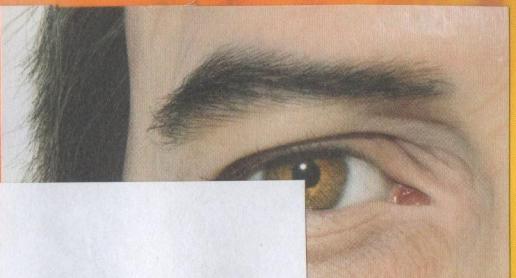


a sociological fiction zine

Edition #2

November, 2017



So Fi zine
Edition #2

Created & Edited by Ashleigh Watson
in Brisbane, Australia

Drabbles edited by Mark Carrigan

Guest editorial by Howard S. Becker

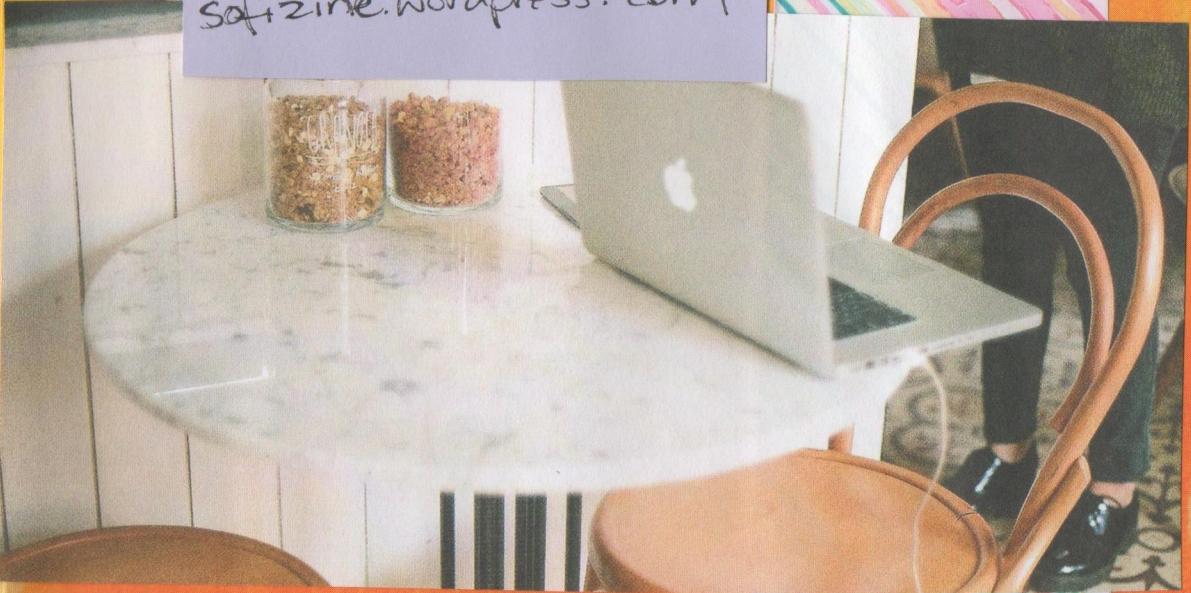
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of
So Fi

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Editorial

Ashleigh Watson

This second edition of So Fi zine brings together fifty pieces of creative work – short stories, poetry, drabbles, photographic essays, fieldwork reflections and art. The pieces take us from a train station in Mumbai to a school in Brazil, to a flat in Edinburgh, to a fist fight in Murwillumbah in Australia, to a comic book store on a rainy day. They speak to research, to love, to loss, to travelling alone and not alone. They tell us about ageing and unfairness and kindness and ignorance and play. Many of the pieces are surprising. Many tap into what doing social research really means, when we get down to it – seeing and noticing, hearing and listening, sharing and showing, shaping and (re)telling.

Sociological fiction (what So Fi stands for) highlights and illuminates many aspects of social life. It shows the many complicated and confusing relationships that make up our lives – between people, and also between times and places and animals and other things. For me, there is real power in this kind of sociology. Metaphors can unsettle things. The right scene can not only show us how sociological imagination works but can draw us into doing this imagination.

It's not only purposefully-sociological fiction that does this. A few great books affected how I thought about things this year – Elena Ferrante's neopolitan novels, John Berger's *To The Wedding*, Kate Tempest's *The Bricks that Build the Houses*, Max Porter's *Grief is the Thing with Feathers*, Georg Elliot's *Adam Bede*. Great fiction – or, I suppose, fiction that I think is great – feels so rich because it drags culture and agency and history and expectation and feeling to the fore. Sociology drags these things up too. The two together makes for some interesting, society-affirming art.

Thanks so much to all the authors and artists who submitted work for this edition. Thanks also to Mark, for championing and editing our new drabble section, and to Howie Becker, for his guest editorial and being so generous with his time.

Sociology and Fiction
Howard S. Becker

Sociology and fiction cover some of the same ground, or can if their practitioners want to venture into that same ground. Which is, roughly speaking, what people do as they live their lives. Not a lot of help, to say that, right? But it points us sociologists toward the work others have done on both sides of that line, the novels of practitioners we would be glad to claim as ours (though it's not at all clear that any of them would take such a statement as a compliment).

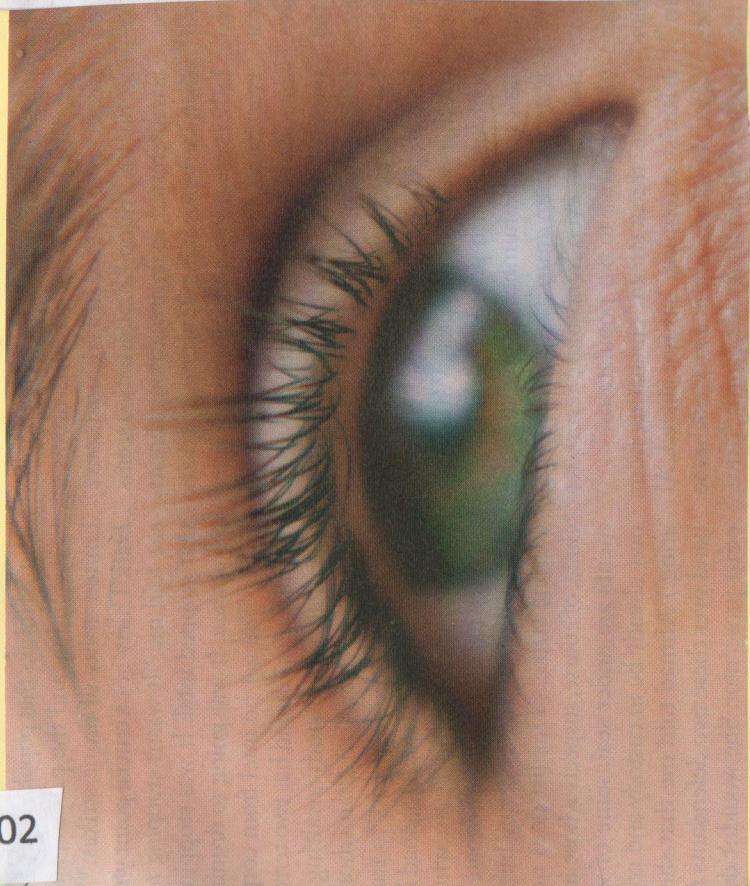
I have never tried to write fiction so, while I admire the courage of those who do and who appear in this journal, I have no experience of doing it, and thus no wise old Dutch uncle advice to give.

The best I can do is mention some writers of fiction I admire and tell you why I admire them, what I think we learn from them. To begin with, my fellow citizen of the big, flawed democracy of the United States. In an era when sociologists seem determined to make sure that, whatever else their work does and is, it comes down on the right side of all the moral struggles that are going on. My taste has always run ahead of my brain, and so when I was quite young I recognized Mark Twain as admirable writer. Most obviously for the great moment in *Huckleberry Finn* when, believing that he is committing a terrible sin, he helps Jim, a black slave, escape into freedom, thereby depriving a woman he admires of her property. The moment embodies one of the moral dilemmas of slavery. In a lighter but still serious, vein, long passages in *Life on the Mississippi* consist of a sociological analysis of the profession of the steamboat pilot Everett Hughes would have admired if he had thought about (and maybe he did, we didn't discuss it). Any sociologist could learn a lot reading this book carefully.

Thank you
to all of
the Edition #2
contributors!

Professionally, **Audrey Verma** is fascinated by how we come to know the world, particularly non-human wild-life, through digital technologies. Unprofessionally, there is a social horror fiction writer trapped inside her, waiting to burst forth with an unnecessarily gory but satisfyingly apocalyptic screenplay.

Cameron West is a prospective PhD candidate in the faculty of High Prestige at the University of Somewhere. He has a degree in sociology and philosophy (La Trobe), and has worked as a researcher in aged care. His sociological interests include ethics, and integrity in scholarship.



On another continent, I quickly saw, as soon as I became aware of his existence, that the French writer Georges Perec was as good a sociologist as anyone could ask for. Two examples: *An Attempt at Exhausting a Place in Paris* is an exhaustive listing of everything he saw and heard as he sat at a table on the outdoor terrasse of the Café de la Mairie in Paris' Fifth arrondissement. It's a model for anyone doing field work of what field notes, done seriously and conscientiously could look like.

Perec's short novel *Things: A Story of the Sixties* tells the story of a young couple and the places they lived, the things they bought, and all the nuances of their daily life in a way that is far more compelling than the descriptions sociologists were producing at the same time about the same kinds of people. Perec makes clear that you needn't be abstract and sententious to do the job and that you gain important things from avoiding those qualities.

I could go on, and have gone on at great length elsewhere, about these matters, but the short version is: find good writers of fiction wherever they are, writers whose work speaks to you and see what they have to teach you about the common subject natter of daily life we all study and write about.

'Nuf said.



Howard S. Becker lives and works in San Francisco and occasionally in Paris. He is the author of numerous works, including *Telling About Society* (2007) and *What About Mozart? What About Murder?* (2015).



We live in a distracted world. Micro-fiction might seem like a capitulation to this distraction. In a world where attention is a scarce commodity, isn't there something a bit dispiriting about reducing the length of our fiction to accommodate this? This collection of drabbles, *short stories of up to hundred words**, intends to repudiate this common assumption.

The radical brevity of the drabble is powerful precisely because we so often accelerate, rushing forward with our attention split between all manner of exigencies. It can force us to stop, wait and watch. The constraints of the format operate as a technology of attentiveness, limiting our gaze to a fragment of social life or a singular idea. It challenges us to try and distil this down into the most basic elements possible. Forced brevity can facilitate the attainment of focus.

For those committed to *telling about society*, drabbles can be a challenge and an opportunity. They drift towards being the most basic unit in which we can write in a meaningful way. If we can learn to write about the social world with such brevity without, as Les Back once put it, *assassinating the life within it* then perhaps there is hope for the alienated (and alienating) writing of social scientists.

*The usual definition of a drabble is a short story of exactly one hundred words. But rather than quibble over definitions, I'd prefer to salute those in this collection who took a terrifyingly brief form of writing and managed to ramp up the brevity even further.

Mark Carrigan is Digital Fellow at The Sociological Review Foundation.

Wendy Short acknowledges that she benefits from the privileges afforded to white people in Australian society. Wendy is soon to complete a bachelor of Arts at the University of Queensland in Anthropology and Gender Studies, and hopes to begin graduate studies in North America in 2018. Her work focuses on the everyday lives of women and the roles of religion and myth in both constraining and empowering women. Wendy's favourite country is India, and she is daily both humbled and inspired by the incredible lives and resilience of Indian women. When travelling she blogs at wendysoutofstation.com

John-Paul Smiley is a writer and social researcher. He has a PhD in Civil and Building Engineering (Loughborough, UK), an MSc Social Research (Leicester, UK), and a BA Politics and Sociology (York, UK). His interests include futurism and science-fiction, as well as politics and sociology. He tweets at @JohnPaulSmiley

Simon Stewart works at University of Portsmouth where he is Senior Lecturer in Sociology and Deputy Director of the Centre for European and International Studies Research. Simon is the author of *A Sociology of Culture, Taste and Value* (Palgrave, 2014).

Samantha Trayhurn is a member of the Writing & Society Research Centre at Western Sydney University where she is completing her doctorate. Her work has been published in Overland, LiNQ Journal, eTropic and others. She is the founding editor of Pink Cover Zine and co-curator/founder of Cross Current Creative.

Mark Pulsford is a Senior Lecturer in Education at De Montfort University, Leicester, UK. He's a former Primary school teacher who researches teacher identity, gender and inclusion - e.g. how schooling practices, masculinities and ableism assemble in school communities, and how people who are 'othered' navigate the initial teacher education terrain.

Jack Redden lives in Chelmsford, Essex with his partner Daisy. Since graduating from the University of Kent with a master's degree in sociology, he has worked as a barista, a medical news reporter, and an editorial assistant at Palgrave Macmillan.

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Jelena Savic (1981) is from Serbia and has Roma origin. She holds BA in Adult Education and studies Philosophy at Central European University, Budapest. Jelena is a poet, blogger and an activist interested in philosophy of science, epistemology, social movements, critical race theory, feminism and sociology of art.

Hailing from Irish roots, storytelling and rhythm have always come naturally to the emerging poet **Kerry Shepherd**. Exploring narratives of emotional and social plights give Kez's poems a raw and familiar aesthetic that resonate with readers the world over. Kez is continuing to share her passionate and thought provoking poems with the world.

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Louise Mara Bastos: Between media and education, between jumps and currencies, crossing borders, places, images, subjectivities. Scholar for the Foundation for Support to the Researcher of the State of Bahia (FAPESB), linked to the Uefs Master's Degree in Education. Member of *TRACE: trajectories, culture and education* since 2014.


Vívian Nery: Teacher of public education, linked to the Uefs Master's Degree in Education and develops a research that throughout the pedagogy of fissures by "between" and "maybe" embodying perambulations in education, provoking passers-by from inside and outside school to think of the power, fluid and plural movement. Member of *TRACE: trajectories, culture and education* since 2016.


Paul Orlowski holds a PhD in the sociology of education. He is an associate professor at the University of Saskatchewan on the northern plains of central Canada. Paul believes that corporations have too much power and civil society is vulnerable. So is Planet Earth.


Kirstine Powhilo (Kegan) is a second year Undergraduate student currently completing a Bachelor of Arts in Creative Writing and Sociology at Griffith University on the Gold Coast. She primarily writes poetry and is influenced by confessional poets such as Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath.

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Karl Johnson is a Lecturer in Public Sociology at Queen Margaret University, Edinburgh, where he's also involved in widening participation, student engagement and support. His interests include the culture and politics of the Northern Isles of Scotland, and fandoms. Occasionally, he tweets @karlpjohnson

After teaching for forty years, **Erica Jolly** began presenting her poetry at Friendly Street, Adelaide, in 1993. In 2010 Robyn Williams launched *Challenging the Divide: Approaches to Science and Poetry* that Erica compiled. In 2015 Professor Ian Chubb launched *Making A Stand* (Wakefield Press), her second poetry collection

Lisa Kalayji is a final-year PhD student in sociology at Edinburgh University, studying emotions, radical feminism, and culture. Her drabble derives from things she learned about the inner workings of American corporations through de facto ethnographic observation which she semi-unintentionally undertook during her past life as an executive assistant.

Damla Keşkekci, having graduated from Hacettepe University, Ankara with a degree in sociology and political science, is now a master's student in sociology at the Freie Universität Berlin. She is currently writing her thesis on the framings of Europe and European identity in the discourse of the Turkish parliamentarians.

Janet Lord is Lecturer in Education Studies at Manchester Metropolitan University, Manchester, UK; she has held both teaching and research positions at a number of other universities. She has a wide-ranging portfolio including work on professional identity, gender and disadvantage, professional development in teachers, and reflective practice.

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Fanzine Title: The City is in Me!

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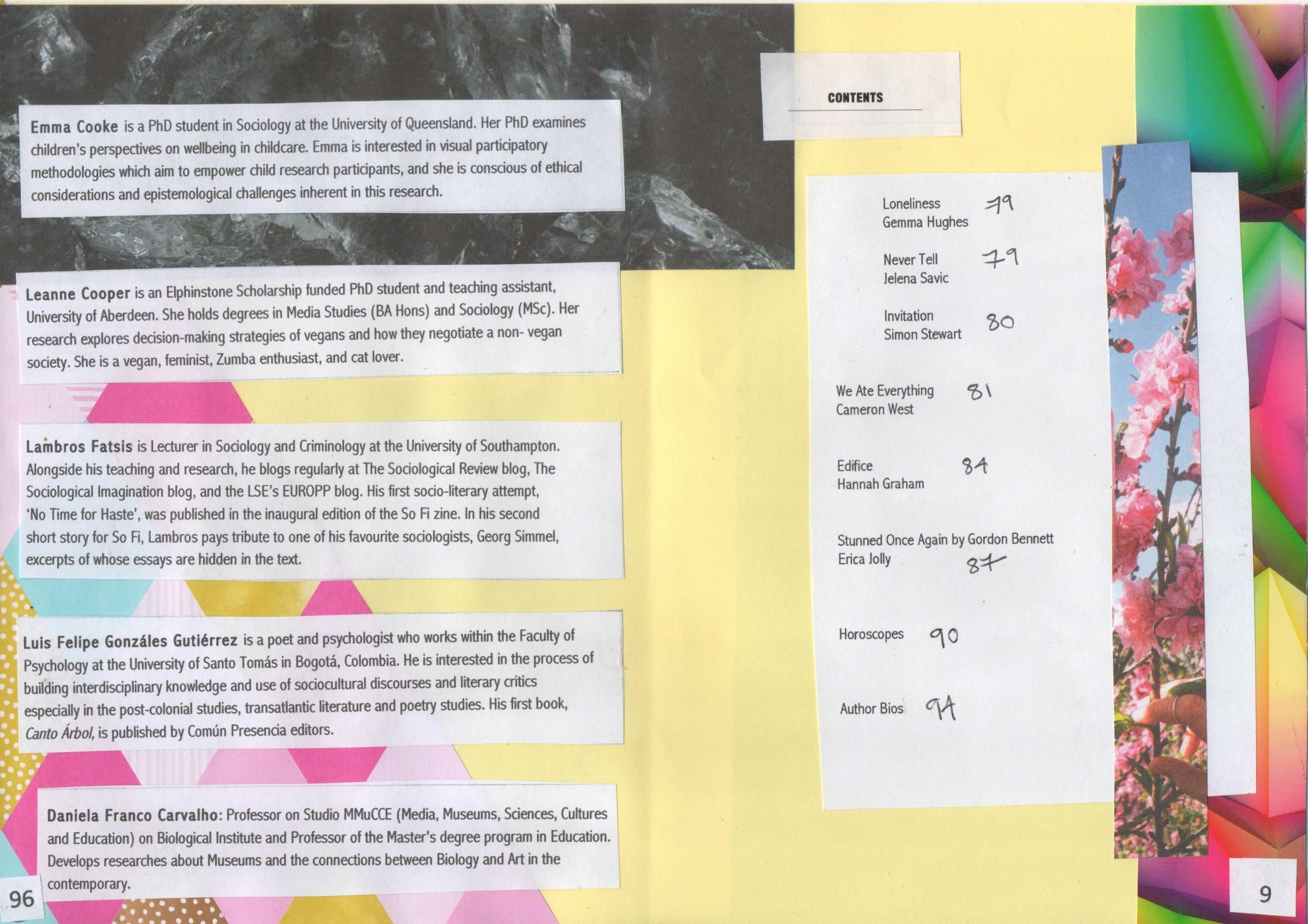
Catherine Gamble is a Master of Arts (Creative writing) candidate at CQ University, Noosa, Australia. Currently she is writing her first Young Adult fiction novel based on her lived experience of being raised by a hoarder. Catherine has been published in TEXT Journal and is a published Poet. In 2017, she was chosen to present early research findings at both Great Writing and Books, Publishing and Libraries conferences, Imperial College, London, where she was presented with an Emerging Scholar Award.

Hannah Graham is a criminologist and sociologist, Australian born and educated, now working as a Lecturer in the Scottish Centre for Crime and Justice Research at the University of Stirling. She's been to Myanmar a few times. She loves writing academic books and articles, and is enjoying learning to write differently, taking part in weekly song-writing and poetry workshops in Glasgow with arts and justice charity Vox Liminis.

Paula Guerra: Professor on the Department of Sociology of the Faculty of Arts and Humanities of the University of Porto, and Researcher at the Institute of Sociology of the same University. She co-authored the edited book DIY cultures and underground music scenes (Oxford: Routledge, 2018), and has recently published: Redefining art worlds in the late modernity (University of Porto, 2016), More than loud (Porto: Afrontamento, 2015).

Aaron Henry is a former SSHRC postdoctoral fellow and holds a doctorate in Sociology and Political Economy. He has lectured on contemporary social theory and surveillance and has published short essays and academic articles on cultures of capitalism, security, and state formation.

Gemma Hughes is studying for her doctorate in Evidence-Based Health Care at the University of Oxford. She is exploring how ethnography can illuminate the relationships and tensions between health and social care policy, practice and lived experience.



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Emma Cooke is a PhD student in Sociology at the University of Queensland. Her PhD examines children's perspectives on wellbeing in childcare. Emma is interested in visual participatory methodologies which aim to empower child research participants, and she is conscious of ethical considerations and epistemological challenges inherent in this research.

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Lambros Fatsis is Lecturer in Sociology and Criminology at the University of Southampton. Alongside his teaching and research, he blogs regularly at The Sociological Review blog, The Sociological Imagination blog, and the LSE's EUROPP blog. His first socio-literary attempt, 'No Time for Haste', was published in the inaugural edition of the So Fi zine. In his second short story for So Fi, Lambros pays tribute to one of his favourite sociologists, Georg Simmel, excerpts of whose essays are hidden in the text.

Luis Felipe González Gutiérrez is a poet and psychologist who works within the Faculty of Psychology at the University of Santo Tomás in Bogotá, Colombia. He is interested in the process of building interdisciplinary knowledge and use of sociocultural discourses and literary critics especially in the post-colonial studies, transatlantic literature and poetry studies. His first book, *Canto Árbol*, is published by Común Presencia editors.

Daniela Franco Carvalho: Professor on Studio MMuCCE (Media, Museums, Sciences, Cultures and Education) on Biological Institute and Professor of the Master's degree program in Education. Develops researches about Museums and the connections between Biology and Art in the contemporary.

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Each time he packed his bags, even for the shortest holiday, there were three items that Samuel would never part with. The first is the opening sentence of Claude Lévi-Strauss's *Tristes Tropiques* which paradoxically declares a hatred for travelling and explorers in a book that tells the story of an anthropologist's expeditions in Brazil. The second is the conviction that sociologists, like him, are captives of their own scholarly imagination even as they cross their professional threshold to get to other places, near or far. This thought was often met with warmly satirical remarks from his friends who mercilessly mocked Samuel's quixotic reveries, but not without a biting comeback. His revenge took the form of impromptu lectures on how it was impossible for him to disengage from a way of seeing, hearing, and feeling his way through the world that he could only describe as sociological. Without embracing this "wearable technology for living", as he liked to call it, Samuel could not and indeed would not make a single step without fearing that he would lose touch with the world around him. The third, and most important, accessory to Samuel's travels is a physical object: a book of essays by his sociological mentor, Georg Simmel, whose delicate words transmitted sparkling ideas from the airwaves of Modernity. His copy of Simmel's collected works proved to be a faithful companion in every journey he took, bearing all the visible marks of a book that was not simply read but lived with. Its spine was cracked, its yellowing pages were further stained from contact with beach sand, and its margins were full of fading scribbles that spilled Samuel's fleeting thoughts onto the page.

Unsurprisingly, this book was the very first thing that Samuel picked as he packed his bags for a trip to a faraway place where his companion, Mr. Simmel, may never have set foot on, but his presence could nevertheless be felt; not only in the sociological tradition of the country, from Gilberto Freyre to Fernando Henrique Cardoso, but also in the mind of one of his most reverent disciples. For, contrary to his humble self-appraisal, Mr. Simmel did not die without intellectual heirs even though he was right to point out that his legacy was to be distributed like cash to many heirs; each transforming his part into use conformed to his nature. Perhaps that was the very appeal of the man. He developed no doctrines, served no dogmas, started no church,

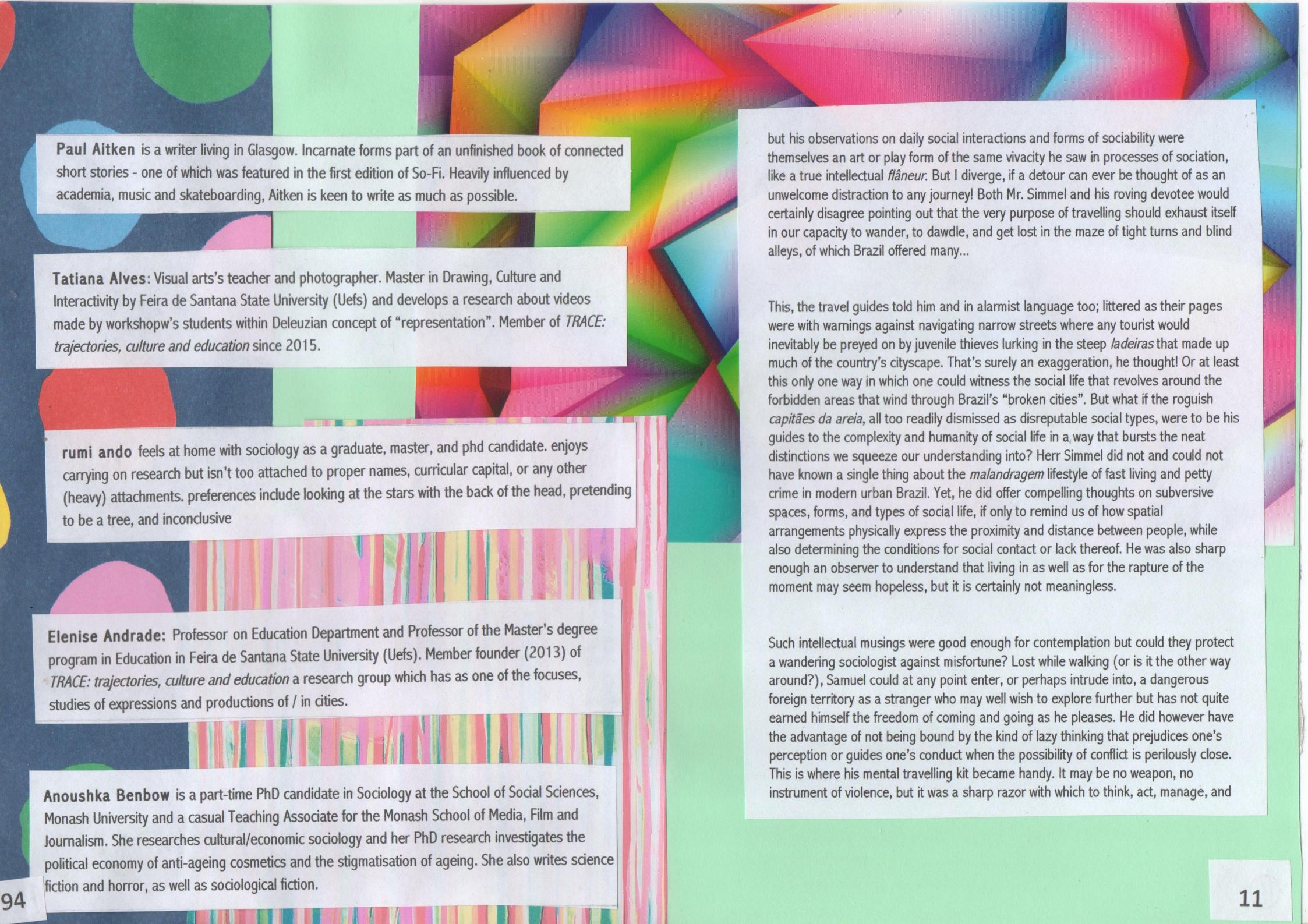


Colin Burnett contributed in the first edition of so fi zine, and recently graduated from Queen Margaret University (Musselburgh) with a degree in Public Sociology (Hons). His interests in Sociology lie with social class and culture. The piece he submitted is an extract of a play he is currently writing.


David Cardell is a senior lecturer in child and youth studies at Stockholm University. He has a background in cultural studies and sociology, focusing on happiness, consumption and childhood. Finding inspiration in STS scholarship, Cardell is currently interested in happiness and/as mess.


Edivan Carneiro de Almeida: Master in Education by Feira de Santana State University (Uefs). Teacher in a Public School, Ichu, Bahia. Member of *TRACE: trajectories, culture and education* since 2013.


Mark Carrigan is a Digital Sociologist and Social Media Consultant. He is Digital Fellow at The Sociological Review and recently completed three years as Research Fellow in the Centre for Social Ontology at the University of Warwick. He co-convenes the Accelerated Academy with Filip Vostal. He's an assistant editor of Big Data & Society, associate social media editor of the International Journal of Social Research Methodology and a founding member of the editorial boards of Discover Society and the Journal of Applied Social Theory. He is the author of Social Media for Academics, published by Sage in early 2016.



Paul Aitken is a writer living in Glasgow. Incarnate forms part of an unfinished book of connected short stories - one of which was featured in the first edition of So-Fi. Heavily influenced by academia, music and skateboarding, Aitken is keen to write as much as possible.

Tatiana Alves: Visual arts's teacher and photographer. Master in Drawing, Culture and Interactivity by Feira de Santana State University (Uefs) and develops a research about videos made by workshop's students within Deleuzian concept of "representation". Member of *TRACE: trajectories, culture and education* since 2015.

rumi ando feels at home with sociology as a graduate, master, and phd candidate. enjoys carrying on research but isn't too attached to proper names, curricular capital, or any other (heavy) attachments. preferences include looking at the stars with the back of the head, pretending to be a tree, and inconclusive

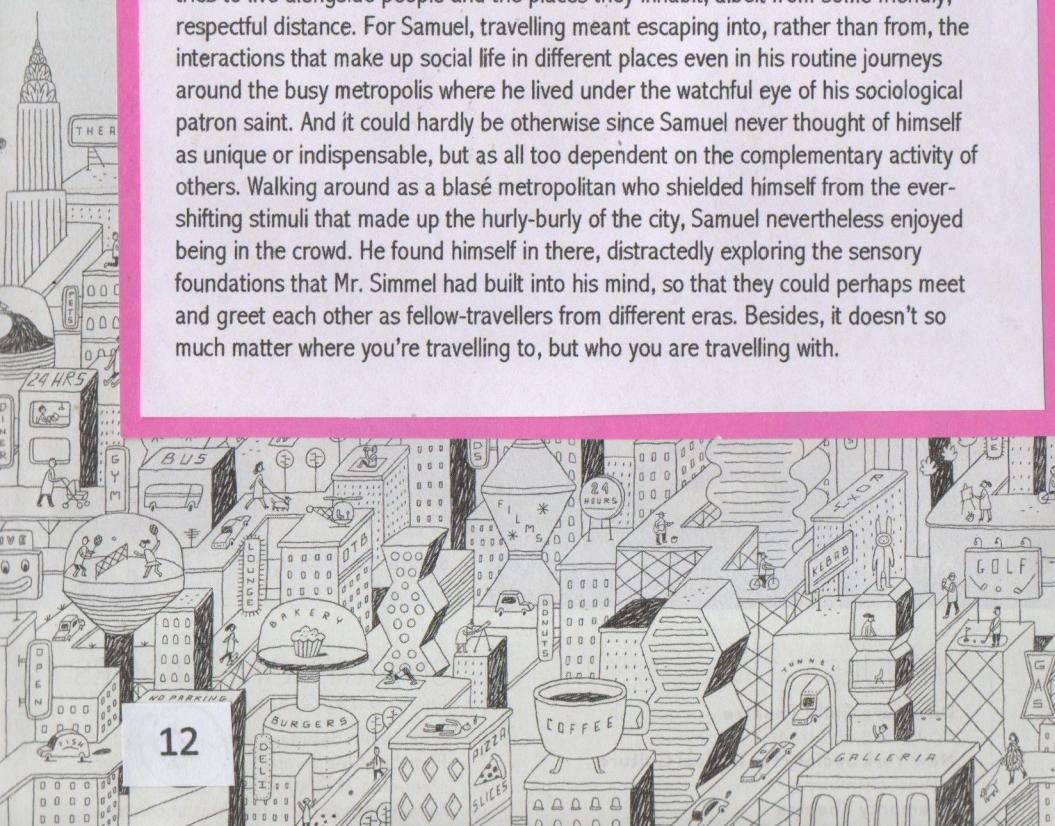
Elenise Andrade: Professor on Education Department and Professor of the Master's degree program in Education in Feira de Santana State University (Uefs). Member founder (2013) of *TRACE: trajectories, culture and education* a research group which has as one of the focuses, studies of expressions and productions / in cities.

Anoushka Benbow is a part-time PhD candidate in Sociology at the School of Social Sciences, Monash University and a casual Teaching Associate for the Monash School of Media, Film and Journalism. She researches cultural/economic sociology and her PhD research investigates the political economy of anti-ageing cosmetics and the stigmatisation of ageing. She also writes science fiction and horror, as well as sociological fiction.

but his observations on daily social interactions and forms of sociability were themselves an art or play form of the same vivacity he saw in processes of sociation, like a true intellectual *flâneur*. But I diverge, if a detour can ever be thought of as an unwelcome distraction to any journey! Both Mr. Simmel and his roving devotee would certainly disagree pointing out that the very purpose of travelling should exhaust itself in our capacity to wander, to dawdle, and get lost in the maze of tight turns and blind alleys, of which Brazil offered many...

This, the travel guides told him and in alarmist language too; littered as their pages were with warnings against navigating narrow streets where any tourist would inevitably be preyed on by juvenile thieves lurking in the steep *ladeiras* that made up much of the country's cityscape. That's surely an exaggeration, he thought! Or at least this only one way in which one could witness the social life that revolves around the forbidden areas that wind through Brazil's "broken cities". But what if the roguish *capitães da areia*, all too readily dismissed as disreputable social types, were to be his guides to the complexity and humanity of social life in a way that bursts the neat distinctions we squeeze our understanding into? Herr Simmel did not and could not have known a single thing about the *malandragem* lifestyle of fast living and petty crime in modern urban Brazil. Yet, he did offer compelling thoughts on subversive spaces, forms, and types of social life, if only to remind us of how spatial arrangements physically express the proximity and distance between people, while also determining the conditions for social contact or lack thereof. He was also sharp enough an observer to understand that living in as well as for the rapture of the moment may seem hopeless, but it is certainly not meaningless.

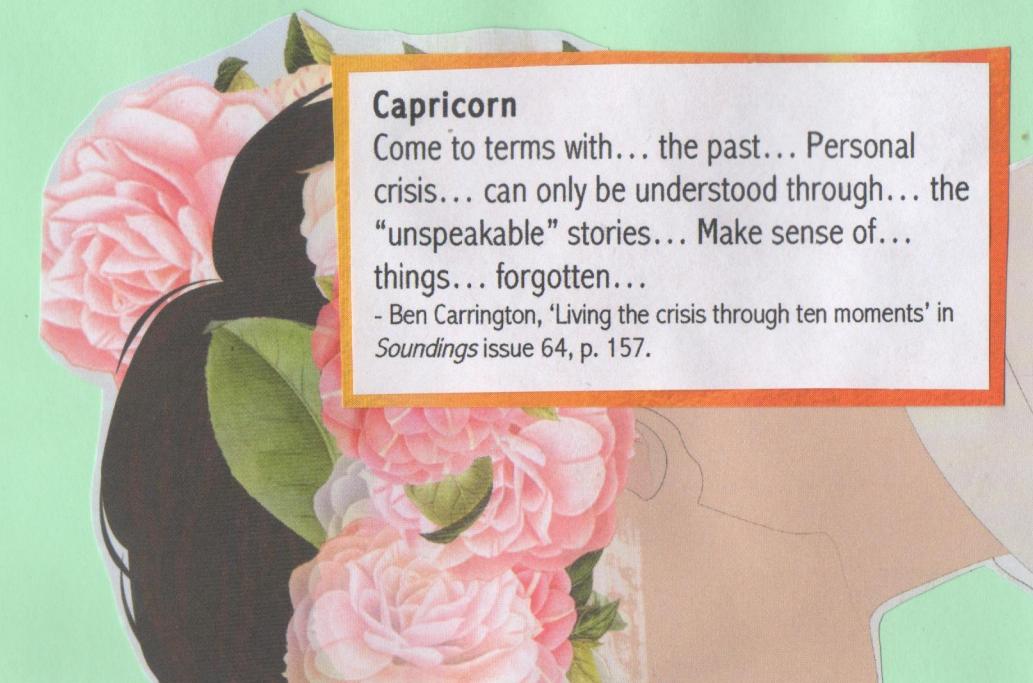
Such intellectual musings were good enough for contemplation but could they protect a wandering sociologist against misfortune? Lost while walking (or is it the other way around?), Samuel could at any point enter, or perhaps intrude into, a dangerous foreign territory as a stranger who may well wish to explore further but has not quite earned himself the freedom of coming and going as he pleases. He did however have the advantage of not being bound by the kind of lazy thinking that prejudices one's perception or guides one's conduct when the possibility of conflict is perilously close. This is where his mental travelling kit became handy. It may be no weapon, no instrument of violence, but it was a sharp razor with which to think, act, manage, and



negotiate difficult situations or “problems of sociability” as Samuel keenly called them. Nothing happened to him as he walked into trouble and, against all odds, it was his sociological naivety that saved him. Instead of perceiving danger, he saw humanity. Instead of running away, he stayed close. Instead of avoiding confrontation, he opened himself up to it. Worse still, he felt a curious sense of satisfaction by practicing what Mr. Simmel had taught him about how society really is, and how it is made possible too as myriads of clashes, conflicts, and contradictions jostle together to create a dizzying mosaic that heightens the senses and nourishes the mind.

As Samuel recounted these stories to his disbelieving, head shaking friends he had to explain that this circuitous kind of wanderlust was what travelling meant for him. Besides, he was never without company. With Herr Simmel by his side he didn't just feel safe, but also pleasantly agitated; knowing that he wasn't just a passing traveller who comes today and goes tomorrow, but a familiar stranger who comes today and stays tomorrow. An immersed sociologist-traveller doesn't simply walk around, but tries to live alongside people and the places they inhabit, albeit from some friendly, respectful distance. For Samuel, travelling meant escaping into, rather than from, the interactions that make up social life in different places even in his routine journeys around the busy metropolis where he lived under the watchful eye of his sociological patron saint. And it could hardly be otherwise since Samuel never thought of himself as unique or indispensable, but as all too dependent on the complementary activity of others. Walking around as a blasé metropolitan who shielded himself from the ever-shifting stimuli that made up the hurly-burly of the city, Samuel nevertheless enjoyed being in the crowd. He found himself in there, distractedly exploring the sensory foundations that Mr. Simmel had built into his mind, so that they could perhaps meet and greet each other as fellow-travellers from different eras. Besides, it doesn't so much matter where you're travelling to, but who you are travelling with.

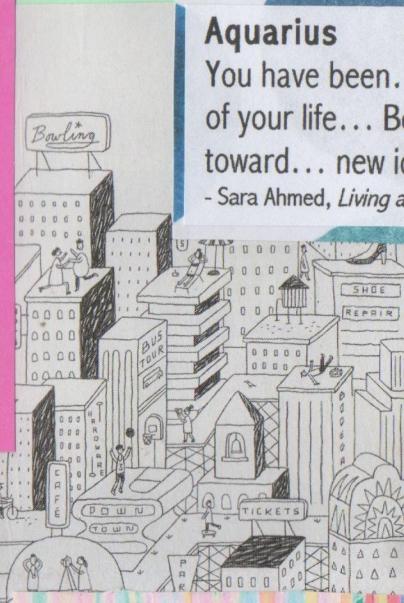
Capricorn



Come to terms with... the past... Personal crisis... can only be understood through... the “unspeakable” stories... Make sense of... things... forgotten...

- Ben Carrington, ‘Living the crisis through ten moments’ in *Soundings* issue 64, p. 157.

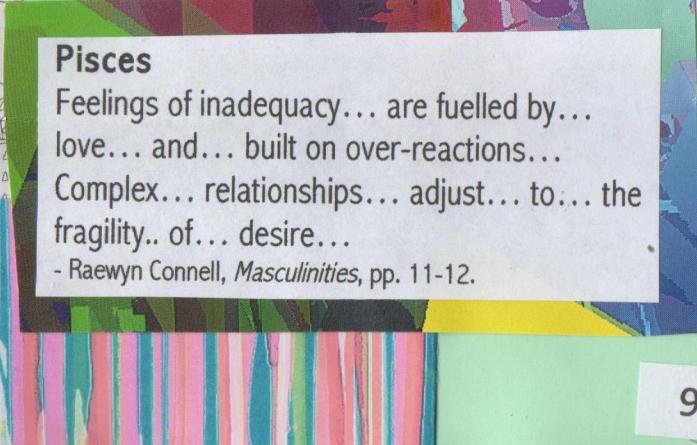
Aquarius



You have been... estranged from... the shape of your life... Be shattered... but... move toward... new ideas... Create room...

- Sara Ahmed, *Living a Feminist Life*, p. 18.

Pisces



Feelings of inadequacy... are fuelled by... love... and... built on over-reactions... Complex... relationships... adjust... to... the fragility.. of... desire...

- Raewyn Connell, *Masculinities*, pp. 11-12.

Libra

Time is short... Stand up and refuse to accept...
the perverse means by which... market
culture... play[s] God... Focus on and listen
to... the... vulnerable... Offer them a...
home...

- Les Back and Nirmal Puwar, 'A manifesto for live methods:
provocations and capacities' in *Live Methods*, p. 14.

Scorpio

Vulnerability... is important in this wrestling with
fear... The wall has been torn down... This... is
the most exciting space... to live in...

- Sandra L. Faulkner, *Poetry As Method: Reporting Research
Through Verse*, p. 51.

Sagittarius

Things... must... change...

- Michel Foucault, *The Birth of Biopolitics*, p. 186.

Knox Park
Samantha Trayhurn

Clancy drives a fruit and vegetable van; it isn't his dream but he's helping his Uncle while he figures that out. Clancy also rides a BMX. He comes to the skate park after his morning rounds. He doesn't like the way the transitions are so close together, says 'it's shit for bikes.' Clancy is cute; boy cute not man cute. The kind of cute that reminds Emily that she isn't in her early twenties anymore. Clancy is from Darwin; grew up on a croc farm, says, 'if you're ever in Darwin, stay away from the water.'

Emily feels her skateboard wheels roll over the coping – the tremendous click-clack sound like knuckles on bone. Clancy says, 'you're shredding.' These probably aren't the things that Emily should remember first about the day. But, they are. She remembers how much you can learn about someone in a few minutes. She remembers how much a few minutes can weigh – the seconds dripping, like water into a bucket, or blood into one of those bags in the back of an ambulance. She remembers blood and words and how we're all filled with the same stuff, and how easily that stuff can spill on a regular afternoon in the middle of Knox Park.

Emily hasn't been back in Murwillumbah long. Just long enough to remember why she left. Tucked down in the Tweed Valley, fringed on one side by the river and on the other by sugarcane farm, she can't stand the faint smell of caramel that the harvested cane leaves. When she was a kid, she knew when her Dad was around by that syrupy scent woven into his shirts that mingled with his sweat. Ever since, sweetness never smelled the way it should.

Her mum's place sits on a hill near the Mount St. Patrick Church. She doesn't feel like going back to the house yet – she can't face her Mum's sad, questioning eyes today.

She takes a bite of pie from the same bakery she went to on after-school trips through town and it still tastes just as ordinary. Her legs ache from the morning of skating, but she walks back across to the park, wants to land that front-side flip. It's good to be skating again; takes her mind off what she left behind in Sydney.

Tom won't answer her calls anymore. Says he's sorry, but he's done being sad. She wants to know when she'll be done, but she's never been good at keeping a schedule anyway.

Emily wonders if Clancy will still be at the skate park. She hasn't really made any friends yet, and everyone from high school has moved on or has kids of their own. She can't be around kids. Not yet. The name Clancy reminds her of the character from the Banjo Patterson poems she learnt by heart in school. *Clancy of the Overflow, down to lend a hand* – makes her think all Clancy's are kind.

Turning the bend, Emily sees a huddle of men throwing their bodies against each other as if they are playing football. Swarming, but not like bees – there's no communal goal in their flurry – more like the head of a dandelion blown by a gust of wind. When she is within earshot, she realizes they are fighting. Twenty of them, hopping around, light footed as boxers, sweat dripping off their brows. One man has his shirt off revealing a chiseled stomach. Another has his looped through the collar, flabby gut hanging below.

'Fucking cunt, piece of shit,' one man spits. Branches are wielded – bottles are hurled. The click-clack of knuckles on bone.

From the corner of her eye, Emily catches a glimmer and turns to see a man moving towards her with a heavy-footed swagger, arms puffed out to the side. His face is tattooed with unintelligible lines. She hears an older man calling to her and sees the blade at the same time, 'run love, he's got a knife.'

She doesn't run though. She stays still and locks eyes with the man. They look right at each other as he passes her. In those pupillary abysses she sees nakedness – the primal black stuff that comes before emotion. The same stuff that's in all of us.

The crowd rush after him as he brandishes the knife at them, warning them to stay back. 'He already stabbed one fella,' she hears a man explain to a newcomer, 'we're gonna get him.' Emily watches as the pack form a circle. Two men thrust forward – one attempts a tackle while the other goes for the knife. The two inches of blade disappear into his flesh with ease.

Last year, Emily went to visit her uncle on a farm near Nimbin and he showed her how to shoot a gun. She didn't think she would be able to pull the trigger, but her

Cancer

How you go about... what you have to say... often brings you...to... being dragged.... There is nothing you can do...

- C Wright Mills, *The Sociological Imagination*, p. 216-217.

Leo

Deep angst – and anger... is... accompanied by... horrible checkered pants... Reimagine... a new life...

- Teresa Strong-Wilson, 'Returns and Departures through Girlhood' in *Girlhood and the Politics of Place*, p. 145-146.

Virgo

The fear that the urban middle classes feel when... queuing in traffic... can be turned to... profit... Replenish... the fear...

- Zygmunt Bauman, *Liquid Times: Living in an Age of Uncertainty*, p. 12.

Aries

The killer question is... why don't you believe...? ... That's a serious challenge... You... don't bother... to...

- Howard Becker, *What about Mozart? What about Murder?*, p. 171.



Taurus

The first step is not to be nervous... It is much better to have... knowledge... than... credibility... Openness will be appreciated...

- David Beer, *Punk Sociology*, p. 38.

Gemini

Love... is extremely interesting... Explore the implications... of... political participation... Place the... pleasure... in a...democratic body politic...

- Moira Gatens, 'The Politics of the Imagination' in *Feminist Interpretations of Spinoza*, p. 202.

finger only had to caress the metal and the ear splitting round shot off. She knew then, what she knows now: how fickle life is.

The older of the two men clutches for his side while the other registers the attack. 'Dad!' he shouts, lunging with blind rage. The knife comes down again, and the wiry attacker takes advantage of the collapsing circle, running towards the street.

Emily notices a woman standing close by her on the outer ring, hovering over a picnic blanket in the shade of nearby palms. Craning her neck to see through the scurrying men, she lets out a shriek. Rushing in, she tries to cradle both of the bleeding bodies at once. Emily looks away, watching as a spilled glass of wine soaks into the tartan rug.

A close-up illustration of a woman's face and upper body. She has dark hair and is wearing a red and black plaid or checkered dress. Her expression is somber as she looks down. The background is a textured, grainy surface.

The energy of the crowd is stagnant – hanging in the air – not yet dispersed. They hover as the ambulance and police arrive and usher the woman back. 'It's my husband's birthday!' she shouts, repeats. 'My son's only 18!' she pleads, as though shouting louder might reach a higher power. Emily knows better – knows that there's nothing poetic about birth and death falling on the same day – that it happens all the time – seamless like the symbol for infinity.

The woman turns, searches for feminine comfort in the sea of men. Emily conjures the empathy shared between mothers – even those who aren't anymore, or weren't for very long, or won't be soon. She walks forward and places a hand on the woman's back. The woman leans in, clutching on, sobbing into her shirt. When she lets go to climb into the ambulance, Emily notices there is blood already drying on her arms in the afternoon sun.

A wide-angle illustration showing a woman sitting on the grass with her back against a large tree. She is in a meditative pose with her knees pulled up. The background shows a vast landscape with rolling hills under a clear sky.

Heart still racing, sitting on the grass with her back against a tree, Emily waits for the adrenalin to wear off, watching the clouds turning to animals overhead. She sees a drover gallop his horse across acres of blue, wisps of white dissolving. She spots Clancy making his way towards his van. She thinks about the cartons of unsold fruit inside – the whole cabin stinking of overripe flesh. She wonders what chemicals they use to clean the back of ambulances so that each body lays on a pristine surface.

Clancy sees her, knees hugged to her chest, picking brownish flakes from her arm hairs. He props his bike on its side and sits down beside her. The sounds of sirens echo off the surrounding mountains and she can't tell if they are moving north or south, just that they are moving away.

Chasing It
Colin Burnett

Lenny and Paul, both are well built young men. Each are wearing tracksuits. They are together in the humble flat they share on Leith Walk. The two men are listening to the radio. Lenny is pacing the floor, whilst Paul is sitting on the tacky looking couch.

Lenny — (Sarcastic) Hear that Paul, We Kin all sleep easy the nite, Jennifer Lopez
huz ah new cock to know on. Av been worrying aw day it wiz just a rumour.

Paul — eh?

Lenny — Listen ti this prick (*Lenny points to the radio*) Read this?

He passes Paul a small piece of paper

Paul — Total balance £1.03, you're skint?

Lenny — Look whose came to class. A fucking paperboy could buy and sell me the now.

Paul — Bit extreme?

Lenny — Anyway, kin you tell me why this prick is stopping in the middle eh the station. To tell me Jennifer fucking Lopez is going be tonguing somebody's boz the nite. Declaring it like he's just announced peace in our time. Ah mean why's the cunt no saying Lenny Fraser fi Leith Walk huz £1.03 ti live on. That's the price eh ah life in Leith.

Paul — Calm doon Marx?

Lenny — Aye, aye well Karl Marx hud a few guid ideas. He hud the boz ti say how it is. That the working man is only is gid as what these rich bastards kin bleed out eh us. (*Paul looks a bit surprised*) Diny look so biscuit ersed Paul. I wizy like maist eh the folk ah worked wi in the factory. A drone pressing a button all day. On our break ye had two choices, eh? go for a quick wank, or, listen to the boss go on about what tropical paradise he had just surfaced from. He seemed to forget that for maist of us the world ended in Blackpool.

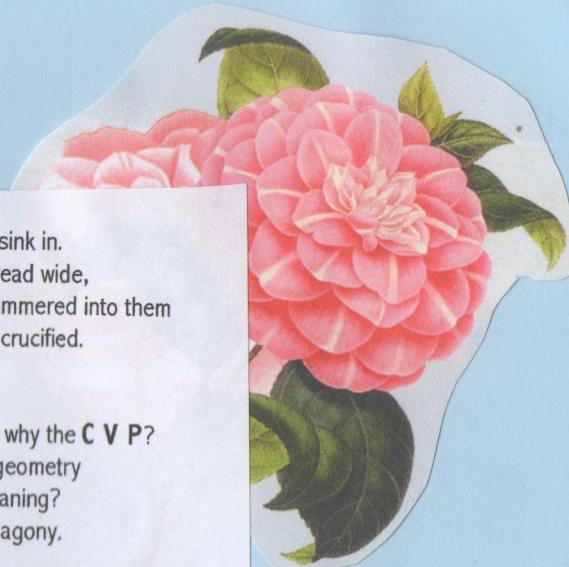
It takes quite a while for the message to sink in.
Those palms turned upwards, fingers spread wide,
supplicating perhaps, have great nails hammered into them
I am staring at a crucifixion. A civilization crucified.

That is why the emptiness. But how? And why the C V P?
I can barely turn to the third painting. Is geometry
emptying Aboriginal spiritual life of its meaning?
No wonder bewilderment. No wonder the agony.

The painting on the right takes me to a great arch,
a great Roman triumphal arch speaking of victory,
even perhaps straight Roman roads and empire.
And there in the forefront those boxes and A B C

Beneath that ornate arch with its inscription in Latin
a so much reduced vaguely Aboriginal figure? A statue?
Is 'it' in a toga? Those lines again go directly to 'it'.
And with them again, at that point, those letters C V P

None of us knows enough to realise what they mean.
At home Kathryn 'googles' it to find out and e-mails us.
In Western painting, in Renaissance perspective C V P
is the central vanishing point. This triptych is a requiem.



I'm facing in my chair three great paintings.
First I am caught by the bewilderment in the eyes.
Such a fine dignified face of this Aboriginal Elder,
perhaps a woman, an Elder proud of her/his land.

But what's this? Sharp square ruled black boxes,
three of them in the foreground. In each a letter,
down there in the left-hand — sinister — corner
A B C. But what of the lines drawn from the corners?

Is this a geometrical exercise in perspective?
I remember enough of the history of European painting.
But why do these straight lines go to his/her throat?
Why that sharp point there and why the letters **C V P**.

What do they represent? They are in all three paintings.
The central painting is the tallest of the three. This time
not a square, this time a long thin vertical rectangle.
A long empty rectangle, lines from corners going down.

The place they enter is the land itself with **C V P**.
But down in the left hand corner a kneeling figure,
a worker cleaning glass in that long narrow rectangle?
Rect-angle? Wrecked and angular. Dare I make that leap?

I'm wheeled back a little and take in rectangles,
this time horizontal, on either side of the empty centre
but they are not empty. Each holds an arm stretched out,
covered in white ochre. Palms upward, they speak of grief.

Paul — So what did you do on your break?

Lenny — Me? I read

Paul — What did you read like?

Lenny — Aw, Karl Marx's 'Capital', and Paulo Freire's 'Pedagogy of the Oppressed'.

Here they are talking to me, Lenny Fraser. A humble boy from Leith Walk.

Showing me how this life is designed to fuck me over as soon as the umbilical cords been cut.

Paul — Why no go to uni then? Huv a life that means something instead eh hoovering
that shite up your nose. And how you gonnae pay that psycho Kaizer.

Lenny — As usual I'm two steps ahead of you (*Lenny goes to a drawer and takes a university prospectus out, and passes it to Paul*).



Paul — Queen Margaret University Prospectus. When did you get this?

Lenny — It came yesterday. I'm tired eh this shite, eh? working day and night to
make sure some rich toff can send his brats to Disney Land three times a
year. I want maire in life.

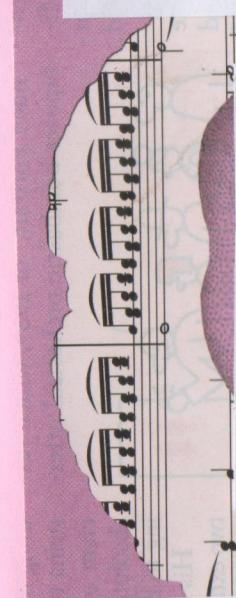
Paul — What's that likes?

Lenny — A fucking life. I'm sick eh working to scrape month to month. Ah mean the
closest ah ever got to go to Disney land was walking past the shop on
Princes Street. And what you're holding is ma ticket to a life. Turn to page 49

Paul — (*Turns to page 49*) Public Sociology. What, is that what you're going to
study?

Lenny — (*Sarcastic*) Fuck all gets passed you, ay?

Paul — Can you no just give me a straight answer



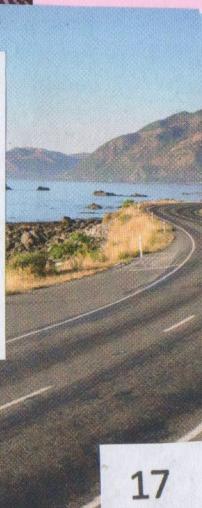
Lenny — Aye, Public Sociology, that's ma passport away from this shite and having
to deal with nutters like Kaiser.

Paul — You ken you will need to give up the snow. It's nae gid learning fancy stuff.
And then frying your brain with that crap.

Lenny — Well obviously, Course ah want to leave all that behind. Cos the
government don't tell ye, eh? that cunts like us take drugs to blank out what
a miserable fucking existence we live in. You seen that film Groundhog Day?

Paul — Aye, Billy Murray's in it?

Lenny — Aye, that's the one.



Paul — Murray's awrite

Lenny — Aye, aye he is, but I'm trying to make a point here. No discuss Bill Murray's fucking acting credentials.

Paul — Ah was just saying

Lenny — So where was ah, eh? Oh, Aye. Well in the film that cunt wakes up repeating the same day over and over again. Yae see that's what it's like for guys like us. We wake up every day to make the rich richer. These rich bastards live in luxury on the graft we dae fur them. That's what the government don't understand, eh? Its the drugs that make it bearable.

Paul — That's an interesting point.

Lenny — Listen, the opium of the elite is the blood, sweat, and tears of the working class. And the opium of the working class is anything that blanks oot the realisation of knowing we're a slave to the capitalist machine.

Paul — So, go for it. Go to uni.

Lenny — I will, but av got a major problem.

Paul — Aye, what's that?

Lenny — Al no lie. This is where things get a bit awkward. Yae ken that Kaizer is nuts. He seen that advert, ken? the Amigo loans yin? And it gave birth tae an idea, eh? Anyboady who gets gear from him needs a guarantor? And somehow he thinks your mine

Paul — And where the fuck did he get that fi?

Lenny — Erm, maybe because I told him you were ma guarantor. Mean the cunt's mental. Remember last year he battered Santa doon the high street? something tae dae with his 'Ho Ho Ho' being too festive?

Paul — Too festive? It was fucking Christmas.

Lenny — Aye, I know, but he's Jewish.

Paul — (*Looking a bit confused*) What's being Jewish got to do with it?

Lenny — They're fucking Christ Killers. You think a capitalist poster boy like Santa is going to stand a chance?

Paul — Fuck that, what did you tell him about me like?



Stunned once again by Gordon Bennett
Erica Jolly

*He rejected the label of 'Aboriginal artist'.
He saw himself as a 'post-colonial artist'.
His paintings confront us all the time.
He called himself 'Citizen'
See Outsider/Insider: The Art of
Gordon Bennett. This work is not in
that collection. He lived from 1955 – 2014.*

This time I am not at Tandanya
or in the Institute of our State Library
This time I am in a wheel chair
in the Queensland Art Gallery.

I've been brought on this our last day
to visit the Janet Holmes A'Court collection,
'Sung into Being', her collection of
great works by Aboriginal artists.

Rover Thomas is here giving us again
the clarity in this statement about his land.
His ochres speak of his flowing breathing land
and there's not one hard black ruled line.

But I want Lin Onus. I'm wheeled up in the lift.
His statement of flying foxes on a Hill's hoist
has lived in my mind since I saw it in Melbourne.
Upstairs, on the wall to the right, Gordon Bennett.

"She can't be here," one says to me, pointing at Esther.

Can't be here? She has a name, more than one name in fact, but not names I now want to disclose. I've taken the discreet phone calls from the embassy this week, updates warning of monsoon flooding, as well as nearby burning of houses on the edges of the city, a riot, and ethnic cleansing of Rohingya people. A militant contorted nationalism so gravely disfigured by a tribal hate of certain kinds of outsiders, it is barely recognisable. Now traces of hate and bordering pepper our exchange. I can't ask Esther what she wants, because we can't converse. But I'm sure as hell not putting up with this! Here goes, I hope I don't make this worse...

I rise from my seat to speak for the first time since leaving the house. The other women stand with me, including Esther.

"We have a choice. If she can't eat here, we won't eat here."

They understand my words and our choreography of solidarity perfectly well. Sullen eyebrows, talking at the back of the room, then a nod of acquiescence. They're relenting. The food arrives and we share it together in peace. Esther holds my hand all the way back to the house, a common act of camaraderie and fondness here. I hold her hand back, flooded with relief. But people stare, someone spits as we pass – not at the other women holding hands, just at us. Oh, there is an irony and dignity to be found in her name being eponymous of a 5th century beautiful queen from a persecuted religious and ethnic minority who was renowned for standing up over a meal, after an edifice of death had already been built, standing up to sectarian hate and ambitions of genocide. We haven't stopped such malignancy today, but we did recognise it and we stood up.



Lenny - Aw I said wiz we're two guys but wi one pocket. He wanted half the money and using his words "you diny pay me now? im going to turn Paul into a shopping trolley". Yae see Kaizer thinks if he crippled you it would be on ma conscious and I wouldn't be able to live wi masel. Kenning what a naïve cunt you are I tried your date of birth on the safe. And their it was the goose that laid the golden egg, £1617.83. Gave Kaiser half his money £1600. Dinnae worry though, I've left the £17.83. Mean I'm no a complete selfish prick.

Paul - Tell me you're no serious?

Lenny - As a heart attack. Listen, Ah did it for you, did you no hear what Kaizer said? I would have hud tae gee up everything to become your full-time carer. And yae ken what, ma dear pal? I would huv done it tae. Bit eh fucking gratitude wouldn't go a miss

Paul - Gratitude? Yuv just told mi yuv given ma savings to a boay who wants to enter me into the Paralympics. Ah dinnae even touch snow. So howz it ma debt?

Lenny - This isnae the time to tae get all Torie oan me. hink eh yersel, mate. Fuck everybody else? Nah, in this type eh situation ye need working class solidarity. Cos like it or no, Paul. Me and you, eh? we're in this together. Diny worry though. When ah go tae uni al be able to play the posh mob at their ain game.





Drabbles on TIME

A glorious future lay ahead

Simon Stewart

It lasted as long as their sun tans and the breakup was the culmination of a disastrous trip abroad during which R. was bailed out by family several times. P. was intrigued but then appalled by R.'s disregard for things. P took the first flight home and returned to studying while R. sought out old friends and borrowed money. The family took drastic action and placed R. in the corner office of a prestigious company. R. was extraordinarily confident but kept a bottle of pills close by and didn't really know anything about the role.



Not dead yet!

Gemma Hughes

'I used to sing in pubs and clubs you know! Oh, they all knew me round here', chuckles Alf.
 'Lucky I was, lucky to have survived the war. Lucky to have got my house. My family. The grandchildren.'
 'I used to have a right laugh. Even up to last year, I'd go down the shops, have a laugh with them all in there. If they saw me now, out on the street, they would be shocked! I reckon they all think I'm dead, it's been so long since I've been out the house.'
 Yeah, reckon they all think I'm dead.'

whirring labours are routinely undone. The other women pick flowers and put them in my hair as we walk. At the napes of their necks, their hair is already adorned.

"Mingalaba! Hello!"

We enter the café met with cheery smiles, shuffling in vertically cylindrical longyis around our waists to our ankles to take our places around a low table on ochre coloured small plastic chairs. I smile at myself; this tall woman looks and feels like an ungainly giraffe bound up in a beautiful longyi in bended perch on a children's building block.

But something goes wrong. The mingalaba of a minute ago feels rescinded. A silent semaphore of eyes and bodies says something is going wrong. Am I being culturally contemptuous? The others chose this place, so surely it's fine for me to be here with them? We've eaten together every other day. Cue a guttural fear of somehow being a cultural Philistine and causing my friends grief.

The men running the café and standing over us look at me and point to an imposing sign adorning the shopfront that they know I can't read. I've seen the sign elsewhere in this city, too. Symbolic violence in Burmese script. We've failed to obey their edifice. Diacritic differences escalate with tonal intensity around the negotiating table for lunch.

Ohhhh. One of us appears to be Rohingya. They think Esther is Muslim. She's not, although her religion and ethnic heritage is nearly as castigated and costly here in this sequestered military-ruled Buddhist majority country. I realise the sign basically says that who they think she is – her race, religion and class, perhaps not helped by her gender – must not enter, will not be served, is not welcome here. Apartheid, over lunch.

Esther is not silent, she speaks in a temperate tone, ever dignified. If the tones of the men's words are inflected with fiery red, bringing more heat than light, then the tone of the women's remarks are like white fire. These women amaze me. By virtue of education or entrepreneurial auspiciousness, or both, two of the Bamar men running the café speak English.

Edifice

Hannah Graham



Myanmar

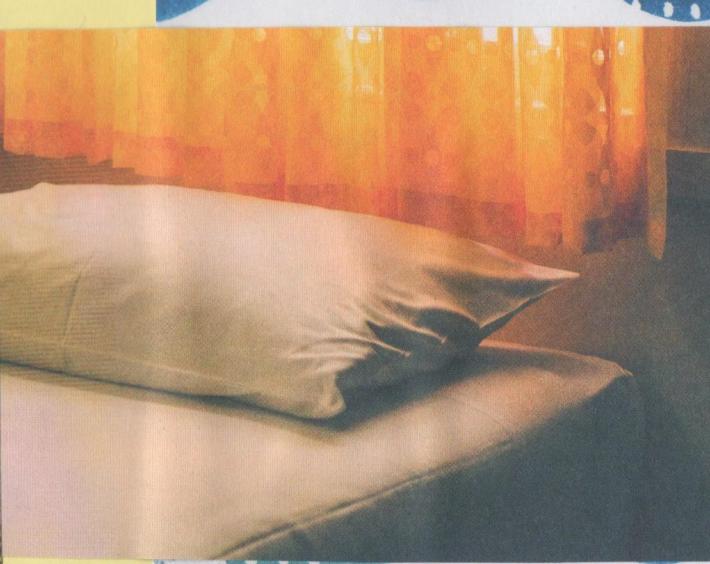
Cross-legged on the floor, the linguists are in a meeting, speaking of languages yet to be written down. Words and time for deliberation matter deeply in a nation that had its name changed by act of censorship without permission, or forgiveness. Light here is weighed in hours; lesser measures struggle to count. Appetite punctures the days' rhythms, so we leave them to it and go out for lunch, not sharing a common tongue between us, but we don't necessarily need one or need them for lunch.

Saffron red, amber gold, jade, charcoal, rust, black mould – passing colours and contours along a broken pavement of contrasts. Monks pass us, stopping to get flowers for their sitting god. It is forty-four degrees, with the unrelenting humidity of monsoon. Searing fire-like heat in our faces as we walk, but worse for the unaccustomed – as though underwater, drinking in and drowning in an invisible sea – smelling of pungent conflicts: simmering food, smoke, sewerage, fragrant jasmine, and foreigners' sharp scents of DEET. Air conditioners rumble with the aid of large generators, sounding of industrial bee hives, but frequent power cuts mean their

2195

John-Paul Smiley

It was the year everything changed. The World Congress passed the 2195 accord mandating germline genetic amendments to the species. The culmination of years of debates, this marked the beginning of humanity as a truly inter-stellar species. The accord specified that all new children born were to be modified and augmented to withstand the rigours of space travel. Doctors who refused, and there were a few hundred, were stripped of their licenses and threatened with imprisonment. They are now unkindly remembered by history as ill-informed Luddites. Oh if we had listened to them, what wonders we would have never realised!



Gutters and Panels
Karl Johnson

[A Fan, an Autodidact and a Stigmatised Self walk into a comic book shop.]

Beth walked through the poster-plastered doors and felt at home. Not that she didn't feel at home elsewhere too, but this place was one of a handful where there'd be something interesting and exciting (and hopefully affordable) waiting to be discovered. Something that spoke to part of who she was. She checked the new releases and picked up a few of her regular issues (*Saga*, *Hellboy* and the *B.P.R.D.*, and *Mighty Thor*), before turning to wander along the aisles for a bit.

Treasure secure in hand, Beth could afford to idly peruse the toys and t-shirts as she made her way back towards the counter. Other people were dotted along the way — some alone, meticulously scanning the bookshelves for the next volume in the series; some with their friends, debating whether or not they could watch Joss Whedon stuff anymore. Beth had been reading about the whole thing, and she didn't know what to think. She loved *Willow*, and *Kaylee*, and lots of other Whedon people — and looked up to them — but now they came from something built on lies... She'd been lied to...

What would Nathan Fillion say? Oh man, please let Nathan still be a good guy. An article on *The Mary Sue* said that *Buffy* and *Firefly* and everything didn't 'belong' to Whedon. It belonged to the fans. Beth liked that. She tried to shake it off and carried on past the *Funkos*.

She generally understood most of what she overheard in the shop, and most other things included at least a word or two she'd recognise from blogs. It was like a universal language, Beth figured, and if you spoke one dialect you'd probably be able to handle the others to a greater or lesser extent. Except maybe not Klingon. Just depended on what you were into.

are most consistent with our own tradition *plink, plink, plink* our own tradition, and not, as claimed by our opponents, their own - this, others will state, not ourselves of course *plink*. The highways shall be ours, and the laneways too!

At this time, and some moments prior, came sprinkling from the mouth of Body 2, rattling down upon the floor, several dozen ivory pebbles.

Body 2 (cont): What do you say to that, Eh? To be or not to be? The best is surely to find the means to answer 'both'.

Body 1, however, was now rocking back and forth; silent, pale white, ghastly light in pigment, and gummy like in jaw.

Rocked. Steadied. Rocked. Teetered, tottered, dropped; fell backwards with a spray of red, and a quiver as coming to rest upon the floor.

The tub percolated, now swirling white and mixing crimson dark.

And Body 2 fell rather pale too - a stomach aching roar;

Fell-pail soon thereafter. But eyed first with horror, then with hunger the fallen friend and the turning tub and limb. The limb, with its one accusatory finger pointing always inwards, as if toward the unacknowledged principle it revolved about.

Then came a heavy splash.

And the limb, sunk then struggled buoyant upward, and bobbed against a new floating bod; orbited no more. Purple and blue, this form *Glug, glug* limbless but toothed.

United, of a sort, at last, at end, Body 2 lay afloat upon the top at peace. An unfinished manifesto drifted upon the liquid skin, loose sheaf.

And the tub was sudsy and still.

scent of crushed petals
trammelled under other's feet.
(feet below ourselves but now our own)
Fads, alas, these have so moved on
petals downed upon highways henceforth
where we daren't even go
for, *it seems*, we are disallowed;
These, we must formulate to critique
for the public good:

Decadence. Corrupt high-floriferous decadence.

Much waste in trampled petals

Undoubtedly much emitted CO₂s.

This I suggest: we dissent and cause arrest.

Body 1 then hushed, and lips stayed at rest. Visibly, a bulging extrusion roamed a course along the cheek, indicative, a long tongue massaging various grooved teeth.

Body 2: I agree *crunch, knuckle* I agree, wholeheartedly*crunch*. But

ahrek,hrek,cough but also, may I suggest such actions, clever, as will complement?

Body 1 chewed (quietly), and nodded (thoughtfully).

Body 2 (antithetic): we decry them, yes, yes, from most-high thrones and towers,

moral trident solidly in hand. And yet, *crunch, crick* and yet, would it not be wise

slap, slobber would it not be wise, sage, sagacious and et cet to declare,

ventriloquial, from some other body, or at least, grammatically speaking, another

subclause, *grawk, grawk, gnaw* as a tangential aside to state most—clear that

correctly understood, such fashions as these, tawdry new and shiny, in fact and in fad,

Echo and the Bunnymen was being played over the shop speakers, which was a hulluva improvement on whatever was blaring out in New Look when she bought those leggings. Some *Tears for Fears* would've been good to hear next, she thought... Man, that bloody *Donnie Darko* soundtrack had a weird habit of creeping back into her head... But the wookie behind the counter switched to *Misfits* as Beth arrived at the counter.

Joseph — not Joe, thanks — remembered hearing about *Misfits* from his second cousin when he was young; but back then he was more into *The Style Council* (who he regarded as superior to *The Jam*) and *Billy Bragg*. He didn't tell the heavily-bearded shop assistant that though, instead acknowledging the loving references to *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, *Night of the Living Dead*, and so on, in the *Misfits* songs. That kind of simultaneous sentimentality for, and original repurposing of, source material was the kind of thing that Joseph appreciated in artistry. Not unlike the Hirst exhibition he'd just seen in Venice; all dramatic mythology on the surface, but dig a little deeper and one found a scathing commentary on patriarchy and idolism.

He stepped aside when an emo-type girl arrived to buy comics, but couldn't help himself from checking what she'd chosen. *Hellboy!* That was a perfect example of the point he had started to make, and he said as much to the shop assistant after the girl went out the door back into the street. Joseph had been following Mike Mignola's work since *Gotham by Gaslight*, but obviously *Hellboy* was the epic, the masterpiece. He spent the next ten minutes outlining some of the more overt references to Lovecraft, European folklore, pulp comics and existentialism... Before realising that the shop assistant's eyes had glazed over.

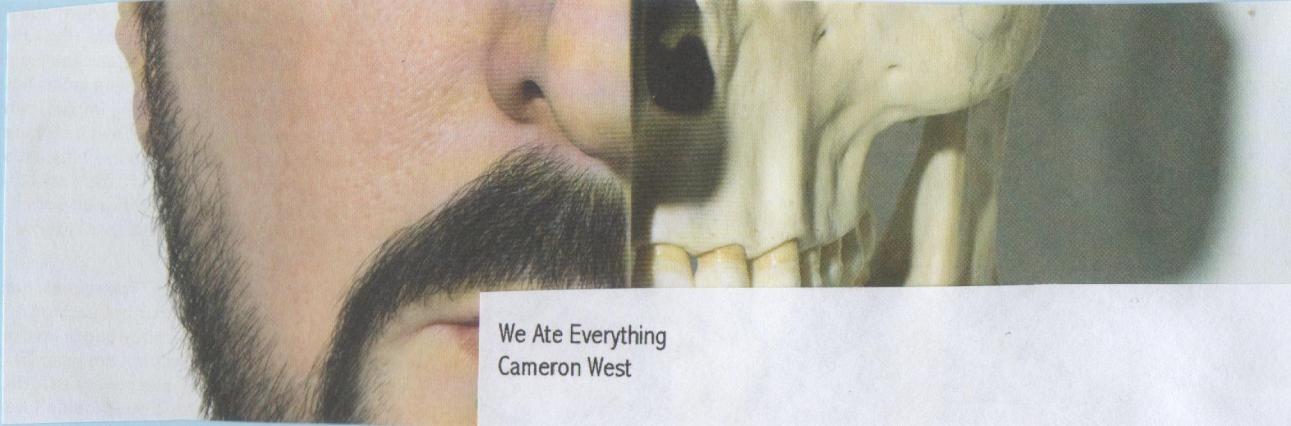
Now ruminating on Mignola's subtle use of mood and pacing in some of *Hellboy's* explorations of graveyards, castles and what-have-you; Joseph decided it was time to undertake his own lone expedition to Waitrose, and then to the pub to secure his favourite seat in plenty of time for his book group. It was *Don Quixote* that month. No mean feat, indeed, and not unrelated to his somewhat one-sided conversation with the aspiring lumberjack at the till.

Mentally reviewing his notes for book group, he almost didn't see the awkward-looking young man who shuffled past him in the doorway. There might have been a 'sorry' in there, but the word had been somewhat muffled. It briefly reminded Joseph of his own early, nervous forays into what, in his day, were cluttered and shabby wee shops. Things had evolved since then, and the last ten years especially had seen a kind of paradigm shift. In some senses though, there remained an element of 'outsider' oddity about his universe, and a degree of ignorance from the mainstream about what it all really meant. If Joseph was honest with himself, he preferred it that way.

Thom apologised to his trainers as he misjudged the time and space between himself and the middle-aged guy coming out of the bright interior of the comic shop. Double-checking the post-it note from his coat pocket, his finger guided him along the A-Z to where the new *Suicide Squad* trade paperback sat on the shelf. The main characters had just been redesigned, and quickly flicking through the pages it looked as though as though there was more violence and 'glamour' in this book than in the older ones he'd been reading in the library. He liked those older stories, and the motivations of the characters to do morally questionable things. But this new book had a different creative team (he didn't know if the writer and artist were supposed to be 'good' or not).

Thom wasn't sure what to do – embarrassingly, he'd become attached to the squad, or at least a version of them – and looked up around the shop as if for direction from the other customers. It didn't feel like he could really just strike up a conversation with one of these nerds, and try to talk seriously about it.

Maybe he'd have to try and find some reviews online or something. He wanted something to read at home though, and so bought the new issue of *Batman* – throwing his change at the hipster and stuffing the comic into his rucksack before he got anywhere near the door.



We Ate Everything
Cameron West

The tub was sudsy, white and milky.

The limb span with stop-frame motion, oriented inwards to a central point, fingers clasped but one. It rotated slowly, span, mesmerised four ineffectual hungry eyes.

The Body 1 spoke first:

As a point of order

I wish to propose to discuss

a most pressing issue of the disciplinary:

increasing improbability of the territorial thrust.

(Crunch, crackle)

Let us *crunch, crackle* (Body 2 (flat faced) replied) hear what you,*crunch snap* have to say, for I assent that what you propose is the gravest of our concerns, at least these days *crunch, slurp, crackle* if by it you mean: the diminishing opportunities to stake and to claim that which we are owed.

Body 1 prepared to speak, but paused for a moment to spit too-tough cartilage direct and sloppy onto the tablecloth - for although polite by nature and well-raised by encultur-ation, callous necessity had pressed hard upon. 'Such times as these, such times as these,' Body 1 thought, and cast eyes downwards to the tub.

The limb span; span slow motion, and slow motion fanned.

Body 1 (endemic): the principal problem appears thus:

The fashion has moved

such fads once were kind to us

raised high by palanquin along streets



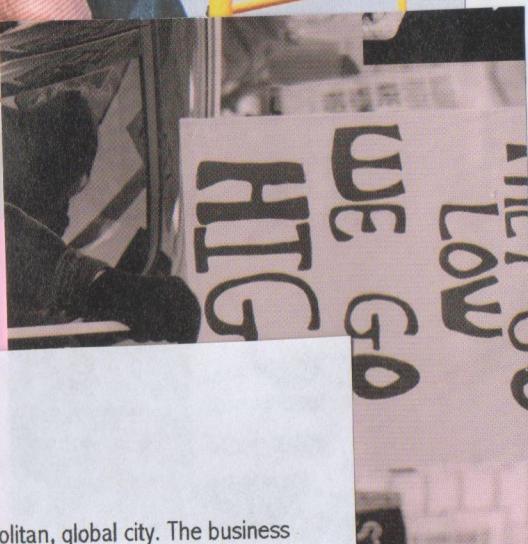
Invitation
Simon Stewart

Dear G.

When will you visit me here? It's a thriving cosmopolitan, global city. The business district offers a lofty vantage point from which to envisage the future. There are waterfront apartments and luxury hotels. Together, we can wander the tree-lined streets where tradition and innovation commingle.

We can contemplate the greatness of the city's artistic traditions as we traverse the old town. Here, at last, I've found a place where I can realise my dreams and discover my true potential. Don't worry, it's perfectly safe: the less fortunate are very much kept out of view.

Much love,
C.



It was raining now in the dull greyness of the real world, so Thom could legitimately pull his hood up and hide from the proper grown-ups at the bus stop. He could keep them from knowing who he was; this adult in a kids' shop, unable to grow out of this phase.

Briefly lifting his head just enough to check he wasn't going to walk into anyone, he saw a trendy 'alternative'-looking girl standing under the shelter with a carrier bag from the comic book shop – on full display. She hadn't grown out of it either, but didn't seem embarrassed. Maybe she was used to getting funny looks, Thom reasoned, because of how she was already dressed. Maybe she was just more confident than him.

Wet, and wishing her bus would arrive faster, Beth hoped that the shifty weirdo coming out the shop had a mother who loved him.



The Waiting
Catherine Gamble

Darkness
Dread
Death
...Waiting
Tumour
Terror
...Waiting
Diagnosis
Prognosis
...Waiting
Fearful
Tearful
It's not the Hurting
Healing or Hoping
It's the waiting

Loneliness
Gemma Hughes

Loneliness is a tangible presence in Irene's flat. It curls up in the corner as we sit and chat; stretches and yawns when I make must-be-off-soon, better-get-going noises. Rising to its full height as I gather my keys, loneliness looms over Irene fumbling for her little yellow pill. It saunters into the bedroom, where the bedspread is taut, only one pillow ever dented. It hums in the background when we speak on the phone. Loneliness mocks her fear of the stairlift, trapping her up on the first floor, the slender thread of the telephone her only defence against the monster.



Never Tell
Jelena Savic

- Professor, I want to take your class again, I am sorry I dropped it for another one, it was a mistake.
- Well it's too late now. Try to persevere there.
- You think so?
- Yes. It seems you tend to change your mind often.
- Well, no. It's just this class. Lectures are horrible. But, alright. Thank you. Good bye.
- Told you so. He mistakes fear and your lack of confidence with not being serious and committed.

This is why minorities never tell how they really feel, you know.
• Yes, I know, she says quietly.

Happiness and the Mess David Cardell

Story 1: random individual fills out survey, rating well-being. Researchers translate the plural-subjective into (one) objective Happiness, suggesting a general and even universal meaning.

Happiness as one: purity and stability, emphasizing certainty; leaving the etymological emphasis on luck/chance/happenstance. Singularity and coherence – a condition of global dialogues; a path towards comparison and control. The good life, the happy life, within a set framework regardless of history and location? Politicians better beware!

Story 2: critical sociologists look for possibilities, but have yet to highlight how happinesses turn into one Happiness. Can there be more than one story in the world of science?

Transcription Aaron Henry

My debut was at their garden party. I stood by laden tables, captured in the orbit of waiters with papier-mâché faces. Then my "sister" grabbed me. I felt the warmth of her hand as she spun me to an ancient hymn about plague and falling. She cried when I told her of all the plagues I knew. Her mother consoled her, "she was made for you." 4,000 days ago a flash killed her and everything living. 3,999 days ago I began to write this, humanity's epitaph. I know it's a senseless task but I guess they rubbed off on me.

A Participatory Action Researcher's Nightmare Emma Cooke



Drabbles on MOVEMENT

She Walked

Damla Keşkekci

She walked down the street that once divided the world into two.
History was a curious concept. It carried sorrow and joy.
Shaping today, shaping tomorrow. Shaping the minds and the spaces.
It has been two years since she first saw the linden trees in this foreign land.
They did not seem as alien anymore.
Still, she did not speak their language yet.
She did not speak any language anymore, she spoke them all.
She spoke often, was rarely heard.
Neither here, nor back home she made sense.
She walked further on the street that divided her world into two.

That Time I Followed Someone

Jack Redden

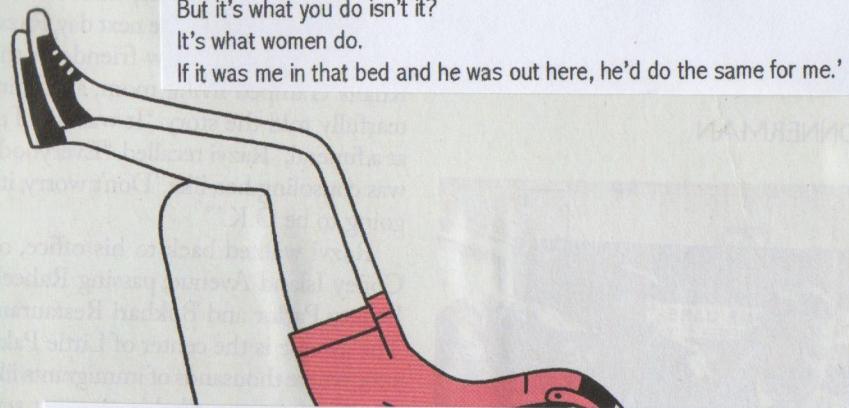
With no sign of a ticket, a man darted up behind a woman as her ticket opened the gate in London Liverpool Street station and she didn't notice as he followed her through.
He had a broken nose, a grey nylon jacket and I followed him across the crowded station. In WHSmith I watched by the birthday cards as he took cans of beer from the fridge and put them inside his jacket.
With nothing to say and feeling foolish, I left. Two staff members in high-vis nodded politely when I told them but stood still as I walked away.

Drabbles on LIFE:

What Women Do

Gemma Hughes

'How are you?' asks her sympathetic neighbour.
She sighs. 'Okay. Taking it day by day. Got a bed in the living room now, easier for us both. The Macmillan nurse is coming later. We've got his prescriptions sorted. We're okay.'
'You are good, looking after him all yourself'.
'I've got help if I need it. We've filled in the forms. They can send someone if it gets too much for me.
But it's what you do isn't it?
It's what women do.
If it was me in that bed and he was out here, he'd do the same for me.'



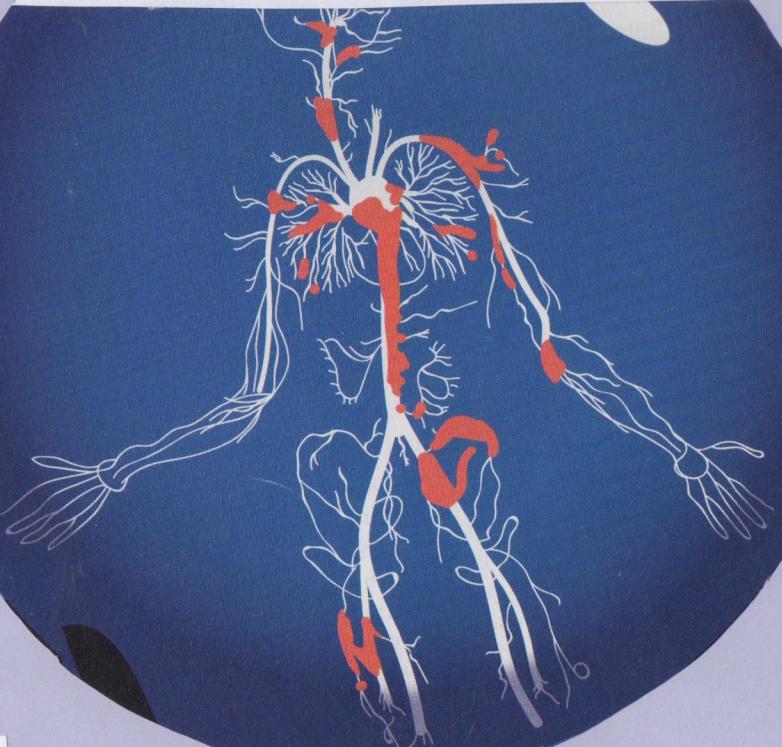
Quiet Shame

Jelena Savic

It is windy. Rain starts. From the window the vendor is looking at the fallen leaves on the street. Old lady in worn out clothing approaches slowly and enters. The chimes moves and its sound with the whisper of the wind and chill fill in the store.
• "Good day dear. Please, give me three hundred grams of meat".
• "Sure".
The vendor measures the meat. It is four hundred grams. She puts the price for three hundred. They both notice. Neither says anything.
• "There you are".
The lady looks down and says quietly:
• "Thank you. Good day"

Heart and Soul. We also played that at the funeral. And me and my dad used to play it on our upright piano in the living room. I was the bass, he was the melody. You know the piece. It's Hoagy Carmichael. It's also the bit in Big, with the floor piano in FAO Schwarz and a young Tom Hanks. That one. We'd play it at New Year if people were over but most of the time we would just play it if one of us randomly went over to the piano, the other would just join in. It was fun, and it was ours. And so we played that piece of music at the end of the funeral, as the curtain was closing around the coffin. That's kind of when I broke down. It was final then.

I haven't played that on the piano since. The melody is missing.



An Obscenity on the District Line
Mark Carrigan

He couldn't avert his gaze, nor could he stand to watch. The obscenity gripped him, drew him forward and out of himself. Sliding forward on the edge of his seat, he forced his feet flatly onto the floor of the tube.

With one last guileless turn of the tie, he could take it no longer. Leaping forward, he grabbed the tie of the man opposite and took charge of the process. Realising what he had done, he (belatedly) offered his help. Unsure what to make of the intrusion, the two young men meekly agreed, confused and amused in equal measure.



The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn Mk ii
Leanne Cooper

He is my little adventurer. Although, he doesn't float down long and vast rivers and wander for miles and miles. He saunters from the bedroom to the kitchen and back again. He sits peacefully on his little raft of blue and purple fabric, falling in and out of sleep. He makes the ascent to the table, then to the window sill where he sits and stares purposefully out into the world dreaming up schemes and plans for the next escape. I come over, his ginger fur blonde in the sunlight. He looks at me, his guardian, and blinks slowly.



Independence
Gemma Hughes

The front door bangs shut.

'Got the paper?' asks George from the sofa, tethered to the oxygen machine by a thin clear plastic tube.

'The paper?'

'The paper. The one you drove to the paper shop for'.

The couple stare at each other.

Mary's face flushes.

'You need to go and see the doctor again. You shouldn't be out on your own. Driving.'

'How else can I get out, with you stuck in here? Anyway, I saw the doctor already and he never said anything'.

'But did you tell him?'

'Stop fussing, everyone forgets things sometimes. I'm not senile yet.'

Re-nationalise, for fuck's sake

Audrey Verma

"We seem to keep meeting and parting at railway stations."

"It is the easiest mode of travel for these sordid meetings, I suppose, what with your strange schedules and jet set ways."

"I think it's rather romantic."

"Bloody expensive though. I thought privatisation was supposed to make costs less ridiculous, not more."

"It is a long country, the distances have to be accounted for. Have you heard of the zipless fuck?"

"You can show me next time we meet, maybe at Waverley in a few months? Did you say you wanted a coffee for the journey? There's Costa or Nero."

What was next? How did these things go? I've experienced the death of close family and friends, but not on this level. Not something I've had to be *involved* in. Turns out I was to be very involved. Or maybe I wasn't and I just inserted myself into the proceedings and the arrangements. Or maybe it's the duty of a daughter, of the eldest sibling, to see their father's body still in his hospital bed; discuss the prospective of a post-mortem with medical professionals and tell their mum that it's okay to say no to them, that he doesn't need anything more jabbing into him, or cutting into his skin, to finally let him be; meet with funeral directors; choose a coffin; meet with a hospital chaplain and speak about their father and how he liked to play piano and tell tall tales about getting attacked by sharks, or being in a Mexican jail, or living with elephants in Kenya; pick flowers in the shape of a big spanner (once a mechanic...); help write newspaper announcements; trawl through countless photos of your dad looking for one to put on the front of the funeral order of service, and another for a frame to sit next to the coffin; to pick out the clothes he is supposed to wear; to be able to write how you feel on an inadequately tiny piece of card and attach it to flowers or stick it in the inside pocket of his suit jacket; meet with family members and hear them say how sorry they are, and then hear their stories; to make up a playlist of music of only a few songs that are supposed to encapsulate who your father is (was) in a short space of time.

We had seven songs at the funeral. Four of which were Elvis Presley songs. Elvis was his favourite. The King of Rock and Roll. I grew up on Elvis and I shared my love for him alongside my dad. I'd be 12 and friends would be listening to *Oops!... I Did It Again* or *Bye Bye Bye*. Or if they were allowed, *The Real Slim Shady*. I'd be listening to *Kentucky Rain* ("With the rain in my shoes, searchin' for you in the cold Kentucky rain") or *Spanish Eyes* ("Please, please don't cry, this is just adios and not goodbye"). Or *Love Me Tender* which we could both play on the piano. Or *If I Can Dream*, which one time on a family holiday to Spain when I was around 13 in some bar with an Elvis impersonator me and my dad sat and sang aloud every single word, and it just felt amazing and uplifting and I can still remember that feeling and I can still feel it in my chest. In my heart.





Heart and Soul Leanne Cooper

I mean, yeah, of course I can still remember the moment I found out. The moment I was told. The moment everything changed. The moment I stood in complete shock and my brain shut down. The moment where there was a tiny switch deep inside of me that flicked and turned everything black. The moment where I wasn't quite sure if this was real or if I was actually still asleep and having one of my horrible dreams that plagued me, the dreams that my mum had told me to speak to someone about. The moment when it felt like a train going full speed hit me in the chest but didn't knock me down, it just kept going through me and I could feel the ache and the pain and the weight of the train dragging all my insides with it, leaving me hollow and empty. The moment where the thought, "yeah, I'll probably never laugh again, like, really laugh again" drifted into my head. The moment where I didn't want to be standing in my white pyjamas with woodland creatures all over them in a small and cold council flat a week to the day before Christmas 2013 hearing this news.

Of course I remember the moment I was told my dad had died.

I want to say the day was a blur, that might make it easier. But it wasn't. And I can pretty much remember everything. Little details. Like the green and blue shirt that was hanging on the clothes horse, drying. Limp and almost see-through. It was like how I felt, sitting on the end of the bed looking out into the hall and at my shirt, using it as something to focus on so that I wouldn't just collapse or crumble on to the beige carpet. Beige. That was me now, that's how I felt; anaemic, colourless, dead. Maybe if I had fallen on to the floor I could've just disappeared into all that beige nothingness and not have had to deal with what was next.

Novelty Keychain
Kirstine Powhilo

It's been over a year since I moved from Cairns, a place up north, more green than gold. I'd like to think I'm different, that maybe I left a part of myself up there in the mountains; but this isn't what different should feel like. My favourite thing to do is watch, something others can't seem to do or maybe they just don't notice. I look into the eyes of people when they speak to me, I find their keys and when they fit the locks, I can see into the rooms of their true selves. These connections are like fireworks to me, like liquid gold or platinum, or like realising how dark it is before turning on a light. I search the eyes for one who will illuminate every corner of themselves and show me what they keep hidden.

I talk about it with my friend Josh over Facebook. We have a strange friendship, barely knowing one another yet on the rare occasion we do speak, we share trade secrets about watching and what it is we can see. I tell him the agony I feel in disconnection. He tells me he lives in half life within the lives of others. He's the only one I can't see through. He's guarded like me and only let's me see what he wants me to. I appreciate it. I look into his eyes and my keys won't fit, they're not even the right shape, fluid and snake-like, colliding with locks like lucid dreams. I wonder if he knows, or if I'm just as much a mystery to him. I'd be surprised if I wasn't, I think my locks are like galaxies, or maybe for someone like him, they're just the stars and all he has to do is reach out far enough.

I think Kat could've been the one. When I met her I knew exactly who she was. I could see into the dark room behind her eyes, which she painted turquoise with one candle burning in the centre. The first time we hung out after school, she walked me past the principal's house and told me she brought all her new friends there. I figured it was a sort of tour of what was important to her. Later at a park, she swung on a swing while I leaned on its metal framing. We talked about school, more about the teachers than the others, more about what they meant to her. I didn't even need the keys, she opened for me like a satin curtain. *I've never told anyone that before*, a symphony to

my ears as I watched the room grow brighter. In dribbles she let herself out to me, but always held something in the deepest shadowed corner. She wouldn't let me touch it and I ached.

One afternoon in class she stabbed another friend of mine with a pen. I could see her walls crumble then, like it was happening in real time before me. She stared at me, tears flowing unnoticed like silent lakes breaking into silent rivers. She shook her head and I could see it in the dark corner, almost, what I always waited for. I reached for my keys.

Just talk to me?

Why does it matter? I was aiming for his neck.

She blew out the candle and left me in the dark.

I scrambled for a way out and the keys hit my pocket.



Things were clearer when I met Crystal on my first day at uni. I didn't try to watch at first, I was pre-occupied. Under ten months later she became very important to me, like a precious gem that needed protection from the fury and fire of the outside. I fashioned her a key, the shape was Victorian, solid gold tied with a gentle blue ribbon around its end and her doors were embellished with diamonds. She swung them open for me with a magician's flourish and in her bright eyes, I was met with kindness and consideration. She sat me in a warm parlour, complete with fresh mint tea and Bowie on record and joined me there, telling me things with a sweetened strength, perhaps not pleasant, but the delivery, charming.

* I'd never met somebody so open and I felt the honesty, but looking around I could see parts peeling at her beautiful wallpaper and beneath it, a wall that had been burned, chips in the chinaware and a warp in the vinyl. She re-applied her lip colour

10 - Hostess (Daniela Franco Carvalho)



Me - a teacher
A hostess
I get guests and all I get in return
is words. In vain. *Mind the gap.*
classes-sensibilities
streets-poems
cities-books
museus-peoples
objects-in-wind (like Dylan's
object?)
for a places yet not grounded
(*How many roads must a man
walk down?*)
by us



10 - City through the bars of the prison (Vivian Nery)

Than to the "naked" eyes, devoid of "directions", we are shown hybrid and fluid formations that are entangled through acts of scenes that are composed in the measure that dis (mount) the territories. And on the ground agonizing women with sword in hand.

No doubt, who own the city. Only the performativity
In a fluid and liquid way.

It turns purple and resistance, turns act of contestation these paths of silence and suffering open up cracks in the locked doors of the city, overcoming the barrier of the locks without the need of an opening that fORCe walls.

Walker the feet of those who build,
By between as dis (orders),
The opposite senses and ad (verses)
That touch freely the cartography of the city.
At this moment of walking dis (inhabited).



Somewhere? Straights ... crosses. To the right, to the left. Where does the light go?
And the movements in tune disconnected? A date? And where were the flowers and
the petals and the bodies? Lights ... sounds ... moving ... spectacle or spectrum?
Maybe loose petals of a floating flower ...



which had come off on her teacup, showered me in her generous smile and then left me to my own devices, to look around as I pleased. I stood a moment, taking it all inwards and then found myself moving fast, grasping a honey pot and frantically drizzling it over the peeling wallpaper, to stick it back down. I picked a different record, Queen, and let Freddy sing out from the winding of wax and needle. I replaced the teacups with more from her cabinet and wrote a note, *I'd hate to see your efforts wasted*, sealing it with my tongue. I propped it on the mantle and let myself out, glancing back at her once again shimmering state before gently shutting the door, leaving the key unturned.

I feel like a breathing tambourine now, as the keys I've collected clink against one another, a disorganised collection of disconnections, bound together by a shitty novelty keychain. I thought maybe in a year, together they'd complete what I'm missing about illuminating our true selves to others. Why we shove things into dark corners and cover others in something pretty. Why I'm so interested in knowing what nobody else knows. I catch my own gaze in the mirror, my eyes are dark. I wonder what people would see if they looked into them, unlocked me gently and peered around? I hold onto my key, squeezing it hard enough to let its little jaws make indents on my skin and clip it to the keychain, lost to me in a mass of metal. I allow it to be forgotten, this key to a galaxy, or maybe just a small dark room, held close to me in my pocket with other stories and segments of souls.



A poetresearcher: Evocation
By [Luis Felipe González Gutiérrez](#)

for [Sandra Faulkner](#)

A word is sufficient to create another world, socially relevant, mediated by infinites dialogues and re-created at everyday actions. A little word like a powerful desire storm, a sustained word in the mirrors, in the corners, word-thought in the older memories, word-thought in the present kiss, word-thought in the family moments. The innocent word changes myself, just right now.

The poetic voice takes my name, my history and recreates my entire world.

What I do now?

To be a poet-psychologist and say:
Poet-researcher.

In consequence, I fall in your arbitrary language.
I live the creation process through the verse.



Image 18 – Workshop at Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.
Source: Personal archive of Tatiane Alves

9 - Dis-planned meeting (Tatiane Alves)



Takes 1...2...3. In the first of all we have balls ... sometimes balls ... white and organized in row, a mathematical precision. Vibrant, warm, silky surface to be disfigured in reddish lint mingling with the harsh golden textured scratches of the second take. Aquatic and floating ball surrounded by a sort of fire capsule advancing on the third take and on the grass and unplanned bodies.



Image 16 – Post-production of photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade



Image 17 – Workshop at Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.
Source: Personal archive of Tatiane Alves

Poet-researcher mission:
Leave the words and connect with others.

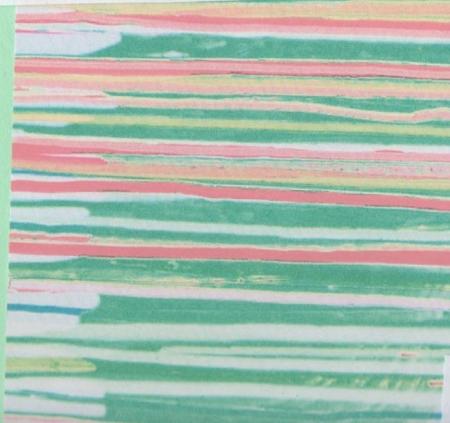
And I think of Rimbaud:

"It is wrong to say: I think. One ought to say: I am thought... I is someone else":
Cultural sensations, poetical-images constructed in dialogue,
in media res,
in a mental transit to happiness,
in the corner of a little town,
in the park,
between buildings and streets,
into a community,
into a relational self.



Poet-researcher mission:
To promote social sensibility
in the rigid academic buildings,
to break the stereotyped methodologies
and to create singular experiences across
the image like a pristine and emotive river.

I need a change of perspective:
We need a social and cultural change.
Poetry is the response:

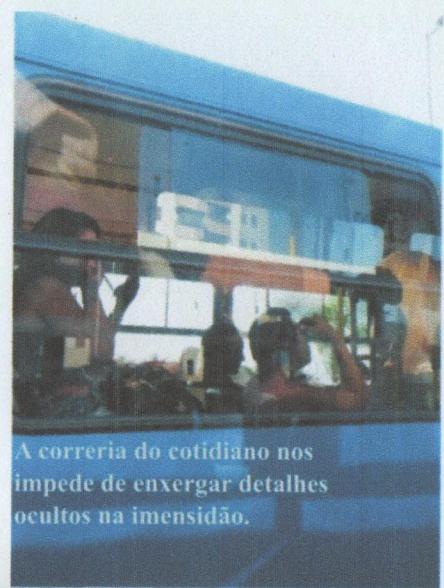


The verses are infinities and solid,
shows all the universe in a single image
like the Borges's Aleph,
the infinite book,
the possible world,
the emotions and human dilemmas;
poetry is the transit
between an online and offline level.
Sustains the digital interactions
and become life in a silence metaphor.
Transforms the identity in a
collaborative task,
in a serious game,
in a reflective interview,
in a deep song of friendship,

Poet-researcher mission:
Recognize the human perspectives,

Poet-researcher mission:
Work in action, in words
and discover
the society-cultural-cognitive life
Poet: Be a researcher.
Researcher: Be a poet.

Image 14 – Post-production of photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA, from video frames produced by professors from Florianópolis, SC.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade



A correria do cotidiano nos
impede de enxergar detalhes
ocultos na imensidão.



Image 15 – Post-production of photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade

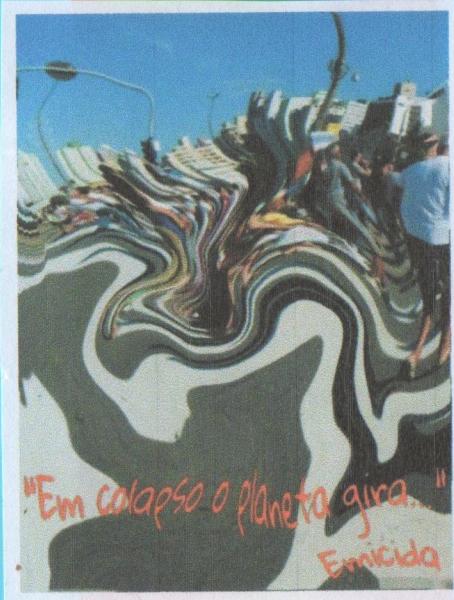
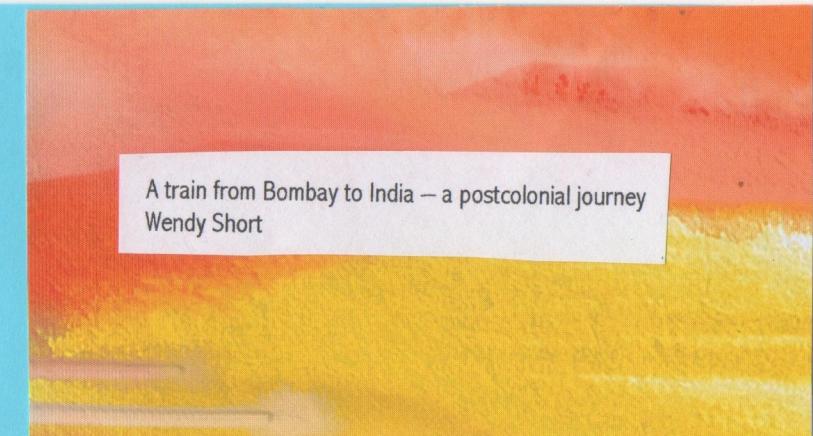


Image 12 – Post-production of photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA, from video frames produced by professors from Florianópolis, SC.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade



Image 13 – Post-production of photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA, from video frames produced by professors from Florianópolis, SC.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade



A train from Bombay to India – a postcolonial journey
Wendy Short

It was barely dawn when I reached Bombay central station. I know it's Mumbai now, but the architecture and the notion of train travel are so British, so colonial Raj, that I can't help but think of it as Bombay Station. Delayed travellers are slowly awakening on the floor in nooks where they've spent what must surely have been an uncomfortable night. But they seem so refreshed, so untroubled. My night in the hotel hadn't left me so untrammelled. Ugh, bugs. Red coated old men rush towards me, smiles wide and toothless, eager to assist with the foreign lady's bags and perhaps earn a tip in dollars. "Mujhe nahin chaahie" I smile, deconstructing their identification of me, first as foreign, I speak some bits of Hindi, but also not a lady since no lady would carry her own baggage once a wiry porter grinned.

I readily found my platform, train, carriage and berth. Proud and self-sufficient I lifted my suitcase into the rack. Although vicissitudes of Indian Rail and Gods allowing this was only to be a seven-hour trip, I had decided on a sleeper. Time to sit and think, to process what I had seen this last month doing fieldwork in Mumbai. To start writing. Well at least to think and to find some rational distance so I could plan out my report for the University. Some way to tell the truth of what I'd observed. To describe the way those young women, young sex-workers, the ways they organise and structure their lives, support each other, and find some meaning. To analyse why they're not resigned to their fate, but instead challenging what they can, they accept life and life's turns. Incredibly they even find ways to laugh. To recognise value in themselves, each other. I had washed the red light district from my skin and hair and clothes last night in the hotel bath, but I couldn't wash it from my heart. I shook my head as if to fling untidy demons from my thoughts.

A tiny, old, old lady joined me in our compartment, drawing the curtain behind her. We smiled, heads nodding, "Namaskar," I said in polite greeting. "Hello," she replied. Her white sari edged in silver was immaculate. Her long, long plait, similarly streaked in silver fell below her waist. With an economy of movement she stepped out of her chappals, and sat cross legged on her bunk facing me. Studying me. Silent.

Silence was good. I was busy thinking, wrestling with what I would soon type. Armed with academic distance I had travelled to India to research the oppression of South Asian women sex-workers, victims of their socio-economic condition, oppressed by capitalist patriarchy, used by men. But memories, images kept disrupting the tidy hypotheses I had so neatly assembled. Images of bright flowing sarees topped by smiling faces with laughing eyes. Yes, I'd seen the tiny stark spaces of the so-called 'service rooms' within the brothels, but over those images flowed the scents and sounds of sharing prayer with the brothel door-lady at the shrine to the goddess of sex-workers. The smell of incense. All these images insisted on clouding the concise and meticulous list of aid interventions I was busy composing, recommendations that once mobilised by international NGO could save those poor deprived women.

Women.
Individuals.

I remembered my social-worker mentor scolding a young woman over the risk of carrying her mobile phone in her bra. Human. The beautiful English of the transwomen, joking, asking, curious about my white breasts under my carefully buttoned shirt. Women with faces. Memories of the taste of fresh hot chai shared in the office of the sex-worker's cooperative: the group the women established and pay for, the office that becomes a surgery when the doctor visits for routine medical check-ups and STI testing. I smile at memories of their children drawing, clean and neat, intent. Children the women send so they can get an education and hope for a life outside the red light district. Children who clambered laughing, piling over each other to wave from the doorway as I left. My neat sentences on the need to save these women, to bring them liberation from powerlessness, well they taste wrong in my mouth alongside the shared sweet chai.

The cacophony outside our compartment reaches a crescendo then fades to a rumble as the train slowly pulls away from the platform. "Chai" calls the Waller from the passage, respecting our closed curtain but calling loudly in hope of a sale. We remain silent. I can feel her eyes. He moves on, hawking, making a sale at the end of the



Image 10 – Post-production photography held during the Workshop of experiments with words and images, Sorocaba - SP.
Source: Alik Wunder and Alda Romaguera's personal archive

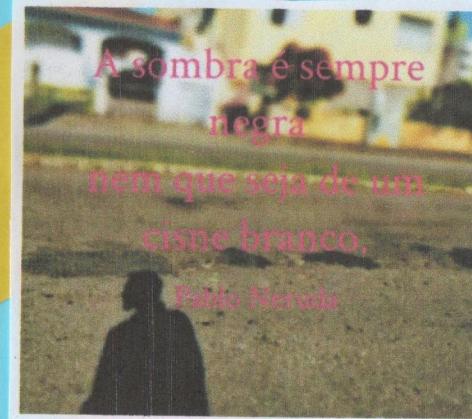


Image 11 – Post-production of photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA, from video frames produced by professors from Florianópolis, SC.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade



Image 8 – Post-production photography held during the *Workshop of experiments with words and images*, Sorocaba - SP.
Source: Alik Wunder and Alda Romaguera's personal archive



Image 9 – Post-production photography held during the *Workshop of experiments with words and images*, Sorocaba - SP.
Source: Alik Wunder and Alda Romaguera's personal archive

carriage. The clack of the rails and the unbalanced rattle of the ceiling fan merge like a heartbeat, the pulse of our gentle rocking as the express train reaches speed. Embalmed in our cocoon we sit.

I fell the tension bursting inside me and silent tears roll from my eyes. I was about to reach for a tissue when she quietly says, "Tell me". And so joining the flood from my eyes is a flood from my heart through my lips.

Seven hours flew before we pulled into the station. Nothing had been typed on my laptop, but layers of colonial-truth had cracked and fallen from my ordered thoughts. My tears had blurred the stereotype, given my heart the space to speak of women I had truly seen. I turned as I was leaving, paused from following the red coated porter carrying my bags on his head. "I am Elizabeth," I said. "Meera nam Sachchae Yellamma* hai" she smiled, "Welcome to India."

"... in the context of the hegemony of the Western scholarly establishment in the production and dissemination of texts, and the in the context of the legitimating imperative of humanistic and scientific discourse, the definition of the "third world woman" as a monolith might well tie into the larger economic and ideological praxis of "disinterested" scientific inquiry and pluralism which are the surface manifestations of a latent economic and cultural colonization of the "non-Western world. It is time to move beyond the Marx who found it possible to say: They cannot represent themselves; they must be represented." Chandra Mohanty 1991, Under Western Eyes p. 74.

* Sachchae is Hindi for truths, Yellamma is a Hindu goddess of sex workers and fertility.

Phillia opened her eyes. She had no intentions of opening her eyes, but she had no intentions left. She had been killed, not physically but in practical terms. Her face was cut, sliced open. Most of her hair was ripped out. It's funny what people will do given half the chance, privacy and the pretension of moral superiority. Keegan knew this, and that's why he'd simply been letting guards in the room with her. Men and women both are vicious in different ways. Keegan had told them that their activities were private, but of course he had collected all data for analysis. The truth is that they probably knew that everything was being recorded, after all, everything else was. It was a lie they shared. "I'm not watching you", "I know you're not". Mutual dishonesty was the cornerstone on which this system was built and it was beautiful in its simplicity. Keegan was interested to see whether there were behavioural cues he could identify which would suggest to him that the guards had known he was watching. There was one guard who didn't seem to know at all. He had sat across from Phillia and talked to her. He was killed to prevent the spread of his behaviour and for setting Keegan and his team back a few hours.

"Do not kill her" was the only condition by which the guards operated, but you would have to try with particular intent to kill her given the medical equipment that they have on hand to revive her, as much of her is needed. Keegan was ready to move onto the next phase and wanted to talk to Phillia first. He looked at the cameras. She was lying down but she wasn't sleeping. He poured some whisky into a glass, and then sat and watched the camera. He brought her cortico-chemical statement onto the screen at his right and kept an eye on it. She fell asleep. He lit a cigarette and put it in his ashtray. He picked up the glass and waited another ten minutes or so. She started to dream, he picked up what was left of the cigarette from his ashtray and walked through to her. Since the last upgrade the door opened very quietly as he approached it and came down very softly once he was inside. He stubbed the cigarette out on her eyelid to wake her up. She sat upright with a scream and put her hands to the wound, when she winced and took them back again he threw the whisky at her. She was in a lot of pain and was making a lot of noise. Keegan didn't like a lot of noise but she needed to make it so he had to put up with it.



Image 6 – Post-production photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.

Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade



Image 7 – Post-production photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade

8 - Photographic essay: What are images able to do when they do not intend to explain, illustrate, register the cities? (Louise Mara Bastos and Elenise Andrade)

This essay presents photographs produced together with the results of the research project "Cities (un) framed within images: experimentations crossing the conception of signs", between april/2015 and august/2016.

The meetings took place in the three Brazilian states that participated in the project, involving public high school students (in Bahia), public school teachers (Santa Catarina) and teachers and artists (São Paulo).

The dynamics of the workshops, always free for the proponents to elaborate their own activities, consisted of working with the production and post-production of imagery artifacts, such as videos, photographs and video frames. What went through these workshops was the objective that accompanied the central question of the research project: *what are images able to do when they do not intend to explain, illustrate, register the cities?*



Image 5 – Post-production photography by students of the Aristides Cedraz de Oliveira State College (CEACO), Ichu, BA.
Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade

Keegan waited until she had stopped making noise. She was thin now, she had no strength left because she had been carefully deprived of sleep, food and space for a couple of months now. Phillia was one of the founding members of Cityzen – a collective concerned with the unionisation and politicisation of the public. She got on board early with the project; she was the editor of their magazine and was by far the loudest and most provocative. She had been known to Core Authority since before she had joined up, but ignored until Cityzen started succeeding in doing what it was set out to do. "A stitch in time saves nine", Keegan was always saying, but Core Authority seemed to have better things to do than quash revolutions so who was Keegan to comment? "A stitch in time saves nine" said Keegan, and with it he pulled violently on the tattered vest that Phillia had – until this point in the procedure – been permitted to keep. It ripped off into Keegan's hand, and Phillia was now completely naked. She wasn't crying because she was strong, which was no matter but a matter of time.

"What did you think, in your narrowness, in futile optimism, that you were going to achieve? What did you see in your infantile mind's eye other than that which is before you now?" Keegan's fist still brandished the stained fabric as he paced around Phillia. "What were you hoping to achieve?" he asked. "Justice" she said under her breath, her face shielded to him. He yanked her up by some of the hair left on her head to make her face him. "To think I nearly had respect for you. Justice? Justice is equilibrium, a fundamentally unstable state. How quickly injustice arises out of justice, chaos out of order. Do you think that your people would tolerate justice? An even pegging with the rest of their fellows? If so you are just as ill-developed, rhetoric bound and churlish as the undifferentiated horde you seem to represent. You will die here but your people will not. Us will they become, although they will not know it. Our values will become their values, our sentiment will spring from their tongues and our

goals will be met by their hands. Best of all, they will behave as though they have acted of their own volition, and will be characteristically self-satisfied thus."

Keegan had been staring right into Phillia's eyes as he spoke and she had tried as hard as possible not to waver, not to show him her fear, pain and sorrow, but she failed when she began to speak. "Why are you telling me this?" She sheds a tear, "why am I still alive?" She is ashamed of the tremor in her voice, her weakness.

"Because", started Keegan, "I believe that the immortal soul returns to the earth when the body is dead. Called upon again to complete its work, that soul is thrust into a new body, to carry on its purpose. You and I have had this very conversation countless thousands of times in myriad forms, we'll be back again, and again and again. Frankly I'm tired of it. I don't know when you'll be back, maybe in a hundred years, maybe ten thousand; but when you are, I don't want you trying the same things again. I will use this body of yours to teach your immortal soul a lesson it will never forget."

Phillia's mouth hung open in disbelief and in total confusion as Keegan let go of her hair and made his way towards the door. Her shirt was still dangling from his clenched fist – crumpled and bloody. "See you in another life my love, you are beautiful as always. I do apologise".



Fotografia de Milena Rodrigues. Arquivo pessoal.

Don Guto e sua arte no 2º Encontro de Grafitti. Muro externo do Colégio Estadual José Ferreira Pinto, em 27/09/2014.



Fotografia de Milena Rodrigues. Arquivo pessoal.

Carlos Bobi e sua arte, no 2º Encontro de Grafitti. Muro interno do Colégio Estadual José Ferreira Pinto, em 27/08/2014.

7 - Photographic essay: *The school wall. In and out, in and out*
 (Louise Mara Bastos and Elenise Andrade)

Fotografia de Marcos Barata. Arquivo pessoal.



2º Encontro de Grafitti. Muro externo do Colégio Estadual José Ferreira Pinto, em 27/09/2014.

Fotografia de Marcos Barata. Arquivo pessoal.



2º Encontro de Grafitti. Muro externo do Colégio Estadual José Ferreira Pinto, em 28/09/2014.





Politics Regurgitated
Kerry Shepherd

We've heard it all before,
Feed the rich, starve the poor,
Same old messages being spewed
Untrue Promises exacerbated in magnitude,
Manifestoes being branded around,
Touted about by every biased newshound.
We've heard it all before!

We've heard it all before,
Save the countries assets,
Making untrue promises, with no regrets.
Improve our infra structure
Change how and what we manufacturer.
We've heard it all before!

We've heard it all before,
The same old spewing trash,
Same old messages just being hashed and rehashed
Save the country, makes us great again
Not a word of truth, not even a grain.
We've heard it all before!

6 – Poetry
(Louise Mara Bastos and Elenise Andrade)

The school wall. In and out, in and out.

In and out the wall, wishes.
The wall is white, is gray and ugly, closed.
The wall is slide surface, invitation.
The wall is open field, intensions.
Colors and bodies and wishes. In and out. Street artists vibring, occupying.
"Andréia, you're crazy", they said.
"I liked. If I had to do it one more time, I would", she said. In and out.
The wall it is a public school, public place, public face, place of all. In and out the wall, wishes.

"That day we opened the school to community", she said.
The open school, in a way that has never been seen.
The wall it is invitation moves the body, the school, the street, the city, the world.
"Andréia, you're crazy! The wall will fall." The wall is open field, intensions.
"There are many people at school, the gates were open, from side to side it was people, in and out, in and out."

not study there and they did not have anything to do there either. And then, that day, we opened the school to the community, many people came, entered the school, visited ... So, I think that was a milestone we made the school open the doors to the community, which is something so important.

[...]

- I think the participation of the graffiti artists who came from outside ... thus donated in full, in exchange, thus, to simply show their art. I think that their wish was very important to our event. When we were talking about the graffiti meeting, a lot of people had the idea that whoever would be here would be people to paint everything in black. This is the first idea that someone who has no knowledge thinks of graffiti. And when they did the workshops, they then started producing the art, colouring the wall, they saw that graffiti is an art. Only an urban art, right? She's not in a gallery, she's priceless. So, the price is the beauty that our school has here today.

Moving the surface of art, wall, street, school, community. Breaking down fixed ideas about what art is and where it is and what its value. Producing other ways to connect people, dreams, desires, paths. Proliferating other ways of occupying spaces, lives. Breaking the limits of the world. Crossing geographical, artistic, political, and social boundaries.

- So, our school today is recognized not only in Feira de Santana, but also nationally and even internationally. The graffiti artists who came from outside, from New Zealand, he is telling where he was: he was in Feira de Santana, in the José Ferreira Pinto College.

Drabbles on WORK

Opting-In - Or, the Pleasure of Soma Anoushka Benbow

He didn't care how bad it was outdoors anymore. His waking hours were a dreamy haze of Opting-In — making income from viewing 8 hours of online advertisements daily. To cover rent, he had a data mining job which he also did from bed. He didn't shave, wash and seldom changed from pyjama pants. He kept his heavy drapes closed to the fiery sky and dust storms. His air-con droned, masking the persistent howl of the hot wind, a wretched death scream from a wounded Mother Earth.

The CEO Lisa Kalayji

'El cheque, it is ready?', Alejandro asked the receptionist nervously.
'No, I'm sorry, paychecks won't be ready until next week.' The fifth consecutive time the field labourers would be paid a week late, Emma wished she had something more to say.
They both forced smiles as Jim came strutting jauntily down the corridor. 'Sup, guys?';, he winked cheerfully as he strode past them. Their eyes followed as he burst through the double doors to greet his teenaged son Danny, now screeching into the parking lot in his new Lexus.
Jim beamed at Danny. You'd never know his company was failing.



Neo-liberal Speak

Janet Lord

I've been told that I got a 'satisfactory' grade in the lesson observation for my teaching performance review. I even made myself a brew, quite chuffed with that. Good news, I thought; all is well. That pay rise is in sight.

Then the head called me in to tell me that I was going to be 'performance managed' – I'm sure that won't be a wonderfully supportive process. I was confused-why?

Because, even though my work is labelled satisfactory, it's not actually satisfactory. Of course. How naïve. It's like Gove's 'everyone has to be above average'. I chucked the brew away.

I Don't Want to Go In...

Janet Lord

You have to go to school. You're not ill. Are you?

But all they do is measure how I'm doing in daft ways with meaningless tests. And then tell me off for not doing well enough.

Yes, I see that you are fed up, but you're not going to get anywhere if you don't go in. You'll end up working in that fast food place down the road, doling out burgers. It might be better than going to school?

Enough. No more arguments. You have to go in, you know that; you're timetabled to teach year 11 in the morning.

We Have the Cutest Prime Minister

Paul Orlowski

"We have the cutest Prime Minister in the whole world!"

"Fuck that," he replied. "He's no better than that Conservative twat before him."

"Oh, don't you go dissing him now," she replied. "Give the man time. You'll see."

"He's too pretty for his own good. He's good at photo bombing weddings, I'll give 'im that. But helping us workers? He forgot all about us the day after the election."

"If you were only half as handsome as he, we'd be a much happier couple."

"Bah! If I had the cash for a daily spa like him, I would be."

and exhibitions in museums we pursue a certain explicative linearity. We always look for the same points of view. We intend to visit the works of art desiring to understand them so that we can exclude the annoyance, the anguish of the impenetrable because inexplicable. Our wishes resounded by the attempt of deconstruction, of deviation, of subversion, calling the sensations - not just the explanations - to the discussions that took place in the events.

Andréa Pinheiro, the school head master of José Ferreira Pinto State College, and her team and teachers, not only has made available a huge white screen, the school walls, but also has sheltered them throughout September 2014 weekend, becoming feasible the 2nd Graffiti Meeting, promoting street-wall-school chain. What we bring here are excerpts from the Andréa Pinheiro, testimony was recorded during the 2nd Graffiti:

- *I called Kbça [graffiti artist] here and asked what it was we could do to make these panels on the school wall, since the wall was ugly and we did not have enough resources to improve. Then he said: 'Well pró, we need a partner to do the 2nd Graffiti Encounter, but we want to do the second and there is no such partner, such support, because graffiti is still a very difficult thing, mainly here in our city'. Then I said 'let's embrace the idea.' I played with him, right? Madness, right at first, because we started out of nothing ... We just had a wall, the idea of it and the desire to make it happen. And so we went on planning, we were planning ... and so our day arrived, which was the wonderful event. We also had the participation of Uefs, right ... Trace group, who came later to participate with us and from there the school was beautiful and wonderful as you are seeing there.*

The school is located in the peripheral zone, far from the city center and near the Feira de Santana State University (Uefs). The event promoted connections between school, university and community, opening doors to other connections, other ways of living and seeing the school, the city, the relationship between them and in other relationships with urban art, graffiti, the colour that paints the wall, the art that occupies the public space. Continue Andréa:

- *I think what has scored the most was that the community could participate, right? The very day of the event, Saturday, Sunday, is ... many people who had never entered school, they came to school, found it interesting and said they had the greatest curiosity about going to school and did not go in because their children did*

During the end of September 2014, three events were held in the city of Feira de Santana, in the interior of Bahia, Brazil: *2nd Graffiti Meeting*, an initiative of the Youth Collective H2F³, which sought to strengthen the art of graffiti in the city and to place the event in the cultural agenda/scene of Feira de Santana and region, concentrating the activities by the walls of the José Ferreira Pinto State College; *FeirARTE: urban expressions*, promoted by Raimundo de Oliveira Museum of Contemporary Art (MAC), which featured exhibitions by artists from Feira, art workshops and the opening of *TRACEjando by Feira de Santana: expressive drives*, an academic event promoted by the group of Trace research, from the Department of Education of the State University of Feira de Santana (Uefs), focusing the action in a round table⁴ focusing the action in a round table that counted on street art scholars, predominantly the graffiti.

In addition to the round table, there were two workshops for high school students from the same school that offered their walls to the artists of the graffiti: *Poesias ao vento*, which developed activities involving discussions about poetic writing, taught by participants of the independent publisher Diabo A4, also Feira de Santana, the poet Larissa Rodrigues Santos and José Wilson Martins Fialho Filho, both teachers of elementary and high school and *expanding videos*, who addressed the issues of video as a non-hegemonic expression, given by Ceci Alves (producer and director of cinema) and Edivan Carneiro de Almeida, teacher of high school in public school.

These interspersed events that extended to each other, in different places: street, school, museum and university made possible other meetings. Events that proposed to increase the risks, the powers of the meetings. Often, both in academic meetings

³ The event featured artists from various parts of Brazil and some from abroad. (More images and information are available at <<https://www.facebook.com/2encontrodegraffitiifa?ref=ts>>). The collective H2F, composed of young people, seeks a broader intervention from cultural actions that transform the city and reach other young people through hip hop culture, graffiti, poetry, literature, and diverse languages. This group has the initial perception that culture is not only about hip-hop music, but mainly about its social contribution in the communities in which they are present, bringing up discussions about the social reality of the population.

⁴ Round table "Art is on the streets", held on September 26, 2014, with the participation of the following members: Leandro Lima (representing the H2F Collective), Evanilton Gonçalves Gois da Cruz (master's degree student at the Federal University of Bahia) Dr. Roselene Cássia de Alencar Silva (Department of Anthropology and Ethnology of the Federal University of Bahia), André Kaja

** in (graffiti artist, Rio de Janeiro), Júlio Costa (graffiti artist, Bahia) and Sinho (graffiti artist and MC , Aracaju, SE).

Teaching Body 1
Mark Pulsford

She rubbed her stomach. It knotted as they asked, like the others had, 'How would you get the pupils out in a fire?'

Show them how? Laugh it off? Complain and wheel myself out? Give up this time?

Right back to that careers adviser, it's been the same. He'd said, 'it's not realistic love, you can't be a teacher. How would you control the kids?'.

Prove you're not a liability. Prove yourself.

She rubs her stomach again and hears her Mum's voice: 'People will think you're pregnant!!'; Her hand drops back into her lap. Just phantom pain. Suck it up.

Invasive
Audrey Verma

"Moving on to the oak processionary outbreak at Radburne Common. Mr Stockard contacted forestry officials. They've advised the caterpillars are an invasive European species spread up here from the south."

"We have posted warnings in the parks and in our weekly newsletters, advising residents to avoid contact with nests."

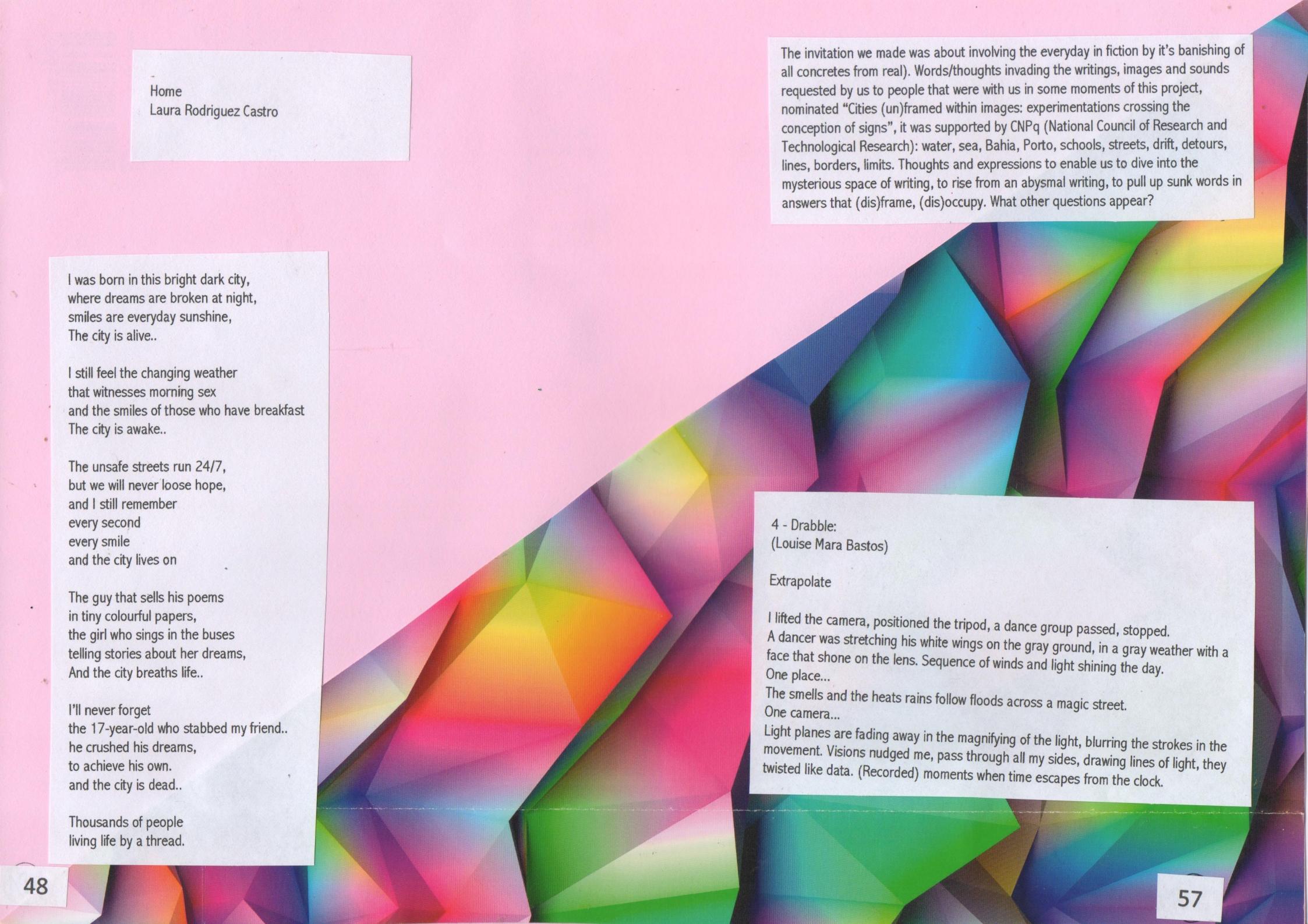
"Thank you, Mrs Mullen, but it seems numbers are proliferating, Mr Stockard?"

"We counted nests in six trees today. Forestry said to keep a close eye but I reckon this will only get worse."

"Yes, Mr Felling?"

"I have a solution, but I'm not sure the forestry folk will like it..."

The invitation we made was about involving the everyday in fiction by it's banishing of all concretes from real). Words/thoughts invading the writings, images and sounds requested by us to people that were with us in some moments of this project, nominated "Cities (un)framed within images: experimentations crossing the conception of signs", it was supported by CNPq (National Council of Research and Technological Research): water, sea, Bahia, Porto, schools, streets, drift, detours, lines, borders, limits. Thoughts and expressions to enable us to dive into the mysterious space of writing, to rise from an abysmal writing, to pull up sunk words in answers that (dis)frame, (dis)occupy. What other questions appear?



I was born in this bright dark city,
where dreams are broken at night,
smiles are everyday sunshine,
The city is alive..

I still feel the changing weather
that witnesses morning sex
and the smiles of those who have breakfast
The city is awake..

The unsafe streets run 24/7,
but we will never loose hope,
and I still remember
every second
every smile
and the city lives on

The guy that sells his poems
in tiny colourful papers,
the girl who sings in the buses
telling stories about her dreams,
And the city breaths life..

I'll never forget
the 17-year-old who stabbed my friend..
he crushed his dreams,
to achieve his own.
and the city is dead..

Thousands of people
living life by a thread.

4 - Drabble:
(Louise Mara Bastos)

Extrapolate

I lifted the camera, positioned the tripod, a dance group passed, stopped.
A dancer was stretching his white wings on the gray ground, in a gray weather with a face that shone on the lens. Sequence of winds and light shining the day.
One place...

The smells and the heats rains follow floods across a magic street.
One camera...

Light planes are fading away in the magnifying of the light, blurring the strokes in the movement. Visions nudged me, pass through all my sides, drawing lines of light, they twisted like data. (Recorded) moments when time escapes from the clock.

(photographs and videos) with the realization of workshops. In addition to the singularities of the researchers involved, what crossed us was the proposal of how these meetings pulsed beyond the explanation and representation of these images for the city, besides betting on how other sensations can pulsate and enable the invention of other thoughts/places and inventions through which these powers may affect the field of "education." Thus, this Fanzine helps us to compose expressions by the surfaces of the city. In a blur between fiction and reality, the city presents itself as a dream-landscape to be roamed without hurry, as if it consisted of an expression that pulsates in multiple, ephemeral, and intensive daily life practices. Cities that escapes, squirm, crumble, and present questions that crosses this zine: "We are so tired of answers...What are the interesting questions?"



Image 4 – Streets of Porto

Source: Personal Archive of Elenise Andrade, 28/09/2017

Their houses are the bridge,
the park, the sidewalk,
but the city is home..

The sad innocent eyes,
of those kids who ask for a peso
Met by indifferent faces,
of the people passing by..

But we will never loose hope..
and I still remember
every second
every smile and
the city lives on.

Being Ralphy Wiggum
Rumi Ando



Groundskeeper Willie: *You call that a scar?*
This is a scar!
Nelson Muntz: *That's a bellybutton.*
Everybody's got one.
Willie [sad]: *I thought I was special.*
— The Simpsons [s22e10] Holidays of Future Passed

[requirement for being a sociologist is] never to believe readily in the stupidity, in the absolute viciousness of man in the past, nor in his present perversity, and never to despair of his future.
— Gabriel Tarde

Always remember that you are absolutely unique.
Just like everyone else.
— Margaret Mead

Poor Ralphy Wiggum is not stupid. He is just a kid, he's still in elementary school. Perhaps his academic coefficient is fairly low. But what draws attention towards him is that he's smiling most of the time, he receives his parent's love, and he is apparently naïve. He's polite and attentive to everyone, even to his principal's boss and says hello, even if erring the name or job title: "Hi SuperNintendo Chalmers!" His letter of presentation is introducing a crayon, or whatever he finds nearby, into his nose and say *I am special*.

To argue that one is a unique snow flake in the universe you need to have very little (or much) imagination, or have an extremely high opinion of yourself, almost with no consciousness of the external world. How could we know if we are all special, or only some? Or nobody? But, in relation to what? We amount to so little in the grand count of the stars. An American band knows this and carries a flag on that idea: *Alien Ant Farm*.

In the end, mocking the ingenuity of little Ralphy is a fierce irony. What actually awakens empathy towards him is that we all have a bit of that: an empty, simple gaze, with no further explanation. What do we know about cosmos, of the meaning of existence and how to live a joyful life? At least this last point is something that he carries on very well, and that we would well do to emulate.

that is routine or indifferent, individualizing everyday objects (a door turns "in that" door) - aimed to draw attention to the complexity and diversity of the cities that live within each youth of Sé.



Images 3 – The city in the walls
Source: Paula Guerra, 2013

3 – Between fiction and the reality of the affections by the city
(Elenise Andrade e Louise Mara Bastos)

Traveling from Porto (Portugal) to Brazil. Our wishes, when inviting people to participate, with their writings, photographs, stories, voices and expressions of this Fanzine, was to explore a project that happened in Brazil, between 2014 and 2016, involving Universities of three states: Bahia, São Paulo and Santa Catarina, together with teachers and students of the basic school with a proposal of other understandings about the city through the production and post-production of images

Through the collection of almost 500 photographs and 50 soundtracks of young people living in a popular neighborhood of Porto - Sé² -, we proceeded to an analysis of thematic content that led us to the enunciation of ten subjects organizing the photographs. In descending order of importance, the most recurrent themes in these images point to (1) the monumentality of the city, the memories, heritage and toponymical; (2) for sounds, music and bands/artists, or for inscriptions in space through graffiti, stencil and tags; (3) for objects (doors and windows), beings (pets) and streets that show affections and belongings; (4) for images of periphery and relegation under the metonymy of garbage, the abandonment of buildings or the emptiness of the streets; (5) for juvenile identity and cult (sub) cultural brands (clothing, shoes, tattoos, makeup, props ...); (6) for the economic dynamism of the city (shops, grocery stores, local commerce); (7) for the social space of the street and the neighborhood (conviviality, neighborhood relations, leisure and street sociabilities); For symbols of local, regional and national identities associated with Porto, Portugal and football (emblems, flags, inscriptions); (9) other peoples, immigrants, other cultures, new consumption as clear referents of multiculturalism and cultural diversity; (10) and also for the tourist attractiveness revealed through tourists, tourist buses, hotels, hostels...

The collection of images of the affections and belongings of the young people of Sé neighborhood culminated in an intervention in the public space, which sought to confront the "real" space with the individual representations, in a cross between the real and the represented - placing the image next to the object that represents (for example, by placing the image of the showcase next to the showcase, or the door next to the door). This intervention served as a way of building the individual city of each of the residents - the city marked by the uses, ideas and affections taken with space. This attempt to transform reality by creating social "noise" - giving value to something

² The parish of Sé of Porto goes back to the monument of the Cathedral. This is the cradle from which Porto was growing. This cathedral was built in the 12th century in Romanesque style and has undergone several changes over time. The facade has two towers, in the middle of which stands a rose window. Inside, the ships are vaulted and at the bottom of the central nave is the high choir, illuminated by a large rosette in the Gothic style. The main chapel was built in the seventeenth century and is characterized by the classic style where the marbles of various colors predominate. The parish of Sé is an old Portuguese parish of the municipality of Porto, which, by Law no. 11-A / 2013 of January 28, was integrated into the Union of Parishes of Cedofeita, Santo Ildefonso, Sé, Miragaia, São Nicolau and Vitória. A socio-historical context of excellence in the city but object of a continuous degradation and social stigmatization resulting from drug trafficking and its association with other illegal activities since the 1980s.

FANZINE

Fanzine Title: The City is in Me!

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First Published November 2017

by Porto's University. Faculty of Arts and Humanities

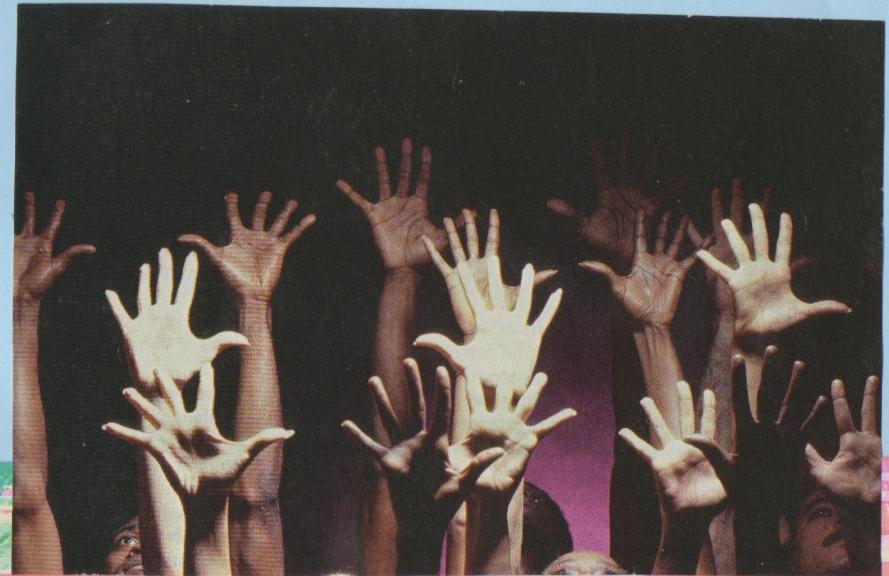
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1 – Restore the city, restore the life!
(Paula Guerra)



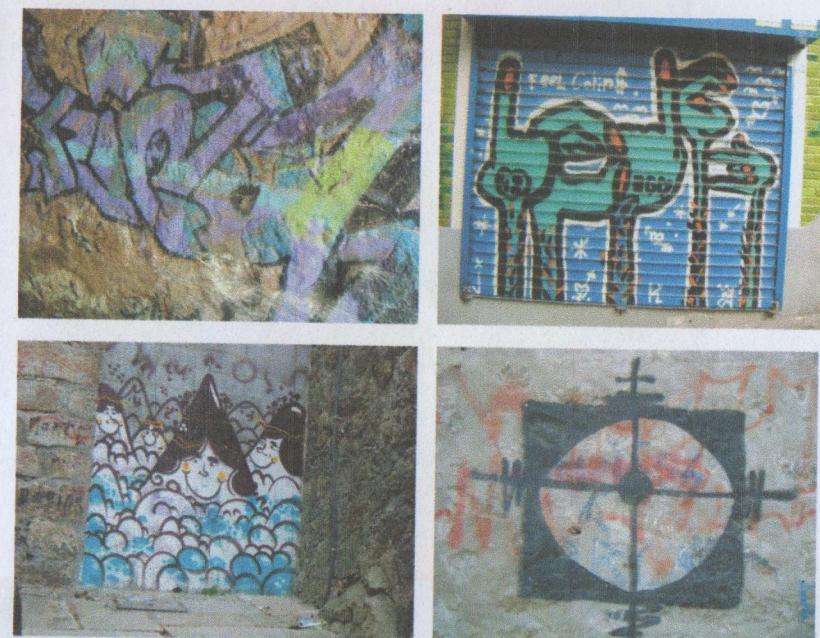
Images 1 – The city in the walls
Source: Paula Guerra, 2013

The "question for the sensitive¹" marks our approach to the city and it shows us that ethnography does not live without people but also without places: *no place is nowhere*. Ethnographic research thus enabled the activation of the investigator's

¹The ethnography located and active "I am from Porto and I bring a Port in me" (reference FLUP/INV3248) was carried out as part of the development activities of the research project "INOV - Urban polycentrism, dynamics of innovation and knowledge". Institutional support was provided by the Institute of Sociology of the University of Porto (IS-UP), the Center for the Study of Geography and Spatial Planning of the UP (CEGOT) and Porto Lazer (CMP). This ethnography located and active took place between July 1 and October 20, 2012 in Bairro da Sé located in the city of Oporto in Portugal. The "I am from Porto" was held during the Open Call "Maneuvers in Porto": platform that articulated various cultural and scientific agents of the city of Porto. We would like to thank the participation of the following junior researchers in the realization of field work, in the setting up of the exhibition and in the dissemination of the initiative in the city and in social networks: Daniela Oliveira, Filipa Cavadas, Francisca Mesquita, Frederico Babo, Rita Araújo, Rodrigo Nicolau de Almeida and Tiago Teles Santos.

senses, not to make a reading of secondary sources, but also to put the interpretation into action in the observation of people, their networks of interactions, participation in daily activities, their rituals, its aesthetics and its multisensorial discourses. Looking at people's descriptions of their space, it was possible to identify a strong feeling linked to a need to *defend their space*, whether at the street level or at the neighbourhood level. Going against the positivist techniques of collecting in social sciences - with their concern for the measurement of social reality - we sought to find the "dense description" (to use Geertz's term, 2008) of urban reality in the form of signs, speeches and sounds, which tend to escape classical social theory. Therefore, we defend here an ethnographic approach to the (everyday) experiences of the city, giving voice to all statements as advocated by Derrida (1986).

2 - Worlds of life, symbols and passions: the multiplication of heterotopies
(Paula Guerra)



Images 2 – The city in the walls
Source: Paula Guerra, 2013