemies Project*. You can keep up with him on his Twitter @Godspelling.

Rae Joyce is a working-class writer from South Yorkshire now living in Aotearoa. She co-edited *Three Words, An Anthology of Aotearoa Women's Comics* (Beatnik), illustrated *First fox* (The Emma Press) and co-authored *Island to Island* (Dala/Upstart Press). She won the Auckland University of Technology Graphic Fiction Prize. She is working on a graphic biography of Mary Taylor, Charlotte Bronte's best friend, with arts grant funding from Creative New Zealand.

Wilson Koewing is a writer from South Carolina. His work is forthcoming in *Menacing Hedge*, *The Loch Raven Review*, *101 Words* and *The Cabinet of Heed*.

Toby Mercer writes here to metabolise and grieve the loss of his father. Toby attended the Maharishi School, where his father taught. He was introduced to Sanskrit, meditation and the concept of the Unified Field. Soon after his father's death in 2015, following four years of palliative caring, Toby began his study of Creative Writing at Edge Hill University. During this time, his partner endured cancer and chemo, while his mother lost her life to it, reintroducing the role of parental palliative care. He recently completed his studies, receiving a First Class Honours, having used the opportunity to write through his experiences. The poem presented here is a rearrangement of his father's words, taken from the first page of the collection of his father's 'Memories', titled *Why Not?!*. Toby has just become a father himself, and continues to write, collage, photograph and film, planning a collection of mixed media for their daughter.

An Irish writer, **David O'Connor** has found a new home in Toronto since 2018. He is fascinated by dreamscapes, places seen or imagined that work their way in and out of reality. His work has been published in *Voices 2020, a Toronto Writers' Cooperative Anthology* and his poem 'Love in the time of COVID' will be appearing in the upcoming edition of *Literary Heist Magazine*.

Claire Orchard's work has appeared in *Landfall, Sport, Sweet Mammalian, Verge, The Rialto, The Interpreter's House, Atlanta Review* and *Best New Zealand Poems*. Her first poetry collection, *Cold Water Cure*, was published by Victoria University Press in 2016. Links to more of her work can be found at claireorchardpoet.com

Nicola Jane Page lives in Shropshire but is originally from Liverpool. She is self-taught in her creative career as a poet, writer and artist, and has an eye for the unusual.

Emyr Payne is first and foremost a novelist, and an extremely unpublished one at that. He is also an amateur photographer who has been passionate about this art form since picking up a camera for the first time about eighteen months ago. He has since moved onto black and white film photography, concentrating primarily on candid shots of the Snowdonia mountains, preferring to employ a fast and candid approach more akin to that of street photography than traditional landscape. His work can be further explored on Instagram @into_the_black_photography

Dan Pounds . . . grew up in a council house in Borehamwood, Herts . . . has lived in London, Munich and Manchester. . . had an article of his solo show *Spanner. Plank. Tool.* (2013) printed in *News Line* (the newspaper of the Workers Revolutionary Party) . . . has appropriated public health and safety signs (*Signs of Subversions of Signs* exhib. 2015) . . . made a postcard intervention on a mountaintop in arctic Norway (2017). . . lives in Norwich with his partner and two cats . . . creates mostly text-based works . . . is interested in reconfiguring the manipulative rhetoric of Neoliberalism . . . works in a library . . . is a fan of Joey Holder, Anna Kavan, Chris Marker, Patrick Keiller and Robert Montgomery.

Decades ago, autodidact/bloody-minded optimist **kerry rawlinson** gravitated from sunny Zambian skies to solid Canadian soil. Now she stalks Literature & Art's Muses around the Okanagan Valley, still barefoot, her patient husband ensuring she eats. Recent achievements: Edinburgh International FlashFictionAward; FishPoetryPrize; BestCanadianPoetry 2019 (Notable.) Newer pieces: *Queen Mob's Teahouse, Foreign LiteraryJournal, AcrossTheMargin, Synchronized Chaos, Pedestal, ArcPoetry*, amongst others. Visit on Tumblr; Tweet @kerryrawli

Emiliano Russianey (age unknown) is a Bulgarian expat and heir to a sizeable fortune in the offshore energy industry. No longer a writer, Emiliano spends her time socialising and pursuing dashing musicians.

Gareth E. Rees is author of *Unofficial Britain: Journeys through Unexpected Places, Car Park Life, The Stone Tide* and *Marshland*. He is the founder of the website Unofficial Britain <http://www.unofficialbritain.com> You can find him on Twitter @BritUnofficial and Instagram Gareth E Rees (@unofficialbritain).

Cailey Rizzo is a writer, editor and translator based in Brooklyn, New York. She earned an MA in creative nonfiction from the University of East Anglia. You can follow her on Instagram @cai.rizz

Hannah Star Rogers holds a PhD from Cornell University and an MFA from Columbia University. Her first book, *American Valentines*, will be published by Wesleyan University Press in 2021. She is currently a fellow at the Akademie Schloss Solitude Fellowship in Stuttgart, Germany. Her poems and reviews have appeared in *The Kenyon Review*, *The Boston Review*, *The Los Angeles Review of Books*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, and *TSR*. *Exo-Sanctuaries*, a collection of her ekphrastic poems and the art they are based on is forthcoming from Perennial Press in 2020. Dr. Rogers has received the Djerassi Artist Residency in Woodside, CA, the international artist residencies at ArtHub in Kingman, AZ, the Arctic Circle in Finland, as well as residencies with the National Park Service in Acadia, Maine and the Everglades, FL.

Ian Seed's latest publications are *Bitter Grass* (Shearsman, 2020) (translated from the Italian of Gëzim Hajdari), *New York Hotel* (Shearsman, 2018) (TLS Book of the Year), and *The Thief of Talant* (Wakefield, 2016) (the first translation into English of Pierre Reverdy's *Le voleur de Talan*). Forthcoming in 2020 are *Operations of Water* (Knives, Forks and Spoons Press) and *The Underground Cabaret* (Shearsman).

James Schwartz is a poet, writer, slam performer and author of five poetry collections including *The Literary Party: Growing Up Gay and Amish in America*.

literaryparty.blogspot.com

Twitter: @queeraspoetry

Matthew Thomas Smith is 31 and from Bootle, Merseyside. His debut poetry collection, *SONGS*, was published by Nifty Records in late 2019. Smith is also a member of the art collective, Psycho Comedy.

Thomas M. Tayler is a polymath based in the Independent Republic of Liverpool. His areas of interest and expertise range from anti-tech revolutionary theory, to the suppressed history and benefits of trepanation. This biography was not written by him.

Declan Toohey is an Irish writer based in Nova Scotia, Canada. His fiction and criticism has been published or is forthcoming in *The Stockholm Review of Literature*, *The Kleksograph*, and *Idle Ink*. He is currently at work on a novel.

Kat Payne Ware is a poet from Bristol, UEA Creative Writing MA graduate, and founder and editor of *SPOONFEED*, an online literary magazine for creative and experimental food writing. Her work can be found in various journals, magazines, and anthologies, most recently *PERVERSE* and *Brixton Review of Books*. Her debut pamphlet, *THE LIVE ALBUM*, is forthcoming from Broken Sleep Books in July 2021.

@katpayneware @SPOONFEEDmag

CDN Warren is a self-taught multi-media artist / designer and writer whose work seeks to explore the potential of language, text and typography; especially that created using 'obsolete' technologies such as the typewriter and dry-transfer lettering. He has been widely exhibited and published internationally, as a solo artist and in collaboration, and has works held in permanent collections in Finland, the UK and China. His latest collection, *Shade Studies*, has been published through Timglaset Editions, Malmö, Sweden.

Dale Cooper Whitfield is eight years old. He enjoys *Dr. Who*, sponges, climbing, The Beatles and pugs. Dale's favourite author is R. L. Stine. Currently he is enjoying being liberated from school. During lockdown he has been extremely prodigious producing his own *Daily Dale* newspaper along with many books and zines.

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